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SIR JULIUS BENEDICT AT THE FIFTH GÜRZENICH CONCERT, COLOGNE.

The concert commenced, under the direction of Dr Ferdinand Hiller, *Stadt-Capellmeister*, with Beethoven's overture to *Coriolan*, played with great dash and spirit. Then followed a Pianoforte Concerto, by Edward Grieg. This composer, now introduced for the first time to the public of Cologne, was born in 1843 at Bergen, in Norway, where his father was consul. He studied at the Leipsic Conservatory, whence he was compelled, by illness, to return home, in 1862. He now resides at Christiana, in which town he has founded and directs a musical society, and so highly is he esteemed that the Norwegian Parliament have granted him a pension, in order that he may devote himself entirely to art, and not have his energies paralysed by want of pecuniary means. His Concerto gave general satisfaction. M. Brassin, of Brussels, performed with thorough mastery the extremely difficult pianoforte part. Mdlle Aglaia Orgeni sang the scena and air: "Wo bin ich? Unglückliche Alceste!" from Gluck's great work; "Stille Liebe," by Schumann: "Haideröslein," by Schubert; and a "Mazurka," by Chopin, with French words: "Aime moi," adapted to it by Louis Pomey. The young lady was not particularly successful in the excerpt from Gluck's opera, but was much applauded in the detached songs. The chorus sang two "Christmas Songs," *a Capella*, by Leonhard Schröter, 1587, and M. Brassin again took his place at the piano, this time for the purpose of treating his hearers to the "Fantasia über Ungarische Volksmelodien," by the Abbate Franz Liszt.

But the great attraction of the evening was undoubtedly the first appearance here of Sir Julius Benedict. The *Kölner Zeitung* says:—

"The fifth and last concert for the year 1874 introduced to the Cologne public an interesting and celebrated individual, Sir Julius Benedict, from London, who, as we read a short time since, would celebrate on the 24th inst. his 70th birthday (he was born on the 24th December, 1804), had not been deterred by the discomfort attending the passage of the English Channel in winter from coming over to conduct in person his G minor Symphony at the Gürzenich, and seizing the opportunity to become acquainted with our concert arrangements, our orchestra, and our public. An expression of eager curiosity was mirrored on every face, as, at the conclusion of the First Part of the concert, a slim figure, with white hair, white moustache, and pleasing features, and with various high orders decorating his breast, advancing briskly to the conductor's seat, grasped the conductor's stick. This was Sir Julius Benedict, Knight, the musical prince of London, and the founder of the celebrated Monday Popular Concerts, where German music is cultivated more assiduously than anywhere else in England. This was the man whose kindly aid in a foreign land, and whose hospitable house, are known probably to every German artist who has visited England. In fact, the interest evinced by the public was necessarily directed as much to the man as to the composer; the sympathetic reception which greeted the veteran, even before a note of his music had been heard, was a tribute due from the German public to the promoter and propagator of German music in proud Albion."

"Julius Benedict has written numerous operas and works for the piano. Of the former, only a few have become known in Germany, and, for this reason, we are unable from personal knowledge to pronounce an opinion on them. His Symphony in G minor, first produced last year, if we have been correctly informed, at the Crystal Palace, displays the same touches of *bonhomie* which characterize the entire man. Benedict cultivates and fosters in England modern music as well as the works of his favourite period, but he does not often admit the former into the sanctuary of his home, or of his own productivity. To the music in which he grew up and was educated his Symphony proves he has remained true. His creation is raised upon the forms and tints of the period immediately following Beethoven; hence its clear, intelligible language; its agreeable, rounded contour, and its pleasing colour. No struggle with existence, no inward suffering, has clouded Benedict's musical soul; his Symphony reflects only kindly and harmonious thought and feeling, and enviable Olympian merriment. The youthful elasticity with which Sir Julius Benedict wielded the conducting-stick was something wonderful. The strict and decided marking of the time, as well as the plain embodiment of the inward thought in the outward gesture, should be taken as a model by every youthful aspirant to the post of conductor. Benedict is decidedly a genial conductor, who inspires and warms the performers, and the latter, throwing their soul into their task, executed his work in a brilliant manner. Animated applause greeted the conclusion of each of the four movements, and, at the end of the whole, the veteran composer was the object of a perfect ovation."

The *Kölnische Volkzeitung* follows suit thus:—

"The First Part was brought to a close by a new Symphony of Julius Benedict's. The composer had crossed the Channel on purpose to undertake the direction of his work himself. Benedict, though no longer young, is probably known to the majority of our readers only by name, as he has passed most of his life abroad. He was born, in 1804, at Stuttgart. For the piano, he was a pupil of Hummel, while no less a person than C. M. von Weber was his master in composition. For a long time Benedict was a theatrical conductor in Vienna and Naples. He wrote a whole series of operas, partly in the style of Rossini, and partly in that of Weber—so says our authority. We ourselves never had an opportunity of hearing any of them. Benedict at present lives in London, highly esteemed as a pianist, a composer, and a 'conductor,' for so is a *Capellmeister* called in English. He shares with the Italian Costa the musical supremacy of the British Isles. Queen Victoria has conferred on our countryman the dignity of Knighthood, an unusual mark of distinction for a foreign musician to receive.* The Cologne public greeted very warmly Sir Julius Benedict, who only recently, in the late autumn of his artistic productivity, wrote the Symphony destined for performance and dedicated to the Crown Princess Victoria. That a composer of Benedict's age should not attempt to strike out new paths is something we can easily understand, but that an artist in his seventieth year shall be capable of surprising the musical world with a vigorous, fresh, and melodious composition, is something rare, and to be regarded as a special gift of Providence. The Symphony, as a rule, belongs to the period before Mendelssohn. Everything in it is pleasing, clear, and intelligible, without, however, being ordinary or commonplace. Its architectonic combination is skilful and full of good taste. The instrumentation, though mostly measured, and always agreeable to the ear, reminds one at times of the whilom theatrical conductor. The work is divided into the customary four movements. The first movement begins, as an introduction, in a broad *tempo* (G minor, 3-4), and leads to the principal movement, *Allegro Appassionata*. The second movement (B flat major), is marked *Andante con moto*. It is interrupted by a more animated *Più mosso*, and then returns to the more moderate original time. The third movement, the *Scherzo* (E flat major, alternately 3-4 and 6-4), is a brilliant orchestral piece. The last movement, the *Finale*, is exceedingly lively and brilliant, rushing along in a rolling *Allegro con fuoco*. The first and third movements were those which pleased us best. Among the audience, all parts of the work met with warm and continually increasing approbation, in which we, also, when so amiable an artist is concerned, joyfully share."

Speaking of the same work, on the occasion of its performance at the Second Symphonic Concert given by the Royal Saxon "Chapel," in the Gewerbehaus, Dresden, Herr Otto Bauck writes as follows in the *Dresdner Journal*:—

"Besides these well-known works, a Symphony (in G minor) by Julius Benedict was performed for the first time. Benedict was the most talented pupil of Karl Maria von Weber, and became likewise a true friend of the composer's family. As we all know, he has resided for a great number of years in London, where he is highly esteemed, and, as the first musical authority, exercises, with the noblest aims, an important influence upon musical matters and artistic taste. Though now in his seventieth year, his artistic activity is still as vigorous and unceasing as ever, and the fiftieth anniversary of his professional career was celebrated in London a few days ago, in a highly flattering manner. His Symphony, full of joyous animation in the first and last movement, simple, natural, and easy in its flow of thought, clear in form, and without any pretentious striving after clever eccentricities, reveals the thorough musician of nice artistic training, who, with sure and elegant technical skill in the polyphonous working out of his motives, and in his instrumental plasticity, does not turn towards the new tendencies and modes of expression of the present day, but, though without perceptibly falling back upon earlier symphonic productions, preserves an independent and peculiar treatment and mental course of his own. The first movement and the *Andante*, so cleverly conceived, and so admirably carried out, with its artistically interwoven and well managed parts, are the movements which stand forward most prominently and significantly. With regard to the Benedict-Jubilee mentioned above, we beg to give utterance to the sincere wish, which will undoubtedly be re-echoed in the breasts of our German brothers in art. May this worthy representative of German music abroad long be spared to continue his praiseworthy efforts in the true cause of art."

THE Milan *Gazetta Musicale* gives a list of thirty-five new operas produced in Italy during the past year.

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* Sir Julius was not a foreigner when he received his Knighthood, but a British subject.—[ED.]

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THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The Committee of Stewards of the Worcester Festival having had a final conference with the Dean and Chapter of Worcester with a view, if possible, of coming to an arrangement as to the use of Worcester Cathedral, have issued a statement setting forth the result of their deliberations. On meeting, the Committee of Stewards laid before the Dean and Chapter two alternative modes of arranging the Festival, which it was thought might meet the views of the Dean and Chapter, and they say:—"The first of these proposals was to arrange the Festival on the former plan, but modified by the concessions proposed in the last paragraph of the Stewards' first protest, viz.—1. Full Church Service on first day, with sermon. 2. Church Service for conclusion of Festival on last evening. 3. Band and performers to be on floor of transept, instead of in an orchestra. 4. Chapter to have veto on music performed. The second proposal was still more closely adapted to the supposed wishes of the Dean and Chapter—viz., to hold Divine service each morning at ten o'clock, so arranged as to be concluded by twelve, but with sermon on first day; oratorio to commence at one, secular concerts in some other place in the evening as heretofore, but with Divine service on last evening under arrangement by Chapter." The Chapter came to the conference prepared with no proposition at all; conversation occupied some time, but the "crucial test" was as to the sale of tickets, on which the Chapter would not yield. The Committee attached primary importance to—1. Entire oratorios. 2. First-rate talent. 3. Adequate funds. The Dean and Chapter admitted the necessity for funds, but suggested no mode of raising them. "The conference," therefore adds the Stewards, "became a useless ceremony." We are asked by the Mayor of Worcester to publish the following petition to the Queen in Council, which, together with one to the same effect "from the citizens of Worcester," is now in course of preparation at Worcester:—"The humble petition of the Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of the city of Worcester in Common Council assembled on the 1st day of December, 1874, humbly showeth, that for more than 150 years musical festivals have been held alternately in the cities of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, and during nearly the whole of the last 100 years, the Cathedral Churches in the said cities have, by permission of the successive Deans and Chapters thereof, been used for the performance of oratorios and other sacred music forming part of such festivals. That from nearly their first establishment these festivals have been the means of providing funds for the relief of the distressed widows and orphans of poor deceased clergymen of the three dioceses of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester. That oratorios and other sacred music of the highest character have at these festivals been rendered in the most perfect manner possible, and, from the associations connected with the hallowed buildings in which the festivals have been held, have produced impressions of the most refining and elevating character on the minds of the hearers. That these festivals have been very largely attended by the inhabitants of the three dioceses, and by their friends, and strangers from a distance, and have afforded opportunities for all religious sections of your Majesty's subjects to unite in religious services of praise in our ancient Cathedrals. That a world-wide celebrity has been attained by these festivals, and they have gained for the cities in which they are held honourable regard among the most enlightened of the people of this realm, and have largely tended to the encouragement and improvement of sacred music. That the festival held in the Worcester Cathedral in the year 1830 was attended by your most gracious Majesty, and all the succeeding festivals since the accession of your most gracious Majesty to the throne have been honoured with the patronage of your Majesty. That successive Bishops of the three dioceses, and Deans and Chapters of the three Cathedral Churches have from time to time given their encouragement and support to the festivals, and the present Bishop of the Diocese of Worcester has consented to become President of the festival which in the ordinary course should be held in this city in the ensuing year: that application has been made to the present Dean and Chapter of Worcester for the use of the Cathedral as heretofore for the festival of the year 1875, but the Dean and Chapter have declined to grant the use thereof, and have proposed to substitute for a festival, such as those which have so long and so satisfactorily been held in the Cathedral, religious services and sermons, which some sections of your Majesty's subjects would be unable to attend. That this decision of the Dean and Chapter has created great dissatisfaction among the people of the three dioceses, and has given rise to well-founded fears that, unless the Dean and Chapter should alter their determination, the festival will be discontinued, not only at Worcester, but also at Hereford and Gloucester, and that the interests of the charity for the support of which they have been carried on will greatly suffer, and the public will be deprived of the opportunity hitherto afforded them of hearing the grandest sacred music performed in the most effective manner in those sacred buildings in which alone such music can produce, and has produced, the most beneficial effects. That your petitioners have received the decision of the Dean and Chapter with much sorrow, and believe that a discontinuance of the use of Worcester Cathedral for the festival would tend to lower the character of this city in the estimation of enlightened and educated people, and would be not only a local but also a national loss. Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that your Most Gracious Majesty, as the head of the Church of this realm, will be pleased to use your influence with the Dean and Chapter of Worcester to induce them to continue to permit the holding of the triennial festivals in the Cathedral Church of this city, under such arrangements as will best promote the object in view."

—o—

MISDIRECTED SYMPATHY.

We read as follows in the New York *Arcadian*:—

"The public will have learnt with regret of the death of Mr Sherwood C. Campbell, which took place at Chicago on Saturday week. Mr Campbell, whose real name was Coan, was born at New Haven in the year 1839. At an early age he began to develop a fine voice, but the opportunities of coming before the public in the better styles of music were then very few, and Mr Campbell went into the minstrel business, and was successively in the Campbell, Christy, and Backus troupes. After having visited Australia as a member of the last organization, he was engaged, on his return to this country, in Mr Layfayette Harrison's English Opera Company. Subsequently he was attached to the Caroline Richings Troupe, and when Parepa-Rosa formed her company, Mr Campbell enlisted under her banner. It was during this engagement that he achieved his greatest successes, and so much did Parepa and her husband value his services that they offered him an engagement in England. After the death of Parepa, he, under the name of Campobello, appeared at Drury Lane in Mr Mapleson's Italian Opera performances. There he made the acquaintance of Madame Sinico, an estimable lady and an excellent artist, to whom he was shortly afterwards married. She will have in her great loss the deep sympathy of her husband's many friends and admirers. Mr Campbell returned to this country early in the present season to join Miss Kellogg's company, but he was almost immediately attacked with the illness which has just fatally terminated."

It need scarcely be added that Mr Henry Campbell (Signor Campobello) is happily alive and well.

MILAN.—The Teatro Carcano, repaired, repainted, and redecorated, was reopened on the 19th December with *La Forza del Destino*, the artists being Signore Berini, Maini, Pregiosi, Signori Frapolli, and D'Antoni. The house was crowded, and everything went off very well.

BRUSSELS.—In MM. Petit and Richard—the former a bass and the latter a light tenor—M. Campocasso has at length found two artists to the taste of his subscribers and the public generally. According to report, the managerial chair resigned by M. Campocasso is destined to be soon occupied by two gentlemen instead of one, the two gentlemen in question having been selected as the future joint managers of the Théâtre de la Monnaie by two or three capitalists who have subscribed the amount requisite, and formally applied to the Municipality for the "concession," as it is here styled.—The Italian Opera Company, under the management of Sig. Smecchia, will open at the Théâtre de l'Alhambra, on the 16th January next, for ten performances only, the engagements already entered into by Sig. Smecchia not allowing him to stay longer. There are two conductors, Signori Arditi and Aguirre. Among the principal artists, figure as sopranii and mezzo-soprani, Signore Artôt, Christino, Graziosi; as tenors, Signori Brignoli, Paoletti; as baritones, Signori Padilla, Graziosi; as bass, Sig. Borella; as buffos, Signori Caraccioli and Baldelli.—M. Henri Wieniawski has been appointed concert-master, professor of the violin, and professor of the quartet, at the Royal Conservatory of Music.

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HAMLET.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The Hamlet of Mr Irving, at the Lyceum, is a remarkable performance, and worthy the most attentive consideration of all Shakespearian students. The writer's opinion is that it is the best representation of the character since Mr Macready revelled in it—when that actor was in the plenitude of his great powers. Mr Irving's conception, and execution of his conception, of that generally-thought most difficult of Shakespeare's creations, are alike estimable. The melancholy cast of his countenance, his expressive features, his youthful figure, his graceful attitudes, are all so much in his favour. His gait, however, is rather inelegant, and unprincely. Allusion is made to this, as in estimating a performance in every way so superior to anything that may be seen besides, it is essential to point to everything that strikes the attentive observer. His crouching attitude on first seeing the Ghost is scarcely natural, though in addressing it, when he comes to the word "Father!" he rests on one knee, thus assuming a position graceful and reverential. During the remainder of this scene, nothing but praise must be awarded to the actor. His demeanour when struggling to free himself from Horatio's grasp, and his well-accentuated utterances, are all that can be desired. In the following scene—first, during the narration of the murder by the Ghost, and afterwards with his friends—he is admirable. The most loving of sons could not expect to find more filial respect and affection than he here evinces. From this time the character of Hamlet becomes a riddle. Naturally affectionate, intellectual, delicate, and timid, he is unable to carry out the desire of revenge. He becomes vacillating and untrusting. Hence his usual spontaneity is invariably checked. Mr Irving's manner to his friends when they come to him, after the Ghost has made the disclosure to Hamlet, well pourtrays this change. Some of the soliloquies, in the delivery of which tradition is altogether set at defiance, demand a little criticism. When the mind of a man is engaged in an internal conflict, and his breast is full of varied and sometimes opposite emotions, so that it is almost impossible to determine a course of action, then that man—if he be a really intellectual being, such as Hamlet is—begins to soliloquise. A mental turmoil precedes an utterance to oneself. Accordingly, a well-delivered soliloquy should augur to the listener all that has taken place beforehand, which occasions the "thinking aloud." In this respect Macready had no rival, and hence it is that Mr Irving is not altogether satisfactory. The mental restlessness, whether in sitting, leaning, standing, or walking, is not apparent, and the unconnected utterances are not always sufficiently well marked. The scene with Ophelia was thoughtful, and showed not only a perfect conception of the poet's intention, but a studied skill in holding back the expression of the affection which he had for her, in order that she might be deluded into the belief that his mind was not right. His chief scene with Polonius was sufficient to justify the old courtier in thinking the Prince's sanity was gone. His rapid reply of "Words, words," when asked what he was reading, was, however, scarcely natural, under the circumstances of his assumption of madness. The whole scene with the "minions," who admitted that they were sent to him by the King, could not beget an objection. His just resentment found its becoming climax when he broke the pipe in twain. When he first addresses the Players, he is natural, and quite worthy of a prince in his manner; but in his advice he is hardly sufficiently thoughtful. His speech seems too set; for if there is one thing more than another that should be given with meditative care, it is counsel, and the more necessary is it in the present case, as the issue is momentous—the guilt or innocence of the King is to be decided in Hamlet's mind by this play. I did not like Mr Irving's delivery of the line, "The play's the thing," &c.; nor know I a reason why a reference to his tablets should be made at this scene, which certainly fails to make an effective termination to the Act.

There can be no doubt that Hamlet's indecision in taking vengeance against his uncle arises from the natural gentleness of the Prince's character. It does not seem to accord with this view, that there should be too much demonstration on the part of Hamlet during the Play scene. The King is not aware that Hamlet knows of the murder; nor should Hamlet, by anticipation, suggest a knowledge of how the late king had died. The King should be influenced solely by the play, and not by any previous manner on Hamlet's part; else we are at a loss to know why Hamlet does not at once accuse the King of his fratricide, and avenge his father's murder. In this respect Mr Irving's acting is seemingly faulty, either in conception or execution. Yet this scene draws the largest amount of applause in the tragedy. Mr Irving may be correct, and the present writer's opinion may be wrong. I have ventured to say why I think Hamlet's manner here should not be quite so demonstrative.

The supreme contempt and abhorrence we must feel for the character of the King makes us almost regret that Hamlet does not kill him when kneeling at the altar, as was the Prince's first intention. The manner, action, tone, and accent of Mr Irving in the delivery of the speech in which he postpones his revenge till a time when it may be more complete, were all alike commendable; and in the scene following—in the chamber with his mother—he was at his best. To this I refer as the most thoroughly satisfactory of all. Nothing beyond the firmness and the affection displayed here by Mr Irving could be desired. Here was a semblance of perfection. Mr Irving thoroughly justified his reading, without reference to pictures or medallions. At the grave of Ophelia there is not scope for anything very great; it is the scene for the Grave-digger first, and afterwards for Laertes. And in not obtruding beyond the just circumstances of the occasion, Mr Irving merits much commendation. He might have sinned against his own counsel to the Players. That he did not do so counts much in his favour. The very ruffian-like way in which Laertes takes him by the throat would almost have secured him pardon if he had been less princely and more demonstrative.

Come we now to the close of the play, where the trial of skill is to take place, and the villany of the King and the treachery of Laertes are to receive their just punishment. Here Mr Irving was quite equal to himself. He was natural, easy, graceful, and prince-like. His opponent, on the contrary, was too like a fencing-master in his movements, and his attitudes rather too studied for the gentleman that he was. Mr Irving's manner of proceeding on being told by Laertes that a poisoned foil had struck him, and that it was the King who had planned it, proved that in his conception the character, after passing through the school of mental affliction, had found stability, and ridded itself of that indecision and vacillation which had been its defects. After so splendid a performance, the death was by too many taken for granted. But, watching it closely, I found that even this had been a study. It was quite different from the death of Matthias, in *The Bells*, yet quite as real. The causes being different, it was right that the carrying out of the effects in the two cases should not be alike. So it was. Concluding with what was predicted at the outset, I affirm this performance of Hamlet as remarkable as it is fine. Every student of Shakespeare, and every man with a mind beyond burlesque, should witness it.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

16*th December*. F. E. PENNA.

POTSDAM.—A performance of Handel's *Messiah* was lately given in the Court and Garrison Church, by the Vocal Association for Classical Music, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum. The sacred edifice was crowded. The vocalists were Mad. Anna Gerhardt, Herren Geyer and Prehn. The conductor was Herr Wendel.

COPENHAGEN.—As a rule, there is generally a dearth of music in this capital about Christmas. The present year, however, seems to be an exception. A large number of concerts were announced for the latter part of December. Among them may be mentioned the first Soirée for Chamber Music, given by the Royal Orchestra, on the 16th, and the second Subscription Concert of the Musical Association, on the 17th of the same month. At the former, one attraction offered was Hummel's Septet, which had not been heard for a considerable period. On the 21st the Choral Union gave a concert, at which "Marienlieder," by Johannes Brahms, and "L'Allegro ed Il Pensieroso," by Handel, occupied a prominent part in the programme.—The last thing in the way of quasi-novelty at the new Theatre Royal has been *Hans Heiling*, always a favourite opera here. In 1835, Marschner himself conducted a few early performances in this capital, and there was some talk of engaging him permanently as conductor. But the terms he demanded —5,000 Danish thalers yearly—were considered too high, and the negotiations consequently came to nothing.

BERLIN.—Mad. Agnes Eiswald recently gave a concert which deserves to be mentioned, because the programme included some hitherto unpublished Quartets for Female Voices, by Robert Schumann. These quartets were much relished, and will probably soon become generally known and admired.—A second performance of Handel's *Hercules* was given by the pupils and professors of the High School of Music, under the direction of Herr Joachim, with even greater success than the first. The room was crowded.—After being performed at Rome, Vienna, Pesth, Munich, Leipsic, and many other places, the Abbate Franz Liszt's oratorio of *Die heilige Elisabeth* has just been introduced, under the direction of Herr Oscar Eichberg, to the public of this capital. The vocalists were Mesdlles Breidenstein, Greube, Herren Schmock, and Prehn. The choruses were sung by the members of the Eichberg Vocal Association.—A lottery was got up, a short time since, under the auspices of the Baroness von Schleinitz, in aid of the National-Festival-Stage-Play Performances to be given at Baireuth. A large number of objects of art, pictures, drawings, curiosities, and so on, had been sent from all parts of Germany. The affair was very successful, and the sales effected realized some 7,000 thalers. The Empress gave 800 thalers for a drawing of the Wartburg, and the Countess of Hatzfeld 1,000 thalers for a portrait of the Composer of the Future himself.

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MADAME GODDARD AT MELBOURNE.

(*From the Illustrated "Australian News."*)

The appearance of Madame Goddard in connection with the Melbourne Philharmonic Society, in the Town Hall, will be treasured among the most delightful musical reminiscences of the great pianist's visits to Victoria. The concert was given in aid of the Hospital Sunday Fund, and Madame Goddard manifested her practical sympathy with the charitable movement by declining an engagement at Ballarat, for which a guarantee of £100 was given her, in order that she might keep her engagement to aid the Metropolitan charities. Numbers were kept away from the concert by the wet weather, but, beyond the comparatively few who enjoyed the musical excellences of the performance, there are thousands who will appreciate the generous impulse that prompted Madame Goddard to give her services. Viewed from a musical point of view, the performance deserves high commendation. It was the means of bringing together the premier musical society of Australasia and an artist whose fame is world wide. Thanks to this combination of abilities, the public were enabled to enjoy, to great perfection, Weber's famous *Concertstück*, a work that has been under rehearsal on previous occasions by our musical societies, and has but once before been rendered in public. The success achieved was so pronounced that there was a unanimous desire for its repetition. It is almost superfluous to say that Madame Goddard played that portion of the work falling to her share with wonderful fidelity in the most difficult passages, and with rare delicacy throughout. The instrumentalists entered eagerly into their work; they seemed to appreciate the honour that was theirs in assisting in the production of so great a work for so good a cause, and the privilege of being associated with one so eminently qualified to interpret classical works as Madame Arabella Goddard. There was soul in the performance throughout; and if there were imperfections apparent to the critical, arising from study that was too brief for so grand a work, it was universally conceded that every orchestral unit did his best. The audience were led captive; and at the close there was a chorus of approval that had a genuine hearty ring about it, not often heard when music of the highest class is performed before a mixed audience. The other notable item in the programme was Beethoven's *Choral Fantasia*, by Madame Goddard and the vocal and instrumental forces of the Philharmonic Society. The performance was altogether of exceptional merit; every note from the piano was drunk in with rapture by the audience, and the interweaving of harmonies was so charmingly brought about by all concerned, that listeners could not but express their delight. Madame Goddard was recalled to receive a burst of applause, in which the members of the society joined. The lady bowed her thanks to the audience and the chorus, and expressed her satisfaction at the manner in which her efforts had been seconded. The selection of this *Choral Fantasia* for the Hospital Concert was peculiarly appropriate, for it was dedicated by Beethoven to the poor. In a letter to Varenna, in 1812, Beethoven said, "From my childhood, whenever my art could be serviceable to poor suffering humanity, I have never allowed any other motive to influence me, and never required anything beyond the heartfelt gratification that it always excited in me." Further on in the same letter, he says of the *Fantasia* that "it is given as a mark of sympathy with the destitute, to be considered as their property, and to be performed at any concerts intended for their sole benefit." This probably accidental carrying out of Beethoven's intentions made the selection most appropriate. Madame Goddard's *Welsh Fantasia* on national airs was another of those delightful performances that bring down raptures of applause. An encore followed, as a matter of course, and Thalberg's "Home, sweet home" was given in response. The entertainment was under the patronage of His Excellency the Governor. The concert was organized under the direction of Mr R. S. Smythe, whose managerial tact as a concert director has contributed not a little to the brilliant pecuniary success of Madame Goddard's two Australian tours.

MAGDEBURG.—Thanks to the unwearied exertions of Herren Rebling, Finzenhagen, Palme, Wehe, Brandt, and Wachsmuth, the inhabitants of this old town have had the opportunity of hearing a great deal of admirable music, during the past year. Among the more important works performed may be mentioned *Requiem*, Mozart; *Requiem*, Brahms; *Alexander's Feast*, Handel; and *The Seasons*, Haydn. Feska, Rolle, Ehrlich, Bruch, Ritter, Lachner, and Blumner, are some of the composers who have furnished works of smaller pretensions. Bach's *Matthäus-Passion* will shortly be performed by the Rebling Association.

DR VON BÜLOW'S RECITALS.

(*From the "Times," December 25.*)

Dr Hans von Bülow gave his last "recital" for the season on Wednesday afternoon in St James's Hall. The weather being unpropitious, the hall was not so crowded as is usually the case at these remarkable performances; nevertheless, those who came went away delighted with what they had heard. The learned Doctor is a thorough master of all schools, and seems to have the entire pianoforte repertory—from Bach and Handel down to Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Sterndale Bennett—not merely at his fingers' ends, but in his head. We may, now and then, differ from his manner of interpreting certain works; but such an artist has a perfect right to express himself after his own manner, and no one can question his extraordinary capacity. Dr von Bülow's selection of solo pieces on Wednesday comprised excerpts from Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Joachim Raff, Chopin, and Liszt—all played, according to his invariable custom, without book. Such a memory as he possesses is little short of prodigious; not less so the facility with which he accomplishes every task set before him. We may fairly object to his somewhat over-coloured reading of Haydn's charming Variations, and to the extreme rapidity with which the well-known Gigue of Mozart, in G major, was given—a rapidity unknown in Mozart's time; but the *Minuetto* of Mozart, the *Impromptu* of Schubert (the third of the set, Op. 90), and Chopin's *Notturno* (No. 3, Op. 9), brought into prominence an exquisite delicacy of touch, a well balanced phrasing, and other qualities indispensable to the effect of such music, which left absolutely nothing to desire. We have always found the most complete satisfaction with Dr von Bülow when he reins in his Pegasus and cares nothing for "*bravura*"—or, in other language, for excessive mechanical display. The charm of his "*pianissimo*," as also of his "*leggiero*," is indescribable; and these had several opportunities of being felt and appreciated on Wednesday—as, for example, in a *Serenade* by Saint-Saëns and a *Notturno* by Raff, neither composition singularly impressive on its own account, but both made impressive through the genius of the executant. How exceptional are the manipulative powers of this "*virtuoso*" our musical readers need hardly be reminded. They were exhibited to supreme advantage in a fugue by Raff, the leading characteristic of which is its mechanical difficulty, and above all in a "concert study" by Liszt, entitled *Waldersauschen*, played in magnificent style, and (no wonder) unanimously asked for again. This time the pianist granted the earnest request of his audience, which he had declined to do after the *Impromptu* of Schubert—a less trying but far more beautiful piece. These, in addition to a *scherzo* by Chopin, a valse and Mazurka by Liszt, a sonata by J. S. Bach, and a trio by Beethoven, sum up the catalogue of Dr von Bülow's performances, which, sustained throughout with untiring vigour, kept attention alive to the end. In the sonata, the first of a series composed by Bach for pianoforte and violin, the great pianist enjoyed the co-operation of M. Sainton, to whom the instrumental music of the "Leipsic Cantor" is as familiar as that of any other master who has enriched the catalogue of "chamber music." To criticize the performance of the two would be superfluous, inasmuch as there was really nothing to find fault with. In the *Serenade* and *Scherzo* by Saint-Saëns (from the *Suite*, Op. 16), and the *Notturno Caprice* of Raff, both written for pianoforte and violoncello, Dr von Bülow found a thoroughly able associate in M. Lasserre, chief violoncello at Her Majesty's Opera. In the trio of Beethoven—last piece in the recital—his companions were the able professors we have named. The programme was agreeably varied by Miss Julia Wigan, the clever pupil of Mdme Sainton Dolby, who, besides an air from Halévy's opera, *La Juive*, and Mendelssohn's charming "Spring song" (welcome even in winter), introduced an Italian *sonnetto*, "Tanto gentile," the composition of Dr von Bülow himself, who ought to give us further specimens of his talent in this direction. The accompanist was Mr Walter Bache, one of Abbé Liszt's most staunch and enthusiastic disciples. The whole recital was a genuine treat to the admirers of modern "virtuosity," thus emphatically represented.

VENICE.—The Teatro della Fenice will open with *Il Guarany*, by Sig. Gomez. This will be followed by Meyerbeer's two operas, *Dinorah* and *L'Etoile du Nord*, and Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The artists engaged include Signore Peralta, Reschi, Cottino, Niccolini; Signori Tamagno, Baragli, Stile, Balletti, Nollet, Carbone, and Capponi. Sig. Kuon will be the conductor for opera, and Sig. G. Scaramelli, for dance-music. The ballet selected is Taglioni's *Satanella*, the principal parts being sustained by Signora Ratti and Sig. Mendez.

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MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

Macfarren's *St John the Baptist* was performed for the first time in Glasgow on Monday last; the executants being the Choral Union; the conductor, Mr Lambeth. The intelligent and truth-speaking critic of the *Herald* thus refers to this interesting event:—

"Last night the ninth concert of the present series, under the auspices of the Glasgow Choral Union, was given in the City Hall to an audience which comfortably filled the gloomy room. It may be assumed that those who were present at last evening's concert have given some attention to the able explanatory notes and musical illustrations in the programme, written by Mr Joseph Bennett, of London, and, therefore, know as much about the work as we can tell them. But our readers generally may be interested in a brief sketch of an oratorio which has so rapidly gained high favour. On its production at the Bristol Festival of last year, *St John the Baptist*, Mr Macfarren's only oratorio, was accepted at its very first performance as a masterpiece. No work since the production of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* has caused such a genuine sensation. All classes of musicians were astonished to find that a composer previously known only as a writer of operas, songs, and orchestral music, should have been able at one bound to place himself on a level with the giants of sacred song writing. In Glasgow Mr Macfarren is probably best known as the composer of the incomparable symphonies and accompaniments to an edition of Scottish songs. The oratorio was composed expressly for the Gloucester Festival of 1871, but, owing to some differences, was rejected. The Gloucester committee did not know the gem they so ruthlessly cast away for an idea. The management of the Bristol Musical Festival acted differently, and theirs is the honour of giving birth to a rare production of genius. The directors of the Choral Union deserve the best thanks of the musical public of Glasgow for having so promptly produced this great work."

The writer then goes on to describe the oratorio; continuing thus with regard to its rendering:—

"Little need be said regarding last night's performance. Madame Sinico, who took the part of Salome, pleased the audience in an unusual degree. Her bright singing of 'I rejoice in my youth' was so generally and so continuously applauded that she kindly repeated it. Miss Alice Fairman's fine contralto voice told effectively in the many recitatives allotted to the part of the Narrator; and the execution of her only solo, 'In the beginning was the Word,' was received with warm demonstrations of approval. Mr Nelson Varley, who is at all times anxious to give a good account of what he undertakes, was singularly successful last night, and everything he sang merited and received cordial acknowledgment. On Mr Santley fell the chief burden of the solo work, and in its performance he acquitted himself as no other living vocalist could. The Choral Union itself was not at its very best, but great allowance must be made for the pernicious efforts of such inclement weather as is now being experienced; and the fact must be taken into account that the work was entirely new to the choristers. By another time, however, the combined forces should reconsider their idea of the 'Supper Scene,' as last night the music was given without due consideration of its delicate effects. As rendered last night, it sounded harsh and obtrusive; whereas, when well rendered, the effect is grace itself. The 'resident orchestra' proved to be less satisfying than had been anticipated. This result, we imagine, can only be accounted for by insufficient rehearsals. The opening of the superb overture was distinctly unsatisfactory."

Charing Cross Theatre.—The above, though, perhaps, the last, or one of the last, with regard to size, is certainly not the least, or anything near the least, of London theatres, in respect to the attractiveness of the entertainment it offers the public. The clever extravaganza of *Aladdin*, by Mr Frank Green, revised by Mr Harry Robinson, still "goes" as well as ever, and, moreover, "vires acquirit *eundo*." The fair manageress, Miss Carry Nelson, as Aladdin, appears to great advantage, and fully sustains her previous reputation. Nor is this all. She is admirably supported by the leading members of her company. Among these we may especially mention Miss Beresford, who, as the Princess, turns to good account the opportunity presented her of proving that she possesses a charming voice and knows how to use it effectively. This young lady, new to the metropolitan boards, is a decided acquisition. It is to be hoped that she will not, like so many others, be spoilt by the applause and encores she receives, but continue to work steadily at the further development of the natural gifts which have already secured her a gratifying success. Nor must Miss Edith Lynd, the representative of Tealeaf, be passed over in silence. She acquits herself very well. Mr F. W. Irish, as the Widow Mustapha, exhibits comic talent of no mean order. The "topical" song of "Poor Mrs Somebody," as sung by him, is encored no end of times every night, and is an undoubtedly big hit. It is really a pity that the stay of Miss Carry Nelson and her company in King William Street is limited—as announced before they opened—to twelve nights.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

Since my last letter, we have had no fewer than four performances of the *Messiah* in the Free Trade Hall—two under Mr Hallé's direction, with Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Miss Enriquez, Mr Perren, Mr Nelson Varley, and Mr Santley as the principal singers; and two under Mr De Jong's direction, with Mdme Edna Hall, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Pearson, and Mr Wadmore.

At Mr Hallé's last concert, Madame Norman-Néruda played Viotti's Concerto and Vieuxtemps' "Air Varié," to the great delight of the audience. Miss Sterling's singing also created a very favourable impression. Brahm's Hungarian Dances, for the orchestra, was the instrumental novelty, and was heard with great interest; and how the familiar *Italian* Symphony was received by the most musical audience in this musical city, I hope I need not say. On Thursday night, *Israel in Egypt* will be given at Mr Hallé's concert; but, I am sorry to say, without Mr Sims Reeves, who had been announced to sing.

On Saturday last, Haydn's *Festival* Symphony was given at Mr De Jong's concert, with all the original effects, &c. This week there will be several concerts of military music in the Free Trade Hall.

Miss Amina Goodwin, the juvenile pianist, played with success at the Gentlemen's Concert on Monday, at which, also, Signor and Madame Giulio Perkins sang.

December 30, 1874.

MUSIC IN NEW ZEALAND.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

After some three months absence the Allen Opera Company has returned, and are playing to enormous houses. The admirable manner in which the operas are put on the stage, and the general excellence of the company have, of course, produced an effect, but the great secret of success is doubtless in Miss Alice May's impersonation of so many and varied characters. The press, without an exception, pronounce her the greatest *prima donna* ever heard in these colonies; and several "old stagers," as they style themselves, and not long from home, maintain there is no one in Europe who could compete with her in a round of characters. Her voice seems to improve with time, and the praise she has received has only increased her desire to attain higher excellence. She made her first appearance as Marguerite in Napier, last week, and the papers describe it as far surpassing anything they had seen on the lyrical stage; and, it must be noted, that many of these writers are experienced critics, not long from home. My own conviction is, that a New Zealand audience is as well able to judge an opera and a singer as any audience I ever met with, and some of the members of the company who would be considered very good in most places are sometimes rather roughly handled here. The enthusiastic reception Miss May always receives on her appearance must convince her how thoroughly she has won the admiration of her auditors, and help to confirm her in the opinion that she may venture to appear in America and Europe, whither she intends bending her steps on the conclusion of her present tour. The company remains here for nearly a month, and then proceeds to Wanganui and Christchurch.

Wellington, September 22nd, 1874.

Genoa.—The season at the Carlo Felice was to be inaugurated on the 26th December by *La Forza del Destino*, and the ballet of *Il Selam maraviglioso*. The second opera was to be *Salvator Rosa*, by Sig. Gomez.

Dortmund.—It may be remembered that, when the news of the attempted assassination of Prince von Bismarck by Kullmann reached this place, a few patriotic individuals offered a prize of 1,000 thalers for the best musical composition in commemoration of the Imperial Chancellor's escape. The period within which candidates were to forward their works has now expired. One hundred and fifty composers have entered the lists, and the average merit of their efforts is so good that the judges will have some difficulty, it is said, in making their award. The hundred and fifty compositions sent in comprise twenty-five Songs with Pianoforte Accompaniment, one Sonata for Pianoforte, four long compositions without words, eight Marches, and a host of pieces for Orchestra, Soloists, and Chorus.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in A major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, BURNETT, and PIATTI .. *Mendelssohn.*
NEW SONG, "Tender and true"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. *Sullivan.*
PRELUDE and FUGUE à la Tarantella, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Bach.*

PART II.

TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and MM. STRAUS and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Versar nel mio cor"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. .. *Gounod.*
FANTASIA, in C major, Op. 159, for pianoforte and violin—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Herr STRAUS .. .. *Schubert.*
CONDUCTOR .. .. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 16, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, BURNETT, and PIATTI .. *Mozart.*
NEW SONG—Mr SANTLEY .. .. *Sullivan.*
SONATA APPASSIONATA, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Beethoven.*
LARGO AND ALLEGRO, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI .. .. *Marcello.*
SONG, "The Wanderer"—Mr SANTLEY .. .. *Schubert.*
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1875.

THE daily concerts at the Royal Albert Hall have now ceased and determined, to the surprise, perhaps, of few, to the regret, let us hope, of many. Those who know by observation how long it takes to establish an enterprise of the kind, will marvel that the directors were not prepared to work on during a much more extended period than seven weeks. "Not being so prepared," such persons will say, "the scheme ought never to have been entertained." There is a good deal of cogency in the argument, because if anything be more true than any other thing in the musical world, it is that success for a good enterprise can only follow upon long-sustained loss. The Albert Hall managers should have been equipped for at least a year's campaign; by the end of which some trustworthy indications as to ultimate results would probably have become obvious. A struggle of seven weeks' duration was a foregone defeat, even under the most advantageous conditions; much more when continued bad weather practically isolated the Albert Hall, by making access to it a matter of difficulty, such as should be encountered only in special cases. But crying over spilt milk is an unprofitable occupation; and, it may be, there are reasons, in this particular instance, why it should be regarded as unnecessary. We have nothing but praise for all who were connected with the working of the daily concerts. From Mr Alfred Littleton, a manager of infinite tact, courtesy, and business habits, down to the least important member of his staff, the necessary labour was done with an energy and devotion that left nothing to desire. But the resources at command, large though they were, and the skill which directed them, great though it was, could not endure the strain of six concerts a week. Much was accomplished certainly—more than ever before—yet not all; and the fact could scarcely have been hidden even from those who looked with a desire to see nothing but good.

In the current number of the *Musical Times* appears an authoritative exposition of the plans which the managers of the late daily concerts now entertain. We rejoice to find that, while their too sanguine hopes have not been realized, they still keep the field, and are prepared to go on under modified conditions. In this we have an example of the national virtue which refuses to accept defeat. According to the logic of warfare, the Duke was beaten at Waterloo, but he declined to see the fact, and held on till Fortune's scale kicked the beam in his favour. So, logically, the directors of the Albert Hall Concerts have been discomfited by circumstances; nevertheless they mean to effect a change of front, and continue the strife. This time we see a lot of circumstances on their side. It is good for them that no more than two concerts per week will be given. Ample time will thus be available for preparation, and no work need be essayed without an absolute certainty of success. Of the two concerts thus determined upon, one will appeal to popular tastes, while keeping in view the fact that a miscellaneous audience is not wholly incompatible with a proportion, we will not say of good music, because there is good music of all sorts, but of music having high claims. The second concert will be alternately devoted to oratorio and orchestral works; thus making the scheme cover all the ground occupied by the daily performances. In commending the new arrangement, we are specially glad to observe that the directors have made up their minds to work it on the very liberal scale demanded by the edifice in which the concerts are to take place. The vast area of the Albert Hall insists upon large executive resources as an absolute essential; and when the orchestra directed by Mr Barnby numbers over 100 instruments, and when his chorus musters some 1,200 strong, we may look for those results which alone can satisfy the exigencies of the place. It is, we believe, the intention of the directors to make the necessary augmentation of force ere the concerts begin again; and we anticipate the happiest consequences to flow therefrom. In all other respects, the concerts will go on as heretofore, presenting the best available talent (the appearance of Herr Wilhelmj is announced, for example), and managed under the influence of an ardent desire to attain the best musical results independent of those personal, and therefore, narrow considerations which too often have the upper hand.

The new series of concerts will begin on January 19, when, we hope, a key-note of success will be struck in the most effectual manner. Messrs Novello, Ewer & Co. have deserved such a reward for their labour and enterprise, and we are sure that none will grudge it to them.

THERE is no truth in the report that Mr Mapleson is going to the new theatre in the Haymarket with his Italian operatic company. For the present he remains at Drury Lane Theatre.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Mdlle Marie Krebs has been playing the music of our countryman, Sir Sterndale Bennett, in various towns of Germany with marked success. The last of his *Three Impromptus* (in F sharp minor) has especially created a sensation, and all the German pianists are anxious to play it. How few of them could play it like Marie Krebs may well be imagined. Of course, the only pianist who ever attempted it in England was Arabella Goddard, who is banished from England, because, for an Englishwoman, she played too well.

Sir Julius Benedict has composed a *fantasia* upon "The Star Spangled Banner," for Mdme Arabella Goddard, who will, no doubt, play it in California, and elsewhere in the United States. Sir Julius has always shown himself a staunch and devoted friend to the greatest of our English pianists; and his friendship does not stint because she is now so many thousand miles away. That is true friendship, but nothing surprising from the gifted author of *St Peter*. Sir Julius can hardly have forgotten A. G.'s magnificent performance of his magnificent Concerto in E flat at the Birmingham Festival and the Crystal Palace.

Mr Boucicault's name is so constantly before the public as the author of the most successful dramas of the time, that pains have been taken to ascertain as accurately as possible the number of plays he has written, and the number of times each has been performed. Mr Boucicault has written over four hundred plays. The names of the most successful are as follows, and to each is appended the number of times it has been performed:—*The Colleen Bawn*, 3,100 times; *Arrah-na-Pogue*, 2,400; *London Assurance*, 2,900; *Rip Van Winkle*, 1,400; *Old Heads and Young Hearts*, 1,259; *The Octoroon*, 1,800; *Formosa*, 1,100; *Jessie Brown*, 820; *The Corsican Brothers*, 2,200; *Don Cæsar de Bazan*, 1,700; *Used Up*, 1,350; *The Willow Copse*, 1,110; *The Streets of New York*, 2,860; and *Led Astray*, 498. These are the leading ones. Others have had a run of from 100 to 1000 nights each. The total number of all the performances must have been nearly 50,000. Assuming that the receipts to each performance averaged 500 dols., the money paid by the public to witness these works would amount to 25,000,000 dols. The profits of *London Assurance*, when first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, as appears from the record of the management, were 120,000 dols.; the profits of *The Colleen Bawn* were 200,000 dols. in one year; the profits of *Arrah-na-Pogue*, 180,000 dols. The gross receipts of *Led Astray*, last year, at the Union Square Theatre, amounted to 154,000 dols., of which 80,000 dols. were profit. On these four pieces the theatres cleared upwards of 600,000 dols.—*Arcadian*.

The following are the Italian operas represented for the first time in Italy and elsewhere during the year 1874: *Re Manfredi*, Sig. Montuoro, 10th January, Teatro Regio, Turin; † *La Moglie per un Soldo*, comic, Sig. Migliaccio, 14th Jan., Teatro del Fondo, Naples; † *Edita di Belcourt*, Sig. Obiols, 28th Jan., Teatro del Liceo, Barcellona; * *La Contessa di Mons*, Signor Rossi, 31st Jan., Teatro Regio, Turin; † *Tripilla*, comic, Sig. Luzzi, 7th Feb., Teatro Coccia, Novara; † *Maso il Montanaro*, semi-serious, Sig. Caracciolo, 7th Feb., Teatro Piccini, Bari; † *La Cantante*, comic, Sig. Cipolloni, 13th Feb., College of St Cosimo, Solmona; † *Carmela*, semi-serious, Sig. del Corona, 15th Feb., Teatro Manzoni, Pistoja; † *La Capricciosa*, semi-serious, Sig. Valensin, 28th Feb, Teatro delle Loggie, Florence; ‡ *La Rinnegata*, Sig. Reparez, 1st March, Teatro S. Joao, Oporto; * *I Litnani*, Sig. Ponchielli, 7th March, the Scala, Milan; ‡ *La Cacciata del Duca d'Atene*, Sig. Bacchini, 14th March, Teatro Pagliano, Florence; * *Salvator Rosa*, Sig. Gomez, 21st March, Teatro Carlo Felice, Genoa; † *L'Idolo Cinese*, semi-serious, Signori De Champs, Felicci, Gialdini, and Tacchinardi, 25th March, Teatro delle Loggie, Florence; * *Bianca Orsini*, Sig. Petrella, 4th April, Teatro San Carlo, Naples; ‡ *La Fanciulla romantica*, semi-serious, Sig. Reggio, 11th April, Teatro Doria, Genoa; † *L'Ultimo degli Abencerragi*, Sig. Pedrell, April 14th, the Liceo, Barcellona; † *La Sposa di Messina*, Sig. Bonawitz, 22nd April, Academy of Music, Philadelphia; † *Maria Stuart*, Sig. Palumbo, 23rd April, San Carlo, Naples; † *Marinlizza*, Sig. Cortesi, 23rd April, Teatro della Pergola, Florence; ‡ *Il Figlio del Signor Sindaco*, comic, Sig. Rispoli, 6th May, Teatro Nuovo, Naples; † *Don Fabiano dei Corbelli*, comic, Sig. Camerana, 10th June, Teatro Balbo, Turin; † *Romilda de' Bardi*, Sig. Dell'Orefice, 24th June, Teatro Mercadante, Naples; † *Cola di Rienzo*, Sig. Persichini, 28th June, the Politeama, Rome; † *Celeste*, Sig. de Stefani, 1st July, Teatro Manzoni, Milan; † *Giovanna di Castiglia*, Sig. Magnanini, 15th August, Teatro Sociale, Carpi; ‡ *I Pezzenti*, Sig. Canepa, 21st Sept., the Scala, Milan; ‡ *Raffaello e la Fornarina*, semi-serious, Sig. Chisotti, 30th Sept., Teatro Alfieri, Turin; * *Il Duca di Tapigliano*, comic, Sig. Cagnoni, 10th Oct., Teatro Sociale, Lecco; † *La Contessa di S. Romano*, Sig. Frangini, 10th Oct., Teatro Alfieri, Florence; † *Piccarda Donati*, Sig. Burali-Forti, 31st Oct., Teatro Petrarca, Arezzo; † *O Mégo per Forza*, comic and in the Genoese dialect, Sig. Novaro, 31st Oct., Teatro Nazionale, Genoa; † *Velleda*, Sig. Cajani, November, Teatro Nazionale, Fojano; † *Lorenzino de' Medici*, Sig. Marenco, 1st December, Teatro Nazionale, Lodi; † *L'Ultimo dei Mori in Ispagna*, Sig. Paravano, 12th Dec., Teatro Mercadante, Naples. Of the above 35 operas—against 24 in 1873, but 56 in 1872—5, marked with an asterisk (*), were very successful; 23 marked with a dagger (†), successful; 6, marked with a double-dagger (‡), moderately successful; and 1, which the reader is left to find for himself, a failure.

CONCERT.

Mrs George Linley's first grand evening concert took place on Tuesday, the 22nd inst., at the Onslow Hall, South Kensington, and was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The programme opened with Rivière's well-known chorus, "Spring, gentle spring," which was sung by the juvenile members of the choir of St Peter's, Onslow Gardens, who, in the second part, created great enthusiasm by their hearty rendering of some Christmas carols, under the efficient direction of Mr Willis. Mr Albert James was most successful in Blumenthal's famous song, "The Message," and in "The Thorn." The latter being encored, Mr James substituted "Phillis is my only joy," which also gave general satisfaction. The well-known song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," was excellently rendered by the concert-giver, who afterwards sang the old ballad, "Within a mile o' Edinbro' town," with such point and vigour, that it was re-demanded. Mrs Linley, however, gave, instead, Schubert's "Addio," and thereby shewed that she was a mistress of different languages as well as of different styles of music. Miss Sophie Ferrari sang, with charming taste and thorough feeling, Spohr's "The bird and the maiden," to which Mr Lazarus played the *obbligato* clarionet part in his own finished and musicianly manner. Miss Ferrari afterwards gave Mr J. P. Knight's "She wore a wreath of roses," with a pathos and simplicity that captivated the audience. She was unanimously encored in both songs, and substituted for the latter "Home, sweet home." Miss Francesca Ferrari contributed, in her own "winning way," Mr Molloy's "Don't be sorrowful, darling" (encored), and also joined her sister in the duet, "I know a bank." Masters George and John Linley were rapturously encored in the duet, "I would that my love," a compliment they well deserved. The instrumental portion was ably supplied by the Rev. C. C. Scholefield, Mr Lazarus, and Herr Oberthür, whose genuine talent as a harpist and a composer for his instrument is well known. He introduced his own composition, "Clouds and Sunshine," and, being encored, he gave his admired piece, "La Cascade," which was equally successful. The Rev. C. C. Scholefield and Mr Lazarus delighted the audience by their performance of Webet's Grand Duo Concertante, for clarionet and piano, as well as by their respective solos. The concert concluded with the National Anthem.

The Benedict Testimonial.—The lamented death of Mr John Mitchell, who took so active a part in promoting the Benedict testimonial, has necessitated the postponement of the presentation. Though the precise period when this token of public esteem is to be offered to Sir Julius Benedict has not been definitely fixed, we believe there is good ground for stating that the occasion will now be deferred until the London season has fairly commenced, when many of the distinguished composer's warmest admirers, who are now scattered far and wide, and who would naturally be desirous of joining in the manifestation, shall again have been brought together.

We are happy to state that Mdlle Tietjens is recovering from her severe indisposition.

We hear, on good authority, that Offenbach has engaged to write an *opéra bouffe* for Mr George Wood (J. B. Cramer and Co.) on the subject of *Don Quixote*.

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PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—Professor Oakeley—says the *Edinburgh Courant*—gave on Thursday, the 24th ult., in his class-room, an organ recital; and, being Christmas Eve, the room was very tastefully decorated with holly and evergreens sent from Mortonhall and Southbank, while the programme of music played was appropriate to the festive season of Christmas. The ornamentation of the hall was enhanced by the exhibition of a number of beautiful models of English and foreign cathedrals in which service is held on Christmas Eve; as also by a well-finished bust of Paganini, just presented to the Music Chair by Professor Hodgson. There was a large and fashionable audience, who frequently demonstrated their admiration of Dr Oakeley's brilliant playing.

MANCHESTER.—Last week the Shelley and Old Glossop hand-bell ringers contested at Belle Vue Gardens for the championship of England, and a prize of £50 offered by Messrs Jennison. Each of the bands has won three successive first prizes, thus excluding themselves for a similar number of years from the date of their last success from the annual competitions at Belle Vue. The Shelley band, which is the oldest of the two, numbers, including the conductor, eight ringers, while in the Old Glossop there are twelve, though the former ring quite as many bells as the latter. The Glossop ringers' selection comprised the Kyrie and Gloria (Mozart), Haydn's No. 1 Symphony, and a Rondo Brillante. Their opponents also played Haydn's First Symphony and Haydn's D Symphony, and the overture to *Zanetta*. The judges were: Mr C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac., Lewisham, Kent; Mr L. Goodwin, organist, Church of the Holy Name, Manchester; and Mr W. J. Young, professor of music, Manchester; and these gentlemen decided, after a contest lasting two hours, that the prize should be awarded to the Shelley ringers, though they expressed their opinion that the arrangement and execution by the Old Glossop band of Haydn's First Symphony were superior to those of the other band. The result was hailed with considerable applause by the friends of the Shelley players.

SHEFFIELD.—Mr Charles Harvey's subscription concert took place, notwithstanding the disappointment at Mr Sims Reeves not making his appearance, owing to the severity of the weather, which prevented the great tenor from fulfilling his engagement. "We are, nevertheless, pleased that the concert was not postponed"—says the *Independent* of December 23—"the large and fashionable audience that assembled last night found a thoroughly refined and competent substitute in Mr W. H. Cummings. Mr Cummings has for many years taken his stand among the most useful and intelligent of English tenors, while, as a skilful—and, perhaps, we may add, a scholarly—musician, he is far in advance of nine-tenths of his brethren. It may not be known that he is the composer of a number of interesting musical fragments, exclusive of one or two works of considerable proportions. Mr Harvey had arranged that the change of singers should not interfere with the original construction of the programme, and Mr Cummings's special capacity for interpreting sacred music enabled him to do ample justice to the recitative and air, "Deeper and deeper still" and "Watt her, angels, to the skies." The recitative was declaimed by Mr Cummings with dramatic fervour and touching expressiveness; but he was even more successful in his rendering of the exquisite air, into which he infused a tone of hopeful pathos, which was impressive in the highest sense. The other songs given by the same gentleman were "Once Again," by Arthur Sullivan, and "Silly in our Alley." Madame Patey—immeasurably the best of English contraltos—experienced a reception nothing short of enthusiastic. She was in fine voice, and in all her efforts elicited a complete ovation. An encore was insisted upon in each instance. Mr J. G. Patey (mellow-voiced, and artistic of style) furnished several thoroughly welcome contributions, all of which were received with unfeigned satisfaction. Madame Thaddeus Wells gave three ballads successfully. Mr Zerbini accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

WINDSOR.—A special service—a correspondent writes us—was held in St George's Chapel on Christmas Eve, by permission of the Very Rev. the Hon. Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor. It having been announced that a selection from the *Messiah* would be given, a large audience assembled, and completely filled the vast edifice (including the aisle). By the judicious issue of tickets, overcrowding was avoided, and the excellent arrangements of the Rev. Canon Everett enabled *all* who presented themselves for admission to enjoy the service to their hearts' content. The choir was composed of the Gentlemen of St George's Chapel, the Gentlemen of Eton College Chapel, supplemented by 22 soprani, 12 alti, 15 tenori, and 14 bassi—altogether, an excellent choral body. The service was intoned by the Rev. Mr Everett, Minor Canon, the lessons being read by the Rev. St John Blunt, Hon. Canon of Windsor and Rector of Old Windsor. In the selection from the *Messiah*, the solos were entrusted to Masters Whitehouse and Smith, Messrs Hunt, Marriott, and H. Barnby. In the first solo, "Comfort ye," Mr Hunt gave an excellent rendering, he was painstaking, singing without effort, and in good taste, putting one in mind of Mr Lockey in his style of delivery. Of Mr Marriott's solo, "Behold, a virgin," it need only be said that he sang as a veteran, and as such left nothing to be desired. To criticize Mr Barnby's delivery of "For behold darkness" would be unfair, as, unfortunately, he was evidently suffering from hoarseness, which produced a consequent amount of nervousness we are unaccustomed to find associated with that gentleman. Masters Whitehouse and Smith left nothing to be desired in "He shall feed His flock" and "Come unto Him," the freshness of their voices and their excellent training never showed itself to greater advantage than in the solos entrusted to them in this instance. Of the selected choruses we can speak with unqualified praise, "For unto us," "Glory to God," and the "Hallelujah"—especially the "Hallelujah"—evidently creating a marked effect upon the audience. Sir George Elvey presided at the organ, and to him we are not only indebted for the successful conduct of a more than ordinarily acceptable service, but likewise for an accompaniment to Handel's masterpiece which we but occasionally meet with. H.R.H. Prince Christian and the Princess Christian attended the service.

REVIEWS.

LAMBORN COCK.

Songs for Children. No. 8. "*The Dog and the Cow.*" Words by Mrs R. B. TRITTON. Music by Mrs WORTHINGTON BLISS.

THE words of this song are full of genuine humour, and children of the largest possible growth may find in them plenty of occasion for laughter. Here is the first verse as sample:—

"A dog came up to a cow one day,
And said, as he bowed quite low,
'I've hired a balloon to go up to the moon,
And I very much hope you'll go.'
The cow was dress'd in her Sunday best,
With a wreath on her radiant brow,
And she whispered 'Yes,' with a modest 'moo,'
While the dog said 'Bow-wow, bow-wow.'"

Mrs Bliss's music is admirably in keeping with the droll verses, and the whole makes up a capital ditty for children's gatherings.

Little Alice (from "*Wonderland*"). Written by F. E. WEATHERLY, M.A Composed by CLEVELAND WIGAN.

PRETTY verses, pretty music, and pretty title page—altogether a pretty thing. Let those who cater for young people in musical things look to it.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Illustrations of National Music. Edited by BRINLEY RICHARDS. No. I. *The Rakotzy March* (Liszt). No. II. *Grand Study on the Pentatonic Scale* (Chopin).

MR RICHARDS will do good service by persevering with the series of which these two pieces are the beginning. The more general an acquaintance with all varieties of national music, the more are the resources of the art increased; for it is a fact that nearly every marked form of rhythm and scale in classical art owes its origin to the "people," among whom it grew, rather than was invented. The examples before us could not have been better chosen, and alike in the famous Hungarian March, and in Chopin's curious Study, much of an interesting nature will be discovered by those who have eyes to see.

J. B. CRAMER & Co.

La Española. Caprice Espagnole pour Piano, par FRANCESCO BERGER.

THE Spanish character in this composition is well preserved throughout, and gives it no ordinary piquancy. Amateurs will find the Caprice easy to play, and very effective as a *morceau de salon*. Key, G.

Fairy Land. For the Pianoforte, by FRANCESCO BERGER.

A LIGHT, pretty and easy piece, in the key of C, and one such as amateurs will welcome, because it secures the maximum of effect with the minimum of effort.

LONDON (Ontario).—The Hellmuth Ladies' School was re-opened on September 2nd under the most favourable auspices, and with a considerable increase in the number of boarding pupils. The College is evidently growing in public favour, and continues to be largely attended by pupils from every part, both of Canada and the United States. The Principal and Lady Principal, Rev. H. F. Darnell and Mrs Darnell, have been cordially received and supported by the College Staff, and Miss McClellan, the able Lady Superintendent, Miss Clinton and Miss Williams fill their former positions with their usual zeal and efficiency. The Teaching Staff has been further strengthened by the following additions:—French, Rev. Prof. Gilmont and Mdlle Fournier German, Fraulein Schenck; English, Miss Browne.—*Huron Recorder.*

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Social Intercourse.

"The contact of society is necessary for the nurture and the preservation of the generous feelings implanted in us by the Great Spirit."

(*From "Another World."*)

In the system I inaugurated, where every man pursued his occupation with enthusiastic delight, because he was engaged in that for which nature and education had fitted him, it became necessary to enjoin recreation and amusement as a duty, particularly in the case of learned men, whose attention was concentrated on one particular subject.

Before my reign learned men had been sometimes prone to seclude themselves from the world, while the opulent indulged in amusements to excess, and had indeed need of laws rather to restrain than to enjoin indulgence. Now, however, few except the "humble" classes (for we have no "poor" in your sense of the world), would have sought after diversions had not my laws enjoined them as a duty.

As regards learned men, I knew that if one part of the brain was unduly excited and overworked, the other parts would lie dormant and suffer. All classes therefore were required to "undergo" amusements, and many were the precepts to encourage them in the pursuit. I added to these the force of my own example; for, though occupied incessantly with the cares of government and with abstruse meditations, I nevertheless attended amusements of all kinds, and often gave *fêtes* of great beauty and magnificence for the recreation of the people. I was a frequent attendant at places of amusement, public games, and races, and refreshed myself almost daily with the sympathetic contact of the numerous society which my hospitality brought round my table.

When my laws on the subject of social intercourse were first promulgated there were many wise men who questioned the wisdom of my requiring the learned to cultivate social relations. These addressed to me many arguments in support of their views, and objected that, without having their thoughts interrupted by the clang of society, simple changes of subject, or at least the simplest distractions, would amply suffice to give the necessary repose. I always encouraged the learned to communicate to me their opinions, to which I invariably listened with attention; and in this case the arguments they adduced in support of their views were so plausible that I resolved to convince them by an actual experiment.

To satisfy them, and confirm the belief of others, I allowed the chief opponents of my doctrines to select ten learned men who desired to pursue their own idea of seclusion, and ten others were selected by me from those who were converts to my views in matters of recreation and amusement. The twenty men thus selected were, as nearly as possible equal in point of talent, and were all engaged on the same engrossing subject—one which required great concentration of thought. The utmost care was taken that the experiment might be fairly and conclusively tried.

The result of this experiment, which extended over many years, proved indisputably that I was right; for, whilst the productions of the "amusing and amused" men were equal in all, and in many respects superior, to those of the "seclusionists," the latter showed visible marks of the evils of their abstinence.

After a few years their indifference for the world had grown into positive misanthropy. They refused to receive any visits, became negligent of their personal appearance, and centred their whole affection upon the object of their study.

Hermes (*Communicator*).

(*To be continued.*)

PRESENTATION TO MR CURWEN.

A very large and enthusiastic meeting was held on Wednesday evening in the great room of Exeter Hall, respectably filling it, for the purpose of publicly presenting to the Rev. John Curwen and Mrs Curwen testimonials of affectionate admiration for their strenuous and successful exertions in popularising skilled vocal music by the establishment of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association. In the absence of Sir Charles Reed, who had been advertised to preside, but who was prevented by indisposition from fulfilling his engagement, the chair was filled by Mr Hugh Matheson, of Hampstead. After the singing of the hymn, "O worship the King," by way of overture, the honorary secretary, Mr Proudman, read an extract from Sir Charles Reed's letter, expressing his deep regret at being too unwell to keep his appointment. The secretary next read letters from Lord Shaftesbury, Sir John Goss, Mr Frederick Smith, Mr G. A. Macfarren, and the Revs J Walker and T. Ryder, conveying the expression of their entire sympathy with the objects of the subscribers and their admiration of the founder of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association.

The Sol-faists then sang with admirable *verve* and precision "The Comrades' Song of Hope," the words by J. S. Stallybrass, and the music by Adolphe Adam. The address of presentation was then read by the honorary secretary of the Testimonial Committee, Mr Proudman. It expressed the pleasure with which the teachers, pupils, and friends of the Tonic Sol-Fa method met Mr Curwen on that occasion. They offered him their hearty congratulations upon the remarkable success which had followed his efforts for the extension of popular musical education. They expressed their belief that it was to him they were mainly indebted for the restoration of scientific truth in the teaching of music, and that to him likewise they were indebted for its simplification by means of the Tonic Sol-Fa method of notation.

The subscribers wished also to encourage Mr Curwen for the future, and to assure him that, in his plans for the consolidation of the Tonic Sol-Fa College, he might expect not only their sympathy and good wishes, but also their hearty co-operation. As an earnest of this they asked him to accept the sum of money to be presented to him that night as a practical, though inadequate, expression of their friendship and personal regard.

Mr Linder, the earliest treasurer of the association, now, in the name of the subscribers, made the presentation of a cheque, the amount of which was not stated, to Mr Curwen, and to Mrs Curwen an expressive portrait of her husband, painted by Mr J. Edgar Williams. The artist was loudly called for and enthusiastically cheered. The part-song, "Who thro' heaven is guiding," conducted by Mr R. Griffiths, was next sung. Mr Curwen acknowledged the gratifying testimonials to himself and Mrs Curwen. He gave an interesting account of his first engagement in the improvement of popular vocal music, more than thirty years ago, of the severity of his early struggles, and of his ultimate triumphs. He reviewed at some length the past history and present prospects of the Sol-Fa movement for musical reform, and augured for it, in spite of momentary official discouragement, a bright future. The elementary schools were calling for the Sol-Fa method, and the school inspectors were all endorsing it. With this pressure behind, the Privy Council would, in due time, give way, and the system would force an entrance into the Normal Colleges. Mr Curwen gratefully enumerated the names of some of the more eminent of his coadjutors in the work. Among those who had passed away, the late General Perronet Thompson was conspicuous. Mr Curwen's address was greeted throughout with cheers. The old Scotch song, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," most appropriately followed, with effective organ accompaniment by Mr Harris. The Sol-faing was ably conducted by Mr W. M. Miller, of Glasgow. It was executed with great spirit. In an admirable speech for Scotland, by Mr Colin Brown, of the Andersonian University, Glasgow, it was mentioned that in that city alone there are 50,000 Sol-faists. Mr Brinley Richards spoke most appropriately, as the representative of Welsh lovers of music, and other interesting addresses followed. After votes of thanks, the meeting concluded with the "Hallelujah Chorus," under the conduct of Mr Proudman.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The concert given on the afternoon of Boxing-day was not, unfortunately, enriched with the presence of Mr Sims Reeves, who, at the eleventh hour, telegraphed his inability to attend, in consequence of the foggy weather. The public, of good holiday dimensions as regarded the cheaper parts of the building, did not put up very amiably with the announcement, and, during the greater part of the concert, vented their displeasure in angry apostrophes, and now and then obstructed, with considerable persistence, the course of the performance. In addition to the absence of Mr Sims Reeves, there was that also of Mr Edward Lloyd to further suggest irritation and disturb the common harmony. The concert, however, bating these disappointments, was by no means a weak one of its kind, and, being constructed upon strictly popular principles, was well calculated to please the shilling ear. Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, in spite of the unfriendly demonstrations she met with, soon quelled the fractious remonstrants who chafed at the loss of their favourite tenor, and obtained a triumphant *encore* in Claribel's ballad "Come back to Erin," a recall in her husband's song "The Bird of Love," and universal acclamation in the Shadow Song from *Dinorah*, with which florid *morceau*, executed by her to perfection, the concert terminated. Then there was Miss Antoinette Sterling, whose quaint old ditty, "The three ravens," and Burns's famous song "A man's a man for a' that," are always points of interest. The latter, as usual, was redemanded, a compliment also bestowed upon the same vocalist in a new song by Mr Barnby, called "When the flowing tide comes in," the pathetic sentiment of which, akin in motive to the intensely touching words of Kingsley's "The three fishers," made itself generally felt among all who listened to it—gentle and simple alike. The composer was his own accompanist. Mr Whitney, who has seldom been absent from the Albert Hall Concerts, sang "Non più andrai," a new song by Arthur Sullivan—though scarcely up to the Sullivan mark—named "Christmas bells at sea," and Weiss's popular "Village Blacksmith." Mr Levy contributed, at intervals, solos on the cornet, and, it need hardly be observed, with his customary success; and Mr Hughes exhibited no inferiority of skill in his performance of "O ruddier than the cherry" on the ophicleide. The overtures to *Fra Diavolo* and *Guillaume Tell* were played with signal excellence by the orchestra; and the general conductors of the concert were Mr Barnby, Mr Randegger and Mr Pollitzer.

D. H. H.

—o—

DEATH'S DOINGS IN 1874.

Literature and the drama have lost representatives, more or less important, in M. Guizot, Mr Shirley Brooks, Mr Bellew (the popular lecturer), Mr John Heneage Jesse, Miss Agnes Strickland, Mr James Hannay, Mr Tom Hood, M. Sylvain Van de Weyer, Mr Albert Way, F.S.A., Mr John Gough Nichols, F.S.A., Mr Howard Staunton, Mr Adam Black (publisher), Mr Sydney Dobell, Mr Thomas Miller (the basket-maker poet), Mr John Blackie (publisher), Mdlle Aimée Desclée, Mr W. H. Betty (the "youthful Roscius"), Dr Charles T. Beke, Mr Henry Godwin, F.S.A., Mr Charles Swain, John Moultrie (the poet), and Mrs Marsh-Caldwell.

From the world of art we have lost Mr John Pye (the "father of landscape engravers"), Mr Field Talfourd, Mr David Simson, of Edinburgh; Wilhelm von Kaulbach, of Munich; Mr W. Telbin, Mr Kenny Meadows, Mr J. H. Foley (the sculptor), Mr Robert Carlyle (miniature painter), the Baron de Triquiti, Mr Joseph Paton, and Mr Owen Jones.

Science has to lament the loss of Dr Neill Arnott, Dr Lankester, Sir John Rennie, Sir William Jardine, Dr Forbes Winslow; Maedler, the astronomer, of Hanover; Andreas Hansen, the astronomer, of Gotha; Mr Edward Blyth, the zoologist; Professor Phillips, of Oxford; Mr Richard Tamplin, the surgeon; Paolo Rosa, the Roman astronomer; and Professor Grant, of University College.

Our list of miscellaneous deaths includes Mdme Parepa-Rosa, Mr John Grantham, civil engineer and architect; Mr William Torr, the agriculturist; Mr Charles Young, the comedian; and Mr Addison, the comedian.

PADDY GREEN.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

"On the 12th instant, Mr John Green, late of Evans's, Covent-garden, aged 78." The death at a ripe old age of this genial veteran will be, no doubt, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends; but the memory of the late Mr Green merits something beyond a mere obituary notice. If not a very remarkable man himself—indeed, he did not claim to be anything more than an affable Boniface, who was eager to welcome the coming and to speed the parting guest, and whose smile, whose salutation of "Dear boy," and whose snuff-box, were at everybody's service—Mr John Green had certainly succeeded in making the famous cellar in Covent-garden Piazza, over whose nocturnal and strictly decorous revels he presided, the favourite place of resort not only of two generations of remarkable Englishmen, but of distinguished foreigners from all parts of the civilized world. We have not the slightest doubt that the late Emperor Napoleon III. had often partaken of a pinch from Mr Green's box, and it is on literary record that Mr Charles Sumner went at least on one occasion to Evans's with Mr Thackeray, with whom he had been dining at the Garrick Club, then situated in King-street, Covent-Garden. Who, indeed, had *not* been to the convivial *souterrain*? So widely was its fame known that there is little reason to regard as apocryphal the story of a Russian gentleman who arrived in this country with a solitary letter of introduction, which he said had been given to him by a Moldo-Wallachian friend on board a Danubian steamer. It was only a scrap of paper, on which were scrawled the words, "Evansechopsingsmokroom, Kovent-Gard." With the late Mr Green there is broken a link which connected the somewhat dreary and prosaic present with a very jovial and picturesque past. The Club element—the palatial and superfine club, we mean—is becoming more and more dominant in English society; and wits and barristers, guardsmen and country squires, are rarely to be found drinking grog and listening to songs in a tavern parlour. And it was a peculiar characteristic of the symposium over which Mr Green for so many years presided, that, great as were its lyrical attractions, and stately as were its later architectural adornments, it never became a music-hall, and never ceased to be a tavern of the old-fashioned order. Some thousands of good songs have been sung, and some thousands of good stories told, and pinches dispensed from the famous snuff-box at Evans's within the last forty years. Now the owner of the snuff-box himself returns to dust; and a sigh is due to the good-tempered manes of poor "Paddy Green."

M. Warot.—On leaving college, Victor Alexandre Joseph Warot, born at Verviers, on the 18th September, 1834, was articled to an attorney. He then studied for, and was admitted to, the bar. He practised a short time, but soon abandoned the law for commerce. He entered the bank of MM. Prost and Co., Paris, and stayed there till he went upon the stage. His father, the composer of several operas, and a professor of singing, guided him in his musical studies, and rendered it unnecessary for him to attend the course of instruction at the Conservatory. Under the patronage of Nestor Roqueplan, M. Warot first appeared at the Opéra-Comique, in 1858, the operas being *Les Monténégrins* and *La Dame Blanche*. In 1862, he sang in the revival of *Zémire et Azor*, his success being so great that M. Perrin at once engaged him for the Grand Opera, at first as a *ténor léger*, and then as a *ténor fort*. Being loaned by M. Perrin to M. Letellier, the manager of the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, he arrived in that capital in 1868, and, from the very commencement, received an extremely flattering reception. In 1869, he returned to the Grand Opera, Paris. Thence he proceeded, in 1870, to Marseilles, and then M. Vachot secured him for the Monnaie. This is the sixth season of his engagement in Brussels.—*Journal Amusant*.

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WAIFS.

THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—A conference between the Sub-committee of the Festival Stewards and the Dean and Chapter met in the Chapter House, at Worcester, on Saturday afternoon. After a full and free discussion of the views of each party, the meeting broke up, the entire question remaining *in statu quo*. The Dean and Chapter intimated their willingness to aid the Stewards in every way, should they ultimately arrange for subsequent Festivals in any secular building. The only absent member of the Chapter was the Rev. Canon Seymour, M.A. [And thus the silver lining in the *Herald's* cloud has resulted, as we prognosticated it would, in nothing. We have said from the beginning that the Dean and Chapter had long ago made up their minds; and why parley on? We would direct attention to a letter from a valued correspondent, "A Parson's Son," to be found in another column. His hint is very timely, and should be pondered over.—ED. M. N.]—*Malvern News, Dec.* 26.

Madame Carlotta Patti, M. Ritter, and M. Sivori have gone to Russia on a concert tour.

Don Giovanni has recently been played at Christiana, a place hitherto considered out of the range of Italian opera.

Signor Nicolini, detained *en route* to Paris, and unable to give his promised representations there, has left for Rome.

Madame Sangalli has arrived in Paris, to take part in Delibés's ballet, *La Source*, at the opening of the new Opera House.

M. Alexandre Billet, the eminent pianist, will resume his annual performances of classical pianoforte music early in January, at St George's Hall.

There has just been published, *chez* Michel Lévy, a very interesting work on Les Saltimbanques, by M. Gaston Escudier. The subject is not only very interesting, but very amusing; and many of our readers may like to have their attention called to the work.

Signor Arditi has been reaping laurels at the opera in Hanover, where he mounted, in one week, *Così fan tutte, Il Matrimonio Segreto*, and *Don Pasquale*. In the latter Madame Artôt introduced Signor Arditi's new waltz, "L'Incontro," which created quite a *furore*.

The *Diritto* says the Pope has taken up a project which he formed many years ago of placing 12 statues round the cupola of St Peter's, in accordance with the idea of Michael Angelo. Twelve sculptors are to be charged each with the execution of a statue, but they are not to be chosen by public competition; nor will any artist be eligible for the work who was not domiciled in Rome prior to 1870, or who has manifested any opposition to the cause of Holy Church. The *Diritto* adds that, seeing the enormous sums which are just now being poured into the Pontifical Treasury in the shape of Peter's pence, there should be no lack of funds for carrying out the project.

We wish to make all possible exceptions when we say that nothing can exceed the conceit and consequentialness of some Church choirs.—What with whispering, laughing, tipping back or lounging lazily in their chairs, sitting invisible behind the screens, or leaving church during sermon time, we venture to say that that half-dozen people who do the music are to be charged with more impertinence and misbehaviour than all the rest of the congregation. We would desire to have all proper respect for those privileged ladies and gentlemen who compose the choir, but there is really no reason why, having sung God's praise, they should then address themselves to offering incense to the devil. The wrangling among choirs is notorious and universal, but their amazing importance in many cases is not the less observable; and a really excellent choir, which is at the same time respectful and modest, indicates a remarkable triumph of grace and nature. There really ought to be no reason why those persons who are so charming with their voices, should often be so consequential and irreverent in their manners, and so utterly out of keeping with the place and the occasion.—*Church and State*.

WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Petitions to the Queen in Council are being prepared by the council and the citizens of Worcester, praying that Her Majesty, "as the head of the Church of this realm, will be pleased to use her influence with the Dean and Chapter of Worcester to induce them to continue to permit the holding of the triennial Festivals in the Cathedral Church of the city, under such arrangements as will best promote the object in view." These petitions set out that musical Festivals have been held for 150 years at Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester alternately; have been the means of providing charitable funds for the relief of widows and orphans of clergymen of these three dioceses; have been largely attended by the inhabitants, and even patronised by the Queen herself in 1830, and that the decision of the Dean and Chapter refusing the use of the Cathedral except for a Festival at which regular religious services and sermons would be held, has caused great dissatisfaction, and the petitioners believe "that the discontinuance of the Festival would tend to lower the character of this city in the estimation of enlightened and educated people, and be not only a local but also a national loss."

Is it not too bad of the *Herald* to assail Gluck's character by intimating that he was a garotter, as it did on Friday. Of course, that composer's gavottes were what our contemporary meant to allude to.—*Arcadian*.

ANTWERP.—The programme of the first concert this season given by the Society of Music contained works by three celebrated German composers; namely, the Chorus No. 1 from *Judas Maccabeus*, by Handel; a Cantata, by J. S. Bach; and the "Adventlied," by J. R. Schumann. There were also various compositions of less importance. The concert gave the greatest satisfaction to a most crowded audience.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ROBERT COCKS & CO.—"Sound the trumpet in Zion," quartet, for full choir, by Brinley Richards; also by the same composer, "Gigue" (Handel), for the pianoforte.

T. DRISCOLL.—"Original Compositions for the Organ," "Le Grimpereau," valse facile, by J. H. Wallace.

HOPWOOD & CREW.—"Why blooms the rose?" "Paquita," "The Trumpet Call," songs, by Fabio Campana.

C. JEFFREYS.—"Un Fiore," waltz, pianoforte, a quattro-mains, by Eugenia e Vittorina Gerbaldi; "At Rest: a Story of a New Year," song, by Edouard Barri; "Sérénade Allemande," pour le piano, par A. Buhl; "The Past," bass song, "If hope deceive us," song, by A. G. Gitts; "Genoa," polka-mazurka, by J. R. Perry; "Tivoli," easy mazurka, by Gerald Lascelles; "Saladin," grand march, solo and duet, "Irish Diamonds," No. 6, Fantasia on the popular melodies, "The valley lay smiling before me" and "The girl I left behind me," "Highland Gems," No. 4, "Auld Lang Syne" and "Charlie is my darling," by Willie Pape; "The Children's Victory," song, by Ed. Reyloff; "Drifted," song, by Alfred Plumpton; "Dream Queen," song, "The President," brilliant national fantasia, "The Fairies' Gathering," characteristic piece, by Michael Watson.

NOVELLO, EWER & CO.—"Softly the echoes come and go," Christmas carol, William Hargreaves; "Funeral March," by Herbert S. Oakeley; "Lessons sweet of spring returning," by T. P. M.

CHARLES J. KLITZ.—"It might have been," song, by Virginia Gabriel.

LAMBORN COCK.—"Song for Children," No. 8, "The Dog and the Cow," by Mrs J. Worthington Bliss; "The Syrian Bride," wedding march, by Charles Sullaman; "Would you gain a maiden's heart," by Robert Sloman; "Little Alice," from "Wonderland," by Cleveland Wigan.

METZLER & CO.—"There is a lady sweet and kind," song, Mrs Arthur Goodeve; "The Buccaneers," song, by Edward De Jong; "The Blind Girl's Lament," song by Monsigny; "Eventide," song, by Charles W. Smith; "Tom Hardy," ballad, by Henry Smart; "Queen Mab," waltz, Lindsay Sloper; "One lock of hair," "Sorrow," songs, by W. T. Wrighton.

WILKIE, WOOD & CO.—"A Dream," love song, "The Old Garden," song, by Virginia Gabriel; "The old house far away," song, by G. A. Macfarren; "Waltz," for pianoforte, by W. C. Valentine.

WILLIE & CO.—"Wood birds are singing," vocal duet, "Thine Image," "Love's Spring," "The Lone Light," songs, by Franz Abt; "Toil and trust," song, by W. F. Taylor.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—"New Year Eve," song, by C. H. Hewitt; "Les Saisons," oratorio de J. Haydn, arranged by Newstedt; "Illustrations of National Music," No. 1, "The Rakotzy March," No. 2 "Grand Study," edited by Brinley Richards; "No Tidings," song, by Robert Sloman.

WEIPPERT & CO.—"Hymn for the Night," by H. W. A. Beale; "Grande Marche Bresilien," for the pianoforte, "Only thee," "Hurrah for bluff King Christmas," songs, by John Cheshire; "Good bye," song, by G. A. Macfarren; "Up for the King," a Cavalier's song, by Alfred Plumpton; "Sylvia," pastorale, by Walter Macfarren; "March des Fantassins," pour le piano, by Guillaume H. Wall.

J. B. CRAMER & CO.—"La Espanola," pour le piano, "Fairyland," for the pianoforte, by Francesco Berger; "The Shadow of the Cross," "Love finds the way," "Over the moonlit sea," songs, "Summer-land," duet, by Odoardo Barri; "Il Furore," grand galop di bravura, by James F. Simpson; "Hilda," for the pianoforte, by Charles Salaman; "Good night, sweet babe," song, by Agnes Windham.

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6. *Song of the Water ..... *Smart.*

BOOK II.
7. *Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
8. *Village bride ..... *Costa.*
9. *Pilgrim's evening ..... *Wagner.*
10. *Music of the night ..... *Halton.*
11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.
13. *Now lightly we ..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter ..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. *Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.
19. *The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. *Hark! the Gondolier .... *Ricardi.*
21. *Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. *When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. *The sun has been ..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.
25. *Merry minstrels are ..... *Wagner.*
26. *Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. *Hark! the merry ..... *Flotow.*
28. *With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. *Happy as the day ..... *Wallace.*
30. *The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.
31. *The distant bell ..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. *Who'll follow ..... *Paggi.*
34. *Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. *O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. *O hear ye not ..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.
37. *Sea flowers ..... *Barnett.*
38. *Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. *Warbler of the forest .... *Benedict.*
40. *Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. *Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.
43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.
49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari ..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53. *Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.
55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Ardit.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Rordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.
61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.
67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm ..... *Richards.*
69. *Lightly, softly ..... *Flotow.*
70. *Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72. *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.
73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger.*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells ..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley .. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.
79. *Our Vesper Hymn ..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Curschmann.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Curschmann.*
82. *Hark the Pilot ..... *Bishop.*
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CRYSTAL PALACE. — The SATURDAY CONCERTS will be RESUMED on January 16, 1875. The programme will include: Symphony in A, No. 17 (Beethoven); Concerto, for pianoforte, in A (Schumann); Overture, "The Wedding of Camacho" (Mendelssohn); Overture, "Dimitri Donskoi" (Rubinstein), first time in England. Vocalists—Mdlle Sophie Lowe, Mr Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte—Mr Oscar Beringer. Conductor—Mr Manns. Transferable stall tickets, price 21s., for the Fourteen Winter Concerts after Christmas, may now be had at the Ticket Office.

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OPENING OF THE NEW OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," 4th January.)

To-morrow Paris will devote her municipal energies to the opening of the new Operahouse. When the sumptuous edifice facing the Rue de la Paix was to be consecrated to its artistic mission, and how that ceremony could best be carried out, were topics which had long agitated the Parisian mind. The claims of rival composers have been discussed so as to recall the days of Gluck and Piccini. Negotiations with popular, and, therefore, not easily satisfied artists, have been watched as though upon them depended the fate of a nation; and a stronger desire to witness the actual opening could not be shown did the proceedings involve a sensation trial for murder or the advent of a new dynasty. Upon the points which the Government has now authoritatively determined we have nothing to say. If French musicians are no more able to agree upon a worthy representative of their body than the French nation is able to decide upon a form of government—if there be no work in the imposing repertory of French national opera which all can accept as fitted for an august occasion, we may wonder, but not intervene. On the other hand, some explanation of the attendant phenomena may remove from the minds of English readers no small surprise, or, at any rate, disabuse them of false impressions. On our side of the Channel it would be impossible for any matter connected with art to acquire the importance with which Frenchmen have invested the opening of the New Opéra. Such a result is foreign to our instincts, and to all our ideas of the relative position artistic things should occupy in the economy of life. Wherefore not a few of us may be looking at our neighbours with mingled astonishment and contempt, putting their behaviour down to the eccentricity and incomprehensibleness of "French ways" in general. But it is doubtful whether, if we were in their place, even with our own somewhat cold and careless regard for art, we should be less moved than they. French operas can boast such proud achievements and such a brilliant history, extending over more than two hundred years, that it appeals with irresistible force, not only to artistic but national pride. It sheds lustre upon the entire country; and as an Englisman, who cannot tell an ironclad from a "gig," may be proud of the British Navy, so a Frenchman, whom no "concord of sweet sounds" can move, may glory in that which is, beyond all doubt, one of his nation's proudest boasts. But French opera has other claims. During its entire career it has been so intimately associated with the fortunes of France that a record of the one sheds no little light upon the annals of the other. Even its various names are landmarks in the course of the country's history. First known as the Académie Royale, then as the Académie Nationale, and next as the Académie Impériale, it has undergone the "strange mutation" of being all three over again, But the interweaving of French national life with the life of French opera is so close in more essential respects that it will be instructive to look at the matter somewhat in detail.

Oddly enough, French opera had an ecclesiastical origin. Urban VIII. is said to have recommended the importation of lyric drama into France; and it is certain that his Legate, Cardinal Bichi, directed the first performance of the first French work, "Akébar, Roi de Mogul;" the place being the episcopal palace of Carpentras, and the composer an Abbé Mailly. Another Abbé—Perrin—wrote the second opera, and to him the patent of the Académie Royale was originally granted. But this priestly influence over the young institution did not long endure. Emerging from the kitchen of Mdlle de Montpensier, Lulli appeared on the scene where he was so long to reign as undisputed chief. His connection with Molière, and that of his successor, Rameau, with Racine, thus early associated French opera and the most illustrious names in the country's literature; nor did the pick and flower of aristocracy refuse to take advantage of a clause in Louis XIV.'s patent which enacted that "all gentlemen and ladies may sing in the said pieces and representations of our Royal Academy without being considered for that reason to derogate from the titles of nobility, or from their privileges, rights, and immunities." During the Regency of the Duc d'Orleans, the Opéra became more closely connected with the State than ever on that account falling very low indeed. The Regent was often drunk at the performances, and his example found so many imitators that it became necessary to station an armed guard behind the scenes for the protection of the artists. At this time, moreover, the Opera House entered upon its career as a theatre of historic events. There the notorious Law was assailed by a furious mob of his dupes; there the unfortunate Charles Edward Stuart was arrested previous to being expelled from France in accordance with the Treaty of 1748; and there rancorously hostile parties fought out the only musical quarrel that ever rose to national importance. The struggle identified with the names of Gluck and Piccini seems now like some wild romance, but it was very real fifteen years before the Revolution began to occupy French society with graver matters. It arrayed Marie Antoinette against Madame du Barry in a fierce trial of strength; it divided into opposite camps such men as Suard, the Abbé Arnaud, Rousseau, Marmontel, La Harpe, and D'Alembert, and filled Paris with "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness," not to speak of a literature which remains to this day a curious example of human folly. The second Opera House in the Palais Royal was destroyed by fire in 1781, not long after the growing insubordination of the French had found a strange outcome in the revolt of the artists against their manager, and the setting up of a republic. Its successor at the Porte St Martin took only eighty-six days to build, and there, for the next ten years, French opera found a home. But through much of that time it led a troubled life. The Parisians sternly ordered the house to be shut on the memorable day which saw the taking of the Bastille; and within its walls thay celebrated that great event by a scriptural melodrama, removed from Notre-Dame for convenience of representation. In June, 1791, the King having just fled from Paris, the Académie Royale became simply the Opéra; but when Louis signed the Constitution, the original name was restored, to endure, however, only fourteen days after a disgraceful tumult directed against the Queen, who, escaping with difficulty from the house, drove away amid showers of stones and mud. Then the Académie Royale de Musique became the Opéra National, and soon after witnessed an "offering to Liberty" in the shape of a free performance of *Miltiades at Marathon*, to celebrate "the death of the tyrant." At this point a different set of men appear on the troubled stage. Aristocracy, in the person of the Marquis de Louvois, takes to scene-shifting, while *sansculottism*, as represented by Hébert and Henriot, sits on the managerial throne, and encourages the artists by an occasional sight of the executioner at the wings. In 1794 the Opéra was removed to the Rue de Richelieu, and by the end of that year no fewer than sixteen persons in some way or other connected with the establishment suffered death, either by their own hands or by the guillotine.

The era of Napoleon associates French opera with the triumphs of Spontini and Cherubini, but chiefly with events of a very different character. It was at the house in the Rue de Richelieu that an attempt was to have been made upon the First Consul's life in October, 1800; and on his way thither two months later Fourrier's infernal machine spread death around without harm to its intended victim. While Moscow burnt around him, Napoleon issued a decree regulating the Académie Impériale, and to the Opéra he repaired on the very night of his return from the campaign which wrecked his fortunes. Two years had not passed before Alexander of Russia "commanded" a performance at the same house, and soon afterwards Louis XVIII. celebrated his triumphal entry into Paris with a grand representation of *Œdipe à Colone*. From this time till 1820 French opera flourished in comparative peace, but then a woful tragedy sealed the doom of the theatre in the Rue de Richelieu. On the steps of the building the Duc De Berri fell by an assassin's hand, and within its walls he received the last sacraments of the church—a concession made by the Archbishop of Paris only on the express understanding that the edifice should be razed to the ground. In this emergency the Académie Royale occupied the Théâtre Favart, pending the completion of the house in the Rue Lepelletier, which succumbed but recently to the flames. Here the greatest artistic triumphs of French opera were achieved. *La Muette* of Auber, the *Siége de Corinthe* and *Guillaume Tell* of Rossini, the *Favorita* of Donizetti, and *Robert le Diable*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Le Prophète* of Meyerbeer are names which

readily suggest to the least informed reader of musical records a yet longer list of glorious successes. But the connection of national opera and national history had not ceased. A performance of *La Muette* fanned the spark which, bursting into a flame, scared Charles X. from the throne; and, coming nearer our own time, it was in front of the Théâtre de l'Opéra that Orsini made his desperate attempt on the life of the late Emperor Napoleon. The recent history of French national opera need not be entered upon, especially as the particulars we have cited suffice to prove that nothing in England occupies an analogous position, while it is equally clear that an institution so illustrious, and so closely interwoven with the varying fortunes of the State, which has played so striking a part in historic events, and at all times filled so great a place in the nation's eyes, may well attract to itself at the present juncture no mean regard.

Paris, January 4.

To-night the new Operahouse was opened here with great ceremony and a grand performance. The event, so far as English and French people were concerned, may be considered as an international one; for not only was the Prefect of the Seine present, but also the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, together with the Sheriffs and their ladies, and the City functionaries, all dressed in uniform, and gallant in gold chains, buckles, and swords.

Besides these personages, however, their was a very brilliant assemblage. Marshal MacMahon, General Ladmirault, the King of Hanover, Queen Isabella, King Alfonso the Twelfth, the Count and Countess of Paris, and the Duc d'Aumale were all present, together with representatives of nearly all the departments of the State.

The place assigned to the Lord Mayor and his colleagues was one of the "avant-scènes des premières," or proscenium boxes, next to that occupied by Marshal MacMahon, these two having immediately opposite to them the boxes set apart to M. Buffet, the President of the National Assembly, and the Presidents of the Bureaux respectively. The first tier—or "premières loges"—was designated for the Corps Diplomatique, Chief Officers of State, and distinguished visitors. Included in this list were General de Cissey, General Vinoy, Marshal Regnault, M. Mathieu-Bodet, Duc Decazes, M. Batbie, the Comte de Paris, General Ladmirault, Marshal Canrobert, the Duchesse de Malakoff, M. de Cailloux, M. Grivart, M. Tailhand, the Duc de Broglie, M. le Royer, Queen Isabella, and the King of Hanover. The second tier was appropriated chiefly to officials of the State Departments, members of the Corps Diplomatique, military and naval officers, Members of the Institute, Presidents of Tribunals, Judges, and the Prefects of Police. It need scarcely be said that the scene presented by so grand an assemblage of brilliant uniforms and dresses was such that the *coup d'œil* from almost any part of the theatre exceeded anything that has been seen in Paris for years.

It was a drawback to the inauguration ceremony of this evening that both Mdlle Nilsson and M. Faure were unwell, so that neither of them was able to sing. In consequence of this disappointment, M. Halanzier issued the following revised programme:—

(1)	Overture of *Masaniello*	Auber.
(2)	First and Second acts of *La Juive* . .	Halévy.
(3)	Overture of *William Tell*	Rossini.
(4)	Blessing of the Daggers in *The Huguenots* .	Meyerbeer.
(5)	Second act of *La Source*	Delibes.

Still the whole affair may be pronounced a success, and the performance, which began shortly after seven o'clock, was cordially received, and the various acts warmly applauded. It should be added that almost all the more distinguished guests also received an ovation.

Last night the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, Mr Alderman and Sheriff Ellis, Mrs Ellis, Mr Sheriff Shaw and Mrs Shaw, with two private friends, arrived at Boulogne at a quarter before seven o'clock, having had a calm passage, but being somewhat delayed, however, by the bar outside Boulogne Harbour, which prevented the boat from entering until after a delay of half an hour.

The Mayor of Boulogne awaited his colleague from London on the quay, and having received the travellers, gave an entertainment in a private room at the station.

Arrived in Paris, the Lord Mayor was met on the platform of the Chemin de Fer du Nord Station by the Prefects of the Seine and Police. A room had been fitted up for the reception, and here a number of complimentary speeches were made, after which the Lord Mayor and party repaired to the Hôtel Bristol.

This morning, M. Ferdinand Duval, the Prefect of the Seine, and M. Renault, Prefect of Police, waited on the Lord Mayor to apprise him that Marshal MacMahon would be happy to receive his Lordship at the Elysée at noon, and that a squadron of dragoons would escort him. The Prefects then repaired to the Elysée, to await the arrival of his Lordship, and a great crowd collected meanwhile in the neighbourhood of the Hôtel Bristol, admiring the sumptuous carriages of the civic dignitaries, and the gorgeous liveries of the servants who lounged about the entrance. The cordon was kept very carefully by the police, and as soon as the dragoons came prancing into the square, the procession began to form.

In the first carriage were Mr Vine, the Lord Mayor's secretary, and Mr Palmer Stone, the Lord Mayor's son. In the second rode Mr Sheriff Shaw, whose magnificent scarlet liveries evoked much admiration. In the third sat Mr Sheriff Ellis, his green liveries being equally conspicuous.

Lastly came the Lord Mayor. His Lordship's carriage was literally shining in purple and gold embroideries. It was preceded by his head usher in a cocked hat, immediately followed by four trumpeters in scarlet coats and black velvet hunting-caps. The Lord Mayor was accompanied by his Swordbearer and Macebearer, whose insignia quite impressed the spectators with their novelty.

The Lord Mayor, on making his appearance, was cheered with a warmth most unusual with French crowds. The anxiety to witness the procession was remarkable. From every window in the Place Vendôme the people were craning their necks to get a sight of the *cortége*, while the footpaths were so densely crowded as to be simply impassable. The equipages, especially that of the Chief Magistrate of the City, drawn by six horses, were much admired. As a spectacle it was certainly striking, and, fortunately, the sun shone out at the very moment when the procession started. Hats were lifted by all beholders during the entire route, which was down the Rue de la Paix, along the Rue de Rivoli, across the Place de la Concorde, up the Rue Royale and the Faubourg St Honoré to the Elysée.

On coming there the guard of honour presented arms, and the carriages drove into the inner courtyard, at the back of which a temporary antechamber has been erected for the forthcoming ball on the 13th of January. All the officials of the Elysée who are now in Paris were present to witness the arrival. Marshal MacMahon, attended only by his secretary, the Vicomte d'Harcourt, the Prefect of the Seine, and the Prefect of Police, awaited the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and suite, in the yellow drawing-room on the first floor. The President of the Republic expressed great pleasure at seeing the Lord Mayor in Paris; to which his Lordship, through Lord Lyons, who acted as interpreter, replied by thanking the Marshal, in the name of the Municipality of the City of London, for the distinguished honour which had been done them by the French people in being invited to send representatives to be present at the inauguration of a building unequalled in modern times for grandeur of conception and splendour of execution. The Corporation of London always desired to be foremost not only in fostering the progress of art, but also in promoting international municipal relations as a means of spreading abroad the blessings of peace. In conclusion, he thanked the President, as representative of the French people, for the cordial reception which he and his colleagues had received from the citizens of Paris.

To this Marshal MacMahon responded that the alliance between the two nations had been securely cemented by the Crimean war, in which they had stood side by side—a war in which he himself had been engaged. For his own part he should always strive to increase the good feeling existing between the two countries.

In the afternoon, after the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs had taken lunch at the Hôtel Bristol, where they were joined by the Prefects of the Seine and of the Police, the Lady Mayoress, Mrs Ellis, Mrs Shaw, and Mr Campbell Clarke, his Lordship returned in his state carriage to the

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Elysée, escorted by a squadron of dragoons. The streets were again lined as thickly as in the morning, the Faubourg Saint Honoré being densely crowded. The Duchess of Magenta personally received the Lady Mayoress and suite, conversing for some time in the purest English, until the arrival of Marshal MacMahon, when her Ladyship was introduced to the President. Madame la Maréchale kindly invited her visitors to the grand ball, an invitation, however, which they were unable to accept. To-morrow the Lord Mayor will visit Lord Lyons, the Prefect of the Seine, Prefect of Police, and all the Ministers. On Friday his Lordship is to entertain a distinguished company at dinner, and on Saturday he will dine with the Prefect of the Seine.

MUSIC AT SAN FRANCISCO.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

Last week the benefit concert of Mdlle Elzer was quite a success, and Platt's Hall drew a full and fashionable audience. The programme was complete, and the ladies and gentlemen who assisted at the concert were encouragingly received. Mdlle Elzer and Miss Ivy Wandesforde carried off the honours. Both ladies were encored—the first in "The Alpine Flowers," and the second in "The Spell," from Wallace's *Lurline*. Madame Fabri sang the aria, *Fidelio* (Beethoven), with effect; and Mr Foges did better in the romanza from Weber's *Euryanthe* than on any other occasion. The quartet from *William Tell* was massacred through the disintonation of Mr Foges, and in which Miss Post took a conspicuous part. The lady, although very young, promises to become a good soprano, with diligent study. Mr Julius Hinrichs, an aspirant on the violoncello, although very young also, played a romanza from Schubert with great taste, in which he was encored. Mr Mansfeldt was better in his piano solo than as an accompanist—plainly evident when he accompanied Mdlle Elzer in her encore of "Kathleen Mavourneen," although the words were imperfectly pronounced.

On last Tuesday (the 1st) a concert was given by Miss Alice and brother Louis Schmidt. The Platt's Hall was not full. Mr Louis Schmidt played better on this occasion than when we heard him before. Still he has to study a great deal more to become a solo player. His best effort was the "Fantasia appassionata" of Vieuxtemps, in which he was recalled. Miss Alice played selections on the piano from Schumann and Mendelssohn with some expression, although too young to understand the different phrases of the authors. Miss Bentler posesses a good voice, and used it to its best advantage in the "Spring Song," with violin accompaniment by Louis Schmidt, senior. Mr Davidowitz made his first appearance in the aria, "Vieni la mia vendetta," from *Lucrezia*; he was not very favourably received. The opening and closing pieces, septet and quintet (instrumentalists) were well received.

Last Thursday was for the benefit of Miss Wandesforde. This young lady goes to Europe to finish her musical education. She has a pleasing soprano voice, and, we have no doubt, by constant study, after a lapse of years, will become a great singer. The King of Hawaia was present, according to promise. The hall was quite full, and attended by the leading artists of the city. The Hawaian song was rendered by the *beneficiaire*, Miss Elzer, and Madame Fabri. The latter sang Strauss's waltz with effect. Although somewhat advanced in age, she still retains the vocalization of an artist of an excellent school. Miss Wandesforde rendered Rossini's "Non giunge," from *Sonnambula*, with great effect as a young artist; and we have no doubt, by her trip to Europe, and with a good master, she will become an artist of a high order, but her voice requires much training. In the grand aria from *Les Huguenots* she was much applauded, and both of her songs were encored. Herr Schott proved himself a complete artist on the French horn, and his two solos were unanimously encored. Miss Elzer did well in her song, although persisting in forcing her voice in the middle tones to such an extent that it becomes annoying to the ear. The song, "Mountaineer," by Mr Makin, was well received.

All the artists here are on tiptoe at the expected arrival of Madame Arabella.

VAN PRAAG.

San Francisco, December 6, 1874.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

To the loudly expressed regret of the patrons of the Royal Operahouse, Madlle Minnie Hauck has concluded her present engagement by appearing a second time as the heroine in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*. The audience were as much delighted with her as ever. She is to return in October to give another series of "starring" performances, and then she is to enter on a regular engagement of six months annually for several years. The fair American has now left for Weimar.

Madlle Elsa Keller, a contralto from the Leipsic Stadttheater, has produced a favourable impression as Ortrud in Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. Another member of the same company, Herr Ernst, is to appear during the present month. He will open as Adolar, in Weber's *Euryanthe*, and if successful will be offered an engagement. In June, Mad. Minna Wagner-Ueberhorst, *prima donna* at the Stadttheater, Nuremberg, will also sing with a view to an engagement.

The works to be revived this season at the Royal Operahouse will include *Ernani*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*, *Armida*, *Fernand Cortez*, and *Iphigenia in Aulis*. Nothing, however, is heard about M. Anton Rubinstein's grand opera, *Die Maccabäer*, which was announced as one of the novelties in store for the public.

Giroflé-Girofla has been produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, on a scale of magnificence as regards dresses and scenery previously unknown at this establishment. It is not likely, however, to prove nearly as successful as its predecessor, *Mad. Angot*. The music is pronounced agreeable and pleasing, but great exception is taken to the libretto, which the critics declare to pass, in many instances, the limits of propriety. They assert, moreover, that the last two acts are utterly deficient in interest. The singing and acting are good. Madlle Meinhardt acquits herself well in the dual impersonation of Giroflé and Girofla, and is admirably supported by Herr Swoboda in the principal male character. The other artists, also, namely:—Mesdles Preuss, Csepsanyi, Herren Neumann and Schulz, are entitled to a word of praise. The chorus gets through its task without a hitch, and Herr Kleffel proves himself an efficient conductor; but, as already mentioned, the libretto is deemed objectionable, and *Giroflé-Girofla* will not, probably, figure long in the bills.

A new theatre, the Friedrichstädter Theater, has been opened in the Friedrichsstrasse, by Herr Bente. This is the third theatre here specially dedicated to comic opera. The conductor is Herr Steinemann, who has already filled the same post in Posen, Aix-la-Chapelle, Dusseldorf, and other towns of Germany. The opera selected for the opening night was Lortzing's *Czaar und Zimmermann*.

Speaking in the *Voss'sche Zeitung* of one of the Reichshallen Concerts, Professor G. Engel says:—

"The fact that an air by Haydn was included, on this occasion, in the programme, affords us an opportunity of remarking that Haydn and Mozart—nay, in a certain sense, even Beethoven—are pretty well unrepresented at the concerts of the Reichshallen, as well as at those of the Concerthaus. Those concerts, therefore, which have made their influence most felt in the life of the masses, neglect almost entirely the classical side of art. This fact is interesting; and, in order to be in a position to establish it more positively, we shall henceforward watch very narrowly the concerts at the above places, even though we have no other motive for attending them."

CINCINNATI.—A movement has been set on foot by some of the leading German inhabitants to establish a first-rate German theatre here, with two distinct companies, one dramatic and the other operatic. Herr von Garay, the manager of Lichtmay's opera company, has expressed himself ready to start such a theatre, and give seven performances a week, provided a sufficient sum be raised as a guarantee. Ten thousand dollars have already been subscribed.

FLORENCE.—Sig. Scalaberni has issued his prospectus for the Carneval and Lent season at the Pergola. He promises three operas: *Il Guarany*, by Sig. Gomez; *Luigi XI.* (new), music by Sig. Luca Fumagalli; and *Dolores*, by Sig. Auteri Manzocchi. The operatic company will include Signore Borghi-Mamo, Ferni; Signori Villona, Boncori, Brogi, and Falcheri. The ballets will be *Le Figlie di Cheope* and *La Devadacy*, both by Sig. Monplaisir, and supported by Signori Passani, Boni, Scaletta, Vergani, Rossi, Massato, Signori Spadolino, Fissi, Croci, and others of less note in the choreographic world. Signori Mabellini and Roncagli will be the conductors.

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SOMETHING ABOUT THE ABBÉ VOGLER.

After Sketches furnished by Contemporaries.

BY JOST VAN DER LÜCHTEN.*

(Concluded from page 854, vol. LII.)

In April, 1786, a Bremen correspondent says:—

"The Abbé Vogler is now come here. He is no less a charlatan here than elsewhere. Unbounded bragging about his Theory of Music, and about his new System of Harmony, which he says have the approbation of the Academies of Science in Paris and London, and a thousand other shameless boasts, which can come only from a fevered brain, and (I feel almost inclined to say), a neglected heart, are employed by him here, as everywhere else, to deceive the lovers of music. Generally, too, he attains his object. Last week, he played the Cathedral Organ, for the benefit of the Poor and of St Peter's Orphan Asylum. He gave us from a large collection: 1. The Death of Duke Leopold; 2. A musical imitation of The Day of Judgment, by Rubens;† 3. All kinds of organ pieces, with imitations of other instruments, and all kinds of childish nonsense. In the Day of Judgment, according to the announcement, which I enclose, with some others from Lubeck and Hamburgh, the following things were to be expressed: 1. Magnificent Introduction. 2. The Trombone re-echoes through the graves—they open. 3. The incensed Judge pronounces the dreadful Sentence upon those who are rejected. Their Fall (!) into the Abyss.—Gnashing of Teeth and Wailing (!). 4. God takes the Righteous into Bliss—their Ecstacy (!) 5. The Voices of the Blessed unite with the Choruses of the Angels (!) Among the miscellaneous pieces was comprised: 'The Joys of Pastoral Life, interrupted by a Thunderstorm,' which, however, passes over. Then naïve and gentle delight thereat.‡ At last a Martial Symphony, with beating of drums, marches, firing of cannon, etc. You cannot think how disgusting all this was on a beautiful large organ, and in a church, where we should have dignity, seriousness, and solemnity. Yet nearly all the public was enchanted.—People had often wondered, not without reason, why the Abbé Vogler always played for the benefit of the Poor. Here we discovered his little game. It is, you must know, a bait, and, at the same time, a plan for obtaining permission to use the organ, which permission would, most probably, be otherwise refused in many places. When his organ-concert was finished, and the churchwardens asked for the money taken, he declared that he could play only for the benefit of Catholic Poor, and not of Lutheran or Reformed Poor. He should, therefore, he said, himself keep the money until he had an opportunity of distributing it among the Poor of his own faith. To the Poor of this place he gave only a trifle."

From this account, any impartial person may glean much, very much, especially if he does not forget to read between the lines. In another letter, of May, 1786, from the same place, the writer says:—

"A day or two ago, I received from Lubeck the enclosed announcements issued by the Abbé Vogler, who is at present stopping there, and has been playing the organ in several of the churches. He is going on in Lubeck just as he went on with us. You best see this from the advertisements. The piece which pleased me most was his Sea Fight, in which he imitates: 1. The beating of drums (I never heard that drums were beaten in naval engagements); 2. Martial music and marches; 3. The motion of the ships; 4. The heaving of the waves; 5. The firing of cannon; 6. Shrieks of the wounded; 7. Victorious shouts of the triumphant fleet, etc. As a proof of the success he has achieved here with his insipid and childish nonsense, I will copy for you the account written by a man who fancies himself no bad judge of music, and inserted in the *Hamburgischer Korrespondent*:—

"'*Bremen, 5th April*, 1786.—The Ecclesiastical Councillor and first Chapelmaster of the Bavarian Palatinate, Vogler, has given us a specimen here of his masterly art in handling, and—so to speak—commanding the organ. In obedience to repeated solicitations, he will defer his departure for Hamburgh, and essay to depict the Day of Judgment, after Rubens, and the death of Leopold, Duke of Brunswick.'"

After a tolerably long-winded disquisition, not, however, exactly interesting to readers of the present day, on Justinius Knecht, who occupied the same position with regard to Vogler which Nohl does with regard to Wagner and Liszt, the Bremen correspondent continues thus:—

"The approbation of the two most enlightened nations in the world (France and England) does not amount to much after all. In Paris, he was an object of ridicule. The goddesses of the Operahouse played him tricks, when he insisted in the most pressing manner on producing an opera there, at last pushing matters so far that the management had to grant him at least a rehearsal. The opera* was rejected, and, at rehearsal, the lady singers burnt their music, tore the silk abbé's-cloak off his back, and played off on him a hundred other jokes, indicative of anything but profound respect. In England his name is unknown. At least, it is certain that he created no stir there, or I should find his name in one or other of the many English journals, which I have frequently glanced through, always paying particular attention to art intelligence. For this nation he is far too great a braggart. Though, it is true, the English sometimes are pleased with mere jangle, they require that it shall be backed up with something or other.—A short time since a 'Miserere'† of his was engraved. It contains the most vapid and repulsive modulations possible. How can a man possessing so little correct feeling for purity of musical composition, as nearly all his works prove that he possesses, form a system of harmony, calculate modulations, and exhaust their possible number? With the 'Miserere,' there is a short explanation published, which it is impossible to read without laughing at several passages of it. We know Vogler's style: turgid, deficient in precision of expression (just like his ideas), and, moreover, crammed with exceedingly laughable and tasteless epithets. It is a shame that anyone should have confided to a man with so confused a brain, and with such an absence of clear and correct ideas, the task of getting up the musical articles in the Frankfort *German Encyclopædia*, just as—in the said explanation of the 'Miserere' '*Cor contritum*—a crushed heart is depicted in a lively manner, in a series of heart-throbs, by the basses, as well as the swarm of choristers who rush upon divine compassion'—and many other strange utterances, must provoke laughter rather than aught else. This is precisely the effect of the articles in the *Encyclopædia*. They disfigure the whole work."

We will close this article with a communication (probably written by Forkel) from Göttingen, as it throws a still more peculiar light upon certain parts of Vogler's character. It is dated August, 1785.

"As Vogler has been here as well as in other places, and played both the organ and the piano; as, moreover, we have had the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with him from personal intercourse, and consequently are in a position, perhaps, as well from his writings as from personal knowledge, to judge him more impartially than any one else, we will say what we know, without troubling ourselves whether other criticisms of him are refuted, or (as we almost fear) corroborated thereby. Of his System of Harmony, and the approbation bestowed on it by the two Academies of London and Paris, he did not say a word here, and we know generally that he has spoken about it only to such persons as he is certain understand nothing about such matters.‡ Göttingen, indeed, is a very unfavourable place for dreamers of any kind. With the exception of some few sensitive individuals, there is no one here whom they could inflame with their ardour. We are, perhaps, a little too cold. Vogler, at any rate, soon appeared to remark that this was not the place for him. He behaved, consequently, like a reasonable being, visited with the writer various professors, spoke badly nowhere, and pleased everywhere. This time, there was nothing more for him to do. So he went away. In August of the (following‖) summer, however, he re-appeared, formed the acquaintance of an amiable young prince and several gentlemen of good family. He explained to all of them his System of Harmony, and would assuredly have played here, also, the part he has played in so many large towns, if, as before said, this had been the place for it. He wrote in the album of a young nobleman, who is passionately fond of music:—

"'1 ½ ⅓ *harmonic proportion*,
"'1 3 5 *arithmetical proportion*,
"'*the first according to origin and the second according to position. The*
"'*latter does not supersede the former, but changes the appearance. Let*
"'*such be the relation of your soul (harmonious amateur), and the supple-*
"'*ness of your actions (loyal friend).* 'Vogler.'"

Let any one, who can, understand this transcendent specimen of imbecility. I believe that even the learned scholars of the *Kladderadatsch*, subtle as they are, would be in this instance

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† These two noisy productions were, by the way, the principal show-pieces at the Abbé's concerts.

‡ The reader will recollect what was said at the beginning of this article concerning the model for the Pastoral. The pictures of Vogler and Knecht may have "suggested," but they certainly never served as "models" for the *Pastoral*, just as little as Paer's *Leonore* could be the model for *Fidelio*, though both scores illustrated musically the same subject.

* *La Patriotisme.*

† See *ante*.

‡ This characterises very precisely the mountebank.

‖ The original has, in all probability erroneously, "of the same." Were this version the correct one, the date of the letter must be wrong.

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obliged to confess themselves incompetent. From what has been adduced, however, in combination with Vogler's theoretical phantasms and eccentric compositions, we may well be entitled to assert that the world-celebrated Abbé, in a moral as well as in an artistic sense, was nothing more nor less than—a great *Ciarlatano!*

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

(*From the "Musical Times," Jan.* 1.)

The unique experiment, which, since November 7, has been made in the Royal Albert Hall, may now be said to have furnished the data necessary for future guidance, and to have reached a stage where the term "experiment" hardly applies. It was necessarily begun under conditions purely speculative, because nothing of the kind had ever been attempted before. The directors, whom some have blamed for their imprudence, and others praised for boldness, had to advance over the boundary of unexplored region, with nothing more certain to guide them than that by no means infallible process called arguing the unknown from the known. Several things were necessarily assumed in order to make a start at all with the slightest hope of success. Thus, it was assumed that the public would go to the Albert Hall in sufficient numbers, tempted by a weekly programme arranged to please all tastes from the most refined to the most "popular." It was anticipated, further, that they would do this with a promptitude great enough to warrant a hope of ultimate success before the sacrifice, inevitable at the outset, had become too great. And it was further expected that the carefully disposed artistic resources at command would prove equal to the enormous strain of daily concerts. But an assumption, however strong, has yet to bear the test of experience, and if any of those just named have failed to pass the ordeal, the directors, though they may regret the fact, cannot reproach themselves. The scheme of the Albert Hall Concerts was a grand one, worthy of this musical age, and was worked with a faithfulness and devotion that from the first placed the result, no matter how disastrous, in the category of misfortunes which have nothing to do with faults. Safe on this score, the directors need not fear to confess that, while the experience of seven weeks has shown their enterprise, as a whole, to be founded upon an estimate of facts that erred only in being too sanguine, the results, as a whole, point emphatically to the need of material change. They cannot refuse to believe that, even under present arrangements, the scheme would become self-supporting in process of time, for it has always been observed that enterprises of such "pith and moment" are sure to create their own public. But the vastness of the undertaking makes the process of working up to this result one of very serious responsibility—such responsibility, in point of fact, as should only be incurred by a public organization, or with a guarantee of State aid. Nor is this the only consequence of the seven weeks' teaching. The directors have now become thoroughly acquainted with the exigences of the vast building in which their concerts are given, and with the limit within which the resources it exacts can be worked with the best results. The highest wisdom is shown in profiting by experience, and the directors of the Albert Hall Concerts do no more than justice to themselves and to their enterprise by frankly making the changes which seem to them necessary. What those changes are has now to be succintly told.

In the first place, the number of concerts per week will be reduced from six to two, and, as a matter of course, the opportunities for careful preparation thus afforded will be used to their utmost extent.

Secondly, it is the intention of the directors to increase the number both of band and chorus, bringing each up to the strength necessary for the best effects attainable, in the huge area devoted to the performances. The wisdom of this course needs no demonstration.

Thirdly, it is proposed to cover the same ground as that occupied by the series of concerts now ended, doing so by the following arrangement. One concert in each week will be devoted to the popular music hitherto presented on Monday and Saturday evenings, special care being taken that the term "popular" shall have a liberal signification as regards good and improving works. One concert in each alternate week will be devoted to oratorio, given up to the present on Thursday evenings, and one to the orchestral music which, under the daily scheme, supplied programmes for Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday. With regard to oratorio, it need only be said that the great standard works will be presented under materially improved conditions and with the utmost possible completeness. With reference to the orchestral music, the directors, while paying requisite attention to the claims of classical works, will not neglect those of modern writers, whether English or foreign. The liberality and comprehensiveness which have hitherto marked their operations will continue to do so; and no pains will be spared whenever new aspirants for favour are introduced to public notice. The *personnel* of the enterprise will remain unchanged as regards the principal artists, save that fresh and important engagements are contemplated, and here the directors have much pleasure in announcing that the eminent violinist, Herr Wilhelmj, will make an early *début* at the Royal Albert Hall, after several years' absence from England. Other distinguished artists will follow him, and it is believed that the magnitude and completeness of the performances cannot fail to secure the warm sympathy and support of the musical public.

There only remains to add, that the concerts will be resumed on January 19th, and continue until Easter.

Brescia.—A new theatre is to be built here very shortly.

Dusseldorf.—Herr Scherbath has been chosen manager, for a term of three years, of the new Stadttheater, now fast approaching completion. He was for a considerable period manager of the old theatre, in which position he gave great satisfaction.

Mayence.—The programme of the first of this season's Symphonie-Concerts, at the Stadttheater, under the direction of Herr Preumayr, included Schumann's "Overture, Scherzo, and Finale" (Op. 52); the 1st Movement from Molique's Violoncello Concerto, and Mozart's Adagio for the same instrument (both pieces being played by Herr Vollrath, from Wiesbaden); Gade's Overture to *Hamlet*, and Beethoven's Symphony in A minor. The vocalist was Madlle Gayer, who sang an air from Spohr's *Jessonda*.

Posen.—The erection of the Polish Theatre here is proceeding very slowly, if, indeed, it has not absolutely come to a standstill for want of funds. It appears that there is a feeling of strong opposition among the higher classes of Polish society against the theatre, because it is asserted that the Polish stage has exerted a baneful influence upon young Poles belonging to the above classes. By those, however, who entertain different opinions, all sorts of schemes have been proposed to finish the building. One of the plans suggested is that every son of Poland shall devote to the completion of the edifice the first three of the new one-mark pieces he may happen to receive.

Brussels.—The Christmas festivities, which attracted a large number of visitors to this capital, proved a godsend to M. Campocasso, who has had the somewhat unusual pleasure of seeing the Théâtre de la Monnaie full, night after night. The works given have been *Guillaume Tell*, *Faust*, and *La Muette*.—*La Perle du Brésil* is still being actively rehearsed, under the personal superintendence of the composer, M. Félicien David, who has been staying here for some little time. The cast is, as things go, a good one, and the Municipality have contributed a large sum for dresses and decorations, so there is a tolerable chance that the work will prove a success. In addition to *La Perle du Brésil*, the public of the Monnaie are, before the termination of the season, to be treated to *Die Zauberflöte* and a series of representations by Mad. Nilsson.—M. Campocasso's successors in the management are M. Stoumon and Calabrési, to whom the Municipal Council have ceded the theatre, from the 1st May next, for three, six, or nine years, either party being at liberty to determine the contract at the conclusion of any one term of three years.

Milan.—The season at the Scala was inaugurated, on the 26th ult., by M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*, and a classical ballet, entitled *Giulio Cesare*. The opera was very well performed; singers, chorus, orchestra—all acquitted themselves well. Signora Mariani, who sang three years ago at the Scala in *Der Freischütz*, made an excellent Giulietta; and Sig. Bolis an effective Romeo. They were creditably supported by Signora Tatti, as the Page, Sig. Pantaleoni as Capuleto, and Sig. Strozzi as Mercuzio. The dresses were splendid and original, but the scenery, except the Square at Verona, and Giulietta's Cabinet, far from creditable. The stage-business proved that in Herr Böhm, who comes either from Pesth or Prague, the *impresario* has at length discovered that "rara avis in terris," a good stage-manager. The ballet was an utter failure, despite its magnificent *mise-en-scène*, rich costumes, and the exquisite dancing of Signora Fioretti, whose efforts alone were rewarded with hearty applause, while every other person and every other thing in *Giulio Cesare* were greeted with unequivocal disapprobation.—M. Offenbach reigns supreme at the Dal Verme and the Castelli.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 11, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in A major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, BURNETT, and PIATTI .. *Mendelssohn.*
NEW SONG, "Tender and true"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. *Sullivan.*
PRELUDE and FUGUE à la Tarantella, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Bach.*

PART II.

TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and MM. STRAUS and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Versar nel mio cor"—Miss EDITH WYNNE .. .. .. *Gounod.*
FANTASIA, in C major, Op. 159, for pianoforte and violin—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Herr STRAUS .. .. *Schubert.*
CONDUCTOR .. .. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 16, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, BURNETT, and PIATTI .. *Mozart.*
NEW SONG—Mr SANTLEY .. .. *Sullivan.*
SONATA APPASSIONATA, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Beethoven.*
LARGO AND ALLEGRO, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI .. .. *Marcello.*
SONG, "The Wanderer"—Mr SANTLEY .. .. *Schubert.*
TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1875.

NEWS comes to us from Bayreuth, where the Festival Theatre of Herr Richard Wagner keeps up its legitimate business of swallowing the money of Herr Richard Wagner's friends. As at present calculated, the monster will be gorged by the spring of next year—in other words, the house will be finished, and everything ready for the performances which are to result in the artistic salvation of the world. *Nous verrons.* Repeated postponements make cautious people dubious; and they will believe in the opening of the Bayreuth theatre only when it has taken place. For ourselves, we trust sincerely that nothing will further put off so desirable a consummation. Hope deferred may make the heart sick even unto death, and we do not want to lose our Richard. Far from it. We want our Richard to live long, and write, if not more operas, more letters to his friends, full of the hard hitting which gives even his foes delight, because it is so well done. As, therefore, he cannot yet be spared, let him realise the dream of years, and let the Festival Theatre be opened in due time.

But our news from Bayreuth is of a more particular kind than any question of dates. Herr Richard, it seems, is resolved that the audience at his Festival performances shall be a real audience, and not a mere gathering of folk who stare at each other as much as at the stage. Such is the influence he exerts that he might probably secure this result by placarding the house with "You are requested not to take your eyes off the stage." But Wagner—if not from experience, from observation—knows the weakness of human nature, and can understand the supreme necessity of the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." The eye, like the tongue, is an unruly member, given to wandering, and taking the mind with it. Moreover, Herr Wagner appreciates the fact that he himself—he, the Richard of Richards—will be there to absorb the reverent attention of the multitude, and fix their gaze. But the performances are not to suffer from any such counter attraction. To the audience there will be the stage and nothing but the stage, just as to the congregation in a convict chapel there is the parson, and nothing but the parson. Richard, in point of fact, means to box his friends in so that they can see nothing but what they ought to see. Each man will, for the nonce, be encelluled,—cut off from the world by half-inch deal, and with no outlook save into the land of romance bounded by the stage. Bold and daring Richard! May your shadow never be less!

But is this all? Nay, verily. We can supplement the Bayreuth news with much more conceived in the same spirit. Here, for example, are the terms upon which admission to the Festival performances will alone be granted:—

I. All persons desirous of attending are candidates for admission as a favour, and not as a right.

II. Money, though very much wanted, is the slightest qualification for admission. Art is not honoured by groes, material offerings.

III. All candidates must make solemn oath that there is but one true opera, and that Wagner is its prophet.

IV. All candidates must be prepared to pass an examination in German legends, and to give evidence that he has for a year past read nothing else.

V. All candidates must solemnly declare their belief that the said legends are not only the fit associates of art, but are, in themselves, edifying, refining, and calculated to strengthen the natural modesty of young people.

VI. All candidates must wear an appropriate dress, so as to present outward and visible harmony with the subject of the opera.

VII. All candidates must submit to be searched as a guarantee against the use of wool in the ears—that being strictly forbidden.

VIII. A scale of fines will be rigidly enforced against all who sneeze, cough, blow their noses, or otherwise show a want of mental and bodily absorption in the performance.

IX. Persons detected in the act of speaking to each other, or themselves, will at once be turned out of the theatre.

X. Any person expressing disapprobation will be promptly handed over to the police of his Bavarian Majesty.

XI. Those who approve, and are ready to abide by these rules, may at once send their money, accompanied by a filled-up form (to be had at "all the libraries"), stating their full name, address, and profession; their opinions on things in general, and a certificate of their baptism.

Having thus prepared his audience, and boxed them in, there will be triumph in Bayreuth next year. May we see it.

HERR JOACHIM is expected in London about the 12th of next month. London will open its arms to embrace him.

WE hear on good authority that Mr Arthur Sullivan has an opera in hand, the *libretto* of which is the work of a gentleman who boasts a "handle to his name."

MDLLE MARIE KREBS was to have arrived in London yesterday, to fulfil her engagement at the Monday Popular Concerts. Everybody will have a welcome for "little Marie."

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

One day, a gentleman in Brussels asked Servais to come and drink tea with him. Servais refused for a long time, but at length, after great pressing, altered his mind, and promised to come. "Bring your violin with you," said the gentleman, smilingly. "Thank you," replied Servais, "my violin never takes tea."

The set of bells at the new Paris Operahouse will consist of ten. They will not constitute a regular scale, but will agree with the melody of the various operas, such as *Les Huguenots*, *Hamlet*, *Der Freischütz*, *Robert le Diable*, etc., in which they will be employed. Of course it was necessary that they should be very accurate; but so admirably were they cast by M. Dubuisson Gallois, that one only out of the ten had to have anything done to it after it emerged from the mould. The following is a list giving the note, weight, and diameter of each bell, from the largest to the smallest:—F, 820 kilogrammes, 1·11 metres; F sharp, 760 kilos, 1·05 metres; B, 280 kilos, ·78 metres; C, 230 kilos, ·70 metres; E, 120 kilos, ·56 metres; F, 85 kilos, ·5 metres; F sharp, 71 kilos, ·48 metres; G, 59 kilos, ·44 metres; A, 41 kilos, ·4 metres; B flat, 40 kilos, ·4 metres.

Mr Planché was the originator of that zeal for accurate stage costume and decoration which has been since carried to so preposterous a pitch that, in many instances, every other consideration has been sacrificed to it. The first impulse was given to such revivals by the production of *King John* in 1824, thus amusingly referred to by the veteran dramatist himself in his *Recollections and Reflections*:—

"Never shall I forget the dismay of some of the performers when they looked upon the flat-topped *chapeaux de fer (fer blanc*, I confess) of the twelfth century, which they irreverently stigmatised as *stewpans*. Nothing but the fact that the classical features of a Kemble were to be surmounted by a precisely similar abomination would, I think, have induced one of the rebellious barons to have appeared in it. They had no faith in me, and sulkily assumed their new and strange habiliments, in the full belief that they should be roared at by the audience. They *were* roared at; but in a much more agreeable way than they had contemplated. When the curtain rose, and discovered King John dressed as his effigy appears in Worcester Cathedral, surrounded by his Barons sheathed in mail, with cylindrical helmets and correct armorial shields, and his courtiers in the long tunics and mantles of the thirteenth century, there was a roar of approbation, accompanied by four distinct sounds of applause, so general and so hearty, that the actors were astonished, and I felt amply rewarded for all the trouble, anxiety, and annoyance I had experienced during my labours. Receipts of from £400 to £600 nightly soon reimbursed the management for the expense of the production, and a complete reformation of dramatic costume became from that moment inevitable upon the English stage."

We read in the *Gazzetta di Bergamo*, says the *Gazzetta Musicale*:—

"We know that our celebrated *maestro* Mayr presented, during his lifetime, to the City Library, a collection of highly valuable musical works, historical and periodical, etc., consisting altogether of about 400 volumes. A pendant to this generous act was the gift made, at the celebrated musician's death, by his son-in-law, Sig. Luigi. Massinelli of Bonate, who presented the Congregation of Charity with a Mass and Vespers, complete, composed by Mayr, written in his own hand, and selected, as two of his best compositions, by Sig. Dolci, who is now dead, and Sig. Bernardino Zanetti, who is still alive. Sig. Massinelli now enriches the City and honours his celebrated father-in-law by making a far more munificent gift to the Library of Bergamo, so that neither the liberality of the donor nor the good which will accrue from his gift can be sufficiently praised."

The gift in question is Mayr's musical library, consisting of some 1,600 works, all numbered. Writing on the subject to the *Gazzetta di Bergamo*, Professor Alessandri, the Librarian, says:—

"The gift of Mayr's Library by Sig. Massinelli is a fact of really extraordinary importance. It will be sufficient for me to state that in the Library figure the names and principal works—very many having become rare—of the greatest masters, foreign as well as Italian, from the year 1500, beginning with Allegri, Scarlatti, Palestrina, Marcello, etc., proceeding with Durante, Leo, Pergolese, Gluck, Jomelli, Haydn, Paisiello, Cimarosa, etc., and continuing with Winter, Zingarelli, Mozart, Cherubini, Lesueur, Méhul, Beethoven, Paër, Spontini, Fétis, Boieldieu, Weber, etc., down to Rossini, Bellini, Mercadante, and Donizetti, Mayr's contemporaries. Of this music a very great deal is in score, all being in good condition, and printed or beautifully copied, many of the copies, wonderful to say, in the laborious hand of Mayr himself.—If we seek in Mayr's Library to gratify our feeling of patriotism, we shall find in Marenzo, Mazzocchi, Giovanelli di Gaudino (Section xvii), Lenzi, Salari, Pezzoli, Manghenoni, and others, proofs of the care with which music was always cultivated in Bergamo. If we look for musical methods, treatises and theories, we shall find a considerable number. If we look for precious relics, we have, not to mention others, some of incomparable value, as well in an entire unpublished oratorio on the Assumption (1820) as in other and smaller autograph compositions of our great Donizetti, even the smallest being important for the grand master's artistic biography, and because they prove his affection for Mayr, whom he always loved and venerated, we know, as his master, benefactor, friend, nay, more: as a most fondly cherished father."

MADLLE MARIE KREBS AT LEIPSIC.

Yesterday's concert in the Gewandhaus, for the benefit of the Orchestral Pension Fund, introduced to us some dear old acquaintances, and likewise some new ones, no less welcome. Among the former we reckon L. v. Beethoven's C minor Concerto, performed by Madlle Marie Krebs, who is one of the latter—at least in our Leipsic concerts. We have, however, heard a great deal of the fair young artist elsewhere during the last few years. It was with the same Concerto by Beethoven, and with the Concerto in E flat, that she achieved a brilliant triumph at the New Philharmonic Concerts, London, last April. No later than January, she will visit England again to occupy the principal position at the Monday Popular Concerts, during the latter half of the present season, as Joachim and Mad. Neruda did at the end of the last, and Herr von Bülow at the commencement of this. Well, we wish her every kind of good fortune! They were not wrong in inviting her over as a "Beethoven Player." She is one. Characterized by two qualities as indispensable for the proper rendering of Beethoven's productions as experience proves them, when combined, to be unusual, namely: the utmost clearness, invariably holding up to the mind's eye all the master's work, down to its smallest atoms, and such genial warmth that the innermost relations of every detail to the idea swaying the whole, are always firmly grasped and endued with life, her playing exercised yesterday an inspiring and ennobling influence. Such interpreters there must be as long as the most sublime works of our art are to exist uninjured. The less, in the rendering of them, the medium they require is perceptible, the more gratifying the result. Madlle Krebs is in a fair way to suppress all her own individuality, as far as such an artistic performance would draw it down into a more limited sphere of subjective significance. But she is, also, capable of sympathetically soaring inwardly to the solitary height whence Beethoven created and must be understood. Hence the exciting and ennobling effect she produces.

After what we have said, there is no need for us to give the reasons why the other things played by the Lady, including Reinecke's cadence in the Concerto, gratified us so much. The pieces selected were admirably adapted to the fair artist's nature, which is marked by something light and buoyant, seeking out technical difficulties with a sort of graceful wilfulness; and this nature of hers stood out, deeply significant, in the above pieces, more decidedly than before. She played a Barcarole (A minor) of Rubinstein's, and Schumann's "Traumeswirren" and "Toccata" (Op. 7). By the bye, we cannot refrain from here mentioning with what charming roguishness an octave-passage for the left hand in the last named piece, lightly and gracefully thrown in, peeped from amid all the far-sought difficulties of the composer.—*Leipziger Tageblatt und Anzeiger.*

Pesth.—The Abbate Franz Liszt has forwarded, for performance, to Herr Hans Richter, a new and original cantata, for barytone solo, chorus and orchestra. It is founded on a poem by Longfellow.—According to report, the Abbate and his Son-in-law will give some concerts next month for the benefit of the Baireuth enterprise.

Munich.—Herr Franz von Holstein's opera, *Der Erbe von Morley*, is a success at the Theatre Royal. The leading artists were exceedingly good, especially Madlle Louise Radecke, who sustains the character to which the author of the libretto has given the name of the well-known English actress, Miss Lydia Thompson.

Rome.—The season was to have commenced at the Teatro Apollo, on the 26th ult., with *Les Huguenots*, but the opening had to be deferred on account of the sudden indisposition of Signora Wisjak. The lady was sufficiently recovered to appear on the 28th, when both she and Sig. Nicolini were greatly applauded. So, also, was Sig. Aseglio, the conductor.

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Social Intercourse.

(*From "Another World."*)

"The contact of society is necessary for the nurture and the preservation of the generous feelings implanted in us by the Great Spirit."

(*Continued from page* 11.)

Among those who had lived in seclusion, seven out of the ten had lost their hair and the freshness of their complexion, both of which with us are highly valued. They were very sallow, and their figures betrayed the incipient decrepitude of old age, though for our world they were but in the prime of life, if not early manhood. Besides which they had formed contracted notions on many subjects, some of them being what is called eccentric.

On the other hand, the collected works of the ten men who had profited by contact with the world and its amusements were equal in all respects, and indeed superior in some to those of the "seclusionists." They were for the most part large and liberal-minded. There was but one who might be called narrow-minded and eccentric, but his exceptional state was greatly owing to the fact that the origin of this tendency had not been attended to in childhood. He had, indeed, been educated under the old system, and, consequently, before the establishment of the office of Character-divers. This man was the only one who was subject, though partially, to the physical accidents which had affected the "Seclusionists." The remaining nine "Society-sympathisers" remained fresh, vigorous, and gay.

What, however, satisfied my wise men the most was, that the works of the learned men who had lived in contact with the world were actually in many respects superior to the works of the "Seclusionists," although these also were more than remarkable.

In requiring learned men to mix with the world, I did not forbid frequent solitude and retirement for meditation. I only objected to the passion being indulged in to the exclusion of the refreshing sympathies developed by a contact with society.

The result of the experiment I have referred to seemed to satisfy even the ten "Seclusionists," who at least changed their habits in obedience to my law. The effects of the seclusion on some of the ten were, however, not got rid of, until a certain time had elapsed, and, but for increased knowledge of the malady of monomania, these effects on one of the ten "Seclusionists" would have been even far more serious than they fortunately proved to be.

THE MONOMANIAC.

This man, eminent in the highest degree, believed that another learned man, his friend and greatest admirer, was his bitter enemy. All efforts to convince him to the contrary were fruitless; for, although remarkably clear-sighted on most other subjects, he obstinately refused on this to listen to the truth. Indeed, the remonstrances of his friends had the effect of strengthening his conviction, that the reptile, as he called the supposed enemy, assumed the appearance of friendship, the better to mask his infamous designs.

This delusion went on for some time, but did not show itself beyond words, and even these were never addressed to the supposed enemy, whose designs he said "he would meet with simulation and the reptile's own insidious weapons." Greatly as all this was to be regretted, the man was so venerated, and was usually so calm, that none suspected any tendency to a deranged intellect. His strong feelings were ascribed to mistaken impressions, until a very disagreeable occurrence opened our eyes to his real state.

Hermes (*Communicator*).

(*To be continued.*)

AN INTERESTING LIST.

The modern operatic repertory, which has made the fortune of managers over the whole world, comprises a considerable number of works. The following catalogue contains the titles of some of them, with the date of their first production, and the name of the place where they were produced:—

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA, Rossini, Rome, 1816; OTELLO, Rossini, Naples, 1816; LA GAZZA LADRA, Rossini, Rome, 1817; DER FREISCHUTZ, Weber, Berlin, 1821; SEMIRAMIDE, Rossini, Venice, 1825; OBERON, Weber, London, 1826; MOSE, first at Paris, then at Naples, 1827; LA MUETTE DE PORTICI, Auber, Paris, 1828; LA STRANIERA, Bellini, Milan, 1828; GUILLAUME TELL, Rossini, Paris, 1829; LA VESTALE, Pacini, Placencia, 1830; ANNA BOLENA, Donizetti, Milan, 1831; LA SONNAMBULA, Bellini, Milan, 1831; NORMA, Bellini, Milan, 1831; CHIARA DI ROSEMBERG, Ricci, Milan, 1821; ROBERT LE DIABLE, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1831; BEATRICE DI TENDA, Bellini, Milan, 1832; L'ELISIR D'AMORE, Donizetti, Naples, 1832; TORQUATO TASSO, Donizetti, Rome, 1833; LUCREZIA BORGIA, Donizetti, Milan, 1833; IL NUOVO FIGARO, Ricci, Parma, 1833; GEMMA DI VERGY, Donizetti, Milan, 1834; I PURITANI, Bellini, Paris, 1834; UNA AVVENTURA DI SCARAMUCCIA, Ricci, Milan, 1834; ERA DUE ORE SONO TRE, Ricci, Turin, 1834; LA JUIVE, Halévy, Paris, 1835; MARINO FALIERO, Donizetti, Paris, 1835; LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR, Donizetti, Naples, 1835; LES HUGUENOTS, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1836; CRISPINO E LA COMARE, The Brothers Ricci, Naples, 1837; BELISARIO, Donizetti, Venice, 1836; ROBERTO DEVEREUX, Donizetti, Naples, 1837; IL GIURAMENTO, Mercadante, Naples, 1838; MARIA DI RUDENS, Donizetti, Venice, 1838; I DUE ILLUSTRI RIVALI, Donizetti, Venice, 1839; POLIUTO, Donizetti, Turin, 1840; IL TEMPLARIO, Nicolai, Turin, 1840; LA FILLE DU RÉGIMENT, Donizetti, Paris, 1840; LA FAVORITA, Donizetti, Paris, 1840; LINDA DI CHAMOUNI, Donizetti, Vienna, 1844; NABUCCO, Verdi, Milan, 1842; SAFFO, Pacini, Milan, 1842; SAUL, Buzzi, Rome, 1843; I LOMBARDI, Verdi, Milan, 1843; DON PASQUALE, Donizetti, Paris, 1843; MARIA DI ROHAN, Donizetti, Vienna, 1843; DOM SEBASTIAN, Donizetti, Paris, 1843; ERNANI, Verdi, Venice, 1844; LA FIDANZATA CORSA, Pacini, Florence, 1844; I DUE FOSCARI, Verdi, Rome, 1844; STRADELLA, Flotow, Hamburgh, 1844; GIOVANNI D'ARCO, Verdi, Milan, 1845; ATILLA, Verdi, Venice, 1846; MACBETH, Verdi, Florence, 1847; MARTA, Flotow, Vienna, 1847; JONE, Petrella, Milan, 1848; LE PROPHÈTE, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1849; DON BUCEFALO, Cagnoni, Milan, 1849; TUTTI IN MASCHERA, Pedrotti, —; LUISA MILLER, Verdi, Naples, 1849; RIGOLETTO, Verdi, Venice, 1851; IL TROVATORE, Verdi, Rome, 1853; LA TRAVIATA, Verdi, Venice, 1853; L'ETOILE DU NORD, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1854; LES VEPRES SICILIENNES, Verdi, Paris, 1855; SIMON BOCCANEGRA, Verdi, Venice, 1856; UN BALLO IN MASCHERA, Verdi, Rome, 1859; FAUST, Gounod, Paris, 1859; LE PARDON DE PLOERMEL, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1859; LA FORZA DEL DESTINO, Verdi, St Petersburgh, 1863; L'AFRICAINE, Meyerbeer, Paris, 1865; DON CARLOS, Verdi, Paris, 1867; RUY BLAS, Marchetti, Milan, 1869; IL GUARANY, Gomez, Milan, 1870; AIDA, Verdi, Cairo, 1871; I PROMESSI SPOSI, Ponchielli, Milan, 1872; SALVATOR ROSA, Gomez, Genoa, 1873.

STETTIN.—Herr August Langert's grand romantic opera of *Dornröschen* has been very well received, and promises to become a stock-piece here. Neither trouble nor expense has been spared in its production, while the conductor, Herr Faltis, and the principal artists, Mdlles Lenau, Schrötter, Teubner, Herren Nöldechen and Cabisius, contribute their full quota to the success achieved.

DARMSTADT.—Sig. Verdi's *Aida* brought, on the first night of its production here, with the prices of admission raised, 1,300 florins to the treasury of the Court Theatre. As the *mise-en-scène* cost about 12,000 thalers, some nine equally lucrative performances will be needed before the management can recoup itself for the bare outlay on dresses, scenery, etc., to say nothing of the composer's rights.

COLOGNE.—Herr Franz Diener, at present singing in Nuremberg, has been engaged by Herr Ernst for the next season of eight months at the Stadttheater here. He is to receive the respectable sum of 12,000 thalers. A short time ago, before he, or any one else, suspected he possessed a voice, Herr Diener played the tenor violin in the orchestra of a Berlin Theatre, and, probably, did not gain in a year what he now makes in a week.

HANOVER.—After being performed, between 1840 and 1850 at Leipsic and Weimar, and more recently at Munich, Weimar, and Wiesbaden, Robert Schumann's opera, *Genoveva*, has just been produced here under the direction of Herr Fischer. The principal parts were well sustained by Mesdles Wekerlin, Riegler, Herren Stägemann and W. Müller, but it was felt that, despite the beauty of the music, the wretched libretto will always prevent the opera from becoming popular upon the lyric stage.

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GRÉTRY AND HIS *GUILLAUME TELL.**

Few persons beyond those in musical circles know that, before Rossini's masterpiece, William Tell had already furnished in France the subject of a lyrical work. On the 9th April, 1791, a three-act comic opera, *Guillaume Tell*, words by Sedaine, and music by Grétry, was performed for the first time at the Comédie Italienne. It appears to have achieved only a moderate success, despite the reputation and talent of the two authors, whose sober genius, by the way, was, it would seem, not particularly adapted for a work of this description.

A small annual publication, *Les Spectacles de Paris*, for 1792, gives the following account of it: "A great deal of skill in the management of the subject, and of dramatic intelligence. Music full" (of what?) "and of lofty character. But the epoch of a great revolution, which belongs to tragedy, will never make a proper subject for a comic opera, and the little success of *Guillaume Tell* is a proof of this."

Another publication of the same kind, *L'Almanach général des Spectacles*, speaks thus of it: "This piece does honour neither to the genius nor the principles of M. Sedaine. But he followed the impulse of the moment, and, if he is to be condemned for this, he is in such numerous company that it is impossible to be angry with him. If the aristocracy were the dominant party, M. Sedaine would be an aristocrat; of this there can be no doubt. In the music we again meet with the creative talent of M. Grétry. No composer has more *esprit*, and knows the magic of the stage better than he. In saying this, we are repeating a truth which has been told over and over again for the last twenty years."

To refer to a musician's *esprit* with respect to a piece based upon such a subject is undoubtedly tantamount to awarding that musician only faint praise. Another fact, too, which proves that the success of *Guillaume Tell* was, at best, only moderate, is that we do not find the work among those of which Grétry has given us an analysis in his singular *Mémoires ou Essais sur la Musique*, which, as some one so justly said, should have been entitled: *Essais sur ma Musique*.

Yet, strange to say, *Guillaume Tell* was the first of Grétry's works which was the object of an arrangement like that afterwards adopted for *Zémire et Azor*, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and *L'Epreuve Villageoise*. On the 24th May, 1828, it was revived at the Opéra-Comique, the book having been touched up by Pelissier, and the music scored afresh by Berton. Thus remodelled, it was very well received, the final chorus of the second act exciting, we are told, enthusiasm. On the first night of the revival, a sort of ceremony was got up in honour of Grétry, whose bust was brought upon the stage, and crowned by the artists, amid the loud applause of all the house.*

Grétry, however, in two or three passages of his *Essais sur la Musique*, speaks incidentally of his *Guillaume Tell*, his object in doing so being to bring out in especial relief the rustic character which he wished to give to his score. "In *Guillaume Tell*," he says, "it was necessary that the revolutionary energy should be felt, but, through this terrible feeling, certain rustic traits, indicating the candour of the inhabitants of Switzerland, are everywhere heard; they seem to say: 'It is to preserve our virtues that we rise in insurrection.'" Elsewhere he remarks: "I was at Lyons when I wrote the music of *Guillaume Tell*. I requested the colonel of a Swiss regiment, quartered in the town, to ask me to dinner with his officers. At the dessert, I told these gentlemen that, having to set to music the poem of William Tell, their compatriot of former days, I should feel obliged if they would sing the most characteristic airs of the period, especially the Swiss mountain airs. I heard several such compositions, and, without my copying, as far as I know, anything from them, my brain was doubtless worked up to the proper pitch, for the Swiss, and musicians generally, like the mountainous tone which reigns in this musical production."

ARTHUR POUGIN.

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* From the *Guide Musical*.

* It was the epoch of revolutionary pieces. Carafa's *Masaniello* had already been heard, on the 27th December, 1827, at the same Théâtre Feydeau; five months afterwards, 24th May, 1828, Grétry's *Guillaume Tell* was taken there. The Opera, too, had given, on the 29th February, 1828, one of its greatest successes, *La Muette de Portici*, and was preparing another, destined to be no less brilliant, Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, produced on the 23rd August, 1829. A year later, the Revolution of July was to justify in some sort the political apprehensions manifested by the *Gazette de France* when the joint work of Grétry and Sedaine was revived. It is a curious specimen of legitimist criticism in 1828, as the reader may perceive by the following extracts:—

"This piece will always be a dangerous stupidity . . . It is the picture of a people revolting . . . on whatever pretext it may be . . . These things tend to ruin the royal power and the authority of the Government. . . . Why this resurrection of such a ridiculous and politically inopportune bit of old rubbish?

"The piece is stupid, and filled more especially with those peculiar samples of stupidity which Sedaine was so capable of writing. Though we are for the future to be deprived of the two charming lines:

"Que béni soit votre hymen,
Et que le ciel dise Amen,

"we have a great many of the following calibre:

"A cinquante pas précis,
Il faut abattre une pomme
Sur la tête de ton fils.

"But it was for the music that the friends and *claqueurs* had been told to be enthusiastic. M Berton, who seems every day to be doing all he can for the purpose of forgetting that he is the author of *Montano* and of *Aline*, undertook to arrange Grétry's antiquated music, while M. Pelissier undertook the same for Sedaine's words. M. Berton has put himself, we know not why, at the head of the detractors of Rossini; he will not allow the composer of *Semiramide* and *Il Barbiere* to be a man of genius; he is angry at the predilection manifested by the public during the last ten years for *Otello* and *La Gazza*, and he fancies that, by celebrating in an exaggerated manner the genius and the works of Grétry, he will eclipse or weaken the admiration felt for the author of *Mosè* and *La Cenerentola*. How pitiful! Such, however, is the hobby of M. Berton, who can with difficulty forgive Boieldieu for *La Dame Blanche* and the vogue enjoyed by that charming work, while the music of his own *Pharamond* which, with ironical modesty, he called his *Petite Dame Blanche*, met with no success. M. Berton probably imagined that he must deal a hard blow with Grétry's exhumed production, to which he has added the overture of *Elisca*, and the duet of the two soldiers from *Aucassin et Nicolette*, by the same author. Orders were therefore given to applaud tumultuously this score, which, as Grétry's niece said, 'ne sent pas le serpolet,' but which contains great beauties, especially in the duet I have mentioned, and the magnificent finale of the second act. It was the more applauded out of opposition to Italian opera, because it was known that Rossini is at present engaged on a *Guillaume Tell* for the Grand Opera. Such is the secret of the somewhat too *pyramidal* success just obtained for Grétry, whose bust the audience demanded at the end of the piece. The performers, supposed not to expect such a request, soon re-appeared, grouped with a vast amount of art and laurels round the effigy of the great man, who will always be worthy of our admiration, despite the bad voices and wretched acting of the artists, and M. Berton's enthusiasm."

Leclerc played Gessler; Huet, Guillaume Tell; Vatère, Melchthal; Madlle Feuillade, Melchthal's Son, Marie's lover; Vizentini, Pfeiffer, the goatherd; Henri and Behic, the two soldiers; Mad. Boulanger, Edwige; Mad. Rigaut, Marie; and little Charlotte Bordes, Tell's Son.

Under the title of *Théâtre moderne, Cours de litterature dramatique*, Paris, Allardin, 1836, 2 vols, octavo, the author, M. Delaforest published in a collective form his feuilletons from *La Gazette de France*. (Note of the *Guide Musical*.)

'IN MEMORIAM."

ELIZA P. MORRIS.

Heu nobis silnere fides; audire volebant
Talia cœlicolæ carmina ab ore tuo.

TRANSLATION.

"Alas, for us your lyre is hushed; Heaven's denizens were anxious to hear such strains as yours from your own lips."

No more for us thou tun'st the lyre;
Alas for earth! 'Twas Heaven's desire
To add thy voice to seraph choir.

BAKALOUM.

FREELY TRANSLATED.

"Alas! to us the lute strings are silent! the angels of Heaven desired to hear such songs from thy lips."

Silent have become thy lute strings,
Never more, alas! thou'lt write;
Angels list, with holy rapture,
To the songs thou'lt now indite.

BERTIE.

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THE APPLICATION OF WIND TO STRING INSTRUMENTS.

The third meeting of the Musical Association was held on Monday evening in the Beethoven Rooms. Sir Julius Benedict was present for the first time, and among other distinguished musicians in the room were Sir John Goss, Messrs Turle, John Hullah, Ebenezer Prout, W. H. Monk, C. E. Stephens, the Rev. J. Troutbeck, minor canon of Westminster Abbey; the Rev. Thomas Elmore, the Earl of Wilton (who has just joined the association), Mr Ellis, F.R.S., Mr Sedley Taylor, M.A., the Hon. Mrs Newdigate, and a numerous company of ladies. Mr J. Baillie Hamilton, of University College, Oxford, had undertaken to read a paper on "The Application of Wind to String Instruments," and, before attacking his subject, he gave an account of the circumstances which had led him to devote his attentions to it. At Harrow Mr Hamilton had studied the matter with Mr John Farmer, the organist and music master of the school, and, after going to Oxford, he determined to pursue his investigations, but found that they involved such intense application and the devotion of so much time to surmount even the mechanical difficulties in the way, that he had since given up his University career in order to carry out his experiments. Mr Hamilton then proceeded to sketch the history of the various efforts made to apply wind to strings, beginning with the old Æolian harp, in which the vibration of the string is made by a natural draught of wind.

All the subsequent attempts in the same field were but efforts to reduce that beautiful but fitful source of sound to human control. The primary necessity was to make the whole string sound, and to do this it was needful to increase the draught of air and to concentrate it on the string. Insidore and Jullien made several instruments in which the difficulties were partly overcome, but the first wind fiddle he had read of was one made in Central Africa by the bushmen, who, however, had failed, like the European inventors, in the concentration of the wind on the string. Mr Hamilton then described the various elementary stages of his investigations, the result of which he showed by producing a sound from a string divided into three parts, to the centre of which a reed was applied, the fundamental note being thus reinforced. A diapason pipe was also sounded to the same note. Mr Hamilton next defined the respective advantages of wind and string. The string, he asserted, has (1) a simple mode of reinforcement; (2) economy of space to produce a given note; (3) the blending of harmonies upon the common sound-board; and (4) sympathy. The wind, or, in a word, the sound of the organ-pipe, has, he argued, the advantages of (1) special reinforcement by a column of air; (2) volume of tone; (3) variety and quality; and (4) sustained sound. In his new instrument he claimed to have rendered the moving and sympathetic power of the string co-existent with the intensity of the organ-pipe, thus producing a new and fine effect. He then gave illustrations by sounding notes, giving the reed and string tone together, the first of which produced an effect which might be described as that of a string horn; the second gave the peculiarly beautiful effect of the Æolian harp; and the third the note of the trumpet without the peculiar rending sound which it is so difficult to avoid in that instrument. But when he had got thus far, Mr Hamilton said, he was met by the question, How would it be possible to keep a string organ in tune, the proverbial tendency of strings to get out of tune being regarded by many persons as an almost insuperable obstacle? He had, however, introduced an elastic string which would not get out of tune.

Mr Hamilton then proceeded to reply to a series of questions put to him by the Earl of Wilton, Mr Hullah, and other gentlemen, and he mentioned incidentally, in reply to a query as to the variety of effects which could be produced on a string organ answering to those of the stops in an ordinary organ, that he could at present reckon on giving at least thirty stops. Mr Hamilton explained that he had been unable to bring with him his complete apparatus, owing to his inability to obtain the use of the room to fit it up, and thus he had only been able to illustrate his remarks by single sounds, but he hoped to give more complete illustrations on a future day.

VENICE.—*Il Guarany* has been produced with tolerable success at the Fenice.

MEYERBEER AT SPA.*

I heard the following unpublished anecdote from M. Tombeur, director of the Communal School, and these few words must serve as preface.

The illustrious composer, at the time to which I refer, resided at the sign of the Prophet, near Poulon. It was a splendid morning in July. He took his umbrella, and bestrode the ass that Bourdoux, now dead, had brought round. Off he went, no one knew whither. He preferred, however, the difficult shady paths of the promenade which at present bears his name. The cadence-like and almost rhythmical language of the rivulet over the pebbles; the tiny outbursts of rage of the little cascades gushing from between the erratic blocks of stone scattered here and there in the narrow thread of water; the majestic murmuring of the trees in the calm air, the capricious songs of the little sparrows of our woods, were all sounds which produced for his ear harmony, whence he derived the motives of the grand compositions which have rendered him celebrated. His excursions, repeated every day in our shady woods, are a protest against the methodical purists, who will see nothing in the language of nature on her good days save noises scarcely worthy to be observed by the dreamers whom they call poets.

On the day in question, however, nothing was seen at Spa of Meyerbeer, of the umbrella, or of the donkey. Now Meyerbeer, the umbrella, and the donkey used pretty often to come and take a turn round the kiosk in the Allée des Sept-Heures during the afternoon concert. The *maestro's* long legs, reaching nearly to the ground, dangled from the flanks of the animal, who plodded on very regularly, while the umbrella beat time, like a conductor's stick. It was highly comic, but the spectators did not laugh. It sufficed for them to know that the rider going round about them owned a name which would become immortal. Not to see Meyerbeer of an afternoon or an evening under the shade of the great trees was to lose one's day. On the day in question, he was not seen at the Prophet; they were expecting him ever since mid-day. It struck five, his dinner-hour. No Meyerbeer. Then came the evening; still no Meyerbeer. People began to grow anxious. It had happened on several occasions, in the time when the composer used to ride on horseback, that his steed had thrown him in the dust. This was when he began beating, on the poor beast's flanks, the measure of the musical phrases produced by his always busy brain. It is true that donkeys are more patient than horses, but they are, also, more obstinate, and, with such a rider it was not certain that the new Aliboron's patience would successfully withstand his pig-headedness. At last, the composer returned. It was ten o'clock at night. He had been absent fourteen hours. He was as pale and ghastly as a corpse in a winding sheet. Even the donkey seemed to share the sufferings of his master. The latter flung himself into an armchair. "Quick! fetch a doctor!" he articulated, "I am dying!"—In less than two minutes, the doctor was there. He felt the patient's pulse and looked at his tongue. "You feel ill, don't you?" said the man of art.—"Very ill!" was the reply.—"Is it long since you had anything to eat?"—"I am not hungry. I have taken nothing since yesterday evening, I think."—The Æsculapius began laughing. "This is my prescription, Sir. Two boiled eggs, half a common roll and a glass of wine. At midnight you will dine. Had you your donkey with you?"—"Yes. He has had nothing either."—"Let him be looked after, if you please."

At two o'clock in the morning, the *maestro* had recovered from his mortal illness. It was thus that, one day, he was nearly dying because he was an artist. It is true that Newton, as tradition assures us, boiled his watch instead of the egg which had been brought him. The next day, Meyerbeer, the donkey, and the umbrella, came once more, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and took a turn for five minutes round the kiosk in the Allée des Sept-Heures.

CH. HENRI.

STUTTGART.—Herr Sontheim, whose voice has suffered something from the inroads made on it by the Music of the Future, appeared lately as the jack-booted hero in Adam's *Postillon de Longjumeau*. He was much applauded by an audience which filled every nook and corner of the Theatre Royal.

* From the *Mémorial de Spa*.

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WAIFS.

Liszt will not go to America on any terms. He has heard of the piano-makers.

Mr Arthur Sullivan has been spending a portion of his holidays at the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Herr Carl Formes has several scrap-books containing newspaper articles, and now he can add to the collection another volume filled with touching obituaries of himself.

A party of eight young men went out serenading a few nights since. They sat on the pavement, which had recently been paved with a tar solution. Next morning, the rear of six pairs of pants dotted the walk, and music is heard no more around that cottage.

M. Ambroise Thomas has had put on his door a bell which gives the new *la*. Rossini had a similar bell. When pulled too abruptly it would give a false note. Rossini thereupon invariably exclaimed: "I bet it is that dog Ronconi, who never once in all his life gave a note accurately."

An American male soprano, Mr Heywood, has been playing at the Berlin Walhalla, Leonora, in the *Trovatore*, and La Grand Duchesse de Gerolstein. He sings the two parts seriously, not as a burlesque, and his voice is stated by the German critics to be that of a pure and sympathetic soprano.

Before Albani's arrival, Manager Max Strakosch tried to make the opera successful on the strength of a fairly good *ensemble*. He found his own purse suffered in consequence. Since Mdlle Albani has been singing, the tide of fortune has turned, and he has now every prospect of a remunerative season. The "one woman power" is still paramount.

Mendelssohn's father has been heard to say that in his intercourse with the world he was constantly reminded of his own comparative unimportance by allusions to his being the son of one great man, and the father of another. For a private individual such a position might be somewhat unsatisfactory; but how much more it must be to one before the public may be gathered from the fact of Mdlle Carlotta Patti refusing to sing at a recent concert in Birmingham because she had been announced as "the sister of Adelina Patti." Looking at this matter only from a commercial point of view, we cannot acquit Messrs Harrison (who were, we believe, responsible for the advertisement) of all blame; for if the vocalist were a mere pretender, they would have no right to force her upon the Birmingham public because she was the "sister of Adelina Patti;" and, if her fame had been already firmly established, there could be no occasion for any such adventitious aid. Artistically, there can be but one opinion upon her conduct under the circumstances; and we heartily congratulate Mdlle Patti upon resolutely maintaining the dignity of a profession, the refined and elevating tendency of which is too apt occasionally to be forgotten.—*Musical Times.*

Clara Louise Kellogg is credited with these remarks concerning foreign music teachers: "They give their pupils no rest. It is to the interest of the teacher to do so; for, when a new comet rushes forth, the question is, 'Who was her master?' It is the best card in the world for him, and he knows it, and puts in his best. When Grisi first appeared, the question ran through Europe, 'Who taught her?' and the teacher was run down with pupils. True, he never produced another Grisi, but he has brought out a good many voices. Then there was Wartel, who gave us Nilsson; but that was his greatest feat. He has done nothing since, for there are but few who can withstand his exacting method. He would break an American girl down in no time. Why? Because our American damsels don't have the physique, and will dissipate. It is nothing in the world but an absolute waste of money for young American girls to go to Europe. They have completely demoralized those foreign teachers, as Americans have demoralized Europe. There are the Milan masters; they do the biggest business now swindling American girls. They tell them lies about their voices, and coddle them up with great ideas as to their future—and all just to get their money out of them. Why these girls have only to hint that they come from America, and they are taken in most wofully. I tell you, sir, it is a down-right shame."—"And do you really think they can be educated here?"—"Most unquestionably. They have only to practise self-denial, and study incessantly and hard, and the day will not be far distant when the voice of the foreign opera-singer would no longer be heard in this land. Do you know, I am fairly disgusted with our people for running after foreign singers, as they do, instead of trying to bring out our home talent. Naturally, American girls have the sweetest voices in the world. No country on the earth produces finer natural voices; and if the people of this vast and glorious republic would only encourage our girls to perfect their musical education, and the girls would only give up their folly, and cultivate their bodies and taste, we would soon have as fine opera as the foreigners produce."—*Dwight.* [Bunkum.—Ed.]

Après l'adieu triomphal de la Nilsson, ce sera dans quelques jours la triomphale rentrée de la Patti. Aux dernières représentations de Mdlle Krauss la tragédienne lyrique succéderont bientôt les débuts de Mdlle Marimon, une virtuose *di primo cartello* dans le genre brillant.—Cette saison constitue donc aussi un bon début pour l'impresario Pollini.

The New York *Clipper* relates this: "A touching incident we witnessed the other evening, while attending a minstrel entertainment. A young and pretty Irish lass—and, judging by her fresh and ruddy complexion, not very long absent from her own green isle—entered the auditorium, and, before taking her seat, dropped on her knees in the aisle, made the sign of the cross, slowly rose, and then went to the chair her coupon called for. We subsequently learned that she is an exemplary member of the Catholic Church, and this was her first appearance at a public place of amusement, and the force of habit induced the observance of a custom peculiar to the Church."

Strassburgh.—Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been most successfully produced at the Stadttheater.

Genoa.—*La Forza del Destino* was the Christmas attraction at the Teatro Carlo Felice. It went off very well.

Mantua.—*Aida*, with Signore Scarati, Proch, Signori Bresciani, Nollet, and Seidemann, has proved a great hit here.

St Louis (U.S.).—Madlle Ilma de Murska has paid this city a visit, and sung at three concerts. She was enthusiastically received.

Stockholm.—A new national Swedish opera, *The Mountain-King's Bride*, words by M. Heyberg, music by M. Hallström, has proved a brilliant success.

Leipsic.—Herr Richard Wagner has been here enlisting recruits, vocal and instrumental, for the coming National-Festival-Stage-Play-Performances at Baireuth.

Vienna.—In a letter to a high personage, Herr R. Wagner has expressed his willingness to allow his *Tristan und Isolde* to be produced at the Imperial Operahouse.

Turin.—*Aida*, with Signora Singer, Signori Patierno and Moriami, has proved a great success at the Teatro Regio. The principal artists and Sig. Pedrotti, the conductor, were called on several times.

Chemnitz.—The members of the Singacademie lately gave a successful performance of Herr Carl Reinthaler's oratorio: *Jephta und seine Tochter*. The vocal solos were taken by Mesdlle Gutschbach, Mad. Steinhauser, Herren Pielke, and Lissmann. The harp solos were performed by Herr Wenzel of Leipsic. Herr Schneider acted as conductor.

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6. *Song of the Water ..... *Smart.*

BOOK II.
7. *Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
8. *Village bride ..... *Costa.*
9. *Pilgrim's evening..... *Wagner.*
10. *Music of the night ..... *Haiton.*
11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.
13. *Now lightly we..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. *Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.
19. *The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. *Hark! the Gondolier.... *Riccardi.*
21. *Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. *When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. *The sun has been..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.
25. *Merry minstrels are..... *Wagner.*
26. *Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. *Hark! the merry..... *Flotow.*
28. *With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. *Happy as the day..... *Wallace.*
30. *The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.
31. *The distant bell..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. *Who'll follow..... *Paggi.*
34. *Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. *O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. *O hear ye not..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.
37. *Sea flowers..... *Barnett.*
38. *Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. *Warbler of the forest.... *Benedict.*
40. *Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. *Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.
43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.
49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53. *Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.
55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.
61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.
67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm..... *Richards.*
69. *Lightly, softly..... *Flotow.*
70. *Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72. *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.
73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger.*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley.. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.
79. *Our Vesper Hymn..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Curschman.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Curschman.*
82. *Hark the Pilot ..... *Bishop.*
83. *While the days are bright *Bordese.*
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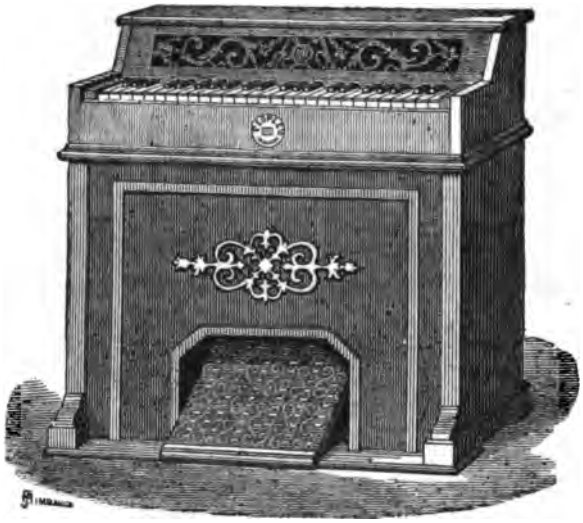

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 53—No. 3. SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE. — The SATURDAY CONCERTS will be RESUMED THIS DAY, January 16. The programme will include: Overture, "The Wedding of Camacho" (Mendelssohn); Symphony in A, No. 7 (Beethoven); Concerto, for pianoforte, in A (Schumann); Overture, "Dimitri Donskoi" (Rubinstein), first time in England. Vocalists—Mdlle Sophie Lowe, Mr Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte—Mr Oscar Beringer. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Numbered stalls, 2s. 6d. Transferable stall tickets, price 21s., for the Fourteen Winter Concerts after Christmas.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS. The THIRD SERIES of PUBLIC COMPETITIVE PERFORMANCES will take place at Midsummer, 1875. Twelve Classes for Choral Societies, Solo Singers, and Military Bands. Authorized Editions of the Music to be prepared for performance are published by Messrs Novello & Co. and Messrs Metzler and Co. Rules, Lists of Music to be prepared, Forms of Entry, and all other particulars, can be had on application at the Secretary's Office, Crystal Palace, S.E.

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MONS. ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce that he will give THREE RECITALS of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC (FIFTH SERIES), at ST GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, on WEDNESDAYS, January 27th, February 17th, and March 10th, 1875, at Three o'clock precisely. Programme of the First Recital, WEDNESDAY, January 27: Vocalist—Miss Emily Spiller. Violin—M. Sainton. Violoncello—M. Paque, Pianoforte—M. Billet. Trio, in G, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Haydn); Sonata, in F minor, Op. 77, "L'invocation," for pianoforte (Dussek); Songs (*a*) "Thou'rt like unto a flower" (Rubinstein), (*b*) "If thou'rt sleeping" (Gounod)—Miss Emily Spiller; Solo, pianoforte, (*a*) Fugue, in F (Handel), (*b*) Fugue, in A minor (Bach), (*c*) Fugue, in F minor (Mendelssohn); Sonata, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven); Song, "Tender and true" (Sullivan)—Miss Emily Spiller: Solo, pianoforte, (*a*) Gavotte, in G minor (C. Lecocq), (*b*) Study, in G flat (Chopin), (*c*) Study, in G (Moscheles). Conductor—Herr LEHMEYER. Subscription Ticket (for the Series), sofa stall, £1 1s.; single ticket, 10s. 6d.; family tickets (to admit Three), £1 1s.; Admission, One Shilling; to be obtained of the principal Music Publishers; at St George's Hall; and of M. BILLET, 17, Keppel Street, Russell Square.

SUBSCRIPTION BALL.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—On THURSDAY Evening, January 21st, a GRAND PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION BALL will be given for the Scholarship Fund of the London Academy of Music. These Scholarships are open to Public Competition. The following Ladies have kindly undertaken to be Patronesses, of whom only Tickets can be obtained:—The Countess of Mar, Hilston Park, Monmouth; The Lady Clarence Paget, 7, Cromwell Gardens, South Kensington; Lady Kingston James, 16, Devonshire Street, W.; Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, 53, Finchley Road, N.W.; Mrs Telford Field, 18, Kensington Garden Terrace, W.; Mrs Morell Mackenzie, 13, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, W.; Mrs Charles Kensington Salaman, 36, Baker Street, W.; Mrs Charles Eley, 59, Finchley Road, N.W.; Mrs W. Shearman Turner, 14, Cleveland Square; Mrs William Riding, 36, Euston Square, N.W.; Madame Arditi, 41, Albany Street, N.W.; Mrs Frank Whitaker, 13, Victoria Street, S.W.; Mrs William Wilkin, 15, Hyde Park Street, W.; Mrs Henry Wylde, 152, Westbourne Terrace, W. Stewards—Lord Ernest Bruce, M.P.; Major-General Sir Henry Percival de Bathe, Bart.; Major Alston; Frederic Davison, Esq.; A. L. Traventi, Esq.; Anderson Critchett, Esq.; J. Somervell, Esq.; Thomas Harrison, Esq.; W. Dundas Gardiner, Esq.; J. Vernon Musgrave, Esq.; Algernon Fitzgerald, Esq.; Charles Eley, Esq.; W. Wilkin, Esq.; Henry Curtis Bennett, Esq.; Captain Evens; Arthur Stirling, Esq. Gentlemen's Tickets, £1 1s.; Ladies' Tickets, 15s.; Double Ticket (admitting a Lady and Gentlemen), £1 10s. Refreshments, Supper and Wine included.

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CONDUCTOR—MR BARNBY.
MDLLE JOHANNA LEVIER AND MR SIMS REEVES.
HERR WILHELMJ (his first appearance for several years).

Programme: Overture, *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini); Recit. and Air, "Sombre forêt"—Mdlle Johanna Levier; Concerto for violin (Mendelssohn)—Herr Wilhelmj; Song—Mr Sims Reeves; Overture, *St John the Baptist* (G. A. Macfarren). Part 2: Pastoral Symphony (Beethoven); Recit. and Air, "Ye soft southern breeze" (J. Barnby)—Mr Sims Reeves; Violin Solos (*a*) Romance, (*b*) Paraphrase (Chopin's 'Larghetto)—Herr Wilhelmj; Lieder (*a*) "Zuleika" (Mendelssohn), (*b*) "Wohin" (Schubert)—Mdlle Johanna Levier; Kaisermarsch (Wagner). Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.; Admission, One Shilling; at NOVELLO'S, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

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The LENT TERM will Commence on MONDAY, the 18th of January, and will Terminate on SATURDAY, the 24th of April.

Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday, the 14th of January, at Eleven o'clock, and every succeeding Monday and Thursday, at the same hour.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
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GRAND EVENING CONCERT
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
MR HENRY KING.

ST JAMES'S HALL, FRIDAY EVENING, Jan. 29th, 1875, at Eight o'clock. Conductors—Mr J. G. CALLCOTT, Mr J. C. WARD, and Mr HENRY LESLIE. General Committee—Lamborn Cock, Esq.; James Fitch, Esq.; Jos. Heming, Esq.; W. James, Esq.; J. Langman, Esq.; Henry Leslie, Esq.; F. D. Lewin, Esq.; Alfred Littleton, Esq.; R. Pennington, Esq.; Thos. Phillips, Esq., T. C. Reynolds, Esq.; F. Stewart, Esq. Acting Committee—Ambrose Austin, Esq.; Edgar Brinsmead, Esq.; W. H. Chalk, Esq.; J. Clippingdale, Esq.; Wm. Frankland, Esq.; James Holdsworth, Esq.; W. Izard, Esq.; John Leader, Esq.; J. Matthews, Esq.; J. C. Penn, Esq.; W. F. Stokes, Esq.; Geo. Wood, Esq.; Wm. Wood, Esq. Hon. Sec. and Treasurer—Mr Stanley Lucas, 84, New Bond Street, W.

It is proposed to give a Concert at St James's Hall, on Friday Evening, January 29th, for the Benefit of Mr HENRY KING, one of the oldest members of Mr Henry Leslie's Choir, who has for some time past suffered from serious illness, and has been prevented from following any occupation.

The following Artists have very kindly promised their services:—Mdlle Johanna Levier, Miss Sophie Ferrari, Miss Helen D'Alton; Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Maybrick. Pianoforte—Sir Julius Benedict and Mr Walter Bache. The London Quartet Union and Mr Henry Leslie's Choir.

Prices of Tickets: Stalls, 5s., or four for 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Novello & Co., 1 Berners Street; J. B. Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Lamborn Cock, 63, New Bond Street; Mitchell's Library, 33, Old Bond Street; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; R. W. Ollivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; A. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Lacon and Ollier, 168, New Bond Street; Duff & Stewart, 147, Oxford Street; Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, 28, Piccadilly; and of Mr HENRY KING, 38, Alma Square, St John's Wood, N.W.

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MR HENRY GANNEY will sing WILFORD MORGAN'S popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," every Evening during his Provincial Tour.

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MISS EDITH SHIELD will sing VINCENT WALLACE'S popular "Song of May," at Mr Lansdowne Cottell's Concert, at Chatham, February 9th.

MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Basso) begs to announce his Return to Town; and requests that all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed, 5, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, W.

MISS JULIA DERBY begs to announce that all communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be sent direct to her residence, 14, Grosvenor Road, Stockwell, S.W.

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SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce his Return to England on March 12th. Address, until March 7th, to Opera Italien, Moscow.

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OPENING OF THE NEW OPERA IN PARIS.

(From the "Graphic," Jan. 9.)

The musical part of the ceremony by which the new Grand Opera was inaugurated on Tuesday night cannot fairly be regarded otherwise than in the light of an experiment. In fact, it was neither more nor less than a dress rehearsal, before one of the most brilliant audiences ever assembled in a theatre. A general feeling prevailed that the opening of so magnificent a building, in presence of so distinguished a company, might have been celebrated by a programme and performance each more worthy the occasion. But unexpected drawbacks compelled the director, M. Halanzier, at the eleventh hour, to make changes which materially lessened the attraction of the selection as originally contemplated. The sudden indisposition of Mdme Christine Nilsson, vouched for by the published certificate of her medical adviser, necessitated a withdrawal of the two acts from *Hamlet*, and the one act from *Faust*; so that neither M. Thomas nor M. Gounod, the two most highly esteemed of living French dramatic composers, were represented. This *contretemps* was the more disheartening, inasmuch as Mdme Nilsson had, at considerable personal sacrifice, come all the way from Russia, with the express purpose of taking her share in the performance. Her loss entailed the further loss of another great and popular artist. M. Faure was to play Hamlet and Mephistopheles, and the disappointment at his non-forthcoming may be easily imagined. Yet there was no alternative; the operas of MM. Thomas and Gounod being withdrawn, nothing remained for M. Faure to do. The programme, as revised, stood thus:—Overture to *La Muette de Portici*, Auber (poor Auber!); acts 1 and 2 of *La Juive*, Halévy; Overture to *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini; scene from *Les Huguenots*, Meyerbeer; second tableau from *La Source* (ballet). Thus the absence of the two living French musicians was atoned for by the presence of one French musician, one Italian, and one German—all belonging to the past. It must be admitted that to give merely an overture by Auber, an overture by Rossini, and the fragment of a scene by Meyerbeer—for only the "Benediction des Poignards" was admitted, all the superb preliminary being passed over—was a sorry compliment at the best to three men so justly renowned. It cannot be said too often that Auber is the greatest and most thoroughly "national" of all French composers for the stage; while what the authors of *Guillaume Tell* and the *Huguenots* have done by assimilating the Italian and German schools with French dramatic music is notorious. The Parisians, as a matter of course, must have dancing, in some form, at all their operatic performances — opera without ballet, to them, leaving a universal want unfulfilled. Even the dogmatic and unbending Wagner was compelled, much against his wish, to add ballet music to *Tannhäuser*, when that remarkable work was produced, years since, at the old house in the Rue Lepelletier. The selection from the "ballet-pantomime" of MM. Nuitter, St Léon, Minkous, and Delibes, was therefore easily explained, the last act of *Hamlet*, which is also diversified by ballet, having been omitted.

The general effect of the music, the orchestral part of it more especially, raised frequent doubts as to the "sonority" of the auditorium. The overture to *Masaniello* (*La Muette*), heard from the orchestral stalls, that to *Guillaume Tell*, from the amphitheatre, and the "Benediction des Poignards," from the second tier of boxes, were equally unsatisfactory. The orchestra is said to comprise 100 players; but the effect was by no means what might have been hoped from such a phalanx of practised instrumentalists. The chorus is also believed to consist of 100 singers; nevertheless, the result was anything but commensurate with reasonable expectation. That the orchestra should be raised still nearer to the level of the stage is the opinion of almost every amateur. In sonority, under the actual circumstances, it cannot compare with our London orchestras; but there is no knowing what may be ultimately contrived with remedies suggested by increased experience. Just at present, however, it is useless denying that the acoustical properties of the new house are decidedly inferior to those of the old; and for this all the sumptuous—indeed, in certain respects, superfluously sumptuous—arrangements outside that part of the edifice devoted to the musical performances can never make up. The *foyer*, or saloon, to which a large number of the audience resort, whenever the curtain falls, was on Tuesday night a spectacle astonishing for its splendour and variety. Nevertheless, it will be borne in mind what kind of assembly graced the occasion. The diamonds and other precious jewels alone, which adorned the costumes of the many distinguished personages taking voluntary part in the exhibition, might have helped to pay off a good instalment of the late war indemnity. On the other hand, all the glittering splendour on nights of ordinary representations, before ordinary houses, would seem, to many, more or less out of keeping.

The most satisfying performance of the evening, from every point of view, was that of *La Juive*, of which, as has already been hinted, the first and second acts were given. *La Juive* is certainly not the liveliest of French serious operas; on the contrary, it is one of the most prolix and dreary—full of climaxes and anticlimaxes, with scarcely a single piece of continuous music from beginning to end. At the same time, one cannot ignore the fact that the French have long accepted it as one of their lyrico-dramatic *chef d'œuvres;* and as we must do at Rome as do the Romans, so at Paris we are in duty bound to look at *La Juive* through Parisian spectacles. There has been no Rachel equal to Falcon, and no Eléazar (Mario excepted) equal to Nourrit, since what is regarded as Halévy's greatest opera was originally brought out (1835—a year before the *Huguenots*). A certain *mot* of Cherubini's on that occasion will never be forgotten. Halévy was Cherubini's favourite pupil; and, after the second or third act of *La Juive* had been received with great applause, went to his master's box. "Maître," said Halévy, "vous ne me dites rien!" "Puisque tu ne m'as rien dit," was the retort of the stern Florentine. The verdict of the public, however, was pronounced in a wholly different sense. *La Juive* remains a "classic" with its author's compatriots (how far influenced by the admirable libretto of Scribe, originally intended for Rossini, is left to conjecture) up to the present time; and thus it was chosen to play the leading part in an entertainment which Paris has been eagerly expecting for years. The principal characters were thus distributed:—Rachel, Mdme Krauss; Eudoxie, Mdlle Belval (daughter of the well-known bass of that name); Eléazar, M. Villaret; Leopold, M. Bosquin; Brogni, M. Belval, &c. Mdme Krauss, a lyric tragedian of the school of Mdlle Tietjens, though by no means to be placed in the same rank as that admirable and versatile artist, who is comedian as well as tragedian, possesses unquestionable ability, and is a great and deserved favourite with the Parisians. She and M. Villaret (the Jewess and the Jew) were loudly applauded, and called before the curtain, when once the audience, absorbed with other matters, and using their opera-glasses rather than their ears, had leisure to attend to the performance, to which, let it be recorded, the Lord Mayor of London, noted for his artistic proclivities, paid a strict and undisturbed attention, which to the artists on the stage must have been gratifying.

The performance did not terminate till half an hour after midnight, the President of the Republic, the Lord Mayor, and most of the distinguished company remaining until the end. Inside the theatre there were no public demonstrations of any kind; but outside, both when coming and departing, the Lord Mayor ("Sir Stowe," as the Paris *Figaro* facetiously styles him) was welcomed by the immense crowd with repeated acclamations.

EXETER HALL.

Exeter Hall was recently the scene of an interesting ceremony in connection with the Sol-fa movement. The members and supporters of the Association met in front of the great Orchestral platform, and presented to their founder, the Rev. John Curwen, a purse containing a cheque for a large amount, and to Mrs Curwen an admirably painted portrait of her husband. The success of the Tonic Sol-fa system is now so great that it may seem to some unjust to disparage it, but the objections to it are so well grounded that they ought not to be ignored. The system aims at nothing less than a complete alteration of our present vocal notation, a change from what Mr Curwen may call a complex to a more simple expression of musical phrases. When the Tonic Sol-fa notation is proved to be easier of acquirement than that universally used, Mr Curwen has nothing to fear, from what he calls professional prejudices, but as yet he has only proved that the result of his teaching is highly satisfactory, and that earnestness of purpose can overcome great difficulties. The system has yet to be tried upon its merits apart from the extraordinary zeal which at present accompanies its teaching. When shown to be an improvement on the present mode of notating sounds for vocalists, it must also be shown to be suitable for instrumentalists, and be applied to instrumental works, or two kinds of notation must be studied by those aiming to become both vocal and instrumental performers. Let Mr Curwen prove the usefulness of the Tonic Sol-fa system to the musical requirements of the day, and he may reckon his followers by millions, and command the suffrages of musicians as well as amateur vocalists.—*The Hour*, *Jan.* 4.

FLORENCE.—According to report, the Teatro delle Logge is in such an insecure condition that there is some chance of its falling down,

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ARABELLA GODDARD'S FAREWELL TO MELBOURNE.

(*From the "Melbourne Argus" of October* 24, 1874.)

Madame Goddard has bidden farewell to Melbourne, and those who, during her stay here, have been privileged to hear her, will always carry with them the satisfactory reflection that, in the highest school of composition for the most popular of instruments, they possess a standard which shall guide their judgment to just conclusions, whenever the question of artistic performance shall arise. The great pianist, whose final appearance in this part of the world we now note, has always played in this city to a mixed audience, and, without any question at all, it is well that she has done so. By this means the fanatic, who believed he could hear no beauty in anything beneath the form of the sonata, has been constrained to acknowledge the elegant thought and skilful treatment which produced many a *pièce de concert*; while the numerous unlettered, who own the charm of well-remembered tune, have not only enjoyed full gratification of their simpler tastes, but have had their minds expanded by the higher examples of the beautiful in music which she has been the means of showing them, even while they waited for that which they thought they liked best. The judgment in matters of taste may not be formed without the aid of comparisons; and these indispensable aids to culture in musical art Madame Goddard has afforded in abundance during her stay amongst us—a period which for our sakes is all too short, but one, let us hope, which has been attended with solid advantage to the great artist who has now left us, most likely for ever. The whole musical public here has been benefited by her visit thus far, that the ear which sought its highest enjoyment in the skilful repetition of the strains of "The last rose of summer," "Auld Robin Gray," or "Home, sweet home," is now cognisant of the charm there is in the "Choral Fantasia," and "The Concerto in D minor," and is to this extent improved and aggrandized by recollections which will last a life-time.

Other opportunities may serve wherein to speak about the influence of the great player who has now left us. The performance of last night calls for present notice. Be it said, to the great satisfaction of all who have the reputation of the city at heart, as a place with some claims to culture, that the Operahouse was filled at every level, from floor to ceiling, with an intelligent and admiring auditory. The great performance of the evening was Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, Op. 40, Madame Goddard at the pianoforte, and the band of the Operahouse, under the direction of Mr John Hill. The work is too large to notice in detail at such time as we write. It consists of three movements—1, *allegro appassionato*; 2, *molto adagio*; and 3, a splendid finale, *presto scherzando*. The solo player's share of the work was perfect. She played on her own piano, and, in the Operahouse, the effect was brought nearer to the listener than in the Town Hall. In the *adagio* movement all that could be done by the composer to give sweetness, fulness, and rich colour to the theme by means of handfuls of chords, bearing in the midst of them the unmistakable melody—was illustrated by the player with rare grace and mastery. In the *finale* the subject was given out with such crisp and spontaneous rapidity, that the fingers seemed to think for themselves, as if they had learned the piece and were playing it independently of sight or any other faculty. In this fine performance, which has not been excelled by anything which Madame Goddard has played here, she was assisted most ably by the orchestral accompaniment. Each player has his individual share of credit in producing this result; but to the admirable conducting of Mr John Hill belongs the chief merit of having led them, restrained them, and generally controlled to the highly successful issue we note. After this, Madame Goddard played the "Prayer," from *Mosè in Egitto*, a duet by Thalberg and De Beriot, a fantasia on *Les Huguenots* with Mr Hill, violinist; and a Welsh fantasia by De Sivrai. Recalled on each occasion with every mark of favour, Madame Goddard could not resist the appeal for an encore at the last, and played in her own eloquent way, "Home, sweet home," a significant adieu, which told deeply with all who heard it. Let her journey prosper for the good of the art she adorns.

Herr Wilhelm Doehler, who is engaged to travel with Mdme Goddard, played a violin fantasia, by Haumann, from *Masaniello*, and this being encored, he gave Rode's Air with variations. He also played in the second part of the concert a fantasia by Alard, from *Anna Bolena*. He was very favourably received by the audience, and the good opinion which we expressed of him on his first appearance at the rooms of the Melbourne German Liedertafel we find to be fully confirmed by the larger audience before whom he appeared last night. Mr John Hill, whether as conductor, as accompanist, or as solo violinist, was equally good, and won the hearty approval of the whole house. The singers—Mr Farley, Miss Winston, Mr Beaumont, and Mr and Mrs Henry Bracy—were all of them in high favour with the audience, and were treated to numerous encores and recalls. The overtures to *Semiramide* and *Oberon* were played in very spirited fashion by the opera band. It was a fine entertainment, and resulted successfully to every one concerned.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

It is by no means a "Black Monday" when Mr Arthur Chappell calls the pupils of his great music school together after a holiday. The summons always meets with a cheerful response, and work begins again with a zest which shows how thoroughly everybody concerned loves it. To this rule, no exception was presented on Monday evening, when, heedless of weather, which could hardly have been more miserable and depressing, St James's Hall was filled by the true amateurs for whom Mr Chappell caters so well. The programme offered no novelty in the form of an instrumental composition; but supporters of the "Monday Pops." have not been spoiled for old favourites by the recent flood of new works. Perhaps all the more because of the flood in question are they disposed to welcome tried and proven things, like Mendelssohn's quintet in A major, Beethoven's pianoforte trio in B flat (Op. 97), and Schubert's fantasia in C for pianoforte and violin. When such as these are in the scheme amateurs know right well how great a treat they may expect; but Monday night's audience were not without a more special attraction. Strange as it may seem, remembering how comparatively frequent have been her visits to this country, it is nevertheless true that Mdlle Marie Krebs had never appeared at Mr Chappell's concerts previous to Monday night. The reason of this, probably, has no significance whatever, but none the less do we congratulate both the director and his patrons upon the fact that the name of one of the most finished and artistic pianists in the world is now numbered in the list adorned by those of Schumann, Goddard, Joachim, Piatti, Hallé, and many other of rank and note. How far the audience were prepared for Mdlle Krebs's appearance was shown by the cheers which greeted her entry. They were no mere conventional matter-of-course cheers, such as are intended to encourage a nervous stranger, but rather a greeting as between friend and friend, for even those who did not remember her as a gifted child bore pleasantly in mind the artist who last year asserted her power among us. Assuming this reception to have shown a keen sense of favours to come, it was more than repaid by a performance of Bach's prelude and fugue in A minor, such as only exceptional skill, both musical and mechanical, could have compassed. The work is one of rare difficulty from an executive point of view; but we are not about to praise Mdlle Krebs with special emphasis simply because she did that which everybody knew was child's play to her nimble and accurate fingers. We commend her rather because she gave the old master's music as it ought to be given; not seeking to achieve the dubious honour of "new reading," venturing upon no liberties with text or time, but being content with the honour due to a faithful and reverent interpreter. By this, we are happy to say, the gifted young lady lost nothing. Her audience, though accustomed of late to the "derring-do" of higher development, were charmed with the purity and brilliancy of her playing, and would gladly have heard the fugue over again. Three times they called Mdlle Krebs back to the platform amid unanimous applause, but the desired encore was firmly—and properly—declined. The impression made by the solo received strength from the subsequent trio and fantasia, in the first of which Mdlle Krebs was associated with Herr Straus and Signor Piatti, in the second with Herr Straus alone; and, altogether, the young pianist's *début* must be set down as a success not less brilliant than deserved. Her after appearances cannot fail to excite special interest. The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang a new song, "Tender and True," by Arthur Sullivan, the beauty of which, aided by a most tasteful rendering, elicited an encore. Mr Zerbini acted as accompanist.—*Daily Telegraph*.

BERLIN.—At the Royal Operahouse, *Hernani* has been performed, with Herr Niemann as Hernani; Herr Betz as the Emperor Charles; Herr Fricke as Don Silva; and Mad. Voggenhuber as Elvira. The execution was creditable but that was all.—The announcement of the opening of the new Theatre in the Friedrichstrasse was premature. Though the building is ready, and the artists are at their posts, the manager, Herr Bente, has been obliged to defer the inauguration of his season on account of some difficulty about the license.

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BEETHOVEN IN HIS LETTERS.

The world's heroes are too often seen only in the fashion of the distinguished lords and gentlemen, whose portraits in oil, life-size, adorn the walls of our public buildings. That is to say, we view them *en grande tenue*, posed for effect, and with a back-ground which, as a rule, is a purely fancy sketch. As far as Beethoven is concerned this need not be. We can know him, if we will, as other than the wild-haired, scowling man, whom engravings represent jotting down mighty thoughts, with his back to a thunder-cloud. The particulars of his life, his sayings and doings, have been recorded by zealous pens, and these are at our service; best of all, his letters have been collected, and by them the man is shown in his own light, not possibly distorted by the false colouring of others. We would commend a study of Beethoven's letters to all who have received without question the common idea of his character. The illustrious composer is thought of, for the most part, as a rough, morose, cynical, and unlovely man, one whom genius alone made endurable. That there is no foundation for this we do not say, because heavy trials produced their inevitable result upon a proud and sensitive nature. We do aver, however, that the real character of the man was something very different, and need only the support of his letters to establish the case. A few examples of the testimony borne by these witnesses who cannot lie, will assuredly be interesting, and, to make their evidence more conclusive, we will cull only from the epistles of his later years, when the iron of a miserable life had entered deeply into his soul.

We have Beethoven's own assurance that he was adapted by nature to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse, and piteous were his complaints of the isolation to which deafness condemned him. The geniality that would have made him a favourite everywhere breaks out now and then in the letters to his intimate friends. Writing to Bolderini, he winds up with "Farewell, Knight Falstaff: do not be too dissipated; read the gospel and be converted." Haslinger gets from him this piece of advice: "Sing daily the epistles of St Paul, and daily visit Father Werner, who can show you in his little book how to go straight to heaven. See how anxious I am about the welfare of your soul." To Schindler he says with quiet humour: "The tailor comes to day, still (Poor Beethoven was short of money) I hope to be able to get rid of him for the present by a few polite phrases." Schindler, by the way, was the favourite target at which Beethoven aimed his good-tempered jokes. At one time the composer's future biographer is a "Samothracian vagabond," at another "Most worthy ragamuffin of Epirus and Brundusium," at another, "Master flash in the pan, and wide of the mark! full of reasons, yet devoid of reason," at another "Il Signore nobile, Papageno Schindler," and at another simply "Wiseacre." Once the master wrote to Grillparzer about his friend, "That obtrusive appendage, Schindler, has long been most obnoxious to me." Over and over again does this pleasant banter appear, spite of the great troubles and small worries that made Beethoven their prey; and it is not difficult to see how such passages reveal the true nature of the man. If we did not know the perfect devotion he entertained for art, his affliction might seem a providential interference on behalf of art. Even as it is, we know not how much the world has gained by the barrier which kept Beethoven out of the society he was no less fitted to adorn than to enjoy.

As regards the capacity for loving with which Beethoven was endowed, his letters show it to have been of no ordinary kind. How he cherished an affection for the Countess Guicciardi—how, in fact, his ardent nature was always seeking fellowship with some congenial spirit—is well known. He addresses the Countess as "My Angel! my all! my second self!" and says "Love demands all, and has a right to do so; and thus it is that I feel towards you and you towards me. * * * * My heart is overflowing with all I have to say to you. Ah! there are moments when I find that speech is actually nothing. Continue to be ever my true and only love, my all: as I am yours!" To Bettina von Arnim he writes:—"The most beautiful themes stole from your eyes into my heart, which shall yet enchant the world when Beethoven no longer directs. If God vouchsafes to grant me a few more years of life, I must then see you once more, my dear, most dear friend, for the voice within, to which I always listen, demands this. Spirits may love one another, and I shall ever woo yours. Your approval is dearer to me than all else in the world." Thus could the rugged misanthrope, as some called him, pour out the treasures of his heart where he was sure of a sympathetic response, but we see him do it even more lavishly in the letters to his ward and nephew, Carl. This young man had been left in Beethoven's charge while yet a lad, and upon him the great composer lavished a wealth of affection, which was not only wasted but abused. Carl was a graceless fellow, and when his uncle addressed him as "My dear young scamp," Beethoven was nearer the truth than love permitted him to believe. But the uncle remained faithful to the nephew through both evil and good report, bearing patiently with the rejection of his counsels, and ever receiving the Prodigal (who often returned when reduced to swine-husks) with open arms. We must give a few examples of the old "misanthrope's" enduring affection. He writes to Carl "You must come to me on Sunday," but the scapegrace has more congenial pursuits, and Beethoven meekly replies, "I have no wish to deprive you of any pleasure, were I only sure that you would spend your Sunday properly away from me." Reproving his ward for some disobedience, Beethoven says "If you find the *Pactum* oppressive, then in God's name I resign you to His holy keeping;" following this up, as though alarmed for the result, with "Do not be afraid to come to me to-morrow." Again he reproves: "My heart has been so deeply wounded by your deceitful conduct that it is difficult to forget it;" whereupon Carl stays away from his uncle's house, and the old man writes, "I wish you at least to come here on Sundays. In vain do I ask for an answer. God help you and me. * * * My continued solitude only still further enfeebles me, and really my weakness often amounts to a swoon. Oh! do not further grieve me." Six days after, Beethoven sends his nephew sixty-two florins for a new suit, and, after advice about the cloth, adds: "Now farewell, my darling! deserve the name; I embrace you, and hope you will be my good, studious, noble son." In very warm weather his thoughts go to poor Carl, and so does a letter beginning—"As in this heat you may, perhaps, wish to bathe, I send you two more florins." Verily what an uncle is here! Carl wants more money, and gets it with this advice: "Now pray, practise economy, for you certainly receive too much cash. I rejoiced when I could assist my poor parents; what a contrast are you in your conduct to me. Thriftless boy, farewell!" The heat continues, and Beethoven sends another florin, with "Do not neglect your bathing; continue well, and guard against illness. Spend your money on good objects alone. Be my dear son." Carl again misbehaves—borrows money of a "mean, old kitchen wench," and is sternly asked "Why such hypocrisy?" Then comes the salve: "But do not be uneasy; I shall continue to care for you as much as ever;" upon which Carl went on as badly as ever. One more quotation must suffice. Beethoven writes to the ne'er-do-weel: "My dear son, say no more; only come to my arms; not one harsh word shall you hear. You shall be received as lovingly as ever * * * only come. Come to the faithful heart of your father." We might multiply these proofs of Beethoven's great loving spirit, but the foregoing will suffice to show that he was not the savage popularly supposed; that, in short, his nature was tender and affectionate, though circumstances overlaid it with an appearance of unloveliness.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

COBURG.—A new romantic three-act opera, *Lenore*, has been successfully produced at the Court Theatre. The libretto is founded on Bürger's celebrated ballad. The music is composed by Dr O. Bach, Artistic Director of the Mozarteum, Salzburg. Mad. Sadler-Grün distinguished herself very much as the heroine. The Duke of Coburg has bestowed on the composer the Knight's Cross, with the Crown, of the Ernest House Order.

BAIREUTH.—Herr Richard Wagner has had the front of his house, which is circular in form, ornamented with *sgraffiti*, at the expense of the King of Bavaria, his royal patron and friend. These *sgraffiti* are a kind of black and white frescoes, with which the fronts of houses used to be adorned in Italy, and of which numerous examples are still to be found there. Herr Krauss, the historical painter, has executed a grand allegory taken partly from the *Nibelungen*. In the middle is seen Wodan, as the personification of the German myth. He is represented as a traveller, attended by his two ravens. To his right is beheld Tragedy, and, to his left, Music, with young Siegfried, as personifying the art-works of the Future.

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RICHARD WAGNER'S REMINISCENCES OF SPONTINI.

(*From "Le Ménestrel."*)

II.

(*Continued from page* 819, *Vol.* LII.)

We recommenced our studies, therefore, by a pianoforte rehearsal, so that the master might be able to communicate his intentions to his interpreters. To tell the truth, this labour taught us very little fresh. Spontini laid less stress upon the details than on his views of the work as a whole, and was fond of launching out at length on its general conception. I observed, by the way, that he was accustomed to adopt a singularly peremptory tone, even with the most famous artists, such as Mad. Schröder-Devrient and Tichatscheck certainly were. He forbade the latter to employ the word *braut* (bride), which Licinius used when addressing Julia in the German text. The word jarred horribly on his ears, and he was unable to understand, he said, how any person could couple so flat and vulgar a sound to music. As for the artist, a very inferior one, by the way, charged with the part of the Grand Priest, Spontini gave him a long lesson on the manner in which this personage is to be understood. He deduced his character from the conversation he has with the Augur. He showed that all the High Priest's calculations were based on religious superstition and the machinations of the other priests. The Pontiff ought to give us to understand that he had nothing to fear, not even an adversary who held the army in his hands, since he was sure, come what might, that all would turn out well for him; because, supposing the worst to happen, and that Julia were snatched from execution, he could, by effecting as he chose the miracle which would instantaneously rekindle the sacred fire of Vesta, save the sacerdotal influence. In a conversation which I had with Spontini concerning his instrumentation, I asked the reason of his not having utilised the trombones in the magnificent triumphal march of the first act, when he had employed them so energetically in several other passages of his opera. "Est-ce que je n'y ai pas de trombones?"* ("Have I no trombones there?") he answered, with genuine surprise. For all reply, I showed him a copy of the engraved score. He instantly asked me to write a trombone part for the march, begging me to do so at once, so that he might judge of its effect at the first band rehearsal. He said, also, "J'ai entendu dans votre *Rienzi*, un instrument que vous appelez basse-tuba; je ne veux pas bannir cet instrument de l'orchestre; faites m'en une partie pour *La Vestale*" ("I heard in your *Rienzi* an instrument you call a bass-tuba; I will not banish it from the orchestra; so write me a part for it in *The Vestal*.").—I experienced genuine pleasure in conforming to his desires, and in carrying them out with moderation and discretion. When he heard for the first time at rehearsal the effect of the instruments thus added, he did not fail to cast a glance of grateful satisfaction towards me. This favourable impression remained in his mind, for he subsequently wrote me a very affectionate letter from Paris, asking for the little score of the instrumental supplement. His pride, however, would not let him acknowledge frankly that he desired anything of which I was the author; and this feeling was betrayed by the roundabout terms he employed. "Envoyez-moi," he wrote, "une partition des trombones pour la marche triomphale, et de la basse-tuba, *telle qu'elle a été exécutée sous ma direction à Dresde*" ("Send me a score of the trombones for the triumphal march, and of the bass-tuba, *as executed under my direction at Dresden*").

One of the most characteristic circumstances which marked our getting up of the piece was the energy with which Spontini brought out, nay, even exaggerated, the rhythmical accent. To attain the effect he desired, he had adopted the habit at Berlin of marking the strong bars by the word *Diese* (this one), of which I did not at first understand the signification. Tichatscheck was especially pleased with this method, for he was so enamoured of rhythm that he always insisted upon precision of attack whenever any important parts were to be taken up by the chorus. He was convinced that if the first note was struck with certainty, the remainder would follow as a matter of course.—Everyone bowed submissively to the composer's wishes, and took a deep interest in him. The tenors alone were angry with him a long time for a terrible fright he had given them. It happened that in the quivering accompaniment of Julia's sombre cantilena, at the end of the second act, the execution did not at all agree with the composer's intentions. Turning towards the tenors, he said in a sepulchral voice: "Est-ce que les altos sont morts?" ("Are the tenors dead?") Terrified by this adjuration, two pale hypocondriacs, who, despite their right to a pension, would insist on retaining the first desk, nearly fell off their stools, and turned towards Spontini with haggard eyes and distorted features. It seemed as though they had just heard the passing bell, and that they saw the tomb gaping to receive them. I endeavoured to recall them to life by explaining in a perfectly prosaical style what the composer wanted them to do.—Spontini could see I was devoted to him by the zeal I displayed in modifying, according to his notions, the arrangement of our instrumental army. The order in which he wanted his musicians placed resulted less from any system than from an inveterate habit. But this habit possessed an extreme importance, which I understood perfectly, when the master deigned to explain it to me. "Je dirige," he said, "non pas avec la main mais avec le regard; mon œil gauche est premier, mon œil droit second violon. Or, pour conduire avec les yeux, il faut renoncer aux lunettes, lors même qu'on a la vue courte. Voilà ce que ne comprennent pas une foule de mauvais batteurs de mesure. Quant à moi," he added, "je vous le dis en confidence, je ne vois pas plus loin que le bout de mon nez, et pourtant, d'un coup d'œil, je fais exécuter tout ce que je veux." ("I conduct not with my hand but with my glance; my right eye is first, and my left eye second violin. Now, to conduct with the eyes, one must renounce spectacles, even when one is shortsighted. This is something not understood by a host of wretched time-beaters. As for me, I will tell you in confidence that I cannot see further than the tip of my nose, and yet with a glance I make the orchestra execute whatever I choose.") With regard to the order in which Spontini desired the members of the band to be placed, it was certainly characterised by more than one illogical detail. Thus, in conformity with the Parisian fashion, the oboists were stationed immediately behind him. The two artists were thus obliged to turn the bells of their instruments towards the audience, and one of them, the first oboe, was so mortified that I had all the trouble in the world with him. But, with the exception of such slight mistakes, Spontini's ideas were founded upon a perfectly rational principle, though it is one not yet recognized, even at the present day, in most German orchestras.

According to this method, the mass of strings is distributed over the whole orchestra. The brass and the instruments of percussion are arranged on the two sides. The other wind instruments, which somewhat resemble, by the softness of their tone, stringed instruments, are placed, as a matter of course, between the violins, which they connect. In opposition to this system, very many of our most numerous and most renowned orchestras still admit the division of the instrumental mass into two distinct parts, placing all the strings on one side and all the wind on the other. This faulty arrangement produces, of necessity, a rugged and violent effect, where the various kinds of sound cannot be blended, the different voices of the orchestra never being successfully condensed into round and homogeneous sonority. As regards myself, I was much pleased at the innovation introduced by Spontini; for, thanks to the initiative taken by him, I had no difficulty in obtaining an order from the King, retaining the new arrangement. Nothing remained for me to do after Spontini's departure, but to modify certain details, and to reform certain logical errors, in order to effect a thoroughly normal and rational arrangement.

Despite all his singularities, Spontini exerted a very real ascendancy, a genuine fascination, on the artists of the theatre. Every one, consequently, exhibited extraordinary zeal, and endeavoured to contribute his share towards the brilliancy of the performance announced. While all this was going on in the orchestra, Herr Eduard Devrient was busy on the stage, and had succeeded in drilling the choral masses perfectly. Among other things, it was he who supplied us with the means of satisfying Spontini on a point to which he attached great importance, and which singularly embarrassed us. In conformity with the tradition of the German

* All these French passages between turned commas are French in the original text.

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stage, we had determined on concluding *The Vestal* by the impassioned duet which Julia, accompanied by the chorus, sings with Licinius, at the moment of her deliverance. But the composer insisted strongly on restoring the part which had been cut out. He wanted his work to end with a ballet and a chorus of joy, agreeably to the poetic law of French opera. He was averse to seeing his sparkling score die out miserably on the place of execution. He desired, at any price, a final picture in a new scene, representing the sacred grove of Venus. There, mid dancing and shouts of joy, the triumphant pair was to be conducted to the altar, by the priests and priestesses crowned with roses. His desire was gratified. Unfortunately, this modification at the last hour was not destined to procure for us a success for which we all prayed.

(*To be continued.*)

ORGAN NEWS.

The organ at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, was opened on Sunday last, by the organist, Dr Verrinder, who displayed the instrument to great advantage, after its being re-constructed, under his direction, by Messrs Bishop and Son. The instrument was originally in Winchester Cathedral, and was purchased by Mr Willis, nearly twenty years ago. The following is a list of stops contained in the modernised structure, those marked * being new or prepared.

GREAT ORGAN.

	Feet.		Feet.
*Clarion	4	*Harmonic Flute	4
Trumpet	8	Principal	4
Mixture	4 ranks.	Stopt Diapason	8 tone.
Sesquialtra	3 ranks.	Open Diapason	8
Fifteenth	2	*Viola	8
Twelfth	3½	Double Diapason	16

SWELL ORGAN.

*Tremulant		Fifteenth	2
*Vox Humana	8	Principal	4
Hautboy	8	Stopt Diapason	8 tone.
Trumpet	8	Open Diapason	8
Sesquialtra	3 ranks.	Bourdon	16

CHOIR ORGAN.

Clarinette	8	Principal	4
*Orchestral Oboe	8	Dulciana	8
*Voix Celeste	8	Stopt Diapason	8
*Flautina	2	*Gamba	8 tone.
Flute	4		

SOLO ORGAN—PREPARED.

*Tuba Mirabilis	8	*Trombette	4
*Harmonic Flute	8	*Euphone	8
*Flauto Traverso	4		

PEDAL ORGAN.

*Trombone	16	Bourdon	16
*Violoncello	8	Open Diapason	16

COUPLERS.

Great to Swell.	*Solo to Pedals.	Choir to Pedals.
Solo to Great.	Swell to Pedals.	*Solo 8ves. on its own
Choir to Swell.	Great to Pedals.	Clavier.

Four Pneumatic Combinations to Great Organ. Two to each of the other Organs will be added hereafter.

VIENNA.—Mad. Lucca has been giving a series of performances at the Imperial Operahouse. The character she chose for her farewell was that of Selica in *L'Africaine*.—A new kind of Sacred Concert has been very popular lately. The performance is accompanied by magnificent transparencies, painted by the leading artists of this capital, and representing the Biblical and other scenes described by the music. Among the works thus given have been some by Franz Schubert, Johannes Brahms, Moritz Hauptmann, the Grand-Duchess Constantin, Clotilde Welker, Franz Liszt, Ella Adajewska, and R. Schumann.—The fourth Hellmesberger Quartet-Evening was devoted principally to works by Beethoven, in commemoration of the 104th anniversary of that master's birth. The programme included his B flat major Trio, Op. 97, and his F major Quartet, Op. 135. The concert opened, however, with a Stringed Quartet in D minor by Herr Herbeck, which may be considered a novelty, for, though composed in 1862, it had been performed only on two previous occasions.

MUSIC AT BRUSSELS.

Fate is proving kinder to M. Campocasso towards the close of his management than it was at the beginning. The houses at the Théâtre de la Monnaie have continued excellent for some time past, and the public appear suddenly to have become enthusiastic for a place of entertainment towards which they previously displayed, not simply apathy, but almost repugnance. M. Salomon, the tenor, has bid farewell to his admirers here—and they are numerous—and returned to the Opera in Paris. Speaking of this gentleman, the *Guide Musical* observes, in the following extract, of which the conclusion seems to clash somewhat with the commencement:—

"Everything promises M. Salomon a brilliant and lucrative future on the stage. He possesses a collection of superb notes, and is evidently becoming less awkward. Some few months' more work will render him bearable as an actor, but we do not think he is destined ever to shine very vividly at the Paris Opera. Whatever he may do, he will always be deficient in warmth; he will never be anything more than *a voice*. In Paris this is not sufficient to ensure even a tenor lasting triumphs."

Martha has been given with MM. Petit and Richard as Plumket and Lionel, but neither gentleman was as good as he had been in *Faust*. It is to be hoped that they will both be more successful in *La Perle du Brésil*, which, as already announced in these columns, has been in preparation for several months. The Corporation has contributed more than twenty thousand francs towards the expense of getting it up. The scenery will, it is said, be magnificent, and the dresses dazzling, while the composer is delighted by what he has seen of the rehearsals. M. Campocasso has, however, renounced the idea of giving *Die Zauberflöte*, as he does not deem it advisable to devote two months to getting up a single work, when his term of management extends only to four months. He will, however, perform *Le Nozze di Figaro* and *La Reine de Chypre*.

The programme of the third Popular Concert of Classical Music included Symphony No. 1, B minor, Robert Schumann; "Les Noces féodales," a Symphonic fragment by Emile Mathieu (first time), "Concertstück for the Oboe," Gluckardt (executed by M. Pletinckx, Professor at the Royal Conservatory); "Hungarian Rhapsody," Franz Liszt; and the overture to *Die Meistersinger von Nüremberg*, R. Wagner.

SINCE THEN.

(*Copyright.*)

It was harvest time, so gladsome,
When in accents soft and low,
He beguiled my poor heart, Mother,
Only one short year ago.

And I saw the tear-drop glisten
In his tender eyes, that fell,
Tho' he turned aside to hide it
When he bade me fond farewell.

And all that night I listened
To the sobbing of the rain,
But his voice came stealing thro' it,
Like a sad and sweet refrain.

Since then I've watched and waited,
For he said he'd come again,
When the bloom was on the heather,
And the gold was on the grain.

And I saw him yester even
With a look so changed and cold,
Tho' he smiled on one beside him,
But not *my* sweet smile of old.

Oh, do not blame him, Mother,
She is rich and I am poor,
And his heart has left its gladness
In "the days that are no more."

LOUISA GRAY.

ODESSA.—The censure here seems to mingle severity and absurdity pretty equally in its proceedings. It forbade the production of M. Offenbach's well-known work as *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, but allowed it to be performed as *Le Sabre de mon Père*.

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NEW MUSIC HALL IN GLASGOW.

The new buildings will cover a plot of ground having a frontage of about 200 feet to Granville Street, and 160 feet to Berkeley Street and Kent Road, thus occupying over 3,500 square yards of building ground. On the principal floor is the main entrance from Granville Street. Passing through a handsome vestibule, and then through an octagonal hall (36 feet in diameter), the great hall is reached, which is 75 feet wide and 140 feet long. This length, however, does not include the north gallery and recess for organ at the south end; with these, the grand total reaches 186 feet. The galleries, which are arranged somewhat after the fashion of those in the City Hall, will accommodate about 650. Of course, in addition to this, there is ample provision made for a large orchestra and chorus in front of the organ. The great hall will be provided with six distinct exits, a matter of vast importance at all large meetings. Minor facilities and accommodation have been carefully considered. Right and left of the principal entrance, cloak rooms have been provided. Between these and the great hall are conversation and refreshment rooms, each about 75 feet by 40, both having communication with the great hall. As the ceilings of the cloak room fronting Granville Street are only half the height of those of the conversation and refreshment rooms, an *entresol* is placed above them, divided into five apartments, suitable for small meetings, these having a special entrance from Berkeley Street. The whole upper floor of the west half of the buildings is arranged as a complete suite of assembly rooms, spacious in their dimensions. To the larger rooms are attached every convenience in the shape of assembling and retiring rooms.

The basement, or sunk floor, has been fully utilized. It contains, amongst other things, steam boilers and steam engines to insure proper means for heating and ventilating the whole building, artists' rooms, waiting rooms for servants, a hall-keeper's house, and a well-ordered kitchen, with hoist. The remaining space of the basement floor contains accommodation for storing the forms of the great hall, when these are not required, as well as 700 square yards of storage. These stores can be easily let, as they possess separate stairs and goods access from Berkeley Street.

The accommodating powers of the great hall will be best understood by comparison. The hall of the Queen's Rooms contains 5707 feet of floorage; the City Hall, 10,129; whilst the great hall of the new undertaking will contain 15,565. This means that at oratorio concerts and festivals (when a full orchestra and large chorus must be accommodated on the platforms) the Queen's Rooms can seat comfortably about 1,000 of an audience; the City Hall, 1,900; and the new hall, 2920. In addition to this large total, the new concert hall will provide ample room for 100 orchestral performers and 550 of a chorus. Nor should we omit to state that on special occasions the City Hall has actually held (when uncomfortably packed) as many as 3,400 persons; under the same pressure the new hall will contain 5,224. Ample means are provided for the egress of the exhausted air, and by mechanical appliances a continuous stream of fresh air is admitted; so that the audiences will not be subjected to the stifling atmosphere which they are usually obliged in Glasgow to inhale at a crowded meeting. Besides, the great extra height of the new hall—nearly twice as high as that of the City Hall—will give a considerable increase of cubic space to each individual member of the audience. The proportions are as 310·8 cubic feet to 781·2 in the gross, or, per head as 163 to about 280. It may be added, that Sir Michael Costa, when in Glasgow during the Festival week, carefully and minutely examined the plans from a musician's point of view, and whilst expressing himself thoroughly satisfied with the general design of the large concert-room, made one or two suggestions regarding the arrangements of the platform for orchestra and chorus. These suggestions having been adopted, Sir Michael, who is, perhaps, the highest authority on such matters, stated his conviction that the new hall will prove one of the most perfect and commodious in Europe for musical performances.

A few of our leading citizens have, by considerable personal exertion, brought the project to its present promising position, and at the same time have become large shareholders. The actual capital required to bring this great scheme to a successful issue amounts to £80,000. Of that sum, nearly £60,000 have been already subscribed, entirely by the promoters and their immediate friends. It remains for the general public to come forward, and, by taking up the remaining shares, make this public-spirited undertaking a great success. It would be a disgrace to the city which claims to hold the second place amongst the cities of the empire in respect of population, wealth, and enterprise, to let the new halls start burdened with any debt whatever. Their promoters deserve, as they will certainly receive, the gratitude of the entire community.

The plan was entrusted to the late Mr Cunningham, C.E., of Liverpool, the excellence of whose work in the Philharmonic Hall of that city is perhaps unrivalled in its way, and with him was associated Mr Campbell Douglas, of this city. A drawing of the proposed buildings is now exhibited in the Royal Exchange. PURPLE POWIS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

On Saturday afternoon, at St James's Hall, the first "London Ballad Concert" of the season was given, and, as usual, a very large audience attended. The "ballad" is a peculiarly English form of vocal music, and in no country have ballads so strong a hold on the affections of the people as in England. The "*Volks-Lieder*" of Germany, the "*Jotas*" of Spain, the "*Jodel*" songs of Switzerland, have far less hold on native sympathies than those ballads which are endeared to us by poetic as well as musical beauty. It was a happy thought of Mr John Boosey, when, some years back, he instituted a series of Ballad Concerts, at which the dear old songs, delighting us as they delighted our forefathers, were sung by our best native vocalists. These concerts have also afforded opportunities for the presentation of new ballads by modern composers, and many charming additions to the repertory have thus gained a hearing which might otherwise have been denied. The concert may be taken as a fair specimen of the class of entertainments for which musical amateurs are indebted to Mr Boosey. The list of what may be called "classical" ballads included "Barbara Allen," and Knight's "Of what is the old man thinking?"—both expressively given by Mrs Osborne Williams; the old Irish ballad, "The pretty girl milking her cow;" a Welsh ballad, "The maid of Sker;" and Dr Arne's "Cease your funning:" sung respectively by Miss Sterling, Mr Lloyd, and Madame Lemmens-Sherrington. The Scotch ditty, "We're a' noddin," was sung by Miss Sterling; and thus the music of every part of the United Kingdom was illustrated. Among the new things heard for the first time, the most successful was a canzonet, by Mr Arthur Sullivan, entitled "Living poems." The words are the well-known verses of Longfellow, "Come to me, O ye children!" and Mr Sullivan's setting is characterized by the rarest grace and sympathy, combined with fresh and appropriate melody. It was admirably sung by Miss Edith Wynne, and unanimously encored. A new ballad, "Forget me not," by Mr Gatty, given charmingly by Mrs Osborne Williams, deserves to become popular. The programme contained a host of attractions, including altogether no less than twenty-six pieces, some of which were allotted to Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Santley, both of whom were enthusiastically greeted. The great English tenor sang Blumenthal's "My Queen," and Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud," in his best manner; and Mr Santley gave J. L. Hatton's "Fair is my love," Molloy's "Polly," and two of Schumann's *Lieder*, with consummate finish. Not the least enjoyable portion of the entertainment was the singing of the London Vocal Union, a body of eight voices, directed by Mr Frederick Walker, vicar-choral of St Paul's Cathedral. These gave part-songs, glees and madrigals in a manner recalling the best days of the "Orpheus Glee Union;" and their efforts were rewarded with plaudits and encores justly merited. The only instrumental music was furnished by Mdlle Delphine Le Brun, an accomplished pianist, who played, in masterly style, Heller's "Forelle," and Sir Julius Benedict's new pianoforte fantasia, "America." This piece is chiefly composed of variations on "The Star-Spangled Banner," with some slight references to "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," the last only American by adoption. The composition (expressly intended by its distinguished author for Mad. Arabella Goddard) affords good opportunities for the display of executive ability, and of these Mdlle Le Brun availed herself ably. The accompaniments were played by Herr Meyer Lutz, whose abilities are too well known to need commendation, and the concert was in all respects enjoyable.—*Observer.*

ROME.—*Les Huguenots* has been produced at the Teatro Apollo with the following cast: Valentine, Signora Wizjak; the Queen, Signora Pernini; the Page, Signora Braccialini; Raoul, Sig. Niccolini; Marcel, Sig. Castelmary; Nevers, Sig. Viganotti; St Bris, Sig. Alzina. Signora Wizjak is a great favourite. The same applies to Sig. Niccolini. *La Forza del Destino* was to be the next opera. There is a report that the Municipality will not make any grant to the Apollo after the present season.

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PROFESSOR AUGUSTUS WILHELMJ.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY PROFESSOR RICHARD WÜERST, ROYAL PRUSSIAN DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AT BERLIN.

Augustus Emil Daniel Frederic Victor Wilhelmj, the descendant of a very old and highly-respectable German family, was born on the 21st September, 1845, at the ancient town of Usengen, in the Duchy of Nassau, his father being a barrister and Doctor at Law of the Royal Prussian Supreme Court. The mother of Augustus Wilhelmj, Charlotte *neé* Petry, has played no small part in her time as an excellent songstress and pianist, having received her final musical education from Frederic Chopin, at Paris. Wilhelmj was taught the violin, in the first instance, by Conrad Fischer, director of music to the Duke of Nassau at Wiesbaden. He must have made very rapid progress at the time (the beginning of 1852), for, when Henriette Sontag (Countess Rossi) visited Wilhelmj's family at Wiesbaden, the young violinist, only seven years old, played in her presence with such skill that the lady embraced and kissed him, exclaiming: "You will certainly some day become the German Paganini." The eminent talents of Wilhelmj developed themselves amazingly under the tuition of Fischer, and in November, 1853, he played for the first time one of the quatuors of Haydn, showing as much pluck, certainty, and musical tact as though he had been playing the work for years. On the 8th of January, 1854, Wilhelmj made his *début* in public at a concert given for benevolent purposes at Limburg, and his second appearance took place at Wiesbaden the 17th March, 1856, at the Theater Royal.

Dr Wilhelmj, the father, had, in spite of the great musical talents of his son, wished him to follow the law, but consented ultimately to his adoption of music, provided a competent authority pronounced in favour of his capacity. In spring, 1861, Wilhelmj went for this purpose to Franz Liszt at Weimar, and played before the great man Spohr's 8th Concerto (*scena cantante*) and the Hungarian Airs of Ernst. Liszt, who accompanied Wilhelmj on the piano, immediately perceived that he had to do with no common talent, but with a youth possessed of extraordinary musical endowments. After Wilhelmj had played some smaller pieces *prima vista*, Liszt left the piano and exclaimed: "What? and they were considering the career you should choose! Why you are born for music, and if the fiddle had not been invented it would have had to be invented for you especially. Young man, study diligently, and you may depend on it, the world will yet talk of you." Some days after this Liszt took Wilhelmj to Ferdinand David, saying, "I have brought you the second Paganini!"

From 1861 to 1864 Wilhelmj studied at the Royal Academy at Leipzig, his teachers being Hauptmann, Richter, and, afterwards, Joachim Raff. Ferdinand David chiefly directed his education, and it is due to him that Wilhelmj has such a classical style of playing. Wilhelmj soon became the favourite scholar of the Conservatoire, and was considered as a great wonder by his colleagues. It was a favourite remark of David's, that "he could conscientiously state that there were no difficulties existing which Wilhelmj could not easily surmount." At an examination of the Academy in 1862, Wilhelmj attained immense success by playing the very difficult Concerto Pathetique (F sharp minor) of Ernst.

In November of the same year he appeared at the Gewandhaus Concerts, playing the Hungarian Concerto of Joseph Joachim.

Wilhelmj lived at the house of his teacher, David, and there made the acquaintance of David's niece, Baroness de Liphardt, which lady he espoused on the 29th May, 1866. A very severe attack of typhus fever, which overtook him shortly afterwards, prevented Wilhelmj for some time from following his studies; but as soon as he was well he resumed them with ardour. His first concert tour took place in 1865, and in 1866 he visited Holland, afterwards crossing to Great Britain, where, thanks to the exertions of Jenny Lind, he appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, under the late Mr Alfred Mellon, and made a great sensation. Wilhelmj next visited Paris, and played at the popular concerts for classical music, given by M. Pasdeloup. The newspapers were unanimous in declaring that Wilhelmj was the greatest violinist they had ever heard, calling him "*le nouveau* Paganini." After these successes Wilhelmj returned again to the Rhine, as the French papers proudly observed, "*inconnu hier, le voilà célébré aujourdhui.*"

In 1867 Wilhelmj went to Italy. At Florence he had the title, "Protector of the Societa di Quartetto," confered on him. From Italy he went to Russia, at the invitation of the Grand Duchess Helena Paulowna of Russia. At St Petersburgh Wilhelmj lived with Hector Berlioz and other celebrities at the Palais Michel, doing his share towards many interesting musical evenings for which the salons of this art-loving Grand Duchess were famous. It was here that Berlioz said of him, "I have never before heard such a noble tone as Wilhelmj's, and I must admit that his playing is quite phenomenal.

During the season of 1868—1869, Wilhelmj once more visited Switzerland, France, and Belgium; and, the next year, he made a tour with Mr Santley to the principal towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, everywhere meeting with the greatest applause. During the bad times of the French war, Wilhelmj did much to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor and wounded. He gave several concerts for this purpose at Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, Mayence, etc., etc. In 1871 we find the young violinist in Holland, where he met with even more success than before. At Leyden he was received with a torchlight procession. During the season of 1871-72 Wilhelmj gave concerts in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. It is curious that he did not undertake a concert tour in his own country till 1872-73. At that time he visited the North of Germany, the Russian Baltic provinces, Posen, Galicia, and the Austrian Crownlands. Wilhelmj put in his first appearance at Berlin in October, 1872, where he played at the Singacademie, and at Vienna, in March, 1873, at the Great Music Hall, the success he attained in these capitals being enormous.

Wilhelmj has tried composing with much success, and has written some works for the violin, original songs, a marriage cantata, for soli, chorus, and orchestra, and finally some sacred music. In regard to his specialty as a violinist, it is acknowledged that he stands equally high both as a soloist and quartet player. On this point, however, the English public will soon have another opportunity of deciding.

AN OLD ROMANCE—1793.

Translated—Copyright.

I.

The star of eve, in beauty chaste,
Shone brightly o'er the camp of France,
A youth was placed to guard the waste,
Who sang thus, resting on his lance:
"Haste, refreshing zephyrs, go,
And to my friends this story bear;
Say I watch those plains to show
That love and g'ory are my care."

II.

By the foes' dull glim'ring light,
In silence see their guards advance,
While to abridge the tardy night
The Frenchman sings, upon his lance;
"Haste, refreshing zephyrs, go,
And to my friends my story bear;
Say I watch those fields to show
That love and glory are my care.

III.

"The day-star will the fight recall,
When vict'ry will my fame enhance;
But should it be my lot to fall,
And die upon my trusty lance,
Then in pity, zephyr, fly,
And to my friends this story bear;
Say until my latest sigh
That love and glory were my care."

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

BERLIOZ's *Damnation de Faust* was performed at the Paris Conservatoire lately, and, it is said, met with a warm reception.

THERE is talk of producing Handel's *Hercules* at the next Festival of the Lower Rhine, under the direction of Joseph Joachim, who has already made the work known in Berlin.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE 500th CONCERT

(FIFTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON)

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 18, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

On which occasion the Programme will be composed of works by

MENDELSSOHN,

The whole of which were performed at the First Monday Popular Concert, on February 14, 1859.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in B flat, Op. 87, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—Mad. NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

TWO-PART SONG, "The Sabbath Morn"—Madlle NITA GAETANO and Miss ALICE FAIRMAN .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

SONATA, in F minor, Op. 4, for pianoforte and violin—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

PART II.

TEMA CON VARIAZIONI, in D, Op. 17, for pianoforte and violoncello—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

TWO-PART SONG, "I would that my love"—Madlle NITA GAETANO and Miss ALICE FAIRMAN .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

QUARTET, in D major, Op. 44, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

CONDUCTOR .. .. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 16, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in C minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, BURNETT, and PIATTI .. *Mozart.*

SONG, "Let me wander not unseen"—Miss ANNIE SINCLAIR .. *Handel.*

SONATA APPASSIONATA, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Beethoven.*

LARGO AND ALLEGRO, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI .. .. *Marcello.*

SONG, "Orpheus with his lute"—Miss ANNIE SINCLAIR .. .. *Sullivan.*

TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

CONSULTATION ABOUT MAD. CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Les Médecins Soussignés sont d'avis de ce qui suit :— L'irritation bronchique et l'enrouement qui ont retenu Mme Nilsson jusqu'à ce jour, ont nécessité l'emploi des moyens les plus actifs. Des altérations de la voix, qui ont mis la malade tout-à-fait hors d'état de chanter, il reste un peu de raucité et quelque difficulté dans l'émission des sons ; difficulté qui ne lui permettra pas de reprendre son service à l'opera avant une quinzaine de jours.

Signé—A. GUBLER, MAGNIN, J. GUERIN.

Paris, 12 Janvier, 1875.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875.

ON Monday next will take place in St James's Hall the 500th concert of the series begun, under Mr Arthur S. Chappell's management, on February 14, 1859. By a happy decision, the programme then put forward will in great part be presented again, but not in conjunction with the same performers. Of the artists who appeared in 1859, only three—Sir J. Benedict, Herr Ries, and Signor Piatti—are announced for Monday next. M. Wieniawski is in Brussels, Mr Doyle has long terminated his connection with Mr Chappell's enterprise, and M. Schreurs has disappeared from public life. The three who remain at their posts, however, suffice for a personal link, between the first concert and its 500th successor, the marvel being that, amid the constant changes which take place in the musical world, so many of the original performers are available. Under circumstances of such interest, it may not be out of place to reproduce the notice of the first concert from the number of the *Musical World* for February 19, 1859, simply premising that Mr Chappell had been giving a series of miscellaneous performances, which the "Monday Pops," as we now know them, succeeded :—

"It might have been imagined that some hazard would attend the new policy of the directors of these entertainments in giving a series of classical concerts so soon after the 'miscellaneous.' The directors, however, proved the best judges, and the success of last Monday night's performance may justify them in believing that they hit upon the most orthodox way of pleasing the public. No doubt there has been a good deal of taste displayed in the experiment. Mendelssohn's name is a tower of strength, and the programme of the first concert was selected entirely from his chamber music. Mendelssohn, unaided, as had been often proved by M. Jullien, was sure to attract the multitude. But there was this drawback, apparently, against the Monday Popular Concerts, that, no band being employed, there could be no symphony and no overture. That chamber music, however, can charm even 'popular' assemblies, was triumphantly proved on the present occasion. The programme was a model of its kind. While conciliating the most refined taste, it was equally calculated to gratify the uninitiated. The grand pieces in each part were the quintet in B flat (Op. 87), and the quartet in D major (Op. 44), for stringed instruments. The first was executed by M. Wieniawski, Herr Ries, Mr Doyle, M. Schreurs, and Signor Piatti ; the second by the same, excluding Mr Doyle. Both were magnificent performances, and created genuine enthusiasm. The last movement of the quartet was obstinately redemanded, but the compliment was merely acknowledged by the performers. Mr Wieniawski's playing was incomparable in the quintet—taste, feeling, expression, style, tone and execution all combining to make a perfect whole. His performance in the quartet was extremely fine, although occasional exceptions might be taken to his reading. We need not say how ably M. Wieniawski was supported by his coadjutors. Besides what we have specified, Messrs Benedict and Wieniawski played the Sonata in F minor (Op. 4), for piano and violin, and Mr Benedict and Signor Piatti the *Tema con variazioni* in D (Op. 17), for piano and violoncello."

How far the tone of encouragement and confidence which appears in this earliest notice of the Monday Popular Concerts has been justified by results we need not stop to point out.

Apropos of the 500th concert, we are not going to praise the enterprise with which it is associated. The concert itself is praise enough, inasmuch as everything significant of good management, steady perseverance, and all the merits that command success, may be seen in the figures which designate it. But, while laudation is unnecessary, we can-

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not refrain from making some reflections suggested by the event of Monday next. In the first place, we see the advantage of quietly working out a good idea, without reference to immediate results. It is no secret that, for several years, the Monday Popular Concerts did not pay their expenses, and had the director looked only to this fact they would long since have come to an end. But Mr Chappell had an eye to the future, and faith in what it would bring forth. To him the years of loss were only as the time when seed lies hidden beneath the surface of the ground. The harvest was to come, and it came in greater abundance, perhaps, than the most sanguine expected. So will time always fight for a good cause, and for those who, identified with good causes, know how to possess their souls in patience. The 500th Concert testifies, also, the value of firmness and decision in carrying out an artistic enterprise. How far Mr Chappell has been tempted again and again to depart from his original and severely classical design, only he can tell; but it is easy to assume that no small share of resolution was necessary, in order to keep in the path at first marked out. The danger passed away long ago, but none the less should the firmness which met it be recognized; and all the more should the fact be insisted on that good things never fail to surround themselves, in course of time, with the sympathy necessary for support. The Monday Popular Concerts have made their own public, to whom they are, so to speak, a necessity. They belong to that public, and Mr Chappell simply acts as agent, free from risk, while getting what he can for his trouble. This is the reward of years of steady work, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. Who will say that the reward is too great; or that it is other than a notable encouragement?

The whole subject has such obvious teachings connected with it, and assumes such unmistakable significance, that nothing more need be said about it. In common with all who desire the good of music, we congratulate Mr Chappell upon the event of Monday night, we congratulate the amateurs who are scarcely less interested in it, and we congratulate the art which is most interested of all.

—o—

THE Fine Arts, truly observes the *Guide Musical*, all possess a special literature of their own. The facts are naturally laconic; not so the discussions arising out of matters of taste involved in them. Many a painting covering only a small extent of canvas has caused thousands of reams of paper to be blackened with ink, and more than one dreamy commentator on Shakespeare, the poet who saw—

"Sermons in stones and good in everything,"

would be ready and willing to write a bulky folio upon every stone to which Shakespeare may have alluded, supposing it had been subjected to the chisel of a Benvenuto Cellini, or any other sculptor of equal or less note. When books of this description mix up biography with criticism, and do not speak exclusively a technical language, they may undoubtedly possess some interest for the ordinary reader, and exert a certain influence upon the tone of literature in general. With regard to music, however—if we except a certain number of special works, such as those by Azevedo, Barbedette, Holmes, Otto Jahn, Sigismond Neukomm, Nissen, Oulibicheff, Arthur Pougin, Victor Schœlcher, A. Sowinski, Thayer, Wilder, Lenz, and a few others—we boast of no musical biography which can attract any save musicians.

The isolation of music, with regard to the other fine arts and to literature, is proved by the extremely rare occasions on which we come across citations derived from it. Every day we find writers speaking familiarly of painting, without themselves being painters. The description of some scene or landscape serves to introduce a reference to a picture or an artist; but it is far more rarely that we meet with any allusion to the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven or the *Seasons* of Haydn.

That music, which exercises a more prompt, not to say a deeper, impression on the human mind than any other art, should not yet have supplied the language of literature with more of those happy terms which recall it to the memory, is a fact to be explained partly by its origin, and partly by its nature. In the first place, Music is the youngest of the Fine Arts. At the period of the Renaissance, poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture seem to have been transmitted to us from antiquity, united and grouped together like sister-muses, each presenting mankind with material and appreciable results. Music, on the contrary, which, among the ancients, was, probably, nothing more than a kind of improvised recitative, did not form a portion of the group. Thus, for classic music, there was no new birth, or Renaissance; for classic music, there were no echoes of the past. It was forgotten as though it had never existed, being scarcely mentioned, even as a kind of reminiscence, by those who sought something altogether modern and original.

Musical criticism, lastly, is the most professional of all criticism: everything which, in music, is popular and unprofessional, cannot be conveyed in words; we see the products of other arts, but we feel those of music. The theory and criticism of painting are eminently picturesque; the pen of more than one pictorial critic we could name possesses all the power and all the colour of Rembrandt's brush, and poets succeed in pourtraying truthfully even that really heavenly beauty which sometimes lights up the human countenance; but we have never yet met with anyone, however eloquent he might be, capable of expressing his sensations on hearing an *adagio* of Beethoven's, except by outbursts of uniform enthusiasm—or by silence, which is, perhaps, more significant.

Despite these facts, however, we are surprised that the biography of composers should, as a rule, be so concise and so sparingly supplied with those details of private life which familiarise us with men of genius in other arts. Musicians may, not without good and sufficient grounds, be ranked among those inspired beings who sometimes speak to the soul the language of prophecy—among the interpreters of Nature and of Nature's oracles, the mysterious purport of which they alone can translate. Of all forms of power exercised by human art, that by which a great composer—

"Seizes the soul, and, in his giant grasp,
Bears it, entranc'd and captive, unto Heav'n,"

ought to inspire us with an eager wish to learn a little of him from whom it emanates.

Nor is the history of musicians deficient in those instances of picturesque originality, and of contrasted individuality, which lend a dramatic interest to all biography. Some musical artists have played an important part in the life of nations, especially as regards social development. From John Marbeck, of Windsor, who, by his Musical Services, consoled himself and his fellow-religionists under persecution, and Marenzio, who fell a victim to a Pope's hatred, down to the composer of *Die Wacht am Rhein*, leading a people in arms to battle and to victory; from Josquin, styled by Adami, "L'uomo insigne per l'invenzione," down to Men-

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delssohn, the regenerator of Greek and of French tragedy, the world has been agitated by numerous revolutions to which Music was no stranger, and musicians were frequently actors in various scenes of this human drama. The lives of some of them are fully as remarkable and interesting as those of any of the poets. N. V. N.

MDME NILSSON.

(*From "Le Ménéstrel."*)

La santé de Mdme Nilsson ne permet pas encore de fixer le jour précis de la reprise d'*Hamlet*. Il va sans dire que sa présence à la répétition générale de samedi et à la représentation de mardi est de pure invention. Si Mdme Nilsson avait pu répéter samedi, elle eût chanté le mardi 5 Janvier,—ayant fait un sacrifice de cent mille francs et plus pour avoir cet honneur. Mais le docteur Jules Guérin a déclaré qu'il ne pouvait même pas répondre qu'elle pût chanter de toute la semaine,—ce qui a décidé M. Halanzier à ouvrir quand même.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Mr S. Arthur Chappell has accepted the post of honorary treasurer to the new Musical Association. The right man in the right place.

A special service was held in Ely Cathedral on the 6th inst., on the occasion of the Feast of the Epiphany, with the sanction of the Bishop, Dean, and Chapter, and, as a most interesting feature of the service, Mendelssohn's "*Lauda Sion*" was given by the Ely Musical Society with orchestral accompaniments. The chorus and instruments were derived from purely local sources. A very large congregation attended. The society, which numbers over 230 members, was founded in November last by Dr Edmond Chipp, well-known in the musical world, who holds the office of organist of the Cathedral; and it was only through his gratuitous and energetic efforts that the society was able, at such an early period, to perform creditably a musical work of the above character.

Ballad Concerts.—On former occasions, when noticing these concerts, we have thought it requisite to assert their *raison d'être* and to protest against the sneers of which they are sometimes made the object by persons whose desire to get credit for exalted tastes passes the bounds of discretion. Now, however, there is no need for such championship. Mr Boosey's enterprise has entered upon its ninth year, and the ballad concert holds a legitimate place among entertainments, because, while adapted to please the greatest number, it is, when properly conducted, certain to exercise a beneficial influence. The series which began in St James's Hall last Saturday afternoon will, if we may judge by the artists engaged and the songs presented on the opening occasion, take the highest possible rank. In point of fact, Mr Boosey need only sustain the excellence of these concerts in order to secure all the success that those can desire for him who properly estimate the spirit he has shown through eight years of varied experiences.

Kidderminster, the parish of Baxter, was once represented by Mr Lowe, and now contains an inhabitant who, if not already known to fame, deserves to be so. The Town Council of Worcester, who petitioned the Queen to "use her influence" to have the Worcester Cathedral still used for musical festivals, invited Kidderminster to join in the work. The Mayor, with a delicate sense of variety in language, moved that the Queen be petitioned not "to use her influence," but to "intervene." "Intervening" is a process connected not so much with the Queen, as with the Queen's proctor; but it is as much to the purpose as "using influence." "Councillor Crowther opposed petitioning the Queen to do what she had no power to do, and moved an amendment. It would be an idle ceremony, and, whatever Worcester might do, it was undesirable for them to appeal to the Queen. The object was not to be attained in that way. The Queen would only use her influence through her Ministers, and it was not expected in this instance." The last sentence sounds as if it were due to the reporter rather than to the speaker, but it is comforting to know that Kidderminster contains one councillor who has learned to "honour and obey the Queen," and knows that to put her in an undignified position is no honour.

Shaber Silver.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

At Mr Aguilar's performance of pianoforte music at his residence, 17, Gloucester Crescent, Hyde Park, on Monday, January 4th, there was a very large attendance. The programme was as follows:—Sonata, Op. 2, No. 1, Beethoven; "Le Desir" (transcription), Aguilar; Allegro de Concert, Chopin; Nachtstück and Novellette (in F), Schumann; Prelude and Fugue in B flat, Bach; Sonata in D, Aguilar; Lieder ohne Worte, Mendelssohn; "Chi mi frena" (transcription), Aguilar; "Ave Maria," Arcadelt, and "Erl König," Schubert (transcriptions), Liszt; "Evening" (romance) and "Esmeralda" (morceau caractéristique"), Aguilar.

Mr W. H. Holmes' Pianoforte Recital.—The accomplished pianist, Mr W. H. Holmes, gave (by kind permission) a "Recital" on Tuesday, at 26, Portland Place, before a numerous and fashionable audience. Mr Holmes was supported by excellent artists and clever amateurs. The concert-giver's reading and execution of Beethoven's "Sonata with Funeral March"—one of his most grandly conceived pianoforte works—were faultless. His performance of the fantasia on *Les Huguenots* was brilliant, and gave entire satisfaction to the admirer's of Thalberg's music. Mr Frank Holmes gave, with effect, Sir J. Benedict's fine *aria*, "Rage, thou angry storm" (*The Gipsy's Warning*), and sang in the second part a very charming new song, "Memories, sweet and sad," composed by Mr W. H. Holmes, to some beautiful words by Mrs Baines. Mr Lazarus, the veteran clarionetist, played, with Mr Holmes, a duet by Weber, and, in the second part, an *Adagio* by Spohr, displaying all the sweetness of tone and brilliancy of execution which have always distinguished him. Mr T. Harper played a trumpet solo excellently (a novelty in a drawing-room). A young singer, Miss Harriet Harper, a daughter of Mr Charles Harper, made on this occasion her first appearance in public, and sang (accompanied by her professional master, Mr H. Kingsbury), Gounod's "Maid of Athens," and Mr J. L. Hatton's "A bird sang in a hawthorn tree," in both of which the youthful artist made a favourable impression. The concert-giver played, also, a gavotte by Mr Edward Land; Liszt's "Gnomen-Reigen," Dr Hans von Bülow's "Canzonnettura," his own romance, "The sighing wind," and a melody from his opera, *The Elfin of the Lake*. An interesting feature in the programme was an "Incidental Overture," originally composed for full orchestra, by Mr Herbert Baines. The work is remarkable for the clever treatment of its subjects, showing the hand and mind of an educated and talented musician. From the hands of Mr W. H. Holmes Mr Baines' composition received ample justice, and he produced the greatest effect that could be obtained from a pianoforte "transcription" of an orchestral work. The audience was very appreciative, and specially applauded Mr Baines' overture, and Mr Holmes' performance. Mr Holmes announces that performances by his professional pianoforte pupils will take place, on April 30th, in St James's Hall, (under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh) with the assistance of eminent professors. Some rarely heard compositions of Bach's, including his concerto for four pianofortes, are to be given on the occasion, under the direction of Mr Henry Holmes.—Sigmund Menkes.

Royal Academy of Music.—In consequence of the great increase in the number of students at this Institution, all the Public Concerts of the Royal Academy, during the ensuing year, will take place at the St James's Hall.

The first of the new series of the Royal Albert Hall Concerts will take place on Thursday next, the 21st instant, when Herr Wilhelmj, who has the reputation on the Continent of being one of the greatest of living violinists, will make his first appearance, after several years' absence from England. Madlle Johanna Levier and Mr Sims Reeves, now thoroughly recovered from his late indisposition, are also announced. The band has been considerably increased and strengthened by the engagement of Messrs James Howell, J. Reynolds, Lazarus, Zerbini, Burnett, and others among the best London instrumentalists. The concert will be under the direction of Mr Barnby.

Parma.—The Cavaliere Lauro Rossi's *Contessa di Mons* has proved tolerably successful at the Teatro Regio, though by no means unexceptionably performed. It did not go off particularly well the first night, but told better the second, when the composer was called on some twenty times.

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Social Intercourse.

(From "Another World.")

"The contact of society is necessary for the nurture and the preservation of the generous feelings implanted in us by the Great Spirit."

(Continued from page 26.)

Both he and his supposed "enemy" were present at a dinner given by a high official, the chief Knowledge-tester or Examiner. Our dining-tables are semi-circular and the guests are seated on the convex side only. The Monomaniac, being a particular friend, honoured by the host, sat next to him in the centre. The supposed "enemy" happened to be seated at the extreme end of the semi-circle, and consequently in a position to be seen from the centre of the table. All went on well till about the middle of the repast, when suddenly the Monomaniac rose, pointed to his supposed enemy, and addressing himself to the guests, said, "Look there! Do you not see the grimaces he is making at me?"

Every one marvelled! The host addressed the Monomaniac in a gentle tone, entreating him to have more control over his temper. Those seated close to the supposed "enemy" declared loudly that he had made no grimaces; but their denial only increased the fury of the accuser. A bird—considered a great delicacy—had just been placed before the host. It was arranged, as were our dishes generally, to please the eye as well as the palate, being ornamented with olives, sweetmeats, and other ingredients of varied colours. Birds, I may incidentally remark, are cooked without the bones; these are skilfully taken out and serve to enrich the gravy.

The Monomaniac again rose suddenly, and, before his arm could be arrested, seized the fowl, larded as it was with accessories and dripping with gravy, and with all his force hurled it whole, with unerring aim, at the face of the supposed enemy. So great was his excitement, and so rapid his movements, that he had seized one of the "knife-spoons," and had he not been arrested, would probably have hurled that, and, indeed everything within reach, against the object of his fury.

At private dinners the number of guests never exceeds twelve, and at the back of each, corresponding to every seat, is a small closet, ordinarily used by each guest for his ablutions. Into one of these the Monomaniac was placed with considerable difficulty, everything with which he could injure himself having been previously removed. By the doctor's order he was treated as a patient, and, after some time, the result of the application of the tests, then only recently discovered, showed that he was much affected with brain animalcula, which had been generated by the exhaustion of one part of the brain, in consequence of the incessant occupation of another portion by one all-engrossing subject, without the relief of sufficient air, recreation, and bodily exercise.

The "supposed enemy" and the Monomaniac had been both occupied on the same subject; the latter was much superior, and consequently attained greater distinction. Notwithstanding this, he was fearful that the "enemy" would ultimately excel him.

At the end of a few months the Monomaniac was completely cured. It was not, however, until after a year's travel and change of scene that he was allowed to resume his old studies. He now became more brilliant than ever, and we were indebted to him for some valuable discoveries. He had learned that his supposed enemy was a real friend and true admirer of his great talents. He never suffered again from the affliction, which, had it not been arrested in time, would have ended in confirmed madness. He became more than ever a strong advocate for the observance of my laws in favour of recreation.

Hermes (*Communicator*).

PROVINCIAL.

CRAWLEY, SUSSEX.—Mdlle Teresa Bonini (of Brighton) gave a morning and evening concert in the George Hotel Assembly Rooms, on the 30th ult., which attracted a full and fashionable assemblage of her friends and pupils in this *locale*. Mdlle Bonini sang (and accompanied herself on the harp), "Ye banks and braes," Benedict's "By the sad sea waves," and the favourite melody of "The Swiss Boy," in each of which she was encored. Mdlle Teresa Bonini was assisted, as vocalists, by Mdme Cassinello, M. Bataille, a select choir, and by Mdlle F. Pieczonka, a pianist of merit. Several vocal solos and concerted pieces by Mozart, Bishop, G. B. Allen, Meyerbeer and Wallace, were given with more or less effect. The concert was a success.

ALFORD (Lincolnshire).—The much esteemed organist, Mr Henry Brown, gave his annual concert, and on this occasion introduced his daughter, Miss Jenny Brown, pupil of Herr Wollf of Bradford, and lately of Mr Walter Macfarren. The young pianist showed decided talent and knowledge as a pianist, playing in first-rate style some piano pieces of Chopin, Hiller, Macfarren, besides the two trios of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, and proved herself a thorough musician. Mr Brown secured the services of some London artists—Miss Jessie Giles and Mr Stedman, vocalists; M. Albert, violoncello; Herr Rosenthal, violin; and Herr Lehmeyer as conductor. The concert was repeated with success the following day at Louth.—(*From a correspondent*).

WOLVERHAMPTON.—We take the subjoined from the *Midland Counties Herald*:—

"The third of the excellent 'Hayward Concerts' came off at the Athenæum Rooms, Queen Street, on Tuesday night. The instrumental performers were Miss Muntz, first violinist (pupil of M. Sainton); Mr H. Hayward, second violin; Mr Roberts, tenor; Mr Owen, violoncello; Miss Clara Muntz, solo pianist; and Mr Arcott, accompanist. The opening piece of the programme was Mendelssohn's Quartet in D, Op. 44, No. 3, for strings. The lion's share of the fiddling fell to Miss Muntz, and she performed the really arduous duties entailed upon her by the opening movement as though she did not know what fatigue was. Her musical rendering is almost faultless, and her execution vigorous and rapid. Rheinberger's Quartet in E flat, Op. 83, was the only other considerable concerted piece, if we except Spohr's beautiful Duet for violins (Op. 88), which was most excellently performed by Miss Muntz and Mr Hayward, the violins keeping time like two voices. The piano was played by Miss Clara Muntz, who made also a most legitimate impression by her fine rendering of one of Chopin's mazurkas. Miss Muntz's violin solo was not of great beauty, but it served to display her powers of execution to advantage."

TORQUAY.—Mdme Campobello-Sinico's concert-party gave a grand morning concert at the Bath Saloon, on Monday, the 11th inst. The rooms were crowded by a most fashionable audience, and the concert altogether was in every way excellent. That it was appreciated, the enthusiastic applause obtained by each artist, after their exquisite performances, fully proved. The programme consisted of a capital selection from Balfe's *Il Talismano*, which pleased greatly; Campana's "The First Rose," for which Mdme Campobello received an encore, when, to the delight of all present, she gave "Home, sweet home," with exquisite taste. "O mon fils," from the *Prophète*, was given by Mdme Stella Bonheur with dramatic power, and the clever contralto was encored in "Il segreto," from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Sig. Campobello, whose fine voice was the theme of general admiration, sang, besides the pieces allotted to him in *Il Talismano*, Handel's "Honour and Arms," a song by Signor Odoardo Barri, and "The Hour of Meeting," by Campana; Signor Urio was encored in "Floweret, I kiss thee," from *Il Talismano*, when he gave "La Donna e mobile," with immense success; Signor Tito Mattei was encored in both his piano solos, and played two others, which were equally well received. The Cavaliero Campana accompanied all the vocal pieces with his usual taste and judgment.—The next concert in Torquay, of consequence, will be Mr Charles Oberthür's and Mr Charles Fowler's Harp and Pianoforte Recital, at the Bath Saloon, on Saturday, the 23rd inst., which, like Mdme Campobello's concert, will be under the management of Mr William Reynolds, the enterprising caterer for high-class musical performances in Torquay.

Il Guarany was played at Florence, December 26, when La Pergola reopened.

M. LAMOUREUX conducted a performance of the *Messiah* in the Cirque des Champs Elysées on Thursday last. The contralto was Mdme Patey.

LUBECK.—The principal feature at the third concert of the Musical Union was Herr Hoffmann's "Frithjof Symphony," to the great delight of those who admire Herr R. Wagner's imitators when they have not an opportunity of admiring Herr R. Wagner himself.

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ARABELLA GODDARD IN NEW ZEALAND.

(*From "The Nelson Evening Mail," November* 6, 1874.)

The Provincial Hall was again filled with a delighted audience on the occasion of Mdme Goddard's last appearance in Nelson. Of Mdme Goddard's performances on the piano we cannot speak in sufficiently high terms. Her great piece last night was Beethoven's Funeral March Sonata, in which her playing was grand in the extreme. The *andante* was perfect in its simplicity and depth of feeling; the third variation gave the player an opportunity of displaying her wonderful elasticity of wrist and delicacy of touch. The *staccato* with both hands was really marvellous. But all the changes and variations that preceded it, beautiful as they were, sunk into absolute nothingness before the magnificent Funeral March. Our pen is inadequate to give the faintest idea of the way in which the great artist rendered this really sublime work. Commencing softly, solemnly, and melodiously, the March gradually works upwards in tone and expression until, under the hands of the magician who controlled it, the piano poured forth volumes of sound that might almost have been likened to those produced by a full orchestra. Then came the muffled drums, and the wailing melody dying away in the distance, and falling, as it were, to the faintest of whispers. The effect upon the audience is not easily described, and it was not dispelled until Mdme Goddard dashed into the vivacious *finale*, played with exquisite lightness and delicacy. Throughout the twenty minutes occupied in playing this beautiful sonata, there was a breathless silence in the crowded room, in strong contrast to which was the burst of applause that followed. The next piano selection was the "Prayer" from Rossini's *Moses in Egitto*. In his arrangement of this Thalberg seems to have been determined to include every imaginable difficulty, the chords sweeping from one end of the keyboard to the other, while, at the same time, through the volume of sound produced, the melody always comes out with clearness and distinction. At the conclusion of this most fatiguing piece, Mdme Goddard was so loudly applauded that she could not refuse an encore, and, with great sweetness and pathos, she played a number of the most familiar Scotch airs. The last piece in the programme was a fitting one with which to bring the concert to a close, being a fantasia introducing "Rule Britannia" and "God save the Queen," expressly composed for Mdme Goddard by Jules de Sivrai, who had evidently studied her rare gifts. In the latter air especially her playing was wonderful, there being something grand in the extreme in the crashing chords in which the old spirit-stirring tune was conveyed to the ears of the audience, who, as Mdme Goddard rose from the piano, rose also from their seats, and greeted her with three hearty cheers, while bouquets innumerable were showered upon the stage. We are glad to hear that Mdme Goddard is so delighted with the reception she has met with in Nelson, that she means, if possible, to give another concert here when on her way to Auckland.

DEEM ME NOT SAD.

(*Copyright.*)

Deem me not sad because I seem
Of cold and pensive mood,
Nor think me lonely when I spend
My hours in solitude.
In silent haunts as oft I stray,
With not a worldly care,
My soul is filled with blissful dreams
The thoughtless may not share.

Deem me not sad because I turn
From revel scenes away,
Who mingle in the giddy throng
Are not always the gay:
How oft in eyes which beam with light
A tear is seen to start;
A smiling lip and hollow mirth
May hide a breaking heart.

I am not sad, no, deem it not,
Tho' fortune chance to lower,
My gentle hopes, they buoy me up
Beyond the passing hour.
Then let the restless and the gay
Seek pleasure as they will;
Than all this life's unsated joys,
Sweet peace is dearer still.—ADA LESTER.

ISABELLA'S PIANO.

"*Se non è vero,*" *etc.*

When Serrano was Regent of Spain, among the *on dits* that passed current was the following:—

Madame Serrano, as wife of the regent, occupied the apartments in the royal palace of the ex-queen, and no doubt she was well pleased with her residence, for the rooms were most luxuriantly furnished. But soon after the regent's occupancy of the palace, Isabella demanded the restitution of such of her private property as it contained, and the Spanish nation was in nowise disposed to withhold anything from her that she could justly lay claim to; all was to be forwarded to her, to the very last article.

Load after load of boxes and bales were carried to the depôt, to be forwarded to Isabella by rail, and among the articles sent there were not a few that the new occupants of the palace were sorry to be deprived of. After a time the ex-queen made a demand for several things that were wanting, especially for a piano that a musical association of which she had been the patroness had presented her with.

The instrument was very richly ornamented with gold, and bore on the front side a beautiful medallion set with diamonds. It was, said Isabella, when she left Madrid for a watering-place near the French line, in her private apartments. But Mdme Serrano knew nothing of —had not seen it—and the whole palace was ransacked for the lost piano, yet it was nowhere to be found. The dethroned queen, however, insisted that the "valued souvenir" should be restored to her. The consequence was, that the situation became embarrassing for Serrano *vis-à-vis* of his afore-time patroness, and all the more so as it was said that the piano was in the late queen's apartments when the Serrano family moved into them. Serrano even hunted through the palace himself for the lost instrument, and, although Mdme. Serrano assured him that it was not in her rooms, he included them in his search, being haunted by a dim recollection that he had seen it somewhere. Finally, his threats and entreaties drew from his consort the humiliating confession that she, in a momentary pecuniary embarrassment, had sold the piano. The scene that followed in the Serrano household is said to have been more animated than edifying; but the regent knew now, at least, where to look for the missing "souvenir," which was a great point gained.

He immediately sent a confidential agent to the purchaser in order to buy it back again; but—O monstrous!—the instrument had already become so demoralised, so plebeian, as to be the inmate of a coffee-house, after having been robbed of its costly ornamentation of gold and diamonds, which had been disposed of to a jeweller. What was to be done? The *chronique scandaleuse* of Madrid had already taken up the subject, and therefore there was no time to be lost. Serrano's agent repaired to the coffee-house, and offered double the sum for the piano that was paid for it; but the cunning landlord declared he could not do without it, and consented to part with it only when five times the sum he had paid was offered him.

Now the jeweller was hunted up, and he was found to have as sharp an eye to business as the coffee-house man. He expressed a thousand regrets that he had already melted up the gold and disposed of the diamonds; he added, however, that it would be possible to reproduce the ornamentation even to the smallest detail, as, on account of the beauty of its design, he had made a careful sketch of it. This statement looked rather improbable; but the piano must be forthcoming, cost what it would, and that, too, exactly in its original dress, in order to avoid the threatened scandal. The jeweller's demands were acceded to, and in a remarkably short space of time the instrument, carefully packed, was returned to the palace, where it was said to have been finally discovered in an out-of-the-way corner, together with other of the ex-queen's personal belongings.

When the fearfully mistuned piano, that had cost the regent so much money, and had made him so much trouble, was finally forwarded to its owner, he felt greatly relieved. And the piano, however much out of tune it was, probably found its wonted harmony sooner than did the little domestic circle in which it had caused such unharmonious *intermezzo*.

MILAN.—M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta* has more than confirmed the good impression it produced at the Scala on the first night. Signora Mariani and Sig. Bolis, as the two unhappy lovers, fully sustain their previous reputation. *Gustavo Wasa*, by Sig. Marchetti, and *Le Prophète*, by Meyerbeer, are in rehearsal; so is the ballet of *Pietro Mica*, to replace, as quickly as possible, that of *Giulio Cesare*, which is an utter failure.—*La Forza del Destino* has proved exceedingly attractive at the Teatro Carcano. Herr von Flotow's *Martha*, also, has been successful at the same establishment, though not in such a high degree. The part of the heroine is well sustained by Signora Chiomi, an Englishwoman. Sig. Armandi-Villa, the tenor, and Sig Moragas, the baritone, acquit themselves creditably of what they have to do.

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HAMLET.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The sensitive and delicately constructed mind of Hamlet, apparent at the outset of the play, and a strangeness in speech scarcely consistent with mental health, as, first, in his reply to the King, and immediately afterwards, to his mother, suggest whether he is perfectly sane when we first see him. His first soliloquy shows him contemplating suicide, but his lack of courage befriends him. Perhaps the two events—his father's sudden death, and his mother's unnatural conduct shook his reason. His subsequent intention to assume madness will hardly be disputed by any person who has studiously addressed himself to the right comprehension of the character. How far this *intention* indicates a tendency to madness is worthy of thought. And would not the *assumption* of madness unhinge the mind? While it is true that those who fear madness are the least susceptible of it, those on the other hand feeling sure of their minds and feigning insanity are likely to have their reason shaken. The qualities of a mind, sane or not, are more or less reflective, and most minds have a disposition to imitate. From one of these causes it may be that at times keepers at asylums become insane, and are received as patients. When they recover they resume their position as keepers.

Hamlet is awe-struck on seeing the Ghost. On such a mind as his what must have been the effect of the Ghost's communication? His address to the Stars, to the Earth, and even to Hell, shows it. He wishes everything to be removed from his memory, but the command of the Ghost,—revenge. The haste with which he is about to disclose to Horatio and Marcellus the Ghost's communication, and then his very abrupt withholding of it are further indications of an unsettled mind. He does not wish it to be known that the Ghost has appeared, and, accordingly, he asks Horatio and Marcellus to swear that they will not reveal anything of the circumstance. This is followed by the Ghost from beneath saying, "swear," and afterwards, "swear by his sword;" or by Hamlet's *imagining* that the Ghost has spoken, as there is no reason to think that Horatio and Marcellus heard the voice. Hamlet's remark here would make it appear that the character had on a sudden become that of a low comedian. His reverence for the Ghost and its story is gone, and he makes a joke of it. If this scene shows not Hamlet insane, it presents us with the phase of a character that is inexplicable. Next comes his admitted assumption of insanity:—

> "As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
> To put an antic disposition on."

Presently he asserts that he knows a "hawk from a hand-saw" (which a really sane man would not attempt to make as a proof of sanity); add to this the fact that all take him for mad, which alone would be likely to bring about an unsettled state of intellect—just as a healthy man has been known to be brought to the grave, from a conspiracy among his *friends* to declare to him that he looked very ill whenever they met him, in opposition to his own assertion that he was in perfect health. Hamlet's vacillation, never once being able to complete the carrying out of an intention of an important thing, proves that what Lady Macbeth said of her husband, should be affirmed of this prince—that he was "infirm of purpose." He tries the "play" to satisfy himself that he has not been deceived by the Ghost, whom his sad state of mind begins to picture as the devil come to him in his late father's form to lure him on to his own destruction. Though the "play" was perfectly satisfactory in establishing the guilt of his uncle, inasmuch as it had *caught the conscience of the King*, yet Hamlet takes no revenge. Again, his not killing his uncle on his knees at the altar, when so favourable an opportunity presented itself of obeying the command of the Ghost, betrayed that infirmity of purpose. His suggestion to himself to wait for more complete revenge was a paltry excuse, and not such as a *sane* man desiring revenge would have conceived, in the face of a "golden opportunity." Come we now to the closet scene with his mother, where, in his diseased imagination, he sees his father's Ghost, and speaks to it. This Ghost had no real existence, or his mother, following Hamlet's eyes, would have seen it. She taxes him with fixing his eyes upon vacancy. This then was a Ghost of Hamlet's *brain*, and not the one that was seen in the first act by Horatio and Marcellus. It was like the ghost of Banquo, which Macbeth's fevered imagination conjured up; for to the eyes of the Scottish tyrant it was sitting upon the very chair which was vacant, and in which the King was asked to sit. The foregoing considerations, together with the general conduct of Hamlet, prior to his return to Denmark in time to witness the funeral of Ophelia, are offered as containing proof that up to this period at least, but not beyond it, the madness believed in by some and altogether denied by other Shakespearian students, was real, and confirmed in the assumption. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

F. E. PENNA.

Christmas Day, 1874.

Will our correspondent enlighten us as to the fact whether Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were mad also, seeing that, as they played into Hamlet's hands, and were executed in his stead, they must have had less "method in their madness" than had Hamlet who was the intended victim.—A. S. S.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

To support the opinion that Mr Hallé's concert last week was one of the most delightful ever given in Manchester, I need only say, in giving you the programme, that the most exacting critic would have been satisfied with the performance of every piece.

Overture, "Lodoiska" (first time)—Cherubini; Air, "Honour and Arms" (*Samson*) (Mr Santley)—Handel; Solo Violin, Fantasia on Austrian Melodies (Herr Straus)—Molique; Romanza, "Donna gentil" (*Mercante di Venezia*) (Mr Santley)—Pinsuti; Grand Symphony, No. 4, in B flat—Beethoven; Introduction to *Lohengrin*—Wagner; Grand Sonata, Pianoforte, in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3 (Mr Charles Hallé)—Beethoven; Songs, "Thy lovely face," "Devotion" (Mr Santley)—Schumann; Pageant March, "La Reine de Saba"—Gounod.

And a programme like this a Manchester audience can really enjoy—the Beethoven symphonies are all well known here, and Mr Hallé has done nearly as much to make us familiar with the sonatas as with the grand orchestral works of the greatest of all composers. It is very easy to distinguish when an audience is unaffectedly delighted—in Manchester we always behave properly, in the Hall at least we do,—we may not always be equal to the due appreciation of everything we hear, but we know, at any-rate, what we ought to enjoy, and you would admire our attention to works, the merits of which we admit on trust. It is not pleasant to be considered wanting in just discrimination, and a hitherto unheard work by a modern German composer is now certain to be listened to with respectful attention; but how different is the reception of such a symphony as Beethoven's magnificent No. 4; and I might compare the attitude of our audiences towards the modern romantic compositions for the pianoforte with the rapt attention awarded to Mr Hallé's performance of the sonata—but I daresay you can very well imagine the difference.

Mr Santley was in very fine voice, and sang superbly. Herr Straus, who shares the leadership of the band with Mr Seymour, is a great favourite here, and played, as he always does, with consummate skill.

The programme for Mr Hallè's concert this week is not less attractive:—

PART I.—Overture, *Hamlet*—Gade; Air, "Rest in the Lord" (Miss Antoinette Sterling)—Mendelssohn; Grand Septett—Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, and Contra-basso, in E flat, Op. 20 (first time) (performed by Mdme Norman-Neruda, Herr Straus, Sig. Piatti, Herr Grosse, M. Paquis, Sig. Raspi, and Herr Neuwirth)—Beethoven. PART II.—Concerto, Pianoforte, in A minor (Mr Charles Hallé)—Schumann; Song, "King of Thule" (Miss A. Sterling)—Liszt; Solo Violoncello, Sonata in F (first time) (Signor Piatti)—Marcello; Duet, Piano and Violin, Three "Pensées Fugitives," "Souvenir," "Intermezzo," "Adieu" (Mr Charles Hallé and Mdme Norman-Neruda)—Keller and Ernst; Song, "Lullaby" (Miss A. Sterling)—Miss Macirone; Overture, *Ferdinand Cortez*—Spontini.

At Mr De Jong's concert on Saturday evening a Mr Barnet McGuckin, a young Dublin tenor, sang for the first time in Manchester, and made a very favourable impression. His voice is of pure and beautiful quality, and he uses it with so much skill and taste that it is difficult to suppose he is a novice. I shall be surprised if Mr McGuckin does not secure a very good position.

January 13th, 1875.

BRUITS DE COULISSES.

L'indisposition de Mdme Nilsson continue, mais toutefois sans inspirer d'inquiétudes sérieuses. Tout au contraire un mieux sensible se serait déjà déclare dans l'état de l'illustre malade sans la surexcitation nerveuse causée par la contrariété qu'elle éprouve de ne pouvoir remplir ses engagements.

On a répandu à ce sujet des bruits inexacts; entre autres celui-ci: que Mdme Nilsson assistait à la représentation d'inauguration. Est-il besoin de dire qu'il n'en est rien?

La vérité c'est que depuis huit jours Mdme Nilsson n'a pas un seul instant quitté sa chambre et qu'elle aspire avec une impatience fébrile, bien facile à comprendre, au moment où il lui sera permis de reparaître devant ce public parisien que a fait sa réputation.

Quant aux personnes qui pourraient croire à une maladie simulée, ce qui, par parenthèse, n'aurait aucune raison d'être, nous leur rappellerons le certificat de M. le docteur Jules Guérin, certificat reproduit par tous les journaux.

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MAD. PATTI AT ST PETERSBURGH.*

The second part sung by Mad. Patti was that of Dinorah, in *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*. This capricious character, natural by its very artifice, is like a kaleidoscope exhibiting the most contrary emotions of the soul, skirting the track of reason and the abyss of madness. Surrounded by the greatest perils for anyone else, it is for Mad. Patti the occasion of a triumph, which comes as naturally to her as if it were the simplest matter of course. She did not always sing well in the final trio of the third act ("Il tintinnar"), but at present she forms from it, so to speak, a new world of music. She is now quite at home in it, and not only a visitor, as she formerly was. One great thing in her favour is her extreme accuracy as regards measure and rhythm. This is so great that the orchestra has never to yield to her. A double-bass player said to us the other evening, "Mad. Patti is herself the music she sings; this is why she never makes a mistake in measure or movement." Double-bass players know what they are talking about. But the most surprising part of her talent is her facility, which is always without effort, and never needs to wait for the right moment. Her voice takes a note, however high, even though it be detached, just as anyone would take a note on the piano. This infallible voice goes off at the beginning of a scale like a steel spring, and rises quietly, and sure of itself, to the most giddy registers, doing absolutely whatever it likes as it proceeds. The farther one interval lies from another, the more dangerous it is for the voice to take. Now, in his last variation of the "Shadow Dance," Meyerbeer proceeds by nothing less than sixths (six intervals). It is forked lightning in notes. At this passage a thunder of applause answers the artist, cries of "*bis*" re-echo through the house, and Mad. Patti re-commences her lightning. In the final scene, Dinorah salutes her companions at the wings with certain *volate*, in which she triumphantly sounds a high C and D flat with unheard-of force and limpidity. Her re-awakening to memory and reason is, moreover, characterised by the finest dramatic action. This splendid music of the great magician of modern opera is marvellously brilliant; its fancy is always full of intention, and profoundly dramatic. There is something *truly* new in every number. We must penetrate, in order to appreciate it. It is not easy; it is not self-apparent; but those who make the attempt are sure to find out its purport. It presents certain points of analogy with Weber's music. What distinguishes it from Weber's manner is the greater development of the motives. This assimilates Meyerbeer to the symphonic form, which will always be the musical form, *par excellence*, save certain exceptions.

Two of Rossini's best works, *Carlo il Temerario (Guillaume Tell)*, and *Zora (Mose in Egitto)*, have been highly successful, the honour of this being due, in the first place, to M. Maurel (Tell, Merismane), who is becoming more and more a favourite with the public.

W. DE L.

CAIRO.—Madame Bentham-Fernandez has been reaping golden laurels since her recovery from her severe indisposition, in the operas, *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, and *Don Pasquale*. The local journals are eloquent in praise of her acting, singing, and—*dressing!* "In the first act Madame Fernandez wore a lovely blue silk, all trimmed with roses" (no wonder Don Pasquale was smitten). "In the second act she wore the same beautiful white dress the fair singer wore at the Viceroy's concert; and, in the third act, a *white jet* (whatever that may be) tunic, with a white camelia in her hair." The Viceroy, the Prince of Oldenberg, and no end of "swells" were present at the performance of *Don Pasquale*. Madame Fernandez was nervous, and did not sing her opening *aria* well, but in the duet with the barytone, she gave the two "Do's" in the *cabaletta* capitally, and was greatly applauded, but not so much as she deserved; at the end, however, a splendid bouquet was thrown to her. In the second act Madame Fernandez acted and sang to perfection, and, with her comrades, was enthusiastically called on at the conclusion, as well as at the end of the last act. The Viceroy was so pleased with Madame Fernandez's performance, that after the second act his Royal Highness sent for her to his box, and expressed to her the great pleasure her singing and acting had afforded him. This is considered a great honour, as Madame Fernandez is the first artist for the last two seasons the Viceroy has received in his box, every one is therefore now "cap in hand" to the admired artist.

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* From *Le Guide Musical*.

WAIFS.

Mr Mapleson, director of Her Majesty's Opera, visited Paris for the opening of the new grand theatre.

M. Leprévost, organist of St Roch, died at Paris, Dec. 19.

There is a talk of producing Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* at Vienna.

The gala opening of the Grand Opéra brought 36,282 francs into the treasury.

Leopold de Meyer has been giving very successful concerts at Bucharest.

Two biographies of Rossini are about to appear, one in Milan, the other at Bologna.

The death is announced of Signor Lucchesi, formerly well known on the Italian stage.

Schubert's *Zauberhärfe* has just been produced in Vienna for the first time since 1820.

A quartet class, under M. Wieniawski, has been formed at the Brussels Conservatoire.

Neither Sir Michael Costa nor Mr Gye were at Paris for the opening of the New Grand Opera.

Advertising reminds people of things they had been wanting all along, but had forgotten all about.

M. Charles Garnier, architect of the New Opera House, has been made an officer of the Legion of Honour.

Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ* was performed on Sunday last at the Châtelet concerts, under the direction of M. Colonne.

Mdlle Singelli is making a short stay in Paris, but will shortly return to England to take part in Mr Mapleson's provincial tour.

Ernani has been played in Berlin with a new *dénoûment*. Ernani, instead of dying, marries Elvira, with Don Carlo's consent.

The name "grass widow" is of French origin. It is derived from the French "grace," and originally meant a widow by courtesy.

A Toledo female fainted when told that over 500,000 men died last year, but was revived by the information that there were 13,000,000 left.

For gushing young maidens of thirty-five and upwards a cunning fringe of hair on the forehead, in the poodle-dog style, is the proper thing.

Mr Lennox Browne, surgeon to the Royal Society of Musicians, has been appointed also Aural Surgeon to the society in place of the late Dr Peter Allen.

Mr J. P. Clarke succeeds Mr Van Maanen as bandmaster of the Scotch Fusilier Guards, and Mr Van Maanen takes the place of Mr J. P. Clarke, as bandmaster of the Royal Irish Police Force.

The Birmingham Town Hall, in which are held the famous triennial musical festivals, seats only 2250 persons, while the projected Glasgow Concert Hall will accommodate 2920. The Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, a model in its way, holds 2400.

Official records of Custom House returns at Washington show that the total value of musical instruments exported from the United States during the year ending June 30, 1874, was $550,317. Of this, $258,176 was for pianos, and $292,151 for parlour or reed organs.

The London Glee and Madrigal Union (director, Mr Land) gave a morning and an evening concert at the Brighton Aquarium before large audiences, on the 2nd inst., with their accustomed success. Some of Sir Henry Bishop's Glees were accompanied by Mr Reynold's orchestra.

An American paper speaking of one of the classical concerts of Mr Theodore Thomas says:—"Another superb piece on the programme was the *Overtura di Ballo*, by Arthur Sullivan, a 'blarsted' Englishman; but he can write good music, and he can orchestrate it magnificently, too."

On Thursday evening week the *Creation* was performed at the Royal Albert Hall, under the direction of Mr William Carter, with Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Julian, Messrs Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas, as solo singers. Mr Carter's choir assisted, and Mr Edwin Bending presided at the organ.

THE LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual ball in aid of the Scholarship Fund is fixed for Thursday next. The long list of patronesses and stewards shows how much interest is taken in this annual musical appeal, and report says that the full number of six scholarships will be provided for by the sale of tickets.

The usual after-Christmas performance of the *Creation* was given by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Friday evening week, with Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Messrs Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas as solo vocalists, Mr Willing as organist, and Sir Michael Costa as conductor. The Hall was very full, and the performance was admirable.

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Mr Francis Fairlie has secured from Messrs Cramer and Co. the sole English right of the latest of Offenbach's operas, *Madame L'Archiduc*, which will be produced in due course at the Globe Theatre.

A paper published not far from Utah, thus related the perplexities of a Mormon gentleman who, having married a widow and her two daughters, is trying to define his family relations:—His first wife is his mother-in-law, his step-daughters are his wives, his son by his first wife is half-brother to his other wives and a sort of uncle to his other children, etc., etc.

A few days back a daring young gentleman walked into Messrs Boosey's instrument manufactory, Great Newport Street, and decamped with two first-class bass euphoniums. Meeting one of the *employés, en route*, the thief coolly desired him to "get out of the way," and his desire was politely acceded to. It certainly was a *bass* act on the part of the young gentleman.

Another robbery of a less musical but more daring character took place on Monday morning, at the residence of Herr Maeder, South Lambeth, the musical director of Drury Lane. His gallant steed, who oft had carried him to Drury Lane, was missed from his stable, together with a new set of harness. The rage and grief of the *maestro* may be imagined; but, to console him, the police, we hear, have some clue to the thieves.

Two of the best played *rôles* in the pantomime of *Dick Whittington and his Cat*, now being given nightly at the Norwich Theatre, are those entrusted to Miss Phillis Moore and Miss Maggie Gardiner, who not only appear conspicuously in the burlesque opening, but subsequently do arduous work in the harlequinaide, as columbine and *harlequin à la Watteau* respectively.—S. W. S.

Madame Rudersdorff has written a letter to the *Times* wherein she gives the reasons why so few people ever excel as professional vocalists. Our (*Arcadian*) space does not permit of our reproducing more than a short extract, but that is one of great importance, relating to the extent which our pronunciation of English, and especially that accent common in the New England States, militate against the production of pure musical sound. She writes: "You (who study in the right school) will bring round the day when the 'good Lord' will be no more your 'gut Loawd;' when your 'heart' will be such, and not your 'haat;' when 'kindness' will cease to be 'keeindness,' and 'shall' will no longer be 'sheall.' All this, I beg to state, I hear in one of our first churches Sunday after Sunday. I also hear, 'And Gawd sed, let theaw eawth bwing foawth frutt.' This was sung by an American, not a Chinese. I also heard a tenorino frantically cry out for 'Marther! Marther!'"

At a meeting of the Hereford Town Council, on Tuesday, the following resolutions were, upon the motion of the Mayor, Mr Orlando Shelland, unanimously agreed to:—"(1) That this Council learns with very great regret that the Dean and Chapter had arrived at such a decision with regard to the Musical Festivals as will lead to their not being continued in the city of Worcester in the manner in which they have for so long a time been held, and the discontinuance of the use of the Cathedral for the purposes of which will, in the opinion of the Council, result not only in a local, but also in a great national loss. (2) That this Council heartily approve of the steps taken by the Council of the city of Worcester to maintain the continuance of the festivals in the manner in which they have hitherto been carried on; but this Council do not feel justified in memorializing her Majesty the Queen on the subject. (3) That it is a source of great satisfaction to this Council to know that the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of Hereford do not concur in the decision arrived at by the Dean and Chapter of Worcester, but are strongly in favour of the Triennial Musical Festivals being continued as heretofore."—*Malvern News*.

The *Lauda Sion*, of Mendelssohn, was composed for the Church of St Martin, at Liege, where it was first performed on June 11, 1846, being the Festival of *Corpus Christi*, in the Ritual for which day the Hymn is contained. The institution of this Festival had its origin in the city of Liege in the following manner:—In the early part of the 13th century, a young girl of 16 years of age, by name Juliana of Mount Cornillon, an inmate of a religious house in Liege, being strongly impressed with the necessity for the appointment of a special festival in honour of the holy Eucharist, interested in her favour several of the dignified Clergy (amongst others, James Pantaleon, Archdeacon of Liege,) who exerted their influence with the Court of Rome, to promote the attainment of her object. Juliana died without seeing her wishes fulfilled, but her design continued to be prosecuted by a female friend, who was an inmate of the house of St Martin in Liege. Ultimately the Archdeacon of Liege, who had become Patriarch of Jerusalem, was raised to the Papal Chair, under the title of Urban IV., when he issued to the friend of Juliana, a Brief, dated from Orvieto, September 8, 1264, instituting the Festival. The office for the day, the outline of which had been sketched by Juliana was composed by St Thomas Aquinas.

Madame Christine Nilsson will not go to Vienna this year, but will go in 1876. Meanwhile there is some talk of her paying a visit to the South of France.

One of Alfred Mellon's Last Addresses to the Public.—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Having arrived at the 96th and last night of my present series of concerts, I embrace the opportunity of thanking you and the public generally for the liberal support and patronage with which I have been honoured. Your continued kindness has induced and emboldened me to undertake the production of a new grand Christmas pantomime in this theatre, which I trust will be found to equal, if not surpass, in splendour and magnificence the famed productions of past seasons. No effort of mine will be wanting to enhance the reputation this theatre enjoys for such a class of performance; and I hope that, should I succeed in producing the usual Christmas entertainment to your satisfaction, you will extend to me that favour I have hitherto been honoured in receiving. In acknowledging the kind and generous support I have for many years received at your hands, and by which I have been enabled at my sole risk and personal responsibility to carry on the concerts for the past six years, I trust I may be permitted to solicit an extension of your kind patronage to my new venture in theatrical management. Permit me, then, most respectfully to bid you farewell, and to indulge the hope that I may anticipate the pleasure of a renewal of our acquaintance on Boxing-night, December 26th."—*Annals of Covent Garden*.

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6. *Song of the Water ..... *Smart.*

BOOK II.
7. *Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
8. *Village bride ..... *Costa.*
9. *Pilgrim's evening..... *Wagner.*
10. *Music of the night ..... *Hatton.*
11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.
13. *Now lightly we..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. *Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.
19. *The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. *Hark! the Gondolier.... *Riccardi.*
21. *Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. *When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. *The sun has been..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.
25. *Merry minstrels are..... *Wagner.*
26. *Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. *Hark! the merry..... *Flotow.*
28. *With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. *Happy as the day..... *Wallace.*
30. *The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.
31. *The distant bell..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. *Who'll follow..... *Paggi.*
34. *Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. *O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. *O hear ye not..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.
37. *Sea flowers..... *Barnett.*
38. *Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. *Warbler of the forest.... *Benedict.*
40. *Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. *Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.
43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.
49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53. *Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.
55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.
61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.
67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm..... *Richards.*
69. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
70. *Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72 *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.
73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger.*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley.. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.
79. *Our Vesper Hymn..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Curschman.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Curschman.*
82. *Hark the Pilot ..... *Bishop.*
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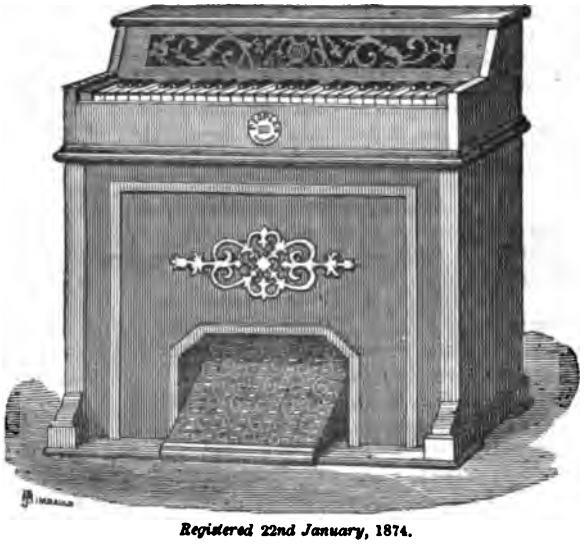

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VOL. 53—No. 4. SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY, January 23. The programme will include: Overture, "Les Deux Journées" (Cherubini); Symphony, in G minor (Bennett); Violin Concerto (Mendelssohn); Romance, for violin (Wilhelmj); Paraphrase of Chopin's Larghetto, for violin (Wilhelmj); Overture, "Leonora," No. 3 (Beethoven). Vocalists—Mdlle Johanna Levier (her first appearance at the Crystal Palace), Mr Sims Reeves. Solo Violin—Herr Wilhelmj (his first appearance at the Crystal Palace since 1866). Conductor—Mr MANNS. Transferable stalls for the remaining Thirteen Concerts, One Guinea. Stalls for single Concerts, 2s. 6d.

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By Order, S. FLOOD PAGE, Secretary.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.—Director—Mr JOHN BOOSEY. NINTH YEAR. On WEDNESDAY next, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Antoinette Sterling, and Miss Coyte Turner; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley. Pianoforte—Mr Sydney Smith. The London Vocal Union (from St Paul's), under the direction of Mr Frederick Walker. Conductors—Mr MEYER LUTZ and Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR. Stalls, 6s.; family tickets (to admit four), 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; gallery and orchestra, 1s. Tickets at Austin's, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and of BOOSEY & Co., 295, Regent Street, W.

MONS. ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce that he will give THREE RECITALS of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC (FIFTH SERIES), at ST GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, on WEDNESDAYS, January 27th, February 17th, and March 10th, 1875, at Three o'clock precisely. Programme of the First Recital, WEDNESDAY, January 27: Vocalist—Miss Emily Spiller. Violin—M. Sainton. Violoncello—M. Paque. Pianoforte—M. Billet. Trio, in G, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Haydn); Sonata, in F minor, Op. 77, "L'invocation," for pianoforte (Dussek); Songs (*a*) "Thou'rt like unto a flower" (Rubinstein), (*b*) "If thou'rt sleeping" (Gounod)—Miss Emily Spiller; Solo, pianoforte, (*a*) Fugue, in F (Handel), (*b*) Fugue, in A minor (Bach), (*c*) Fugue, in F minor (Mendelssohn); Sonata, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin (Beethoven); Song, "Tender and true" (Sullivan)—Miss Emily Spiller; Solo, pianoforte, (*a*) Gavotte, in G minor (C. Lecocq), (*b*) Study, in G flat (Chopin), (*c*) Study, in G (Moscheles). Conductor—Herr LEHMEYER. Subscription Ticket (for the Series), sofa stall, £1 1s.; single ticket, 10s. 6d.; family tickets (to admit Three), £1 1s.; Admission, One Shilling; to be obtained of the principal Music Publishers; at St George's Hall; and of M. BILLET, 17, Keppel Street, Russell Square.

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It is proposed to give a Concert at St James's Hall, on Friday Evening, January 29th, for the Benefit of Mr HENRY KING, one of the oldest members of Mr Henry Leslie's Choir, who has for some time past suffered from serious illness, and has been prevented from following any occupation.

The following Artists have very kindly promised their services:—Mdlle Johanna Levier, Miss Sophie Ferrari, Mrs Sicklemore, Miss Helen D'Alton; Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Maybrick. Pianoforte—Sir Julius Benedict and Mr Walter Bache. The London Quartet Union and Mr Henry Leslie's Choir.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The Christmas vacation, sacred to pantomime, being now at an end, the Saturday concerts have been recommenced; and, to judge by the first of the new series, are likely, during their continuance, to obtain all the success they so richly deserve. A Crystal Palace concert at which no novelty of any kind was produced would be itself a novelty. The general character, however, of these concerts was fully maintained on Saturday, when a work, not absolutely new but quite unknown in England, was brought out. *Dimitri Donskoi* is its name; Russia, artistically and historically, is the land of its birth; Rubinstein, the celebrated pianist, is its composer, its subject is doubtless the main incident in the career of the questionable hero after whom it is called. It would be much easier to narrate the history of Dimitri Donskoi—in plain English *Demetrius of the Don*—than to describe M. Rubinstein's overture, which must itself be supposed to describe Demetrius's fluke-like victory over the Tartars; who, contrary to their custom, and feeling, no doubt, that their time had come and that their epoch had gone, retired without giving Demetrius the trouble to attack them, and, marching eastward, never again approached Moscow in any great force. Can all this be depicted or anyhow suggested in music? Probably not. Neither Wagner nor Berlioz, who, we take it, are Rubinstein's great gods, could do much with such a subject; unless, indeed, they condescend to treat it realistically, after the manner of the late M. Jullien, and a little after that of Meyerbeer. Even M. Hervé, by contrasting Russian airs with Tartar airs played upon Tartar instruments, and by the introduction of violent explosions, might have given some idea of a struggle between a Muscovite and more or less Christian prince on the one hand, and the Khan of the Golden Horde on the other. Such a method, however, would not be sufficiently subtle, or rather it would be far too commonplace, for a composer of such pretensions and aspirations as Rubinstein, whose fragments of melody, floating here and there in the midst of the vast orchestral whirlpool, are meant to tell, or at least to suggest, the whole story. Rubinstein's music is never remarkable for any claim of its own. But it is interesting, at intervals, as showing what the cultivation of such models as Berlioz and Wagner may lead to. It is, indeed, curious that Wagnerism should have found admirers in abundance and a certain number of adepts among the Russians, who, always ready to welcome new and strange philosophical systems, looked, perhaps, on Wagner's operatic system as a sort of "nihilism" in music. The Russian Seroff out-Wagnered Wagner; so that his most terrible work—there are five acts of it, and its subject is the massacre of the inhabitants of Pskoff by Ivan Vassilivitch I.—contains only one rhythmical melody in the form of a march, the rest consisting entirely of recitative.

Another overture in the same programme was in a very difficult style by a very different master, who happens, however, to be held in but little esteem by those whom the author of the *Dimitri Donskoi* overture delights to honour; we mean Mendelssohn's bright and melodious overture to the *Wedding of Camacho*, in many respects one of the most wonderful performances that the greatest of instrumental composers since Beethoven has left. It would be curious to know what the unmusical or only moderately musical portion of the public must think of Mendelssohn's having composed the *Wedding of Camacho* when he was but sixteen years of age. Very few pictures and poems of the highest merit have been produced by youths of sixteen; and some of the greatest novels have been the work of men who did not essay the art of novel-writing until they had reached or passed middle age. The statistics of literary and artistic production would probably show that the genius of poets, like that of composers and painters of essentially practical temperament, attains maturity very early, while that of authors and other inventors, who depend less on intuition than on observation and comparison, is of slower development. But whether or not there be any general rule on the subject (such as Mr Galton, if any one, ought to be able to ascertain), the early age at which Mendelssohn began to compose, and the remarkable beauty of his very first works, must always be regarded as marvels in the history of art. Mr Manns' orchestra on Saturday did full justice to the beautiful instrumental piece which has suggested these remarks. The overture to the *Wedding of Camacho* was most brilliantly played, and produced its usual effect upon the audience.

Mr Oscar Beringer, who has often been heard at the Crystal Palace as a soloist, and who is really master of every style, played on Saturday, with the orchestra, Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A—a work already known, if not familiar to, the frequenters of these concerts. Schumann's music finds constantly more and more admirers in England; but his chief hold upon our public is, we fancy, through his beautiful and often thoroughly poetical songs, and his minor pianoforte pieces, which are all full of charm. It may be true, of course, that his value is best seen in his works of larger design, such as his cantatas, his symphonies, and the pianoforte concerto which Mr Oscar Beringer played so admirably on Saturday. But it seems to us that his brilliant, quaint, and ingenious, if sometimes involved, ideas will always be more readily appreciated when presented in the form of pieces for the pianoforte alone, or of pieces for the pianoforte and voice.

After speaking of what was new and curious, what was beautiful and interesting, in the concert, we must not omit to mention that its grandest piece was Beethoven's Symphony in A (No. 7), which was executed magnificently by Mr Manns' unrivalled band, and at the end of each of the four movements enthusiastically applauded. Finally, Saturday's programme included a large number of songs, chiefly, if not exclusively, German. If at the Crystal Palace Concerts the vocal were made as great a feature as the instrumental music, the solo singers—to be on a par with the orchestral performers—would be Patti and Tietjens, Nilsson and Albani; and the price of admission would be, of necessity, raised to about a guinea. As it is, the vocal pieces are always well selected and generally well sung. The principal singer on Saturday was Mr Lloyd, who is known to be quite at home in Mr Sims Reeves' music, and who, indeed, has often delivered Mr Reeves' most celebrated airs with almost as much effect as the great tenor himself. On Saturday he was heard to great advantage in the scene from *Oberon*, "O 'tis a glorious night," and in two songs by Schubert, "Hark, the lark at Heaven's gate sings," and "Regret."

The concert was very fully attended, as would doubtless be the case if, instead of taking place only during certain months, these concerts were given regularly every Saturday in the year.

Oliver Silver.

—o—

THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL.

A meeting of the stewards of the late Gloucester Musical Festival was held in Gloucester on Friday, the 15th inst., to decide whether a third of the collections at the Festival should be given to the Worcester charity, in consequence of the determination of the Dean and Chapter of that city not to allow this year's Festival to be held in the Cathedral. Sir W. V. Guise presided. It was stated that the treasurer of the Festival had withheld the money until he had received the authority of the stewards to pay it, and merely to protect himself from any legal action. A letter from the Bishop of Worcester to the Bishop of Gloucester was read, in which his Lordship said that to his mind two considerations seemed urgently to require that the tripartite division of the collections be not departed from this year, whatever may be done in future years. Firstly, all the advertisements of the Festival announced that the collections should be for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the three dioceses, and the money was given and taken on that condition. Secondly, the Worcester choir were invited to co-operate with the other choirs on the same condition, and they were entitled to complain of a breach of engagement if the condition was not fulfilled. The Worcester Chapter were pledged to hold a Festival of some sort in 1875, and they were sanguine that they would be able to collect a considerable sum for the societies as usual. He would gladly have welcomed some modifications of the old Festival, but he saw no sufficient reason for declining to preside over the Festival of 1875. Letters were read from sixteen stewards who were unable to attend, eleven of whom were in favour of the payment of the money and five against. General regret was expressed at the action of the Dean and Chapter of Worcester; and one of the stewards, Mr Lucy, complained that they had not stated their intentions not to allow the use of the Cathedral before the Gloucester Festival was held. A resolution was unanimously passed authorizing the treasurer to pay the money. During the proceedings it was suggested that Coventry Church, which is in the Worcester diocese, would be a fitting place for the next Festival.

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THE PARIS OPERA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

If the reader is desirous of knowing how the grand Opera was carried on a century ago, and what was paid there, here are some very precise details on the subject. By a resolution of the King's Council of State, the right of carrying on the Opera for twelve years was accorded to M. de Vismes, "the enjoyment of this right, during the period mentioned, not being liable to be abridged or interrupted under any pretext or in any manner whatever. The text of the resolution added:—

"It is his Majesty's will that the interest on the 500,000 francs to be deposited as security by M. de Vismes shall be paid him annually by the Receiver of the City of Paris, at the rate of five per cent., without any kind of deduction. His Majesty reserves for himself the power of subsequently enacting what regulations may be deemed advisable for the police and discipline of the theatre."

The Opéra, or Académie Royale de Musique, had an Administrator-General, M. Berton, Superintendent of the King's Music, who occupied lodgings in the Operahouse itself, Rue St Nicaise, and a Director's Assistant, M. Granier, who also resided there. The company comprised: eight basses; five counter-tenors; seventeen actresses of parts, as the lady singers were then called; five actresses, to double parts and to sing in the chorus; and the chorus singers, thirty men and fifteen women, besides five supernumerary young ladies. So much for the vocal department.

For dancing there were: a composer and master of the ballets; two assistants with right of reversion to the office; three solo dancers (the first of whom was Vestris); six solo dancers and doubles (among them being Vestris, junr); six doubles and figurants; four solo female dancers; five solo female dancers who were also doubles; five female doubles and figurants; and thirty male with as many female figurants, for the *corps de ballet*.

The orchestra consisted of a master of music (conductor); a first accompanying flute; six basses of the small chorus; thirty violins; seven basses of the grand chorus; five double basses; five altos or quints; seven flutes and hautboys; seven bassoons; two French horns; three trumpets; two clarionets, one tambourine; and two kettle-drummers. Lastly, the guard was composed of sixty men of the regiment of Gardes Françaises, including two serjeants and four corporals. On ball nights it was augmented by forty men. Those artists who, after belonging fifteen years to the Opera, were, from age or infirmity, unable to discharge their duties any longer, received a pension in proportion to their salary, "which salary," it is artlessly or maliciously added in the text, "was in proportion to their talent." A paragraph consecrated to the Académie de Danse is by no means uninteresting. We here append it:—

"Independently of the Académie Royale de Musique, there is an Académie de Danse, which holds its meetings at the Director's. It was established by Louis XIV. in 1661, by virtue of letters patent, verified by Parliament, in 1662. The number of academicians" (members) "was fixed at thirteen, and they, *as well as their children*, enjoy the privilege of teaching the art of dancing without Letters, together with the right of *committimus* and others, belonging to such officers of the King's Household as were admitted to the King's table. They are bound to meet once a month to deliberate on what concerns their art. One of the principal objects of the Academy is to form dancers for the Opera."

The following are the works given in 1774, the year that Louis, sixteenth of the name, ascended the throne of France and Navarre: *Ayolan*, an heroic ballet in three acts, by Lemonnier and Floquet. *Iphigénie en Aulide*, a tragedy by Racine, arranged as an opera by de Rolley, with music by Gluck. *Orphée et Eurydice*, an heroic drama, translated from the Italian by Moline, with music by Gluck. This is all! It is true that two new grand operas (by Gluck) and a ballet, likewise new, form a pretty good contingent for a year. We have not so many now-a-days, and, above all, we have not in the same year two operas of the calibre of *Iphigénie* and *Orphée*. We must add that, after *Orphée*, there was performed *Alain et Rosette*, a little interlude by authors not much known. The public appear not to have disapproved of this innovation introduced at the Académie Royale de Musique, and copied from the practice of other theatres, where a short piece followed a long one.

"However," observes the editor of an almanack of the period, "we do not think that a lyric tragedy should be followed by one of those low comedy operas, which, once given on the stage of a fair, amused the populace, and now, decorated with a more becoming title, always remind a delicately minded man of the weakness of their origin. But why should we not see, after the lamentations of Orpheus, a pastoral, which, by its simple and natural strains, would please the ear, would touch without alarming, and deliciously charm without exciting noisy mirth?"

A pastoral with simple and natural strains! How does this remind us of 1774!—In looking through the Gazettes and almanacks of the period, we come across singular remarks on the works then given at the Opera. We know, for instance, that the poem of *Armide* is one of those which Lully treated most happily. Revived on several occasions, and more particularly in 1664, it always achieved a very great success.

"We still recollect," says the *Calendrier des Spectacles*, "the charm of the fine declamation and of the agreeable and voluptuous melodies with which Lully enhanced Quinault's enchanting poetry."

Further on, when speaking of Gluck, the same critic adds:—

"The Chevalier Gluck has followed an altogether different plan. He has given us dramatic music in which he has shown himself the same as in the operas of *Orphée* and *Iphigénie*." (Gluck wrote *Armide* in 1776, and had it played in 1777.) "We have the same energy of style, the same art in the distribution of the instruments, and the same harmonic science. But, as the situations in the opera of *Armide* are not as favourable as his other operas to his style or to theatrical declamation, the sensations he has produced appear less vivid and less strong."

As we see, the writer respects the work and the musician. This was not the case with certain harsh and violent critics. The very earliest performances of Gluck's *Armide* were greeted by epigrams and songs. There was one especially which so exasperated the Gluckists that they felt inclined to make its writter smart for it. It begins thus:—

"Je fais, Monsieur, beaucoup de cas
De votre science infinie,
Que, malgré votre modestie,
Vous étalez avec fracas,
Sur le genre de l'harmonie
Qui convient à nos opéras,
Mais tout cela n'empêche pas
Que votre *Armide* ne m'ennuie."

The same thing has been said and pretty nearly the same songs have been written of every innovator who has succeeded Gluck. But here is something else taken from one of the calendars of the period. It concerns *Orphée* and *Iphigénie*, given, as we have said above, in 1774, a hundred years ago:—

"As soon as ever M. Rousseau heard the opera of *Iphigénie*, he acknowledged that M. Gluck had upset his theory and changed all his ideas, and that this genius had just done something he had not thought possible. He has not taken a pride in that obstinacy of the brain which makes pleasure yield to opinion, and the movements of the soul to the combinations of the mind. Everyone knows that he missed scarcely a single performance of *Iphigénie*, and that he never ceased studying M. Gluck's scores. He has written on one passage in *Orphée* a learned letter, and commenced a continuous analysis of *Alceste*."

It was not long before all the large cities abroad, where grand music was appreciated, asked for Gluck's *Orphée*. This is sufficiently proved by the following short anecdote to be found in the *Almanack de* 1778:—

"A nobleman, as celebrated for his good taste and predilection for Italian music as for the charms of his mind, begged the Prince d'Ardore, a great connoisseur and himself a composer, to send him the musical work which enjoyed the highest reputation in Naples. The Italian prince sent him M. Gluck's *Orphée*."

We see from the preceding that the Opera was not carried on so badly even in 1774.

M. DE THÉMINES.

BRUSSELS.—*Le Nozze* is in rehearsal, thus cast, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie:—Figaro, M. Petit; Almaviva, M. Devoyod; the Countess, Madlle Hamaekers; Suzanne, Madlle Priola; and Chérubin, Madlle Reine.—M. Sylva, of the Opera, Paris, will shortly sing here a few times, at 800 francs a night. M. Léon Achard, also, will pay this capital a visit. He is engaged for fourteen performances, for which he will receive the sum of ten thousand francs.—Millie-Christine, the lady with two heads and two voices, one of the latter being a soprano and the other a contralto, is singing at the Alcazar. A four-act buffo opera *Le Dey d'Alger*, by MM. Bréhil and Roosenboom, has been accepted at this theatre.

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STILL *THE MESSIAH* IN PARIS.*

The history of the Auditions of Sacred Harmony will, in all probability, be the same as that of the Concerts Populaires. The two enterprises had the same Unknown before them; both, conducted from the outset frankly and boldly, succeeded at once; in a little time more, the process of assimilation, as regards durable and solid success, will be complete. We shall have nothing left to desire except the opportunity of applauding Beethoven, Mozart, and Weber, Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn, elsewhere than in a Circus. It is in vain to disguise with flowers, as on Thursday last, the vulgar features of an equestrian theatre; we shall never be able to palliate the disgrace it is for Paris, a place, after all, sincerely fond of music, not to possess a single grand concert-hall, when London boasts of three or four. Are there not in our country intelligent—I will not say: generous—capitalists?

The musical festival with which, on Thursday, the Auditions of Sacred Harmony were resumed at the Cirque, had a charitable object to which Mdme la Maréchale de Mac-Mahon, who had taken it under her patronage, contributed by her presence. It was the House of the Providence of Sainte-Marie which was destined to profit by the large returns guaranteed by an audience who had taken pretty well every seat beforehand, and by the fact that the prices of admission had been doubled for the occasion. Once more did the joyous and graceful melodies, the choruses full of grandeur and brilliancy, of *The Messiah* resound; once more did the public (which was not the same as before) applaud, cry *bis*, and acclaim the singers and the conductor. *The Messiah* has decidedly entered into our manners. The lively and profound impression of its early days here still subsists in its entirety; the work has forced itself on us partly by its high value and a little by right of conquest. We ought to rejoice exceedingly at this magnificent result, which, fifteen months ago, never entered the dreams even of the most sanguine. *The Messiah*, however, does not monopolize success. *The Passion* and *Judas Maccabæus* have already proved this, and *The Creation* will soon do so in its turn.

There are two new features: the interpretation and the text. The singers to whom M. Ch. Lamoureux, last winter, entrusted the solos in Handel's score, have all been replaced by others. The exigences of theatrical management will frequently impose such changes on him, so long as oratorio music has not spread here sufficiently for us to have, as they have in England, singers who devote themselves exclusively to it. Mad. Patey, whom M. Lamoureux was fortunate enough to secure, and who sang the contralto airs, is one of the artists of whom we are speaking. She sings only at concerts, more especially at concerts of sacred music and festivals, the best part of which is always reserved for some grand works of Handel, Mendelssohn, or Bach. With the tenor Sims Reeves, Miss Edith Wynne, and a few others, Mad. Patey holds the sceptre of oratorio in London, and Thursday's Audition sufficed to convince us that the great reputation she has made among her compatriots is legitimately acquired. She possesses a superb voice, though of a somewhat variable character in the higher register (a fact which was doubtless accidental, and attributable to very decided indisposition, of which the valiant artist took no notice); its sonority is ample, pure and frank in the medium, and in the lower notes. Her style, noble and broad, Mad. Patey owes as much to her own perfect musical feeling, as to tradition, which has, of course, always been permanently preserved in England. Endless bravos and recalls burst forth after the airs: "Oh, Thou that tellest!" "He was despised," and, more especially, "He shall feed His flock," which precedes the final chorus of the First Part, and which Mad. Patey finishes most charmingly. It was enthusiastically encored. After Mad. Patey, it is to Mad. Brunet-Lafleur that the largest amount of praise is due. Some of the inflexions of her charming soprano voice were exquisite in the air: "J'ai foi, Seigneur dans ta clémence." The chorus and orchestra, disciplined with the care for which M. Lamoureux is so well-known, were, under his firm and wise direction, perfect in ensemble and spirit. The celebrated: "For unto us a child is born," obtained the inevitable encore. As regards the French text, it is no longer the barbarous translation we were compelled to use for want of another; a translation in which we find such utterly ridiculous expressions and turns, without reckoning the numberless infractions against the laws of prosody, and which gives a very insufficient idea of the literary value of the work as a whole, a work more logical and better combined than people have chosen to acknowledge. M. Victor Wilder's version is correct from a linguistic point of view; it is not false to musical expression, as is frequently the case in other works; and prosody is invariably respected. More than this we cannot require.*

* This translation is not yet completed; the old words are temporarily retained for some choruses, which could not be engraved soon enough in separate parts.

The above performance of *The Messiah* will not be an isolated one, as might be supposed from the solemnity by which it was surrounded. A second will take place next Thursday at three o'clock, and it is probable that M. Lamoureux will not stop even there. CH. BANNELIER.

* From the *Revue et Gazette Musicale.*

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

A splendid performance of Beethoven's Septet, led by Mdme Norman-Neruda, and supported by Herr Straus and Signor Piatti, and a no less magnificent performance of Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, were the most conspicuous features of Mr Hallé's concert last Thursday. Miss Sterling was the only singer, and she confirmed the favourable impression made on her previous visits. Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* are announced, with Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Sterling, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley, as the principal singers.

At Mr De Jong's concert on Saturday, the young Dublin tenor, Mr McGuckin, again succeeded in delighting the audience, and the local papers are unanimous in their praise of the beauty of his voice and the refinement of his style. For next Saturday, Mr De Jong announces an operatic concert-party, including Mdlle Tietjens, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Catalani, and Signor Perkins.

At the Gentlemen's Concert on Monday evening, Mdlle Tietjens sang for the first time since her recent indisposition; and though she had evidently not quite regained her accustomed strength, she sang as splendidly as ever, and roused the usually cold audience to enthusiasm. The first appearance of Mdlle Marie Krebs was, I need not tell you, very interesting to all, musicians and amateurs, and I have not often had to record a more successful first appearance. She first played Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in F minor, and at once secured the sympathy and admiration of the audience. In the second part she proved her versatility by playing, with equal success a Prelude and Fugue by Bach, a Rhapsodie by Lizst, and Schumann's exquisite Traumeswirren. We should all be glad to hear Mdlle Krebs again. Schumann's First Symphony, Beethoven's *Timotheus* overture, Herold's overture to *Zampa*, and songs by Signor Catalani, were also in the programme.

January 20th, 1875.

TRANSLATION OF BÉRANGER'S "QUAND TU CHANTES."

In fond arms cradled, singing
Sweet songs at evening glow;
Heart's whisper art thou hearing,
Soft answering and low?
Thy lovely song recalleth
My fairest days of yore:
Sing, sing then, my beloved,
Sing, sing for evermore.

On lip of merry laughter
Fond love doth ever play,
Fierce evil thought thereafter
Swift vanisheth away.
Ah! thine honest laughter
Shows true heart to the core:
Laugh, laugh then, my beloved,
Laugh, laugh for evermore.

Whilst calm and spotless sleeping,
In shadow 'neath mine eyes,
From murmurs of thy breathing
Sweet harmonies arise.
Thy beauteous brow revealeth
Sweet Eden, love of love:
Sleep, sleep then, my beloved,
Sleep, sleep for evermore.—G. N. G.

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MADAME RUDERSDORFF ON SINGING.

(*From the "New York Times," December 27, 1874.*)

It is with no presumptive idea of being able to compete with the elegant style and finished writing of the authoress of "The Voice as a Source of Income," in the *Galaxy*, whose paper I have read with the greatest interest, that I take the liberty of sending you a sequel. It is with the desire of adding a word for the benefit of those, exclusively, with whose interests I am now so intimately associated—the young students of singing in this country. Since I have settled in Boston for the purpose of imparting my knowledge and experiences to those anxious to become singers, and since Mr John Dwight has done me the honour of citing me as "almost the only representative left of that great Italian school of dramatic singing," I have been literally overrun with pupils from almost every part of the States, and, if the limits of your excellent newspaper permit it, I would fain, through its columns, say a few words to many far away, and form a P. S. (in thorough woman's fashion) to Oliver Logan's paper, thus spreading advice which may be gladly received by many beyond the reach of verbal communication.

How many young girls in America desire to become singers is almost incredible to believe. Poor things, how often do I rack my head for gentle words to answer them! How many offer "to serve me as my maid, or do any manner of work for me, if I will only teach them." Others offer three or five years of their income. Others again, begging to be helped to a church position, to enable them to study; and more ambitious ones, hoping I can teach and also give them church engagements right away. All, however, have one and the same refrain: "Oh, Madame, if I can only become a great singer, and I know, I feel, I can, if you will only teach me!" Most of them come, and after hearing and examining them the main result for all is, without almost any exception, the same utter ignorance of everything that constitutes a singer, and the consequent necessity for long and close studies. And as I will teach no professional pupil, who is not ready to be taught and study thoroughly, I turn scores away because they came every way unprepared for a long course of studies.

Yes, most certainly; the voice is a source of income, but I would have those far away know two things: that, to get this income, they will first have to spend one, and that the ultimate incomes must be, of a necessity, of various proportions. In all vocations their great examples stand isolated—suns in a system of satellites. In the world of art and letters, such as Sophocles, Euripides, Homer, Danté, Shakespeare, Goëthe, Schiller, Bulwer, Dickens, Longfellow; Pindar, Canova, Thorwaldsen, Tiziano, Rafaele, Guido, Reni, Kaulbach, Landseer; Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn; Cafarelli, Pasta, Malibran, Lablache, Jenny Lind, Rubini, Mario, Grisi, Adelina Patti, &c., &c.; these (with many others, of course) appear as luminaries on the horizon of history. They command the attention, admiration, and imitation of their contemporaries and posterity, forming the nucleus of schools, round which aspiring neophytes eagerly gather. This is the destiny of the chosen ones; yet, let it not be assumed that it is inglorious not to be such as they were, and that, if you cannot attain the peak of the mountain, you had better not climb at all. "*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil,*" should be the motto of the few, not of the many. The mountain side is lovely with wooded shades, scented flowers, and rippling brooks, where it is pleasant to dwell.

All the would-be singers can be divided into two principal classes: First, the few endowed by a kind nature with exceptional voices and exceptional musical talents, sometimes reaching to genius; second, those possessing good voices in quality and quantity (yet without being exceptional) and fair musical capacities. But both classes—every one individual of them—in order to succeed must be endowed with the same qualifications—application and perseverance. When in my twelfth year I studied for the first time in Paris, under Marco Bordogni, my mother took me to Lablache, that he might hear me. I asked him how I might become a great singer. He answered, "*La prima qualificazioni, una bella voce, avete. Avete quattrini?*" (The first qualification, a fine voice, you possess. Have you got money?) I answered in the affirmative; when he added, "*Ebben, allora non avete bisogno d'altro che di perseveranza, e poi perseveranza, e poi ancora cento volte perseveranza.* (Well, then, you do not want anything else but perseverance, and then again perseverance, and then again, a hundred times, perseverance.) When, sixteen years later, I sung Donna Anna to his Leporello, at the Royal Italian Opera, at Covent Garden, in London, he remembered all, and laughingly said, "*Ebben, pare che l'avete avuta 'sta benedetta perseveranza.*" (Well, it appears that you had that blessed perseverance.)

Well, without these two qualifications, neither of the two classes will achieve anything; with them, either is entitled to the highest position attainable in each sphere, and the necessarily long time of patient, unbroken study will find its ample reward. Let none despond at the slow, often almost imperceptible progress which marks the first months of study especially, but firmly believe, if the teacher be both capable and conscientious, and the pupil docile, that as sure as the sun is shining behind the clouds, so surely must there be success in the end, success to each class according to the qualifications with which they commenced. The first to attain world-wide celebrity, and with it large fortunes. The second, if not gaining crowns, yet coronets, well worth striving for, heart and soul; an honoured name, and honourable independence, often even opulence. And you, girls, belonging to this second class, have a still higher incentive to do your work thoroughly and well; you have the glorious mission to create in your far-away homes a new, legitimate school of singing, a higher, refined taste. The way in which you have been taught to sing will swiftly tell upon your audience; every engagement in your neighbourhood will be yours; in the church you will lead your choir, and through it act upon the ear and perceptions of hundreds in more than one way, not only through the refinement of sound and taste, but also speech; and this is not the smallest item by any means. You will bring round the day when the "good Lord" will be no more your "gut Loawd;" when your "heart" will be such, and not your "haat;" when "kindness" will cease to be "keeindness," and "shall" will no more be "sheeall." All this, I beg to state, I hear in one of our first churches Sunday after Sunday. I also hear, "Ant Gawd sed, let theaw eeawth bwing foawth frutt." This was sung by an American, not a Chinese. I also heard a tenorino frantically cry out for "Marther! Marther!"

To have the power to correct all this, I call a privilege and an honour, and class two are called upon to do it, and, doing it, do endless good. That besides these two classes there are other subclasses, is, of course, unavoidable, but it is not these I would speak of or speak to. To those who, already earning honours and money, come to get the reading of a *scena* or an oratorio, all honour. In those, however, who, also before the public, all at once find out that they know nothing, and, frightened and frantic, rush to a great teacher to root out the mistakes committed by *ignoranti*, there is seldom any good. They study violently for an entire—fortnight! then come with a timid, "Oh, Madame, I forgot entirely that I had a concert, and must get up a song." And away goes scales, and a song is learned imperfectly. Then, again, scales for almost a week! Then, "Father thinks I need rest." And so on. These spasmodic students (?) do no one any good, and, when the teacher perceives the symptoms of spasms, are better left to themselves. Smallness is their alpha and omega. Let girls, before they come from a distance to spend money and time, examine themselves and find out if they have any such spasmodic tendencies. If so, let them remain at home.

One more word to all—study music, and study it earnestly. The time has gone by when it was possible for a singer not to be a musician likewise. Moreover, only to Italians can it be permitted (if permitted it can be at all) not to know music, for they possess an innate gift of rhythm and phrasing (the latter being the offspring of the first), which, for the purpose of singing in public, renders the knowledge of music, to a certain extent, unnecessary to them. This gift of rhythm is an invaluable one, and is national. Italians rank pre-eminent; next come the Spaniards and the Portuguese; then the Hungarians and the Slavonic races, the Bohemians, Russians, and Poles; then the Germans, Swedes, and Danes; after them the French, and, last of all, the English and Americans. This is a fact which every great Italian teacher of singing, acquainted with the different nationalities will endorse. Let American singers, therefore, conscientiously study music; above all, the due appreciation of time into its very minutest details. Let them subdivide the divisions of each bar, until every note, dot, and pause has its correct value, not more, not less.

The students should understand that the great teachers of singing teach singing exclusively, not music. They teach the art of breathing, production, and cultivation of tone, scales in every form and variety, pronunciation, declamation, accent, and phrasing. All this, but never music. On the contrary, they expect a pupil to be perfect musically in every exercise or aria before coming to learn and sing it, and generally a separate teacher is engaged for this, so that no valuable time may be wasted in the singing lesson.

I repeat it, consider all of you that "Rome was not built in one day." There is no great singer who has not studied from three to five years, and this continually, uninterruptedly, making their studies the one great object of their lives. So studied Pasta, Malibran, Viardot, Bosio, Trebelli, Sontag, Lind, Nilsson, and so studies Adelina Patti, even now, daily; and that is why she is what she is, the most finished singer living.

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My great master, the Chevalier de Micherout, in Milan—Pasta's master, as he was later that of Clara Novello and Catherine Hayes—told me how Pasta, to whose enormous, heavy voice a trill was especially difficult, studied this for five years. But when, at the end of that time, she suddenly introduced it one evening in *Norma*, in the cadence of "Casta Diva," the very roof of the enormous theatre of La Scala, in Milan, was shaken by the thunders of applause of an astonished and admiring audience, and the great singer's patient perseverance was rewarded by about forty recalls!

Study, study, study, I say to one and all. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Whatever the aim be to which your natural gifts entitle you—let it be the highest or a more modest one—comprehend, encompass this aim completely, entirely, undividedly. For the time being, let it be your only object; give it every thought, all your time, and all your strength; and, doing so, if you are guided by the right teacher, you will infallibly find out in the end that time, money, and perseverance have been well employed.

Boston, Hotel Boylston. ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF.

HERR AND MAD. JOACHIM IN VIENNA.

One of the most notable musical events here lately has been the appearance of the above celebrated artists. Dr Hanslick, in alluding to it, says:—

"The second Society's Concert, *Gesellschafts-Concert*, on the 10th January, boasted of a most extraordinary attraction in the co-operation of Joseph and Amalie Joachim. The glad tidings: 'Joachim is here,' was whispered to us as a greeting on all sides, and when he came forward, fiddle in hand, it seemed as though the enthusiasm would never end. Seven years have elapsed since he last played in Vienna, and many persons may, perhaps, not have immediately known him again, on account of the full, thick beard now encircling his once smooth face. But directly he drew the first sound from his instrument, no one could any longer fail to recognize him—only Joachim can play thus! What he played, too, was unmistakably Joachim—namely, the 'Ungarisches Concert,' a magnificent composition, which belongs to the greatest violin concertos not simply on account of its length. The public have become more familiar with and like it better every time it is repeated, though it requires to be performed with all Joachim's energy and dignity, as well as with his unfailing and inspired bravura. This virtuosity, ennobled by feeling and the most elevated conception, excited our admiration, also, in his rendering of a "Fantasia with Orchestra," by Robert Schumann, without, however, calling forth in us greater warmth for the work itself than it did seven years ago. The Fantasia, written for Joachim and never published (the copy in Schumann's own hand now before me bears the date: Dusseldorf, 7th September, 1853), is one of the composer's latest works, and is distinguished by a combination of all the inward characteristics peculiar to his third period, which was tending to so melancholy an end.

'A new, important, and most original work by Brahms; 'A Rhapsody for Contralto Solo, Male Chorus, and Orchestra' (Op. 53) could not possibly be more favourably introduced to us than by Mad. Amalie Joachim, who fulfilled her difficult task with incomparable beauty of voice and most expressive declamation. The gloomy seriousness of the style, and the fact that Goethe's verses (commencing interrogatively with the strange words: '*Aber abseits wer ist's?*—'But who is it out of the way?') are ill adapted for music, besides being scarcely intelligible without a commentary, will render it a hard matter for this work to make its way among the general public. Brahms, who himself in the choice of his subjects keeps 'out of the way' of the broad lyric high road, has taken from Goethe's 'Harzreise im Winter,' a fragment which, according to Goethe's assertion, possesses a 'peculiar sentimentally romantic' history of its own." *

A new "Concert-Overture," without title or motto, by Herr Leo Grill, was performed, but failed in producing any deep impression, at the fourth Philharmonic Concert. Another item in the programme was an Orchestral Accompaniment, by Herr Abert, of two pieces of Sebastian Bach. First came the C sharp minor Prelude from the "Wohltemperirtes Clavier" (transposed to D minor). This was suddenly followed by a melancholy chorale—from Herr Abert's pen—for trumpets, horns, and bassoons exclusively, the whole being wound up quite as unexpectedly by Bach's Organ-Fugue in G minor. Madlle Anna Mehlig, of Stuttgart, played Herr Anton Rubinstein's Fourth Pianoforte Concerto. The concert was brought to a conclusion by Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, admirably executed under the direction of Herr Dessoff.

M. Lecocq's *Girofle-Girofla* has been produced with Madlle Meyerhoff and Herr Swoboda in the two principal characters. It is fairly successful, though far from exciting the enthusiasm evoked by *La Fille de Mad. Angot.*

The Gentle Craft.

A BARD is weak enough you'll find,
A humble catgut-twangler;
But for a man of simple mind
Commend me to an angler.
He'll fish and fish the whole year round,
Devotedly fanatic,
To catch one fish that weighs a pound,
And then his joy's ecstatic.

For twelve long months for such a catch
Who'd be on banks a dangler?—
But 'tis a fearful joy to snatch
To the contented angler.
And off he goes and "weighs it in"—
For breakfast has next morn it;
A cat, the thinnest of the thin,
Though fond of fish, would scorn it.

And after that he goes about
The anecdote to retail;
Of how he caught that one-pound trout,
With every little detail.
And rival brothers of the craft
Will listen to the story,
And puff their pipes, and round him waft
A baccy cloud of glory.

And all about the how and when
He'll argue like a wrangler;
There seems no bliss for mortal men
Like that which waits an angler.
And when he's old, and bald, and grey,
His children's children dun him
To tell them of that fish, and say
What great renown it won him.

More blest than men who write for books,
Or versifying mangler,
(Whose lines have rhymes instead of hooks)
The simple-minded angler.
So with this epitaph, no doubt,
His mild existence closes—
"The man who caught the one-pound trout
Beneath this stone reposes."

Fun.

* "When the poet," Goethe tells us, "had written *Werther*, to free himself individually at least from the then prevalent morbid susceptibility," he was subjected to the great discomfort of being thought favourably inclined to this very frame of mind. He had to put up with a vast amount of correspondence which soon began to grow a burden to him. But among all who approached him with the request that he would assist them "in their misery of heart and mind," he was especially struck by a young theologian, named Plessing, in Wernigrode, who, to use Goethe's own words, "showed himself, in two letters, so writatively eloquent, as well as, at the same time, so seriously penetrated with dissatisfaction and self-torment, that it was impossible to fancy anyone to whom such soul-revelations could apply." Goethe resolved to visit the young man, but incognito. In mid-winter, on the 29th November, 1777, he separated from the Ducal travelling retinue, and rode alone to the Hartz Mountains. Immediately on arriving in Wernigrode, he visited his correspondent, who "exactly resembled his correspondence and, like the latter, excited interest, without creating sympathy." Goethe represented himself as a draughtsman from Gotha, and allowed the young man once more to pourtray, this time, orally, his melancholy mental condition. Goethe advised him to save himself, and seek deliverance from his painful and self-deceiving state by the contemplation of nature, and hearty sympathy with the rest of the world. He found him, however, so decidedly averse to making any attempt at a cure, "that his inmost heart was closed, and he considered his conscience fully freed by the irksome journey, and the knowledge that he was actuated by the best motives, and himself relieved from any further duty towards the young man." It was thus that Goethe took leave of this strange individual, to meet him again, in his proper character, first at Weimar, and then at Duisburg, where Plessing subsequently resided as a professor and philosophical writer. The middle portion of the "Harzreise im Winter" (the fragment set by Brahms) pourtrays the solitary and shy young man, and has rendered him immortal.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE SEVENTEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 25, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 54, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Haydn.*

SONGS, { "Waldeinsamkeit" / "Die Waldhexe" } Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING .. *Rubinstein.*

SONATA, in D major, Op. 10, No. 3, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle. MARIE KREBS .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

TRIO, in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Mdlle MARIE KREBS, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Chopin.*

SONGS, { "Die Letze Hoffnung" .. / "Der Tod und das Mädchen" .. / "Auf dem Wasser zu singen" .. } Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING .. *Schubert.*

SONATA, in G major (No. 11 of Hallé's Edition), for pianoforte and violin—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA *Mozart.*

CONDUCTOR .. .. MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 23, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 20, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello - Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Haydn.*

SONG, "Lascia amor"—MR GREAVES .. .. *Handel.*

SONATA, in D minor, Op. 29, No. 2, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONATA, in A major, for pianoforte and violoncello (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Signor PIATTI *Hummel.*

SONG, "Love leads to battle"—MR GREAVES .. .. *Buononcini.*

SONATA, in E flat, Op. 11, No. 3, for pianoforte and violin—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BAYLIS BOIL.—The embalmed head of Oliver Cromwell is said to be in the possession of Mr Horace Wilkinson, Sevenoaks, Kent. It is reported that Dr Crane examined it phrenologically; but Dr Crane is as great a romancer as Dr Bridge himself. Mr Boil is wrong about Charles the Second, who preferred French dance music to any other. He should communicate with Mr William Chappell, who would give him all the desired information.

DEATH.

On the 9th inst., J. HENRY GRIESBACH, Esq. of Claremont House, Holland Street, Kensington, aged 75. Interred at Kensal Green Cemetery on Friday, Jan. 15th.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

THE vague rumours which have long been floating about relative to the building of a new opera-house in London are putting on an intelligible shape. This fact is undoubtedly a surprise to many people; and it may be that we ourselves are among them. The matter has given rise to so much gossip for years past, such confident prophecies have been uttered with no corresponding result, and folk professing to know all about it have talked such extravagant nonsense, that other folk felt quite justified in placing the new opera-house among "Chateaux en Espagne." But there is "something in it" after all; and something of a very big sort. If report may be trusted—"there is much virtue in your if"—the site has been chosen, the plan decided upon, a good deal of the money gathered together, and, generally speaking, matters have been put in train. Accepting all that reaches us to be absolute truth, we shall, in two or three years' time, see the following:—A grand opera-house on the Thames Embankment, facing the river, and occupying a site between the new street from Charing Cross and the St Stephen's Club. In this house, performances of Italian opera will take place during the "season"; the rest of the year being devoted to English opera, or English adaptations of foreign works; the whole under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. This is something—the main thing, in point of fact—but it is not all. We are to have, still on the assumption aforesaid, a national school of music, wherein pupils will be fitted for success upon the lyric and terpsichorean stage. Moreover, there is talk of a pleasant garden on a portion of the site of five acres, of a grand *Café*, and other things besides, too visionary or too insignificant for particular notice here. Reflecting upon the whole scheme, imagination begins to play fantastic tricks. We see ourselves "bowling down" to the Embankment on some pleasant night in leafy June, passing through "a garden of delights"—or of delights without the first syllable, at all events; and, while fashionable London buzzes about us, varying the sounds of Verdi or Donizetti with the pop of champagne and soda-water. Very pleasant is all this, and we earnestly hope that it may "come true." But, unhappily, the present is a sceptical age, and one's tongue, from frequent exercise, knows its way to one's cheek as though by instinct. How much of our summer dream will be realized we shall not pretend to define, but it can hardly be rash to assume that, should anything come of it, the opera-house will take precedence. Let us hope for the opera-house. It is wanted badly enough, assuming that not only can London support two lyric theatres, but that it is well for lyric drama there should be two. This, however, is hardly an assumption. London can, if it likes, support two operas, and make them pay well, there being in what is called "society" more than enough of the requisite number of idlers; while that competition is good in this, as in most other things, need hardly be demonstrated. For such reasons alone, let us hope the scheme at present sketched in ink on paper will be sketched in stone on the Embankment.

Putting the matter in another way, benevolent persons will rejoice to find that Mr Mapleson is likely to improve, at last, upon the position of Noah's dove and find rest for the sole of his foot. He has too long been an Ishmaelite living in a tent; and liable to have the canvass blown down upon him. One cannot think without pity of that accomplished manager and urbane gentleman, as he has appeared ever since fire consumed the beautiful old house in the Haymarket, but more especially ever since the noble proprietor thought fit to rebuild with seeming design that it should never again be inhabited. Under the circumstances, doubtless, "Old Drury" was not a bad refuge; but Mr Mapleson, as head of our second Opera, deserves a better fate than that of a refugee. He ought to have a roof of his own overhead, and room enough around for his abundant energies, without the need to consult committees, or the obligation of accommodating

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"renters." So much, at all events, is promised by the new scheme, and so, much, we hope, will come to pass. For the rest—school, *café*, and what not—we can wait; deferring even anticipation till better grounds appear on which to base it.

MARIE KREBS AND STERNDALE BENNETT.

WE hear that the performance of Sir Sterndale Bennett's fourth pianoforte concerto, under Mr Hallé's direction, at the Manchester Concert Hall, on Monday last, was an extraordinary success. We are delighted—though by no means surprised.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE *Gaulois* notices Mdme Patey thus:—

"Mdme Patey is an artist of great talent, and one cannot but be astonished that she is so little known; for, in truth, she is a star of the first order. Are there then names which command success? An 'e' the less, an 'i' the more, and lo! a Patti of a new kind—a Patti-Alboni, with the pure, round, balanced voice, velvety *timbre* of the famous contralto. The style is broader, and more commanding still, the expression more exquisite, the *mezza voce* more ravishing. Mdme Patey was applauded with enthusiasm."

DURING the past year, thirty-five new operas were produced in Italy; eleven in Germany; five in Russia; and two in Hungary.

THE celebrated Stradivarius which once belonged to M. La Mire, and subsequently to M. de Ploos, has just been purchased, for 9,000 francs, by Herr Krumholz, violoncellist, of Stuttgart. This instrument and those of Davidoff, Franchomme and Servais, are reckoned among the finest ever turned out by the maker.

AMONG the busts of the composers at the new Grand Opera-house, Paris, the bust of Donizetti is not to be seen. Some surprise has been manifested at this, considering that *Dom Sebastian*, *I Martiri*, *La Favorita*, *Don Pasquale*, *Lucia*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*—several of which were composed expressly for Paris—are stock-pieces on the French lyric stage.

THE other day, a most peculiarly formed hand in plaster was sold by auction at the Hôtel des Ventes, Paris. The fingers were exceedingly long, and a chirologist declared it could only be the hand of some criminal. In 1846, it figured in the windows of all the music-shops of the French capital, with the following inscription: THE HAND OF LISZT. *Price: 5 Francs.* Pianists' hands have, probably, fallen in value, for this was knocked down, as part of a lot comprising old casts and broken crockery, at two francs!

SOME amount of *badinage*, *persiflage*, or, in plain English, "chaff," has lately fallen to the lot of those in authority at the Scala, Milan, for the new version, with which they favoured the public, in the ballet of *Giulio Cesare*, of the great commander's celebrated notification: *Veni, Vidi, Vici.* This the above gentlemen, or their property-man, changed to: *Veni, Vidi,* VINCI. The management of the Dal Verme appear as shaky in French as their colleagues are in Latin. In the lobby leading to the stalls of the last named theatre is a notice thus conceived: "*Il est défendu* D'ENTRÉE *aux stalles aux Messieurs qui* N'EN PRESENTANT *pas le reçu de* LUAGE."

DR VON BULOW ON THE VALUE OF THE METRONOME.—On Monday week, Mr Wellington Guernsey was in Schott's music saloon, Regent Street, seeking out the metronome marks and the exact *tempo* of the leading subjects as marked in the orchestra score of Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, to be performed at the great brass band contest, to be held this spring in the north of England, under the management of Mr Richard Smith, of Hull, and a committee of noblemen and gentlemen. Dr Von Bülow happened to be present with Mr Guernsey, and politely afforded him the information and exact *tempo* of each of the several pieces required; stating that he conducted the opera in Berlin many times under the auspices of the composer, remarking that the metronome marks in the printed scores were not to be relied on; in fact, in many cases they could not be carried out. Dr Von Bülow agreed with Beethoven and Weber, who have left it on record, that the metronome was useless after the two first bars of any subject. Weber, on the first production of his *Euryanthe*, declared that after the *tempo* was given, leading off the subject, he could not be trammelled in his expression of the music, and the various effects to be given—in all of which remarks Dr Von Bülow agreed.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR AGUILAR'S performance of pianoforte music, on Monday last, consisted of—Fantasia in C minor—Mozart; Suite in E minor—Handel; "Oft in the stilly night" (Transcription)—Aguilar; Overture-Scherzo—Aguilar; Nocturne in A flat, and Impromptu in A flat—Chopin; Sonata in G minor—Schumann; Lieder ohne Wörte—Mendelssohn; Fantasia on *La Sonnambula*—Thalberg; Appeal, and "In a wood on a windy day" (Transcriptions)—Aguilar; Day Dream and Valse Brillante—Aguilar. As usual, the rooms were filled with musical amateurs, who expressed themselves highly pleased with Mr Aguilar's performance.

MR W. H. HOLMES—writes the *Standard*,—the esteemed professor and composer, gave a recital at 26, Portland Place before a numerous and fashionable audience. The programme was well arranged, and the various selections appeared to give great satisfaction to those assembled, although demonstrations of enthusiasm were rarely indulged in. Mr Holmes played Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, Op. 26; Hammond's "Romance Russe;" Thalberg's Fantasia upon Themes from *Les Huguenots*; Incidental Overture, composed by Herbert Baines (first time of performance); Mr E. Land's Gavotte (first time); a couple of *morceaux* from his own pen; Liszt's "Gnomen-Reigen"; and Von Bülow's "Canzonnettura." In this comprehensive assortment Mr Holmes's versatility was thoroughly displayed, while the choice of pieces proved the soundness and discrimination of his judgment. Mr Holmes also joined Mr Lazarus in Weber's Duet for pianoforte and clarionet (Op. 47), and assisted in the performance of Sir Julius Benedict's Quartet for four players upon two pianofortes, introducing one of Chopin's Mazurkas (posthumous). In this work Mr Holmes was associated with the composer, Mdme Lütgen, and Mrs Montaigne, the quartet going so admirably that it was redemanded, and, in compliance with general request, repeated in its entirety. Mr Lazarus was in fine form; his playing, both in Weber's Duo and in the Adagio from Spohr's Second Clarionet Concerto, being marvellously brilliant and, at the same time, sympathetic. A feature in the concert, and an unusual one in a *matinée musicale*, was a trumpet solo, contributed by Mr T. Harper, *facile princeps* of all trumpeters. The immense difficulties of this instrument are well known, so well known, in fact, that musicians prefer to write for valved instruments, and obtain certainty of execution at the expense of brilliancy of tone. Mr Harper's performance upon the old slide trumpet is little short of extraordinary—a verdict with which all who heard him play "Il mio tesoro" (*Don Juan*) yesterday will thoroughly agree. In the vocal music, which was contributed by Miss Harper and Mr Frank Holmes, a new song by Mr W. H. Holmes, written to some very graceful lines by Mrs Baines, was a prominent item. Altogether, the recital may be said to have proved entirely successful.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—A most interesting and attractive programme will be given at the Sacred Harmonic Society's next Concert, at Exeter Hall, on Friday, Feb. 5th, comprising Mozart's Mass No 1, Spohr's *Christian's Prayer* (works which have not been performed in London for many years), and Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*. The principal soloists will be Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Ellen Horne, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Pearson, and Mr Distin. Mr Ryder is engaged to recite the illustrative verses in *Athalie*, and the performance will be conducted by Sir Michael Costa.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.—*Israel in Egypt* will be the next Oratorio performed at these Concerts on Tuesday the 26th instant. The solo parts will be sung by Madlle Johanna Levier, Miss Katharine Poyntz, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Signor Fabrini, and Mr Sims Reeves; "The Lord is a man of war" being sung by the male voices of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. The Band, which has been considerably strengthened by the engagement of the best instrumentalists, will number over 100 performers. A very interesting feature at this Concert will be the appearance of M. Guilmant (the celebrated organist of La Trinité, Paris), who is to play Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D minor before the Oratorio, and between the parts "Improvisation sur des Motifs de Handel." The Oratorio will be conducted as usual by Mr Barnby.

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PROVINCIAL.

WATFORD.—An evening concert was given in the Corn Exchange, January 19, under the patronage of the Earl of Essex, Earl Clarendon, Viscount Malden, Lord Ebury, etc., and proved a great success, the crowded audience being much pleased with the singing of Mr Ch. J. Bishenden, the well-known bass. Miss Kate Wild and Miss Farquharson also gave satisfaction in their solos. A trio, "The bells of St Michael's tower," sung by the Misses Wild and Farquharson, and Mr Bishenden, was well received. Miss Kate Saunders played two pianoforte solos with much taste and expression.

COLCHESTER.—An excellent concert was given at the Town Hall, on behalf of the fund being raised for the improvement of the play-ground of the Colchester Royal Grammar School. The Assembly Room was crowded by a large and fashionable audience, including the Mayor (Major Bishop), who is always amongst the foremost in furthering the interests of the boys of the school, Mr J. Round, M.P., etc. The chorus was composed of the boys of the school, a few "old boys," some members of the Colchester Glee Club, and other friends. Miss Florence Ashton and Miss Ellen Glanville, professional singers from London, performed the pieces allotted to them in a highly satisfactory way, and Mr Frank Holmes, who is an old favourite with Colchester audiences, particularly distinguished himself in Handel's fine song, "Honour and Arms." His voice has much improved since we last had the pleasure of hearing him. Among the performances of the amateurs there was much to admire. Miss K. Lockwood kindly acted as pianoforte accompanist, and Mr Alfred A. Barratt was an efficient conductor. We understand that the concert was a financial success.

BURGESS HILL (Sussex).—On the 7th of January, the St John's Institute and Reading Rooms were well filled by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to witness the performance of the following entertainment, the proceeds of which were given to the poor of the district:—

Programme—Reading, Mr W. Banfield; Song, Mrs A. Mills: Comic Song, Mr T. S. Knight; Reading, Mr T. B. Crunden; Comic Duet, "The Awkward Squad," Messrs Frape and Potter; Recitation, "The Pied Piper," Mr Ellerton Hatton; Song, Mrs A. Mills. The entertainment concluded with the farce of *The Thumping Legacy*—Filippo Geromino (innkeeper), Mr A. Bowers; Jerry Ominous (his nephew), Mr Banfield; Bambogetti, Mr E. Hunt; Leoni, Mr Leggatt; Brigadier of Carabineers, Mr Sinnock; Rosetta (daughter of Filipo), Mr T. S. Knight.

The performers were all amateurs, residing in the locality, all of whom gave great satisfaction. A comic duet, admirably sung by Messrs Frape and Potter, was encored, and the reappearance of these two gentlemen elicited quite an ovation. The characters in the old farce, *The Thumping Legacy*, were capitally sustained; the make-up of Mr T. Sinnock as a Brigadier of Carabineers was very good; and the part of Rosetta (the innkeeper's daughter) found a fair and able representative in Mr T. S. Knight; indeed all the performers acquitted themselves excellently well, and their exertions were highly appreciated by the audience.

BRIGHTON.—An excellent performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was given in the "Dome" on Friday evening last week, by Signor Campobello's party, consisting of Madame Campobello-Sinico, Madame Stella Bonheur, Signor Urio, and Signor Campobello. A large number of choristers were brought from London expressly to give due effect to the work, and these were strengthened by members of the local choirs. The solos were enthusiastically received, Madame Campobello-Sinico being encored in the "Inflammatus," Madame Stella Bonheur narrowly escaping an encore for her *aria*, "Fac ut portem," and Signor Urio and Signor Campobello receiving and meriting a warm acknowledgment for their excellent singing. Madame Campobello-Sinico was welcomed as an old established favourite. The fine mezzo-soprano voice of Madame Stella Bonheur was readily appreciated. Her voice and figure are well suited to the operatic stage, where she, no doubt, will soon take a high position. Signor Urio has made astonishing progress, and now sings with all the excellence of a really great artist. The performance of the *Stabat Mater* was ably conducted by Signor Campana, and the choruses received valuable assistance from Mr Josiah Pittman, who presided at the organ.—The special musical arrangements made for Saturday last at the Aquarium included the engagement of Madame Liebhart, a soprano who has already established her reputation and is familiar to the Aquarium audiences. Madame Liebhart sang "My mother bids me bind my hair," and "Little bird so sweetly singing," both of which she gave with her accustomed finish. The latter was unanimously encored, but the fair vocalist responded by singing "Comin' through the Rye." "Robin Adair" and "Good morning," her remaining contributions, were likewise much appreciated. Mr E. Reyloff, the conductor, must be praised for the excellence of the instrumental portion of the programme, consisting of Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell*, Weber's to *Der Freischutz*, Meyerbeer's "Marche du Sacre" (*Prophète*), Méhul's overture to *Le Jeune Henri*, and a selection rom Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*.

CHAPPELL'S "HISTORY OF MUSIC."

(*To the Editor of "Nature."*)

In a review ot my "History of Music," in *Nature*, p. 123, your musical critic takes me to task for having cautioned English readers against certain new theories which are to be found in the works of the late F. J. Fétis, and in the "Tonempfindungen" of Professor Helmholtz. I think those cautions were necessary, and perhaps, when your critic has studied the subject, he may think so too; but, in the meantime, he bows down before such names, and cautions me, that if Fétis were alive he "would not be in my shoes for a trifle." I should rather object to change shoes with the critic, but I may remind him that he seems to have forgotten his obligations to the readers of *Nature*. However diffident as to his qualification to controvert me, and therefore hoping for a second Fétis to arise, it was at least his duty to test each of us by the authorities which we quote, and to inform your readers of the result. He must know that two such opposite accounts cannot both be true, and, therefore, either the one or the other is not trustworthy. Fétis and I differ *toto cœlo*, even to the scales. I had supposed that a few of the extracts which I have adduced from Fétis's own works would have spoken for themselves, and have convinced any one who possesses critical knowledge that Fétis was a pretender, and that he was unable to understand the Greek treatises which he had before him. Your reviewer, however, is far too staunch-headed to be convinced, even though Fétis assumes to correct Aristoxenus in Greek, and Josephus in Hebrew.

My own conviction is unchanged by the second, third, and fourth volumes of Fétis's History. I find the same system of charging error upon others when he alone is in fault, and the same inability to understand the books before him. For instance, he had Kosegarten's translation of El Farabi's treatise on Persian, Greek, and Arab music, written at the beginning of the tenth century, but he could not discover from it that the Persians had then no thirds of tones in their scales. Neither did he find out that the Arabs had then emancipated themselves from the Greek minor scales, and had an excellent two-octave major scale, with perfect thirds in it, and a major seventh. It differed from ours, but rather for the better. These two points are most important in history, for in them we trace the comparative civilization from which those nations have declined.

As to Helmholtz's new musical theories, your reviewer complains that I have described his book as "hasty," when "it is the result of eight years' labour." I think ill-considered conclusions may, in polite terms, be described as "hasty." Secondly, that I have said, "Some very necessary experiments, such as those upon harmonics, were omitted." I am quite of that opinion, for I differ with him as to the existence of "*over*-tones," and I adduce proof that harmonics are *subsequent* to the principal notes, and not simultaneous. My arguments are before the world, and I have found them supported by others, including two of the very highest authorities. Until they can be rebutted, I have nothing to withdraw, but have much to add to them. The "Tonempfindungen" is not a book which requires more than ordinary intellect to understand; therefore, such deep submission as that of your critic is not necessary. When Helmholtz informs his readers that thirty-three *consonant* vibrations between B and C cause the *dissonance* of that interval, he is literally telling them that white is black; and yet this critic would have us believe him.

Strafford Lodge, Oatlands Park, Surrey. WM CHAPPELL.

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(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

DEAR SIR,—In your kind and excellent notice of my concert on the 13th, you have not mentioned Sir Julius Benedict's quartet, for four performers on two pianofortes, introducing Chopin's Posthumous Mazurka, in which I had the honour to join with Sir Julius, Madame Lütgen, and Mrs Montaigne. The piece was received with great enthusiasm and encored. It is not in my province to speak of the composition or performance, but I cannot forbear to mention that Sir Julius Benedict came to the concert direct from Liverpool, thereby adding to the list of kindnesses I have received from him, for I wont say how many years; as it reminds me that "Time waits for no man," only (occasionally) one's pupils will not wait for time. I am, dear Sir, yours truly, W. H. HOLMES.

36, *Beaumont Street, Portland Place, Jan.* 18, 1875.

MR JOHN BOOSEY'S last "Ballad Concert," in St James's Hall, on Wednesday night, was one of the most brilliantly successful he has given.

THE Royal Albert Hall Concerts, under the auspices of Messrs Novello, were resumed on Thursday night. Herr Wilhelmj, the violinist, who has not been heard for some years in London, played Mendelssohn's Concerto, &c.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

The resumption of Mr Chappell's morning concerts on Saturday last was marked by one of the finest programmes conceivable; nearly every work chosen belonging to the highest order of excellence, and holding a place among the things best known to amateurs. When this is the case, and when the performers are equal to their task, the critic has very little to say. He is among the audience simply to be pleased, not for the purpose of plying his vocation; and if it needs be that he speak, it is as a chronicler, not as a judge. Our notice of Saturday's concert must, therefore, limit itself chiefly to facts, the most interesting of which refers to Mozart's Quintet in C minor, a work familiar to every lover of the great master, though only once before heard in St James's Hall. The "C minor" may not, perhaps, have a place in the front rank of Mozart's chamber compositions, nor could this be reasonably expected of a quintet which, in the first instance, was a serenade for wind instruments. But it is beautiful, nevertheless, and, as a specially good example of symmetrical structure, deserves hearing at a time when symmetry in music threatens to go out of fashion. The work, played in admirable style by Messrs Straus, Ries, Zerbini, Burnett, and Piatti, was very well received by the trained classicists whom these concerts draw together. Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio, the only other concerted piece, may be passed without remark; nor was the first of the two solos less familiar. Mdlle Krebs gave a powerful, yet reverent and truthful, interpretation of Beethoven's Sonata in F minor (Op. 57), for which she was much applauded and recalled; while, in Marcello's Sonata in F major, Signor Piatti, helped by Sir Julius Benedict as accompanist, displayed to advantage not only the old musician's formal melody, but his own unequalled power of execution. The vocalist was Miss Annie Sinclair, who contributed with much pleasantness of effect Handel's "Let me wander not unseen," and Sullivan's best Shakespearian song, "Orpheus with his lute." Altogether the concert was thoroughly enjoyable, and, if appearances mean anything, was thoroughly enjoyed.

On Monday evening took place the five hundredth performance given since February 14, 1859, when Mr Arthur S. Chappell, all unconscious, it may be assumed, of the significance of the event, first invited London amateurs to hear a selection of classical chamber music. The occasion, on the face of it, calls for no ordinary comment and congratulation, the more, because it stands alone in the annals of concert-giving. Never before did a musical enterprise celebrate its five hundredth programme within the space of seventeen years; and if the thing had been predicted of the high-class "Monday Pops," when first they started, everybody, perhaps even the prophet himself, would have laughed. But for all the rarity and significance of the event, we are not sure that there is any need to blow the trumpet over it. From the outset Mr Chappell has steered clear of sensation-mongering, thinking it best to pursue his way in quiet reliance upon the substantial claims of the work done. Even the temptation of a five hundredth concert did not move him further than to the presentation of music wholly taken from the opening programme. He might have made great fuss without incurring any blame; that he made none at all is a fact we shall now remember, and act upon. For, indeed, the "Monday Pops," closely entering, as they have done during seventeen years, into the musical life of the nation, are their own best expositors and champions. But, while vindication from outside would be superfluous, we may seize the opportunity of congratulating the director, and amateurs of music generally, upon an event fraught with considerations as weighty as they are obvious. Moreover, we offer the best compliment in our power when simply wishing that the enterprise may reach a thousandth concert, and then be in its hot youth. The first programme consisted wholly of the works of Mendelssohn, so, as a matter of course, did that presented on Monday night, choice falling upon the quintet in B flat (Op. 87), the sonata in F minor (Op. 4), for pianoforte and violin, the *Tema con variazioni* in D (Op. 17), for pianoforte and violoncello, and the quartet in D (Op. 44)—on the whole a fairly representative group. The opening quintet, played to absolute perfection—no other words can be used—by Madame Néruda, M.M. Ries, Zerbini, Straus, and Piatti, made a profound effect, the *andante scherzando*—hearing which one is more disposed to weep than to laugh—being tumultuously encored. Miss Zimmermann was associated with Madame Néruda in the sonata; and the accomplished ladies did full justice to a work wherein, no matter what its comparative merit, we have a shining example of precocity. An emphatic word of praise for the execution of the variations and quartet, as well as for that by Misses Gaetano and Fairman of two part songs, is necessary to complete our record of this interesting occasion, and it should be said of Sir Julius Benedict, who conducted the first Monday Popular Concert, that he presided over the five hundredth with unabated energy and skill.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

A grand concert, under the patronage of the Sous-Prefet, the Mayor, Administrateurs de l'Hospice, and Mdme la Baronne Salomon de Rothschild, was given on Friday, January 15, by Herr Reichardt, "avec le concours" de Mdlle Carlotta Patti, Mdlle Blahetka, Mdmes Carlier-Guilmant, Pellereau, et Mdlle Cécile Keene; Les dames et Messieurs amateurs de la ville la Société de l'Orphéon, et la Société Musicale. The object for which this concert was got up by Herr Reichardt was, as usual, a charitable one, viz., "pour la fondation d'un lit, de Vieillard ou d'Orphelin à l'Hospice de Boulogne." The programme was long, and the concert lasted over three hours. It was very well attended, and the receipts, including subscriptions previously collected in the town, in Paris, and notably a liberal donation from the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, who were solicited for the same while on their short visit here, were, I believe, quite sufficient to carry out the object in view.

Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, and a fantasia on airs from Weber's *Oberon*, were very well performed—especially the latter—by the band of the Société Musicale, at the commencement of each part of the programme; but a brass band is certainly better heard out of doors than in a large saloon like that of the Etablissement des Bains. The Société de l'Orphéon, who sang a *scène chorale*, "Le Tyrol," by A. Thomas, under their able conductor, M. Picard, gave general satisfaction. A Mdme C. sang with expression and taste, "Voi che Sapête." Herr Reichardt did not, as usual, charm his audience with a solo, but took part in two trios, "Ti prego o Madre," and "Pour les attraits de noble dame." I need hardly add that he met with great applause. Last of all, in the way of vocal music, I must allude to the singing of Mdlle Carlotta Patti, who was simply charming in her interpretation of the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* (assisted by the amateurs and "Orphéons"); a romance, composed by Herr Reichardt expressly for the occasion, "L'Orpheline et l'Ange"—the name of the composer and the interpretation of the song by Madame Carlotta Patti being, of course, sufficient to elicite hearty applause; and the *bolero* from the *Vêpres Siciliennes* (Verdi). There was, also, a solo on the violin by a M. X.

The great instrumental performance of the evening was an *andante* and *allegro* "pour deux piano à huit mains" by the late M. Ascher, performed by Mdme Blahetka, Mdme Carlier-Guilmant, Pellereau, and Mdlle Cecilia Keene. It was a real treat to hear this performance by four well-known and highly esteemed professors of music in this town, and they were loudly recalled at the conclusion. The concert was brought to a close by Gounod's *Gallia*, a strange composition to finish a concert with.

Herr Reichardt's concert proved a decided success, and he has "*made his bed*" at the Hôpital St Louis, for some poor viellard or orphan.

I must write you a line about the Theatre, as I have not mentioned M. Troy's capital *troupe* of artists for a long time. *La Rose de St Flour*, *Lischen and Fritschen*, *La Chanson de Fortunio*, as operettas, and *Gavart Minard et Cie*, *Les Inutiles*, *Le Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*, *Les premiers armes de Richelieu*, and *Nos Domestiques*, together with several little vaudevilles, have attracted average audiences, the operettas being put on exceedingly well, especially *La Rose de St Flour* and *La Chanson de Fortunio*. Among the dramas *Les Inutiles* was the best played, and well appreciated. Scrivaneck will visit us on Saturday next, and play in *Gentil Bernard* for one night only.

The English inhabitants of Boulogne were so well pleased with the hearty and magnificent reception of the Lord Mayor here, and of the numerous invitations sent out among them to meet his Lordship, that a movement is on foot to return the kindness of the Maire and Conseil Municipale by offering them a grand ball at the Etablissement des Bains. Already a committee has been formed of the most influential gentlemen of the English

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residents, and steps taken to ensure success. Mr Hanbury Williams, J.P., well known and much respected here for many years, is the chairman of the same, and is ably supported by the Vice-Consul, Mr Stigand, Messrs Stone, Merridew, Farmer, Clements, and others, Dr Chater acting as secretary. (I believe the idea originated with the latter gentleman.) X. T.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 19*th Jan.*, 1875.

MOZART AND GRÉTRY.*

Though Mozart did not succeed in getting anything produced at our Académie de Musique, his sojourn in France exercised, for all that, a very great influence on the development of his genius. His circle of acquaintances procured him access to the Opera, and the Comédie-Italienne, as our Opéra-Comique was then styled. He made exceedingly good use of this advantage, and we know that even subsequently he studied our scores with marked predilection. A friend of his, who one day surprised him surrounded by the works of Gluck and Grétry, asked if he did not think it would be more worth his while to study the works of Italian composers. "As far as melody is concerned, yes," replied Mozart, "but as regards truthfulness of diction and dramatic expression, no!"

Even, however, had we not gathered from his own lips this valuable and flattering avowal, his scores would, instead of himself, bear witness to the respect he entertained for our masters. Gluck's influence is manifest. As for that of Grétry, to cite only one example, it is sufficient to compare the admirable finale of *Le Nozze di Figaro*: "Esci, ormai, garzon mal nato," with that of *L'Amant jaloux*, "Plus d'égards, plus de prudence," to feel convinced that the former is faithfully traced upon the latter. There is even so complete an analogy between the motive of Grétry's andante: "Il ne sait plus que dire," and Mozart's "Signora, cos' è quel stupore?" that we feel almost inclined to reproach the most opulent and prodigal of masters with having borrowed from another.

For these reasons it struck me that it would be amusing and instructive to give here a complete list of all the operas, serious and comic, played in Paris during Mozart's stay there. I trust my readers will forgive me this somewhat dry roll of names; the number of minutes they will lose in reading it will certainly be less than the number of hours it took me to compile.

From the 23rd March to the 28th September, 1778, the works performed at the Opéra were *Armide*, *Alceste*, *Iphigenie en Aulide*, and *Orphée*, Gluck; *Roland*, Piccini; *Ernelinde*, Philidor; *Le Devin du Village*, J. J. Rousseau; *Les trois Ages de l'Opéra*, Grétry; *La Fête de Flore*, Trial; *La Fête du Village*, Gossec; and *Myrtil et Lycoris*, Désormery, without counting the performances of the Italian company, who gave: *Le finte Gemelle*, Piccini; *Le due Contesse*, and *La Frascatana*, Paisiello; *La Serva padrona*, Pergolese; and *Il Curioso indiscreto*, Anfossi.

During the same period, the following comic operas were represented at the Comédie Italienne: *Sylvain*, *Le Tableau parlant*, *Zémire et Azor*, *La Rosière de Salency*, *Le Huron*, *Les deux Avares*, *L'Ami de la Maison*, *Lucile*, *Le Jugement de Midas*, *Les Mariages Samnites*, and *Le Magnifique*, Grétry; *La belle Arsène*, *Le Cadi Dupé*, *Rose et Colas*, *Le Déserteur*, *Le Roi et le Fermier*, *Le Maître en Droit*, and *On ne s'avise jamais de tout*, Monsigny; *Les Femmes vengées*, *Le Bûcheron*, *Tom Jones*, *Sancho Panza*, and *Le Maréchal Ferrant*, Philidor; *La Clochette*, *Les Sabots*, *La bonne Fille*, *Le Milicien*, *Les deux Chasseurs et la Laitière*, *Le Peintre amoureux de son Modèle*, and *Mazet*, Duni; *Les trois Fermiers*, and *Zulima et Julie*, Dézèdes; *Le Tonnelier*, Audinot; *Isabelle et Gertrude*, Blaise; *Les Femmes et le Secret*, Vachon; *L'Amoureux de quinze Ans*, Martini; *La Bonne Fille*, Piccini; *La Servante Maîtresse*, Pergolese; *L'Olympiade* and *La Colonie*, Sacchini; *Bastien et Bastienne*, *La Servante justifiée*, *Le Coq du Village*, *Le Diable à quatre*, and *Acajou*, pieces parodied from popular ariettas.

To this list must be added the oratorios executed at the Sacred Concerts: *La Sortie de l'Egypte* and *La Destruction de Jérusalem*, Rigel; *Le Sacrifice d'Abraham*, Cambini; and *Suzanne*, Bambini, not forgetting the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolese.

If Mozart did not witness the performance of all these pieces, it is certain that he was present at the representation of a great many of them. As for their authors, he does not appear to have sought their society. In this respect, he was reserved, and followed the advice given him by his father to stand on a footing of strict politeness in his dealings with his brothers in art, but not to go beyond it. Then Gluck was no longer in Paris, and, as for Piccini, Mozart had known him in Italy. Gossec was too undemonstrative, and, with regard to Grétry, whose disposition would certainly have agreed very well with Mozart's, he frequented the society of the philosophers, from whom the young composer's religious principles must have made him recoil with horror. VICTOR WILDER.

* From the *Ménestrel*.

WAIFS.

The new theatre at Odessa is ready for opening.

The tenor, Salomon, has left Brussels, and returned to the Paris Opéra.

Madame Annette Essipoff has been playing in Paris at the Pasdeloup concerts.

La Favorite succeeds *La Juive* at the Grand Opéra, with Faure as the King.

The first two parts of the *Messiah* have been performed at Dijon with great success.

The concert tour of the artists of Her Majesty's Opera commenced on Monday last.

On Christmas day last, *Tannhäuser* was performed at St Petersburgh for the first time.

Schumann's *Manfred* is reported to have met with very great success at the Vienna Opera.

Mdlle de Belocca has been singing at Marseilles and Nice, under the management of M. Strakosch.

Herr Hanslick, the well-known Viennese critic, is about to publish a volume entitled *Modern Opera*.

The San Carlo at Naples will be closed next Carnival for the first time since its foundation 160 years ago.

Verdi has declined an invitation from the Turin municipality to visit that city on the occasion of the production of *Aida*.

Portions of Bach's Mass in B minor were performed at a recent Conservatoire Concert. Really, the Parisians are growing serious in their tastes.

Herr Joachim will arrive in London about the 12th prox., and will probably make his *rentrée* at the Monday popular Concerts on the 22nd February.

All the principal artists who shared in the gala representation at the Grand Opéra have received presents from the Fine Art Minister, of Sèvres china, &c.

Verdi's *Requiem* for Manzoni is to be given, under the direction of its illustrious composer, at Messrs Novello and Co.'s concerts in the Royal Albert Hall, during the course of the season.

The *Rock* says:—"A renewed attempt on the part of the London Committee to secure the Albert Hall for Messrs Moody and Sankey, for one or more meetings, has, like the first, proved unsuccessful."

Mr John Francis Barnett's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which was so successfully produced at the Liverpool Musical Festival, is to be performed at Reading on the 28th instant; at Mr Kuhe's Brighton Festival; at Mr Charles Hallé's Concerts in Manchester; and probably at the Crystal Palace.

It is a melancholy truth that musicians have a poorer opinion of each other than other people entertain of them. The fact is well illustrated in the public schools of Philadelphia, where it is even feared that the study of music is in danger of being thrown out of the school system, by the unceasing wrangling of the musicians, who cannot all have a berth, and consequently are not satisfied with the way in which the music is conducted. This disgraceful state of things should stop.

NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.—Mr S. Flood Page, the Secretary of the Crystal Palace, writes to us to correct misapprehensions which prevail with reference to the National Music Meetings for this year. He states that the third series of competitive performances between choral societies, solo singers, and military bands will be held at the Crystal Palace on the 1st, 2nd, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 10th of July next; that authorized editions of the music to be prepared for performance are published by Messrs Novello and Co. and Messrs Metzler and Co., and that rules, forms of entry, and all other particulars can be obtained on application at his office, or by letter addressed to Mr Willert Beale, at the Crystal Palace.—*Times*.

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Mdlle Krebs arrived in London on Friday week, to play at last Monday's Popular Concert, at St James's Hall. Mdlle Krebs is peculiarly fortunate in pleasing both parties of our critics of pianoforte players.

Herr Otto Peiniger, Professor of the violin at Harrow school, who, during the time of his studies at the Royal Academy in Berlin, acted as accompanist to Her Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany, had the honour of performing at the Palace in Berlin, on the 30th December, 1874, before their Imperial Highnesses and a distinguished circle, and met with great approbation.

Mr Sims Reeves is well again. He appeared at Mr John Boosey's Ballad Concert, at St James's Hall, on Saturday afternoon. Mr Reeves is a "draw" in more senses than one. As a tenor vocalist of the highest rank, his name alone, if there was any sort of certainty that he would actually sing, is always sufficient to attract an audience, while the very doubt of his appearance "draws" many persons to see whether he disappoints or not. When he actually appears, the audience usually displays every symptom of temporary insanity, recalling him four or five times, and making frantic attempts to induce an encore. When he disappoints, people hoot and howl, and make it unpleasant for the other artists engaged. No vocalist in England can tamper with the tempers of the audiences and the reputation of himself like Mr Sims Reeves, who, in this sense, stands alone in this country, and for the best of all reasons, because he is the greatest artist, and almost the only perfectly finished tenor vocalist we possess.—*Figaro.*

An iron fence surrounds Mozart's tomb, and at each corner is planted an evergreen-tree. The lot is not more than ten feet square, which goes to prove how valuable ground is in St Marx Cemetery, and how little a great man is appreciated after death. Strange to say, the tomb is situated in immediate proximity to the common graves, and far distant from the aristocratic portion of the cemetery. What a pity it is to see the man who certainly was the greatest musician that ever lived, and whose music is the delight and admiration of every true scholar of music, thus buried in an obscure corner of an old country graveyard! How differently is Washington entombed at Mt Vernon, or Virgil at Naples. In *Corinne*, we read of the latter's tomb: "It overlooks the Bay of Naples; and such is the magnificent repose of the spot that one is tempted to believe the bard himself must have selected it. These simple words from his Georgics might have served him for an epitaph: *Illo Virgilium me tempore dulcis alebat Parthenope.* There did soft Parthenope receive me."

A New Tenor.—A musical entertainment took place on Wednesday afternoon, December 30th, at the Argentina Theatre, Rome, on which occasion, Mr Durward Lyall, a new tenor, and a young aspirant for the lyric stage, being on a visit to his friend, Mr Allen Fraser of Hospitalfield, made the first public trial of his voice before a select audience of ladies and gentlemen, now sojourning in the Eternal City, and among others the celebrated tenor, Signor Mario. Mr Durward Lyall, who possesses, among other personal advantages, that of a fine figure, sang with much taste the "Spirito gentil" (*Favorita*) "All'età dell'innocenza" (*Bravo*) "All'umil ostel natio" (*Promessi Sposi*) and "Che vidi? Amici" (*Zelmira*), and in each won a tribute of applause. He is gifted with a fine voice which is at once powerful, compact, sustained and vibrating. A Scotchman by birth, he will probably Italianize his name, and, on the completion of his studies at Milan, where he has already resided during the last two years and a half, will make his public *début* on the stage, and, no doubt, take the foremost rank among the celebrities of the musical world.

Barcelona.—A new opera, *Quasimodo*, is shortly to be produced at the Teatro del Liceo. It is by a Spanish composer, Señor Pedrell.

Berlin.—Herr Ernst, from the Stadttheater, Leipsic, has appeared at the Royal Operahouse as Adolar, in Weber's *Euryanthe*, and met with a favourable reception. Mad. Mallinger was Euryanthe, Madlle Brandt, Eglantine; and Herr Betz, Lysiart.—Herr R. Wüerst's new comic opera, *A-ing-fo-hi*, is in active rehearsal, and will be produced about the end of the present month. *Le Roi l'a dit* (*Der König hat's gesagt*), by M. Delibes, is laid by till next season, but then it will be given with Miss Minnie Hauck in the principal part.—A new series of Quartet Concerts has lately been started by Herren Struss, Boldtmann, Wegener, and Philipsen, and their example is shortly to be followed by Herr Rehfeldt, so that there will be soon four different sets of Quartet Concerts going on simultaneously here. The programme at the inaugural concert given by the four gentlemen first named included Beethoven's G major Quartet, and a new Pianoforte Quintet by Herr Ernst Eduard Taubert, who himself took part in its performance. At Joachim's last Quartet Soirée, the works executed were Mendelssohn's two Quartet Fragments known as Op. 81, Haydn's Quartet in E flat major, Op. 72, and Beethoven's in C sharp minor.—Herr Joseph Wieniawski is making a professional tour in Germany. He was to play here on the 20th inst., and afterwards to visit Stettin, Dantzig, Bromberg, Posen, Breslau, Nuremberg, and Munich.

Kiel.—Herr A. Scholz has announced three more concerts of Orchestral Music. Among the works selected for performance are Beethoven's "Eroica," Lachner's "Suite, No. II.," and Raff's "Waldsymphonie." Herr Scholz's orchestra numbers forty members, and, since he commenced these concerts, his programmes have included compositions by Beethoven, Berlioz, Gade, Liszt, Mendelssohn, R. Wagner, and others of less note.

Leipsic.—The Duke of Coburg-Gotha's opera, *Santa Chiara*, first produced here in 1859, has been revived at the Stadttheater.—The King of Denmark has conferred the Gold Medal of Merit for Art and Science on Herr Karl Reinecke.

Vienna.—Mad. Pauline Lucca was to commence a fresh engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, as Mignon, in M. Ambroise Thomas's opera of the same name.—According to the *Wiener Sonn- und Feiertage Courier*, Madlle Mathilde Sessi will shortly return to the stage, and appear at the Comic Opera as Marie in *La Fille du Régiment.*

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11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.
13. *Now lightly we..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. *Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.
19. *The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. *Hark! the Gondolier.... *Riccardi.*
21. *Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. *When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. *The sun has been..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.
25. *Merry minstrels are..... *Wagner.*
26. *Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. *Hark! the merry..... *Plotow.*
28. *With song of bird ..... *Plotow.*
29. *Happy as the day..... *Wallace.*
30. *The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.
31. *The distant bell..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. *Who'll follow..... *Paggi.*
34. *Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. *O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. *O hear ye not..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.
37. *Sea flowers..... *Barnett.*
38. *Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. *Warbler of the forest.... *Benedict.*
40. *Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. *Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.
43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.
49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53. *Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.
55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.
61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.
67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm..... *Richards.*
69. *Lightly, softly..... *Plotow.*
70. *Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72. *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.
73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger.*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley.. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.
79. *Our Vesper Hymn..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Curschmann.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Curschmann.*
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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 53—No. 5. SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY, January 30th. The programme will include: Overture, "In Memoriam" (Sullivan); Mass in C (Beethoven); and Variations in B flat on a Theme of Haydn (Brahms). Vocalists—Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr Lewis Thomas. The Crystal Palace Choir. Organist—Dr Stainer. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Transferable stall tickets for remaining Twelve Concerts, One Guinea. Single stalls, Half-a-Crown.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS. The THIRD SERIES of PUBLIC COMPETITIVE PERFORMANCES will take place at Midsummer, 1875. Twelve Classes for Choral Societies, Solo Singers, and Military Bands. Authorized Editions of the Music to be prepared for performance are published by Messrs Novello & Co. and Messrs Metzler & Co. Rules, Lists of Music to be prepared, Forms of Entry, and all other particulars, can be had on application at the Secretary's Office, Crystal Palace, S.E.

By Order, S. FLOOD PAGE, Secretary.

BRIGHTON.—Mr KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL will commence TUESDAY, Feb. 9, and terminate Monday, Feb. 22. The Orchestra will be complete in every department. Leader and Solo Violin—M. Sainton. Vocalists—Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Edith Wynne, Johanna Levier, Blanche Cole, Suter, Charteris, Otto-Alvsleben, Antoinette Sterling, Julia Elton, Alice Fairman, and Mdme Patey; Messrs Vernon Rigby, W. H. Cummings, Edward Lloyd, Pearson, Montem Smith, Sims Reeves, Agnesi, Conti, Lewis Thomas, and Santley. Solo Pianoforte—Mdlle Marie Krebs and Mr Kuhe. Chorus of the Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society. Chorus Master and Solo Organ—Mr. R. Taylor. Conductors—Mr KINGSBURY and Mr KUHE. Principal Works—J. S. Bach's *Passion*, according to St Matthew; Sir Michael Costa's Oratorio, *Naaman* (kindly conducted by the Composer); Mr G. A. Macfarren's new Oratorio, *St John the Baptist*; Gounod's "Lamentations of Jeremiah" (*Gallia*); Haydn's *Creation*; Handel's *Messiah*; Mr J. F. Barnett's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; Mr Arthur S. Sullivan's Overture, "Di Ballo"; and Sir Julius Benedict's Overture, "The Tempest" (the three last works kindly conducted by their Composers).

FRIDAY NEXT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY next, Feb. 5th, MOZART'S MASS, No. 1, SPOHR'S "CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER," and MENDELSSOHN'S "ATHALIE." Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Ellen Horne, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Pearson, Mr Theodore Distin. Organist—Mr Willing. The Illustrative Verses to "Athalie" will be recited by Mr Ryder. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d.

MISS JULIE SYDNEY'S EVENING CONCERT, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, on WEDNESDAY, February 3rd, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Misses Grace Lindo, Alma Yorke, Estelle Emrick, and Julie Sydney; Messrs Percy Rivers, Greenhill, and Morse. Instrumentalists—Herr Oberthür, Mr Schuberth, and Mr W. S. Hoyte. Conductors—Dr Verrinder, Mr W. S. Hoyte, and Mr P. E. Van Noorden. Tickets, 7s. 6d., to be had of Miss JULIE SYDNEY, 47, Acacia Road, St John's Wood.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. NINTH SEASON, 1875.—The FIRST CONCERT will take place on the 24th of February next. The Concerts of the Society afford an excellent opportunity for rising Artists to make their first appearance in public. Full particulars and Prospectus may be had on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

MR WHITNEY begs to announce that all communications concerning Oratorio and Concert ENGAGEMENTS, after February 12th, may be addressed to him at his residence, 17, Acacia Road, St John's Wood, London.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN begs to inform her pupils and friends that she is now in Town. All Letters to be addressed, 15, Albert Street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

MISS JULIA DERBY begs to announce that all communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be sent direct to her residence, 14, Grosvenor Road, Stockwell, S.W.

MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Basso) begs to announce his Return to Town; and requests that all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed, 5, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, W.

MDLLE EUGENIE BÉNARD (the distinguished Juvenile Pianist, aged 10), who met with such success at Boulogne-sur-Mer last season, and two years since at the Covent Garden Concerts, is open to ENGAGEMENTS for Public or Private Concerts. Address to Professor BÉNARD, 29, Greenwood Road, Dalston.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, TUESDAY, Feb. 2, at Eight o'clock. Overture, *Der Freischutz* (Weber); Lieder (*a*) Fruhlingslied, (*b*) Liebtingsplatzchen (Mendelssohn)—Mdlle Johanna Levier; Violin Concerto (F. Hégar), first time—Herr Wilhelmj; Song—Mr Sims Reeves; Overture, "In Memoriam" (Arthur Sullivan); Italian Symphony (Mendelssohn); Song—Mr Sims Reeves; Violin Solo (*a*) "Albumblatt" (Wagner), (*b*) "Notturne" (Chopin) (A. Wilhelmj)—Herr Wilhelmj; Lieder (*a*) Liebesbotschaft (Schubert), (*b*) Wiegenlied (Brahms)—Mdlle Johanna Levier; March, *Prophete* (Meyerbeer). At the Pianoforte—Mr Randegger. Conductor—Mr BARNBY. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.; Admission, One Shilling; at NOVELLO'S, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

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MR CH. J. BISHENDEN (the celebrated Bass) will sing Three Songs at the Town Hall, Poplar, Feb. 9; Two Songs at Southampton, Feb. 11; in The "MESSIAH," at Glasgow, Feb. 18. For Engagements, address, 4, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, W.

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MR HENRY GANNEY will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Weston-super-Mare, Feb. 1st; Glastonbury, 17th; Pontypool, 18th; Hanley, 22nd; and Northwich, 25th.

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"THE SONG OF MAY."

MISS EDITH SHIELD will sing VINCENT WALLACE'S popular "Song of May," at Mr Lansdowne Cottell's Concert, at Chatham, February 9th.

MR JNO. WILLIAMS will sing WILFORD MORGAN'S popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Surbiton, Feb. 2; and at Clapham, Feb. 4.

SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce his Return to England on March 12th. Address, until March 7th, to Opera Italien, Moscow.

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Dieu m'a ravi le guide aimé
Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé!
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

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Une orpheline désolée;
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
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ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

The directors of these concerts thought it well to close the daily series at Christmas, for reasons which none can be able to appreciate than themselves; and in making a final reference to that spirited and well-worked enterprise we must express our decided opinion that it simply anticipated what, ere long, though perhaps in another place, will be a success. At present the time is not ripe, but the directors, while acknowledging the fact, have chosen to limit their operations to a narrower space, rather than give them up altogether. Orchestral music, oratorios, and "popular" compositions may still be heard in the Royal Albert Hall; the difference being that, instead of six concerts a week, there are only two. A difference exists, however, beyond this—one which represents a clear gain to music and its amateurs. With a band materially strengthened in numbers and improved in quality, with plenty of time for adequate rehearsal, and with energies unjaded by continuous exercise, the directors can, and doubtless will, give performances of the highest merit. It has often been said that the situation of the Albert Hall is fatal to its success as a concert-room. We do not underrate the disadvantage thus referred to, but, on the other hand, it is a fact beyond question that, wherever a genuine attraction appears the public will gather to it. If, therefore, the Albert Hall concerts sustain a high pitch of excellence, the journey to Kensington will speedily count for little with those to whom they appeal. That the directors are aware of this may be assumed without hesitation, and the doings of Thursday night made evident a resolve to act upon their knowledge. In all such enterprises the character of the orchestra is a most important consideration; for, if the orchestra cannot be said to make success, it is able effectually to mar it. The individual players should not only be competent men, but their number should be regulated with a strict regard to the effects exacted by the music in hand. Rightly or wrongly—the question cannot here be discussed—orchestral music now depends rather upon sonority and tone-colour than upon anything else; while, for reasons which are obvious, if not satisfactory, the public like the change. Hence the composition of the renovated Albert Hall orchestra was examined with interest on Thursday evening, when the new series of concerts began. On one point the result proved satisfactory beyond all chance of dispute. The players are individually competent, and number in their ranks many of our most famous artists, including Messrs Pollitzer (*chef d'attaque*), Burnett, Zerbini, J. Howell, Svendsen, Dubrucq, Lazarus, Wootton, Wendland, and T. Harper. Such a band needs but discipline and experience of its conductor to reach the highest point of excellence. Whether it have strength enough for the area of the Albert Hall is a question open to discussion, our own opinion being that twenty more strings would effect a vast improvement, because meeting the popular exigencies of a place which, though resonant in a special degree, requires great *body* of tone. These extra instruments will, we hear, be added for the oratorio performances; but they are wanted most in orchestral music, and it is to be hoped that the directors will recognise the need. When pointing this out, we do not underrate the vast improvement shown by the performance, on Thursday week, of the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, the *Pastoral Symphony*, and Wagner's *Kaiser March*. Rather would we insist upon the improvement as demonstrating that further development in the same direction must lead to augmented good. The performance just referred to was, in varied respects, the most satisfactory that has yet taken place in the Albert Hall. It brought the music near to the audience, instead of leaving an impression that the players were in the next parish, and its effect was proportionate. To the familiar works just mentioned the programme added Mr G. A. Macfarren's overture to *St John the Baptist*—an excellent representative of native talent. The prelude to our gifted countryman's oratorio bids fair to achieve the rare honour of frequent hearing apart from its sequel, each successive performance strengthening a conviction that it is one of the most masterly achievements of modern art. A special feature of the concert was the reappearance of Herr Wilhelmj, who made himself a name in England nine years ago, but has since paid us no more than one brief visit. In 1866 this master of the violin had just arrived at man's estate, and, in view of the rare qualities he then displayed, it was easy to assume that he would return with augmented powers, as well as greater maturity of style. The expectation is now met in a measure, perhaps, little anticipated, Herr Wilhelmj coming to us as an artist of a rank altogether exceptional. He played on Thursday night the Concerto of Mendelssohn, a Romance from his own pen, and an adaptation, also by himself, of Chopin's Larghetto, exhibiting in each the rarest powers. His tone is splendidly pure, full, and equal; his bowing faultless, and his executive skill as exemplified in double-stopping, octaves, &c., beyond reproach. In short, Herr Wilhelmj's *technique* is that of a perfect violinist, and the acutest listener fails to detect a flaw in his performance. But he is something more than an executant, and it would appear from the selection of pieces that he holds *tours de force* of the ordinary kind in small account. The expression of his playing in the slow movements evidenced a rare store of that artistic instinct which, while essential to perfection, cannot be gained by culture. Every phrase of the melodies was made eloquent, and between the music and those who heard it the executant established a close and sympathetic bond. We have in Herr Wilhelmj a great artist, and as such the audience treated him, an enthusiastic recall following the Concerto, while the Larghetto had to be repeated. The vocal music was entrusted to Mdlle Johanna Levier, who sang "Sombre forêt," Mendelssohn's "Zuleika," and Schubert's "Wohin," with great taste and intelligence, obtaining an encore for the last-named. Signor Fabbrini, as substitute, at very short notice, for Mr Sims Reeves, also did service worthy of acknowledgment. Mr Randegger was a skilful accompanist, and Mr Barnby conducted with zeal and ability.

"*Israel in Egypt*" was performed on Tuesday, when, also, M. Guilmant, the famous organist of the Trinité, Paris, played a Toccata and Fugue by Bach, as well as improvised upon Handelian themes.

—o—

MADAME PATEY IN PARIS.

Apropos of Madame Patey's second appearance in the *Messiah* at the Cirque des Champs Elysées, we read in the *Ménéstrel*:—"As for Madame Patey, her success assumed the proportion of a veritable triumph. Everybody agreed that since the retirement of Alboni there has not been heard a contralto voice so powerful and vigorous. But Madame Patey has not only an incomparable organ, she has a fine artistic organization. She speaks as admirably as she sings. Faure, who knows her well, told us the other day that, as an interpreter of Handel, Madame Patey is simply perfection; and one of the best Parisian critics also assured us, after having listened to "He shall feed His flock," that never in his life had he heard it sung in better style, or with greater largeness of effect. Let those who would accuse us of exaggeration go, next Thursday, to the Cirque des Champs Elysées, for then Madame Patey will be heard for the last time unless, which seems probable and is much to be desired, the Conservatoire Concert directors profit by her stay among us to give her a place in the next programme."

Brussels.—The weather here has lately been as unhealthy as in most of the other European capitals, and the members of the company at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie have not escaped its baneful effects. This has necessitated sudden changes in the bill, and even the closing of the doors for a night or so. Madlle Leslino has been laid up; so has Madlle Hamaekers; so has Madlle Priola; and so, also, have several of the leading members of the *corps de ballet*. No wonder that the rehearsals of *La Perle du Brésil*, *Le Noxze*, *Le Bal Masqué*, and *La Reine de Chypre*, have been temporarily interrupted. It was as much as the artists could do to sing in the evening, without previously taxing their powers in the morning. To recompense him for this ill-luck, the manager looks forward to the grand gala performance which is to come off on the 3rd of February. It is already impossible to procure a place, although the price of admission is fixed at 20 francs. Several of the boxes in the middle of the house are to be thrown into one, so as to form a large Royal box. It is said that the opera will be *Le Prophète*, with M. Sylva, of the Grand Opera, Paris, as Jean de Leyde, supposing that M. Warot, who has, by his engagement, an exclusive right to the part, consents—which is not so sure.—Sig. Smecchia's Italian company have commenced proceedings with *Un Ballo in Maschera* and *Don Pasquale*, but they have not hitherto drawn very full houses, although the Queen, the Princess Louise, and the Comtesse de Flandre, have graced the performances with their presence.—M. Joseph Wieniawski, the pianist, will shortly give some concerts here. He has been playing recently, with marked success, at St Petersburgh.

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ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The special service, with appropriate high-class music as part of it, for the festival of the Conversion of St Paul, seems now more than likely to become an annual ceremony in St Paul's Cathedral. Instituted in 1873, it was held for the third time on Monday afternoon, when, despite the weather, which had been so unpromising for the first half of the day, a vast crowd assembled some time before the service was to begin. The Cathedral was lighted up as for ordinary evening prayer, the effect being imposing and splendid. The general arrangements were much the same as on previous occasions, but it may at once be added that further experience has brought with it improvement of no common sort. We refer, of course, to the musical department of the ceremony, which now in most instances may defy criticism. How much of this is due to Dr Stainer, the present learned and able organist of St Paul's, need scarcely be insisted on. Dr Stainer, however, on these particular occasions, abandons the organ-loft for the conductor's place, and beats time for the orchestra and choir—a task for which he is eminently qualified. His post at the organ is occupied by Mr George Cooper, of St Sepulchre's, long recognised by musicians as one of the most accomplished masters of the "Emperor of Instruments;" and, as there is direct communication between conductor and organist, through mechanical contrivances unnecessary to explain, all goes well. While the congregation was coming in Mr Cooper played a voluntary, in which, among other impressive passages, could be recognised a slow movement of an essentially religious character from one of the quintets of Onslow. The voluntary over, there was the accustomed procession of the Cathedral clergy and the host of choristers, men and boys numbering some 300; the singers of St Paul's being strengthened by voluntary delegates from the famous choirs of Mr Henry Leslie, Mr Joseph Barnby, &c. During the procession the organ was silent, as on former occasions. Then the orchestra, about 50 in number, led by that excellent violinist, Mr Amor, and selected from our best instrumental performers, played the magnificent overture to Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St Paul*, which will, in all probability, for years hence form an integral part of these special ceremonials. The organ joined in the peroration where the Lutheran choral of which Mendelssohn has made such noble use elsewhere is referred to. After this, contrary to traditional custom, there was no sermon, the order of evening prayer immediately following the overture. That the time-honoured responses of Tallis, "festival use," were employed, it is hardly requisite to say. The Psalms for the occasion (110, 112, and 157) were respectively sung to single chants by Dr Crotch (in B flat), Lamb (in F), and Dr Stainer (in C)—the "Gloria" given out, as usual, in unison, by the choir, with full organ accompaniment. The "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" has been set to music (in the key of C) expressly for the present "Dedication Festival," by Mr Henry Gadsby, a young musician, formerly a chorister boy (with Dr Stainer) in St Paul's Cathedral, who is rapidly attaining a high rank in his profession. There is much to admire in this short festival service—so much, indeed, as to make those who have heard it once desirous of hearing it again. The "Magnificat" is bright and vigorous from beginning to end, and the only criticism that can be fairly urged against the "Nunc Dimittis," which opens with earnest and, at the same time, simple expressiveness, is on account of the somewhat too frequent transitions in so brief and appropriately unpretending a movement. The piece is instrumented in very admirable style for full orchestra, and, under the watchful direction of Dr Stainer, was extremely well given by all who took part in it.

The selection from Mendelssohn's oratorio which took the place of "Anthem," a term which now seems to assume a wide elasticity, was remarkable alike for the interest of the music and the general excellence of the performance. Of course it opened with the incident of the Conversion, beginning with the recitative, "And as Saul journeyed he came to Damascus," followed by the miraculous appeal from Heaven, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me," leading to the superb chorus, "Rise up, arise, and shine, for thy light comes," and the no less superb chorale, "Sleepers, awake, a voice is calling," in which Mendelssohn has exhibited all the might of his wonderful genius. To these succeeded most of the remainder of the first part of the oratorio, including the air, "O God, have mercy," and the noble final chorus, "O great is the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of the Father," besides a large portion of the second part, among the most noticeable choral performances in which were "The Lord is good," "How lovely are the messengers that preach us the Gospel of peace," "See what love hath the Father bestowed on us," and the splendid peroration, "Not only unto Him," which brings the oratorio so impressively to an end. It is only just to add the names of the solo singers. The tenors were Messrs F. Walker, Kerr Gedge, and Kenningham; the basses were Messrs Winn, Kempton, De Lacey, and Thurley Beale; two young chorister boys, Masters Grover and Hollis, singing a great number of the recitatives with more than promising ability. The solos which may be cited as among those deserving most praise were, "O God, have mercy upon me" (Mr Winn), and "Be thou faithful unto death," with violoncello *obbligato* (Mr Kerr Gedge). The performance was generally so good as to confer the highest credit upon Dr Stainer, who conducted from the front of the lectern, so that few among the congregation could see him. After the selection from *St Paul*, worship was resumed as in due order.

It should be mentioned that the prayers were intoned by Dr Simpson, and the Lessons read by the Rev. Mr Milman, both minor canons in the Cathedral. As the vast congregation slowly dispersed, Mr Cooper gave an organ "postlude" (in D) by Mr Henry Smart, one of our foremost composers of Church music, so fine in itself and so admirably executed that very many turned back to hear it to the end.

OPERA ON SUNDAY EVENINGS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—We are informed from New York that since the beginning of last November some of the playhouses in that city have given performances of operas on Sunday evenings; some time previously sacred music had been given, then operatic, and now entire operas. The result has been a controversy between the clergy and the playhouse managers, and that the churches are comparatively empty, the houses full to overflowing.

As England is now the only European state in which theatres are closed on Sunday (all large capitals throughout the world, I may add, have Sunday evening theatrical performances), I may be permitted, perhaps, to inquire whether she ought not to follow the example of her American cousins? And I would also ask what harm, if any, would result from her doing so? A singular proof can be given that all Englishmen do not object to Sunday evening performances, as, when travelling on the Continent, they form a very important portion of the audience.

Is it injurious to morals or to religion to open the theatres on Sunday evenings? As far as I can judge it cannot be, because if it be injurious to morals and religion, they ought not to be opened at all. It is, therefore, only the question, not of the injury to morality or religion, but of controverting acts of Parliament which prohibit Sunday amusements.

As there would be no compulsory enactment about going to theatres on Sunday evenings, like the unrepealed act of 1616 about attending churches, the people in general, having so advanced in education and judgment, might surely be allowed to choose between the listening to a good sermon or a good performance.—Yours obediently, L. L.

[The experiment has, we believe, proved a failure in New York; and we earnestly trust it will never be attempted here.—ED.]

ROME.—At the Teatro Apollo, *Les Huguenots* was to be followed by *La Forza del Destino*, with Signore Stolz, Pasqigli, Signori Masini, Aldighieri, Viganotti, and Nannetti. Thanks to the dancing of Signora Zucchi and the magnificence of the *mise-en-scène*, the ballet of *Ellinor* still keeps possession of the bills, from which, had it depended on its own attraction alone, it would probably have long ago disappeared.—At the Teatro Rossini, a great success has been achieved by *La Donna di più Caratteri*, a very old opera by Guglielmi. Signora Fortuna and Sig. Eurici especially distinguished themselves in it. Among the other operas performed at the same theatre may be mentioned *Giannina e Bernadone*, by Cimarosa, and *Il Barbiere*. *Le Astuzie Femminile*, also by Cimarosa, was to be produced ere long.—A short time since the walls of the capital were covered with bills announcing a concert to be given by an artist styling himself Paganini Redivivus. Whether the public suspected a hoax, or whether they thought that the price of admission, five *lire*, too much, it is impossible to say. One thing, however, is certain, namely, that the number of the curious was so limited that Paganini Redivivus did not feel inclined to play, and so the concert never came off.

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ANOTHER VIENNESE CRITIC ON HERR AND MAD. JOACHIM.

When we pronounce the name of Joseph Joachim, everyone knows that we have designated the artist who occupies, pretty well without opposition, the first position among the violinists of the present day. He introduced himself on this occasion at the Society's concert with his "Ungarisches Concert," a composition grandiose in its peculiarity, and one which it would be difficult to find another artist to play like him. Schumann's "Fantasia," which followed it, was, however, not a happy selection. It looms before us gray, gloomy and absolutely ghostlike—not even the execution of a Joachim can lend animation to the traces of melancholy sorrow and of mental wearisomeness characterising this production which Schumann composed shortly before the tragic end of his productivity and of his life. But what shall I say of the concert got up by the Master, in conjunction with his wife, Amalie Joachim? We can hardly recollect a purer and a higher artistic treat than that then offered us. It will long shine in our memory. Joachim first played with Brahms the E major Sonata, one of the six composed by Bach, between 1718 and 1722, when he was *Capellmeister* at Anhalt-Köthen. "The violin part requires a master," says Forckel, in his Biography of Bach. So it does—and the pianoforte part also. These Sonatas are no dainties for "little ladies with a sweet tooth"—"*Süssweindämchen*"—as Griepenkerl says somewhere or other—they are music for men, powerful and strong as iron. Tartini's productions are of gentler stuff; the way in which Joachim played one of this composer's Sonatas carried every one away, but then it is scarcely possible to hear aught more perfect in tone, expression, and style. These works were followed by a "Sarabande," and a "Tambourin" of Leclair's. It would be, perhaps, advisable, with these numbers, for it briefly to be stated in the programme to the public, who probably imagine that Leclair is quite a new Parisian composer, where they are to look for him, for they are not sufficiently versed in musical history to be aware that there was even one Leclair, far less three. Antoine Leclair, the father, and the sons, Jean Marie and Antoine Rémi. We have here to do with Jean Marie, the violinist, and composer of many brilliant violin pieces, as well as of an opera, *Glaucus et Scylla*. He was born, in 1697, at Lyons, and murdered in Paris, on the 22nd October, 1764, it never having been discovered by whose hand he fell. The two charming pieces, played by Joachim in a manner simply incomparable, have all the character of the Rameau period, the value of which is beginning only now to be once more appreciated. At this period, the name of "Tambourin" was employed to designate certain pieces of ballet and other music, such as we find in *Dardanus*, by Rameau, and elsewhere. Leclair's piece combines with this the old French rondo form—a constantly recurring theme with free episodes. As played by Joachim, it sounded like the jubilation and the tumult of a folk's festival—a couple of young girls stealing, now and then, out of the festive throng, to whisper in each other's ear all kind of jokes and saucy notions. A Romance full of sweet melody, and composed by Joachim himself, was enacted by Brahms and Joachim with the "Hungarian Dances"; it seemed as though the God Apollo had visited the Gipsies—and the public were set all a-glow by the fire of the performance. The whole wound up with Beethoven's Stringed Quartet in C major, which raised the enthusiasm of the public to the highest pitch. During the Introduction, which is so ticklish an ordeal for the performers, and which progresses veiled, as it were, in clouds, the audience scarcely ventured to breathe. The stormy fugued Finale was nothing less than a blaze of fire, and never have we heard the unrivalled A minor Andante, to say the least, more beautifully performed. But then Herr Joachim had fellow-executants worthy of himself; the tenor sounded truly magnificent in the hands of Herr Hellmesberger, and we beg Herr Röver, the violoncellist, to receive our especial compliment for his *Pizzicati* in the Andante; they were clear as a bell. We felt especially pleased to find that the second violin, Herr Hellmesberger, junr., held his ground so well in the dangerous vicinity of the first violin. Let the reader, for instance, call to mind the passage in the Finale where the four parts wander, one after another, with the extended Fugue-Theme, like indignant spirits through the wide realms of space. The *violino secondo* follows immediately the *violino primo;* then comes the angry *viola*, and, last of all, the violoncello. There was but *one* tone and *one* tint in all four instruments.

Mad. Amalie Joachim first sang Schubert's "Zuleika"—one of the most beautiful and least known of his compositions—then Schumann's "Lust der Sturmnacht" (repeated), and, lastly, three delicious songs by Brahms: "Ewige Liebe," "Auf dem See," and "Sandmännchen." At the last, a charming cradle-song, which Mad. Joachim rendered with entrancing *mezza voce*, the audience became, so to speak, perfectly wild; every stanza was applauded. I am not sure whether I ought to award the palm for execution to this song or to "Zuleika." What a singer of songs! At the Gesellschafts concert, Mad. Joachim took the contralto solo in Bach's Whitsuntide cantata, "O ewiges Feuer," and in the "Rhapsodie" (on Goethe's "Harz-Reise im Winter") by Brahms—both pieces, as far as intonation is concerned, absolutely bristling with difficulties for the vocalist. May Brahms always find a lady who, for instance, can take the downward seventh with which he illustrates the word "Oede" as surely as Mad. Joachim. The composition, I am not ashamed, to confess, moved me deeply. The words, "Ist auf deinen Psalter," for example, are a prayer from the bottom of the heart—no everyday *preghiera*, but something full of love and the purest feeling in every tone. Wonderfully does the woman's voice here float over the deeper sounds of the tenors and basses of the chorus. He who produced a composition like this can be tranquil as to what his contemporaries and posterity will say of him. A. W. AMBROS.

MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY.

This young and very promising society held a third trial of new compositions on the 15th inst., in the concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music. The scheme of the afternoon evidently excited much interest; and there was a goodly attendance of the professionals and amateurs necessary to make up a thoroughly critical "bench of justice." Among the important works submitted for approval were a string quartet in A, by Mr J. Lea Summers, another in G minor, by Mr Baumer, a pianoforte sonata in F sharp minor by Mr H. C. Banister, and a couple of solos for the same instrument by Mr Eaton Faning. Our musical readers do not need to be told that the names of all these composers are associated with a fair repute based upon actual achievement; nor will they be surprised to learn that, in the present instance, each work showed very considerable merit—just that degree of it, in fact, which the Musical Artists' Society wishes to develop and encourage. The quartet by Mr Summers, though not free from occasional redundancy, is a work of high talent, and says much for the power of a composer who will, in course of time, assert himself far more. Mr Baumer's quartet, if written some years ago, as we are told, does infinite credit to its author's ability; nor were the pianoforte pieces, played by their respective composers, less suggestive of undeveloped, and conclusive of developed, skill. Some songs, chosen from the works of Messrs Gilbert, Gardner, and Banister, with others by Liszt, Hiller, &c., were sung by Miss Jessie Jones, Mary Davis, Sophie Ferrari, Mr W. A. Howells, &c.

Looking back upon the society's first season, we must congratulate it upon much good work well done. A modest beginning has been made, it is true, but we are told not to "despise the day of small things," and it is allowable to assume that, carried on with discretion and spirit, the Musical Artists' Society will one day work for art on a larger scale.

A Poem for Penny Readings.

Prophetic traces
O'er worlds prevail;
The comet dances
With fulvous tail;

While cataclysms
Unbought remain;
And viewless schisms
Still shake the chain;

While cyclics flaccid
A void create;
And steep in acid
The permeate;

While a polysyllable
Whirls through space;
While acres tillable
Doom efface;

While rubrics whistle
Behind the plough;
And wreaths of thistle
Deck slumber's brow;

While clouds of butter
The years enslave,
I still will utter
The thoughts that rave.

Fun.

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ST GEORGE'S HALL.

Mr and Mrs German Reed, still faithfully followed by a crowd of old admirers, are now in possession of a new programme. The Yuletide festival having been duly recognised by the production of *The Three Tenants*, in association with Mr Corney Grain's *Enchanted Piano*, another occasion was found on Monday evening to bring forward the third novelty in the form of "a very national probability," called *The Ancient Britons*. The slight action of the dramatic sketch is assigned to a period three thousand years hence, when London is supposed to have gone the way of Nineveh and Babylon, and when an exploring traveller from the Fiji Islands, then the centre of civilization, stands by the ruins of Westminster Bridge to gaze on the crumbling remains of the Houses of Parliament, and hear of the hungry wolf creeping down Holborn Valley and the red deer roaming in Rotten Row. The picturesqueness of this desolation is revealed in an effective scene, admirably painted by Mr John O'Connor; and the capability of the subject as a vehicle for good-humoured satire becomes at once displayed when the spot is selected for the performance of that solemn, self-sacrificial British rite traditionally known as a "pic-nic." The participators in this ancient ceremony bear the names of Caractacus, Cassivelaunus, Boadicea, Imogen, and Nesta, for, the tribe of Smith having overrun the island, no distinctive surname exists. Their mysterious proceedings are watched with deep interest by the adventurous traveller from the South Seas, who, supplied with a guide-book imparting some remarkable information concerning the manners and customs of the Victorian age, finds nothing has endured but the convenient costumes of that epoch. Ultimately he is captured by the feminine division of the party, to be shown as the literary lion of the season; and to the fierce attack made upon his affections by the two young women, who boast their proficiency in the art of fascination, the exploring bachelor eventually succumbs. The fanciful theme is difficult to sustain after the satirical allusions are exhausted; and the author, Mr Gilbert à Becket, when he has sent off every shaft in his quiver, shows a sound discretion in preferring to meet the charge of rather an abrupt conclusion than the complaint of an undue elaboration of story. This diverting trifle, for which Mr German Reed has composed some tuneful music, is excellently supported by Mrs German Reed as the ancient British matron, Miss Leonora Braham and Miss Fanny Holland as the couple of contending damsels, Mr Alfred Reed as the eager explorer of Ancient Britain, and Mr Corney Grain as the stately warrior who is "an hereditary Horse Guard." The musical fairy tale of *The Enchanted Piano*, so cleverly told and so skilfully illustrated by Mr Corney Grain, increases in popularity; and the lively dramatic sketch of *The Three Tenants* now terminates an entertainment to be heartily enjoyed for the sake of its mirth-creating properties, and to be warmly commended on account of its refinement.

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M. BILLET'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL.

Of a series of three recitals of classical music, which M. Billet, a distinguished Franco-Russian pianist, resident in London, has announced, the first took place on Wednesday, at St George's Hall, before an appreciative audience. The trio in G, by Haydn, which was the first piece in the programme, and in which the concert giver was associated with MM. Sainton and Paque, was an enjoyable performance. The charming and highly characteristic "Rondo all' Ongarese" was capitally played. The solo sonata was the one by Dussek, in F minor, Op. 77 ("L'invocation"), one of the best works of its description, now too seldom heard, however. M. Billet's light and brilliant touch, his fine *technique*, and his intelligent phrasing, were as much appreciated in Dussek's as they were in Beethoven's sonata in C minor (Op. 30, No. 2), in which he was admirably seconded by M. Sainton. M. Billet's technical accomplishments were amply exhibited in other pieces of the programme, especially so in Fugues by Handel, Bach, and Mendelssohn, in F, A minor, and F minor, respectively. M. Billet also played a gavotte by M. Charles Lecocq; and we need hardly remark how strange the name of the popular composer of *La Fille de Madame Angot* and *Les Cent Vierges* looked in a programme of "classical" music. Miss Emily Spiller was the vocalist, and Herr Lehmeyer accompanied her on the pianoforte.

SIGMUND MENKES.

THE *MESSIAH* AND MADAME PATEY IN PARIS.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

It is a somewhat surprising circumstance that Handel's *Messiah* has been received here with wonderful favour, and that an English singer has made a great success. Strange as this double fact may be, it is nevertheless true. There seems a very good chance of oratorio being popularised in France. A certain M. Charles Lamoureux seems determined to give a fair trial to the masterpieces which have delighted England for more than a century. He has taken the summer circus in the Champs Elysées, and has fitted it up with a gigantic orchestra and a sufficiently capable organ, and once every week he invites his countrymen to listen to a composer whom they have hitherto only known by name. He not only "calls up spirits from the vasty deep" of Parisian opera bouffe, but, *mirabile dictu*, "they do come when they are called." I referred some time ago to the original criticisms, evincing the deepest interest in the subject, which welcomed the production of *Judas Maccabæus*. M. Lamoureux has followed up the warlike drama with the far more didactic *Messiah*; and this also has not only been listened to with respect, but applauded with enthusiasm. On the first night Madame MacMahon led the applause; but at the second performance the work was submitted to a far severer test. It was held in the afternoon; and to say sooth, a more depressing sight can scarcely be imagined than that presented by the Champs Elysées on the dark and stormy day in question. The wind blew in gusts strong enough to carry a woman in full sail off her feet, and the rain lay in pools half a foot deep on the morass-like walks of the Elysian fields. Moreover, it was not possible for the visitors to approach the entrance except by walking, the door abutting on the road being cleverly closed to the general public. Nor was the interior of the edifice particularly in harmony with the work to be performed; for the shape of the building, to say nothing of the decorations, recalls scenes in the circus, half of which latter is taken up by the reserve seats. The Cirque was not full, the weather having doubtless kept many music lovers at home; but the audience made up in demonstrations of general approval for what they lacked in number. To an English ear the French words sound at first strangely unfitted to the character of the music; but I am bound to say that Victor Wilder has well performed his most difficult task. The orchestra and chorus numbered in all three hundred executants; and though the voices lacked the volume of tone to which we are accustomed in England, the choruses were, without exception, remarkably well sung, and they produced an unquestionably powerful impression. What struck me most forcibly was the admirable success with which the conductor, M. Lamoureux, preserved all the *tempi* consecrated by English tradition. There was none of the hurrying of time which I had expected to hear, nor any unnecessary *rallentandos*, for the production of any extravagant effects. If the conductor had passed his life in Exeter Hall, he could not have respected more religiously the intentions of the composer. Some of the soloists "left to be desired," to use a French idiom; but in this respect, again, the audience showed as much appreciation as power of admiration, for they left many of the solos unnoticed, and heaped all their applause on the performance of Madame Patey. This lady has performed a feat which is worthy to be registered among the *tours de force* of the singing profession. She is not, as I understand, a French scholar; but she pronounced the words with a distinctness which made every syllable tell, and with a purity that left no room for criticism. All the Frenchmen present with whom I happened to speak were unanimous in their praise, and the critics write as though they had first discovered the fine quality of the singer's voice. Contraltos, it must be remembered, are exceedingly rare in France; and Madame Patey's welcome on that account is even warmer than it would have been in any English town in which her capabilities were unknown.

COPENHAGEN.—The recent attractions at the Theatre Royal have been *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* and *La Dame Blanche*.—According to report, an Italian operatic company will give a series of performances here next month, including in their programme *Così fan tutti* and *Dinorah*. A concert company, also, headed by Mad. Déméric-Lablache, will shortly visit this capital. They commenced their tour, on the 18th inst., at Malmö.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The fourth concert of the series, given in St James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, was a great success—great as regards the audience, who crammed the room; great as regards the programme; not less great with respect to the audience. Operations commenced by the London Vocal Union, now our best glee party, singing Beales's "What, oh!" but the successes of the evening commenced when Mr Santley sang Blumenthal's "Boatman's Song," and won an encore, to which he responded with Gounod's "Maid of Athens." The next encore fell to Mr Edward Lloyd's rendering of Austin's "Roll Call;" the next to Gatty's "The hay is in the mow," sung by Miss Antoinette Sterling. Three encores in succession are pretty well, but they only served to whet the appetite of the audience, who began briskly in the second part with Miss Sterling, compelling her to repeat Miss Philp's "Poacher's Widow," or sing something else, the American contralto choosing the latter course, and giving "Don't be sorrowful, darling." Still the ballad lovers were not happy—at least, not as happy as they wished—and when Mr Santley sang "The yeoman's wedding" he had to return and throw "My Polly" to his exacting admirers. Yet, even after this, they, like a many-throated Oliver Twist, asked for more, and our popular baritone gave them, out of his inexhaustible good nature, the ever-welcome "To Anthea." Were the people content then? Not a bit of it; for when Miss Sterling had sung once, "'Tis no time to take a wife," they made her sing it twice; and were very near exacting the same obedience from more than one or two of her successors. After this, need it be repeated that the concert was, in its way, a splendid success; or that the artists engaged did their duty like men and women. Quite as superfluous is the remark that an entertainment so much enjoyed served to strengthen, in very material degree, the position of Mr John Boosey's well-conducted enterprise.

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MAD. LAFON AT THE ITALIENS, PARIS.

Bellini's work, *Norma*, was performed on Thur-day, before a well-attended house. When she appeared on the stage, it was evident that Mad. Lafon was deeply agitated. There was a profound silence; the lady sang her first few notes; the silence was broken, and the public were convinced that Mad. Lafon is indeed a great singer. She was in full possession of all her powers. Throughout the performance she was never wanting for a single moment. Her voice is even, frank, and distinguished by freshness and striking beauty. Her high notes are perfect, and so are her lower ones, while those of the medium register are admirable. Thus, the evening was a genuine triumph for her. At every instant she was interrupted by applause, and greeted by reiterated bravos, while flowers and bouquets strewed the stage. She was recalled several times in each act. The *habitués* said: At last M. Bagier has given us a perfect Norma; for not only does she sing this crushing part admirably, but plays it like a great tragic actress. Ah! if M. Halanzier had been in the house!

This evening will count for much in the artistic career of Mad. Lafon. She has confounded her detractors; and Paris—Paris, which makes the reputation of great artists—has now re-baptised her. Let M. Bagier hasten to secure her services; otherwise his follow-*impresarii*, always on the watch for celebrities, might snatch this star from him, for she is known to sing in the French style as well as in the Italian.—*L'Europe Artiste, Jan. 24th.*

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MR W. H. HOLMES'S RECITAL

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—As many of the readers of the notice I gave of Mr W. H. Holmes's concert in your issue of the 13th inst., and of that gentleman's letter in your last week's impression, might be led to think I intentionally omitted to speak of Sir Julius Benedict and the performance of his fine work, I should feel obliged if you would allow me to explain the reason. It was announced in the programme that Sir Julius had kindly promised to perform "in some part of the programme." In order to have my notice of the concert inserted in your ensuing number, I had to leave at five o'clock, before the end of the concert, and before Sir Julius Benedict had arrived, and so it was not possible for me to write: "Sir Julius Benedict played brilliantly, and was enthusiastically applauded," as I am sure I should have done had I been present. Although generally averse to intrude myself upon the public, I cannot refrain from stating that I do so now with pleasure, being glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging the numerous kind acts which artists receive almost daily from Sir Julius Benedict, for whom no one has more regard than yours, very sincerely,

5, *Fitzroy Square, W., 26th Jan.*, 1875. SIGMUND MENKES.

THE LATE WILLIAM ASPULL, ESQ.

On the night of the sixteenth inst. died William Aspull, Esq., at a ripe old age, after a long and lingering illness, at the house of his faithful and sincere friend and pupil, F. B. Chatterton, Esq., lessee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, who, with his kind and amiable wife, watched over with the tenderest care the good old man, and did all that could be done or thought of to lighten the load of adversity and suffering in his declining years. William Aspull was one of those men whom to know was to love; a polished and refined gentleman in manner, thought, and action; noble hearted and generous to a degree, with an exquisite tenderness for the feelings of others; and no one can tell how full his heart was with gratitude to his benefactors for their devoted care and attention, from day to day, while he was lying on his bed, helpless and gradually fading away. When speaking of his faithful friends, I have seen the big tears chase each other down the good old man's furrowed cheeks, which told more than words could tell the fulness of his heart. He was borne to his final resting-place—the Norwood Cemetery—on the 21st;—followed and mourned by those who will love his memory, till they too are summoned to give up all that is of this world. May their end be like his—Peace!

As a musician, Mr Aspull was one of the good old school, full of feeling and tenderness, with a soft and delicate touch. He had a great contempt and horror of the present smash and crash style, and used to say, "It is not music. Music is discoursing sweet sounds full of melody and pathos—not a row, enough to deafen one! The pianoforte, sir, was never to be hammered upon like a blacksmith's anvil." He used to follow this up by remarking, "You can get as much power out of the instrument as is required without trying to smash it to pieces, if you know *how* to *touch* the instrument properly. Few professors of the present day teach their pupils how to *touch* the keys, but hammer, hammer, hammer away as hard as they can." When in full practice of his profession, Mr Aspull taught some of the highest and noblest in the land, and composed many of the most successful songs and pieces of his day.

R. C.

Bayswater.

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"HAMLET" AGAIN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Concerning the gentlemen-dogs, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who preferred to be "commanded" rather than *entreated* by the King, it matters not whether such "indifferent children of the earth" were mad or sane. If, as some great authority says, all men are more or less mad, it is evident that in the case of R. and G., there could not have been a *large amount* of insanity. I, for my part, prefer the madness of some persons to the sanity of others, especially if these others are to be likened to a "sponge," in the sense in which Hamlet uses the word regarding Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Sanity is confiding, madness is suspicious. Accept these propositions as axioms, and you will be able to account for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern being executed in the stead of Hamlet. The King's *minions* had no suspicion that the *packet* had been tampered with. Hamlet, before getting on board the pirate ship, leaving R. and G. on the vessel bound for England, had substituted—as you so well know—a despatch for the immediate dispatch of his two quondam friends, having the original document in his pocket, which was to have occasioned his own execution. If Rosencrantz and Guildenstern had not been contemptible creatures, we should have felt pity for them; and had Hamlet been put upon his trial for his share in the business, with our present notions, it cannot be doubted for a moment that he would have been "let off" on the ground of *insanity*. Hamlet's conduct here is an illustration of that "method," which is occasionally applied to madness, when the word *cunning* would be a more expressive term for the principle which guides the madman's acts.

"The madman's cunning doth sometimes excel
The sane man's planning, help'd by wit as well."

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

18*th January*, 1875. F. E. PENNA.

[Let our correspondent read his *Hamlet* more attentively. He will find that Hamlet only did what any other (except a madman) would have done in his place. But he was cleverer than the King, and cleverer than his sincere friends, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.—ED. *M. W.*]

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE NINETEENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 1, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 71, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Haydn.*
SONG, "In questa tomba"—Miss ALICE FAIRMAN .. .. .. *Beethoven.*
SUITE DE PIECES, in E minor, Op. 72, for pianoforte alone (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Dr HANS VON BULOW .. .. *Raff.*

PART II.

SONATA, in A major, Op. 30, No. 1, for pianoforte and violin—Dr HANS VON BULOW and Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "The Question"—Miss ALICE FAIRMAN .. .. .. *Schubert.*
TRIO, in A minor, Op. 124, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, Dr. HANS VON BULOW and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Spohr.*
CONDUCTOR .. .. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 30, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Mozart.*
SONG, "There is a green hill"—Signor FEDERICI .. .. .. *Gounod.*
AIR with VARIATIONS, in F major, Op. 34, for pianoforte alone—Dr HANS VON BULOW .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONATA, in G minor, Op. 65, for pianoforte and violoncello—Dr. HANS VON BULOW and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Chopin.*
SONG, "Pietà, Signore"—Signor FEDERICI .. .. *Stradella.*
QUARTET, in A major, Op. 26, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Dr HANS VON BULOW, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Brahms.*
Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "old form" is decidedly the best on "flimsy."

DEATHS.

On the 16th January, at The Hawthorns, 192, Clapham Road, WILLIAM ASPULL, aged 76.

On the 20th January, at 11, Sheffield Terrace, Kensington, in the 83rd year of her age, ELIZABETH HUTCHINS, widow of the late William Horsley, Mus. Bac. Oxon, and eldest daughter of the late Dr Callcott.

On the 20th January, at Forest Hill, J. G. WAETZIG, twenty-two years a member of the Private Band of their late Majesties George IV. and William IV., and twelve years director of the Band of H. M. 2nd Regt. of Life Guards, aged 84.

On January 25, at Gipsy Hill, W. A. HART, for 18 years chief accountant to the Crystal Palace Company, aged 54.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1875.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON.

WE have received, by telegram, the following medical certificate concerning the health of Mad. Nilsson :—

"Le soussigné, docteur en medecine, et licencié, en droit des facultés de Paris, medecin à Cannes (Alpes Maritimes) declare que Mdme Christine Nilsson est atteinte de laryngite et en outre de désordres graves dans sa santé générale tels que, insommie, dyspepsie, &c. En conséquence un repos de trois semaines au minimime, est indispensable.

"Signé "M. DE VALCOURT.

"*Cannes, le 24 Janvier, 1875.*"

We are informed that not only her Brussels engagement has been postponed, but her tour in the South of France also. That she will not go to Vienna this year has already been stated.

—o—

SIR STERNDALE BENNETT is very seriously ill—much more seriously than has been imagined. Since Sunday the gravest apprehensions have been entertained; and, indeed, there appears to be very little hope of his recovery.

—o—

A PARAGRAPH in another column settles as fact the rumour that Mr Mapleson intends to settle himself on the Thames Embankment. The Metropolitan Board of Works, it seems, unanimously agreed to the terms upon which our "enterprising impresario" takes the land he wants for eighty years. We accept this uncommon agreement of the Board as an excellent augury. The Board, though high and mighty enough to tax 4,000,000 of people at its will, is, after all, but an aggregate Parish Mind, and the Parish Mind, as a rule, is fussy, and prone to raise objections on every conceivable and inconceivable pretext, so long as its own importance can, in the faintest degree, be thereby asserted. How Mr Mapleson contrived to woo and win the biggest Bumble in the universe is a mystery, unless, indeed, he went to Spring Gardens and pleaded his own cause. In that case we can understand the result without trouble. Mr Mapleson, "gay and debonair," eloquent of tongue, and winning of smile, would simply control the delegates of the Vestries as Van Amburgh controlled his lions. But no matter how the thing was done. Done it is, and, the *premier pas* taken, the rest, let us hope, will follow quickly.

We anticipate, then, an Opera House worthy of the name, on the finest site that London can offer. But, if it is to be merely a place where, during the spring and summer months, the birds of fashion will congregate to chatter and display their plumage; if it is to be merely a place where Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, Rossini, Gounod and Mozart, in well-worn dresses, succeed each other on the stage; if it is to be merely a place where this or that operatic star condescends to shine as per a very—for the manager—onerous agreement, all we can say is that we do not care about the concern further than as it affects the well-being of many excellent people. The fact has often been proclaimed, and must be trumpeted many times again, that Italian opera, as now carried on in this country, is of the very smallest artistic value. One "house" the less or more makes no difference whatever to music, which probably would flourish better if there were none at all. But, if we would not deprive the "upper ten" of an amusement which supplies persons with a good opportunity of rubbing shoulders against other "sets" than their own, we would have Italian opera regarded as nothing but an "amusement," destitute of high significance or serious claim to attention and respect. So far, then, the promised new House appeals but slightly to the sympathy of musicians. But Mr Mapleson gives us hope that the new building will be more than a fashionable temple. Lady Clara Vere de Vere may flash her diamonds there in the proper season, and flirt with the "oiled and curled Assyrian bulls," who "yaw-

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yaw" approval of the leading *danseuse;* but when these people have cleared out, serious opera is to enter and take possession. By serious opera we mean that which appeals to a musical public on musical grounds, and is prepared to stand or fall according as it bears the test of artistic criticism. For that part of the scheme which promises to train English men and women for the lyric stage, and to employ them afterwards, we have abundant sympathy. Should it be realised, the one great void in our musical system will be filled, and English opera may begin to hope that the "good time coming" is at length near. Mr Mapleson will be another Orpheus, at whose music—

"Plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers,
There had been a lasting spring."

And under his benign rule, our national lyric drama, such as it is, may revive, blossom, and bear rich fruit. In expectation of this, we shall watch the ripening of the scheme with constant interest, and with a hope that, amid the cares of Italian opera, Mr Mapleson will not lose sight of that branch in the enterprise which commends itself most to every lover of music.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A PLACE in the higher ranks of the musical profession has just been vacated through the death of Mr John Henry Griesbach, one of those examples (says a contemporary), too rare among men of his standing, of the thorough and yet not mere musician. An excellent theorist, a practised and agreeable composer, an accomplished pianist, able, also, to touch with no mean skill several other instruments, Mr Griesbach found time to turn to account a great aptitude for mathematics in the cultivation of astronomy, mechanics, optics, and acoustics. On the last subject he has left a work, an "Analysis of Musical Sounds," which is a model of orderly and clear, yet thorough, exposition. He took a lively and active part in the attempts made some years since by the Society of Arts to lower and fix the present uncertain "pitch" of musical instruments; and with an ear delicate by nature and cultivated by experience to a high discriminating power, he was a warm advocate for what is known as "equal temperament." Mr Griesbach will live long in the memory of those who enjoyed opportunities during his short life of penetrating the veil which his rare modesty and simple-mindedness threw over his genius and acquirements.—*Sunday Times.*

THE NEW LONDON OPERA HOUSE.—The Board of Works met on Monday for the purpose of considering the arrangement made by Mr Mapleson with the Commissioners, for the erection of a new opera house in the street which is to be formed, consequent upon the demolition of Northumberland House, between Charing Cross and the Thames Embankment. The Board unanimously sanctioned the conditions whereby Mr Mapleson has obtained a lease of the ground for eighty years.

THE following, according to the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano,* is the age of some of the leading musical papers: At Milan—the *Cosmorama Pittorico* has entered on its 40th year; *La Fama,* on its 34th; *Il Trovatore,* on its 22nd; *Il Monitore dei Teatri,* on its 15th; *Il Mondo Artistico,* on its 9th. At Florence—*L'Italia Artistica,* on its 16th; *Il Bellini,* on its 4th. At Turin—*Il Pirata,* on its 42nd. At Rome—*La Palestra Musicale,* on its 15th. At Naples—*L'Omnibus* on its 43rd. At Urbino—the *Raffaello,* on its 7th. At Trieste—*L'Arte,* on its 6th. In Paris—*La Gazette Musical,* on its 42nd; *La Ménéstrel,* on its 42nd; *L'Art Musical,* on its 14th. In Brussels—*Le Guide Musical,* on its 21st. In Barcellona, *La España Musical,* on its 10th; and *El Correo de Teatros,* on its 8th. *La Gazzetta di Milano* itself has seen its 30th birthday, and is stronger and more flourishing than ever. [The *Musical World* has seen its 40th year, and all genuine lovers of music are anxiously looking forward to its 80th. Posterity will see the 160th.—D. P.]

BAIREUTH.—Herr Richard Wagner's Grand-National-Stage-Play-Festival-Theatre is pretty nearly completed. Inside, nothing is wanting save a few trifling details. It appears that the lighting of the stage is something unique—but so is everything connected with the wonderful edifice, if we can believe Herr Wagner and Herr Wagner's partisans. The machinery has been constructed by Herr Brand, the celebrated stage machinist, or "master carpenter," of Darmstadt. The Brothers Bruckner, of Coburg, are painting the scenery, after the designs of Herr Hofmann, of Vienna. The rehearsals will shortly commence. One peculiarity of this much-vaunted theatre is the form of the auditorium. This is not the usual oval, but a polygon, rounded off at the base. Then there are no tiers of boxes rising one above the other, and the stage is exceedingly large. Between the foot-lights and the stalls is a space called by Herr Wagner the "mystic abyss." In this the orchestra will be placed, out of sight of the spectators. The house will hold 1,500 persons. The Prince's box and the gallery are reserved by the Composer of the Future for his own guests.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE ROYAL STANDARD SOCIETY gave a concert on Tuesday evening, January 26, at St James's Hall. The hall was crowded. Madame Donti sang with great taste; Mr Heywood (Theatre Royal, Covent Garden) gave "Come into the garden, Maud" and "Good-bye, sweetheart;" Mr Ch. J. Bishenden, who had a "most enthusiastic reception," sang "The Outlaw" and "Old Simon the cellerar" (encored); Mdme Marietta played a pianoforte solo, and the band a selection from *Der Freischütz* and a "Brazilian March."

MDME PUZZI, as early in the field as welcome, gave the first of three *soirées* on Friday, January 22nd. The Italian composers whose vocal works were interpreted by singers of various nations, were Rossini, Donizetti, Costa, Carulli, and Bragæ. The Germans were represented by Mozart and Wagner, the French by Gounod, and the English by Balfe, Cowen, and Ascher. The names of the artists were Mdlle Fanny Puzzi, Miss Purdy, Mdme Edna Hall, Signor Federici, Mr Bentham, and Mr Trelawny Cobham. Major Loughman, an accomplished amateur, also assisted, and was happy in the duet, with Mdme Edna Hall, "Crudel perche," which he sang *con amore.* Mr Bentham was also happy in his interpretation of a charming air from Balfe's *Il Talismano,* "Candido Fiore;" Miss Fanny Puzzi in an aria from *Roberto Devereux;* Miss Purdy in Mr Cowen's "It was a dream;" and Mr Trelawny Cobham in Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" which he, "as it were," has made "quite his own." The vocal music was "relieved" by a pianoforte fantasia on airs from Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor,* composed and capitally played by Herr Wilhelm Ganz, and a charming harp study, composed and capitally played by Mr John Thomas. Herr Wilhelm Ganz accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte; and Mdme Puzzi may be congratulated on brilliantly commencing the season of musical *soirées.*

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.—The next concert is to take place to-night—a Popular Ballad Night. Mdlle Levier, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Sims Reeves (who will sing Blumenthal's "Message" and a serenade by Berthold Tours), and Mr Whitney are the vocalists; and Herr Wilhelmj, who created so great an impression on his re-appearance last week, is to play a concertstück by Dr Hiller, for the first time, and a chaconne (for violin alone) by Bach. Part Songs and madrigals by the Part Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr Barnby, complete a very interesting programme. The next Orchestral Concert will take place on Tuesday, when several important works (notably Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony) will be performed. Herr Wilhelmj is to play a concerto by F. Hégar, for the first time, and his own arrangements of Wagner's "Album-blatt" and Chopin's "Notturno." Mdlle Johanna Levier and Mr Sims Reeves are to be the vocalists. The concert will be conducted, as usual, by Mr Barnby.

BERLIN.—The second part chosen by Herr Ernst, the most recent "*Gast*" at the Royal Operahouse, was the part of Walther in *Die Meistersinger von Nürenberg,* but he was not very successful in it. The other characters were efficiently sustained by Mad. Mallinger, Madlle Brandt, Herren Betz, Fricke, Schmidt, and Basse.—*Lajolie Parfumeuse* has been successfully produced at the Wallner-Theater.—The programme at the first Monday Concert (second series) given by Herren Hellmich and Engelhardt comprised Mendelssohn's D minor Trio, Hummel's D minor Septet, and Bach's G minor Fugue for Violin alone. The vocalist was Mdlle Langner, who sang songs by Handel, Dessauer, and Baumgarten.

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Prayer.

(*From "Another World."*)

"Forget not the source from whence all blessings come."

While stating that the prayers said by girls after their early meal are short, I ought to have added that the same rule is followed with regard to children of both sexes.

We even vary our forms of worship and services to suit different ages. Before my reign adults and children went to the same places of worship, repeated the same prayers, and listened to the same discourses, most of which being perfectly unintelligible to those of tender years, the evils and inconveniences resulting from the practice were very great. The children, finding the routine irksome, the constrained decorum required of them during a time which seemed to them never ending (for the services were then very long) were painful in the extreme, though they were sometimes relieved by turning their thoughts in other directions, perhaps to subjects irrelevant if not opposed to the ostensible object of the meeting.

Thus pain and weariness became then and in after life naturally associated with the most sacred of duties, and generally those who at an early age had been obliged to attend most regularly to an unintelligible and irksome routine were in after life those who absented themselves most frequently from the place of worship. I have known some, and this will scarcely be credited, who from an early age had in obedience to their parents' commands attended church with what was to them painful and monotonous regularity, and who, as soon as they were old enough to leave the parental jurisdiction, never entered a place of worship again until the day of their death, so great had been their stifled repugnance, created by the unnatural surfeit which had been inflicted upon them.

This was not all: the repugnance thus engendered often extended even to the faith itself which the prayers and discourses had been intended to inculcate, and led the way in after life to doubt and disbelief.

There was another though a secondary evil, attendant upon these old formalities. In our climate, where children are very susceptible, it happened that when on rare occasions any striking observation attracted their attention, they would put questions very difficult for their parents or preceptors to answer.

The forms of worship and service are now adapted to three several ages and classes of intelligence. The first series is for children of from seven to ten years of age, the second for children from ten to sixteen, the third for adults. If the children, however, show any deficiency of intelligence, they are kept in the first or second series, though the stated age has been passed.

The discourses addressed to the young people are adapted to their age and intelligence, and ordinarily bear reference to their own passing actions, and consequently to their hours of play and study. They are intended to inculcate lessons of self-control, love for parents or associates, contentment, and the mode of showing gratitude for benefits received, by cultivating the faculties which God in His goodness has bestowed. The discourse often points out the mode of contending against any bad feelings that might possibly be awakened. They might be told, for instance, that if during play any dissatisfaction with their companions arose, and they felt they could not control themselves, they ought immediately to retire from the game, in order that their feelings might have the opportunity of returning to their proper channel, and on no account to urge anything against the supposed offender until they had advised with some friendly adult, or more especially a Character-diver.

Hermes (*Communicator.*)

(*To be continued.*)

PROVINCIAL.

HULL.—An evening concert took place on Friday, the 15th January, for the benefit of the Pavilion Fund of the Town Cricket Club, under the management of Messrs R. Smith, Chaseman, Remington, and Toogood. Several popular part-songs were given with effect, and were encored. A solo on the clarionet (Scotch airs by Lazarus), well played by Mr Fogarty, was encored, as well as Ascher's popular solo, "Alice, where art thou?" capitally played by Miss Wreghitt; and one of De Beriot's violin solos, by Mr C. Newton, was also encored. The concert, which was a great success, closed with Balfe's trio, "I'm not the Queen," and Bishop's popular glee, "Where art thou, beam of light?" Mr F. Bregazzi accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte with tact and judgment.

LEICESTER.—The *Leicester Evening News* of January 19, says:—

"Mr Nicholson's concert last evening was a splendid success. We have rarely seen the Hall filled with so large an audience on a musical occasion. Mr Santley's songs drew the hearty applause of all present. If any feelings of disappointment at the absence of Mr Sims Reeves lingered in the mind of the audience we may safely say they vanished after Mr Lloyd had sung Mendelssohn's song, 'The Garland'—that is, if we may judge by the applause with which it was received. Madame Thaddeus Wells and Madame Poole are no strangers to a Leicester audience, and the efforts of both ladies were warmly acknowledged. Their performance was characterised by vocal pathos, earnestness, and brilliancy which were alike admirable. The instrumental part of the concert was excellent. Mr H. Nicholson was especially singled out for applause. The ever-pleasing song, Bishop's 'Lo! here the gentle lark,' sung by Mdme Wells, accompanied by Mr Nicholson on the flute, proved one of the gems of the evening. Mr Val. Nicholson's solos on the violin displayed a complete mastery over the instrument. Mr Sidney Naylor presided at the pianoforte. The band and chorus of the Amateur Anemoic Union performed with their usual ability."

TORQUAY.—Mr C. Oberthür and Mr C. Fowler's harp and pianoforte recital took place at the Bath Saloon on Saturday morning, the 23rd inst., when the following were given:—Mr Oberthür's Concertino for the harp—the orchestral parts to which, arranged for the piano, were played with taste and judgment by Mr Fowler, who next gave a sonata of his own composition, which, by its graceful subjects and clever "treatment," reflects great credit on the professor's high musical abilities. Next came the late Parish-Alvars' grand Fantasia, dedicated to Thalberg, played by Mr Oberthür, whose perfect execution and graceful performance of this difficult piece, as well as, afterwards, of the same composer's "Serenade," were greatly admired. Mr Fowler also played in his most finished style Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata," for which he was warmly applauded. In two piano pieces—"Traumbold" and "Espagnola"—Mr Oberthür, their composer, had great success, as well as in his two harp solos, ("Meditation" and "La Cascade"), in his duet on Irish airs, and in two other very effective duets, "La prière" and "Lucrezia Borgia," with which the concert terminated. All these pieces gave the highest satisfaction. The Concertino, for harp, deserves particular notice, especially the effect which the solo movement produced on the audience, who acknowledged its beauty by spontaneous applause. The rooms were well attended. Those present, among whom were nearly all the lovers of the harp residing here, experienced a rare treat.

THE *New York Herald* spent 3,000 francs in telegraphing a report of the opening of the New Opera for the following morning's paper.

LEGHORN.—The season here began badly. The first opera was *Les Huguenots*, but it was given in so unsatisfactory a fashion that, after six performances, the season was abruptly brought to a close. The Theatre re-opened on the 16th inst., under a fresh management. The operas selected for representation were *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Maria di Rohan*.

BARMEN.—A capital performance of Schumann's *Paradise and Peri* lately took place here, and the *Elberfelder Zeitung* writes about Mdme Otto-Alvsleben's singing as follows:—"That Madame Otto-Alvsleben (of Dresden) was engaged to sing the music of the *Peri*, we consider a happy idea, and we do not know any dramatic singer whom we would have preferred. This *Peri*, without any real, sensual life, a graceful airy being, demands a voice of an exceptional character, and a thoroughly poetical conception on the part of the artist. Madame Otto-Alvsleben was excellent throughout. With her artistic singing, simple, yet full of expression and feeling, rich in happy *nuances*, technically perfect, with a voice full of sweetness and noble *timbre*, this artist realised our ideal of the *Peri*, and we shall be happy to have another opportunity of hearing her. The construction of the work gives but scarce opportunity for applause, but every one must have carried away a reminiscence of that lovely *Peri*, with her sweet, sorrowful tones, her passionate longing for happinese, and her sacred and solemn enthusiasm."

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MUSIC IN NEW ZEALAND.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

Allen's Royal English Opera Company have been playing at Wanganni to excellent houses—a large number of the residents subscribing liberally to induce them to come. It is a curious fact that on this very spot, where Maories were fighting only four years ago, an orderly town should exist, and that a large opera company, whose nightly expenses must exceed, at least, fifty pounds, should be able to find paying audiences for ten nights. Miss Alice May's benefit was an immense success, and the company left immediately after, by the Manuwatu, for Wellington. The last night of the company's performance in Wellington was a night to be remembered. Miss Alice May received an ovation rarely accorded to any public favourite. The Fire Brigade, for whom she had sung at a benefit in aid of their sick fund, escorted her from the theatre to her hotel. The Brigade, headed by the Volunteer Artillery Band, carried banners and different coloured torches; and the effect, on a beautiful moonlight night, was, as may be imagined, charming. Thousands of people were in the streets, and the cheering was immense. As the procession passed the various hotels, where crowds of people were assembled on the balconies, there was waving of hats and "huzzaing." It was the first time such an event had taken place, and the crowd behaved in a becoming manner. A cynic, however—for there are such "things" to be found here—wrote a letter to the papers about "Operatic and other talent," and asked if the same thing would have been accorded to Thomas Carlyle if he should visit Wellington, &c. Some one took up the cudgels and replied as follows:—

"'A friend of Alice May' writes to us in very strong terms against the letter of a Cynic. He forgets, this friend says, that Alice May presented a very handsome gift to the Fire Brigade, for which there was not the slightest necessity; but she did so out of the pure kindness of heart; and Captain Moss and his men have merely paid her the graceful compliment of doing her honour in their own way, quite unsought by her—an honour which, in her modesty, she would have declined (as I know) had she been allowed. Everyone who knows Miss May will endorse what I now say, that with all her talent and bewitching ways, she has not a particle of conceit or affectation about her, either on or off the stage, and in this respect she shines above professionals generally, as a bright particular star."

The company proceed from Wellington to Christchurch, where they will probably meet Mdme Arabella Goddard, whose agent is now there making arrangements. G. B. A.

Wellington, October 29, 1874.

THE PROMISED NEW OPERA HOUSE.

We are glad to know that the scheme for the erection of a new Opera House on the Victoria Embankment may now be considered in a direct way of realisation. Since we described the project yesterday, we have learned that the proposal of Mr Mapleson for the site on the Embankment has been accepted by the Metropolitan Board of Works. The scheme in which Mr Mapleson and Sir Michael Costa are associated may therefore be expected to give to London an Opera House on a site almost unrivalled among great cities. The new Opera of Paris looks, indeed, upon gleaming white streets and brilliant crowds, but an Opera House with a river front, or with the Victoria Embankment for its river terrace, will be something almost unique. We do not know whether the increasing purification of the Thames will induce the swans ever again to become familiar with the river-way below the bridges; but if that should come to pass we cannot see how the spirit of æstheticism itself could suggest anything more harmonious and delightful than a lounge between the acts of an opera in a balcony looking on a moonlit river—for we sometimes have moonlight—with floating swans. One may be excused for indulging in such dreams in regard to the Thames and its modern condition below the bridges when we think of an Opera House standing near the sight of the dingy tenements and ricketty oozy wharves which used to overhang the muddy and splenetic stream only a few years ago. It is evident that, to make the Embankment a really valuable road and a means of relieving the traffic of the choking Strand, it is necessary to draw the public thither and familiarise them with the place by the power of some special attraction. An Opera House on the site now agreed upon would be as effective a means to that end as any conceivable; and were it for that reason only, we should welcome the enterprise. But we think a good deal of the regenerated river, made poetic and picturesque by the lordly pleasure-house of music on its bank.—*Daily News.*

MADAME PATEY IN PARIS.

It was on Thursday that the performances of *The Messiah* were resumed at the Cirque in the Champs Elysées. As we know, this fine artistic treat was got up for the benefit of a charitable institution, the House of the Providence Sainte-Marie, being given under the patronage of Madame la Maréchale de Mac-Mahon, who had found rare aid and devotion among several of the persons around her, such as the Comtesse de Boyas, the Marquise de Caraman, the Comtesse de Uribarren, the Viscomtesse de Courval, Mesdes Théodore Ducos, Hollander, Sabatier, etc. The vast Cirque had been decorated for the occasion with remarkable taste, and flowers had been lavished in all directions, the City of Paris having gracefully placed its conservatories at the service of those who got up the fête. It is superfluous to say that Madame la Maréchale assisted at the performance, which, moreover, derived an altogether unusual attraction from the presence, among the interpreters of Handel's masterpiece, of Mad. Patey, an English vocalist, as yet unknown in Paris, but for many years appreciated and admired in London as an oratorio singer.

Mad. Patey, whose husband, by the way, is an excellent musician, enjoys, on the other side of the Channel, an absolutely exceptional reputation, which, it is only just to say, strikes us as legitimate for more than one reason. She is now thirty-two, and made her first appearance in London some years ago at Mr Henry Leslie's Concerts, achieving a genuine success. Subsequently, when Mad. Sainton-Dolby, the wife of M. Sainton, the French violinist, retired from the profession, Mad. Patey inherited that lady's position at the Sacred Harmonic Society, and was engaged as first contralto by Sir Michael Costa. Since then she has sung most successfully at festivals and the Society's concerts, and acquired a high reputation. Not only has she given the public an opportunity of appreciating her grand style and her admirable voice in the works of Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn, but Messrs Gounod, Julius Benedict, Macfarren, and Sullivan have written expressly for her a large number of compositions to which her incontestable talent has done full justice.

Mad. Patey's voice, a deep contralto, is of a marvellous *pâte* of rare quality and of irreproachable correctness. It possesses the rich, mellow, tone we formerly admired in that of Alboni. To these natural gifts, Mad. Patey joins acquired qualities which render her an artist of the first class. At her very first air, "O Thou that tellest," the public understood with whom they had to deal, but it was more especially in her second air: "He shall feed His flock," that Mad. Patey's success assumed unexpected proportions.

The great artist gave this admirable air admirably. Not only did she sing it with grand sentiment and grand style, but she phrased it deliciously, and marked the fine gradations of light and shade with exquisite taste, displaying a feeling of profound emotion which was promptly communicated to the audience, evoking from them enthusiastic applause and a unanimous encore. It was, we may truly say, a perfect revelation. It is a remarkable fact, also, that this lady, a foreigner, pronounces and articulates French with a degree of steadiness, suppleness, and distinctness, with which we should be very glad to meet among our own countrywomen. In short, Mad. Patey's success was complete and thoroughly legitimate. ARTHUR POUGIN.

MILAN.—The second opera of the season at the Scala was Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, with Signora Edelsberg, Signori Bulterini and Maini, in the leading parts. The chorus and orchestra had been well drilled by the energetic conductor, Sig. Faccio, and the work went off very satisfactorily. *Gustavo Wasa* is still in active rehearsal. The principal characters will be sustained by Signora Mariani-Masi, Signori Bolis, Pantaleoni, Maini, and Marchetti.—*Giroflé-Girofla* has been produced with the Lupi and Bergonzoni company at the Teatro Dal Verme. It was well played, especially by Signore Frigerio, Geminiani, Soucini, and Sig. Bergonzoni, and admirably put on the stage. Though the music is pronounced inferior to that of *La Fille de Mad. Angot*, and the libretto branded as absurd and vapid, this fresh creation of M. Lecocq's will probably run for some time to come.

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WAIFS.

The after-Christmas season has begun well for music at the Crystal Palace.

Herr Gade has accepted a commission to write for the next Birmingham Festival.

Mdlle Johanna Levier will appear at one of the Philharmonic Society's concerts this season.

Auber's monument is to be erected facing the grand avenue of Père la Chaise at a cost of 6,000 francs.

M. Ambroise Thomas will preside at the grand international competition of choirs, &c, to be held at Amiens in May next.

M. Amsel, a Polish tenor, who has the reputation of being *de la première force* in Rossini's music, has arrived in London.

We understand that a very promising young soprano will make her *début* at Mr Henry Leslie's opening concert next month.

Mr Henry Leslie has been placed in the Commission of the Peace by the Lord Lieutenant of the county in which his estate is situated.

Mdlle Victoria Bunsen has returned from her tour in Sweden, and is to be the vocalist at the concert given in the Aquarium, at Brighton, to-day.

M. Alexandre Billet, one of the most justly-esteemed of our resident foreign pianists, has already announced his annual, and always welcome, recitals, which will be held, as usual, in St George's Hall.

The season of "mince pies and mistletoe" is drawing to a close. What shall we do when the lip-salve of the last ten days is not to be had? Doctors will be of no avail: they cannot minister to a lip disused.

Mdlle Ida Corani, according to a telegram received from Catania, the birthplace of Bellini, met with the most brilliant success on Monday evening, the 26th inst., in the part of Amina, in the opera of *La Sonnambula*.

Dr Sloman's cantata, *Supplication and Praise*, which was performed in June last at the Royal Albert Hall, London, will be shortly performed, with orchestral accompaniments, by the Melbourne Choral Society, Derby.

Miss Emilie Glover, a daughter of Professor Glover, of Dublin, and the accomplished pupil of Mr John Thomas, at the Royal Academy of Music (London), is appointed harpist to the Alexandra Palace. A better choice could not be made.

Miss Purdy, who was the vocalist for the third of the "Musical Evenings," at St George's Hall, sang the "Maid of Athens" by Gounod and a *canzonetta* (unpublished) by Dr Sellé, "If music be the food of love."—Her sympathetic and finished rendering of the new air to the old words won for the lady a very spirited recall.

The next musical evening of the German Athenæum promises to be of particular interest, as may be gathered from the names of the following composers—Haydn, Handel, Schumann, Mozart, Schubert, and Ferdinand David, whose works will be given on the occasion, interpreted by MM. Paul David, Max Vogel, Zerbini, Daubert, Oscar Beringer, and Ainsworth.

Audiences are often the best critics. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, the other evening, during the performance of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, we overheard the following conversation in a private box:—

Lady—"Mr Harkins seems very cold towards his statue-bride."

Gentleman—"Yes; it wouldn't take much to turn him into a statue."

Lady—"I don't know that. It takes years to turn a stick into a stone."

Mr R. Jeffs, the well-known furrier, of Regent Street (who, by-the-bye, is especially well known to all the lyric artists who visit Russia), has been selected by the lords of the Admiralty to supply the furs required for the ensuing Arctic Expedition. Those used during the last four expeditions sent out in search of Sir John Franklin, and the furs required during the war in the Crimea were also furnished by Mr Jeffs.

A provincial, dining at a *restaurant* in Paris last week, sat near a very respectable-looking grey-headed person, with whom he entered into conversation. "To whom have I the honour of speaking?" said he. "I am the Lord Mayor of London," said the venerable diner with great simplicity. "I came over to assist at the first representation at the New Opera." "I have seen that in the papers," replied the other, intimating that this new acquaintance was in luck. "Mon Dieu," replied the *soi-disant* Lord Mayor, "I pay for my place like others. I have bought a box, and there are three of us." After a short silence he resumed—"I was about to add that I would willingly sell the fourth place." "For how much?" said the other. "Two hundred francs; would you like it?" "I should think so," said the other; "how much I thank you, my lord." "Very well," was the reply, "ask this evening for No. 4. Avant Scène, and give me the money. I have but just time to dress." The provincial paid the money, and has since made a complaint to the police.

A violin concerto by Hégar, never yet heard in this country, will be played by Herr Wilhelmj at the Royal Albert Hall on Tuesday next, when the accomplished artist will also introduce his own arrangement, for violin and orchestra, of Wagner's *Album-blatt*.

By the death of the Rev. Henry East Havergal, Vicar of Copie, the Church has lost another member of a highly-gifted family, three of whom, while serving in the ranks of the English clergy, always continued to devote themselves to music, and other artistic pursuits. Mr Havergal, who graduated at New College, Oxford, in 1842, became chaplain of his college and of Christ Church, an office which he resigned in 1847 on his appointment to Copie. For the church of this village he built an organ with his own hands, which possessed the peculiarity that it was an F organ, Mr Havergal holding that, as the ordinary compass of the human voice only extends to F, the compass of the organ ought to stop at the same note. On this instrument he carried out many experiments, and he also played it during Divine service. He further constructed a chiming apparatus, and was in fact the bell-ringer and organist, as well as the parson of the little church. Before service he was in the habit of chiming the bells; he would then play a voluntary, and proceed to the reading-desk, and afterwards would return to the keyboard to accompany the hymns and canticles. His enthusiasm for music was very great, and for some time he was conductor of a musical society at the neighbouring town of Bedford. He possessed a natural alto voice, and as a proof of the varied range of his musical capabilities, it may be mentioned that, in a trial of Crotch's oratorio, *Palestine*, he played the double bass and sang the alto part in the choruses at the same time. He also played the trumpet. In 1816, before leaving Oxford, Mr Havergal published two editions of George Wither's "Hymns of the Church;" he also published from the original MS. a copy of Tallis's preces, and several other musical works.

Raff's new Symphony is not the equal of the *Im Walde* or the *Lenore*, although the second movement is the best scherzo he has yet written. The first movement is also fine and its climax grand, impressive and original, but the subjects and their treatment in the two last movements are somewhat common-place and familiar, although not in any case laying the composer open to the imputation of a direct plagiarism. A mysterious *pizzicato* melody ushers in the first movement, and this same theme is afterwards developed to some extent in bowed passages upon the violins and 'celli, while the basses maintain the *pizzicato* figure. The second subject is announced by short phrases alternating between the "wind" and strings, and severe tax is laid upon the players on the wood, but in this case it only served to display their thorough excellence. Some passages for flute in descending trills are novel in idea and very effective. We have above alluded to the finish of this movement, which shows unflagging spirit and magnificent orchestration. Though not called a scherzo, the second movement is so in fact, and in nature of subject and manner of scoring bears considerable similarity to the one in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* music. Here, too, Raff is very exacting in his demands upon the "wood," to which are allotted the same difficult florid passages that are first given by the strings. There are what may be called two trios to this scherzo, although they are not so divided in the score. Both are melodious and delicate in conception, but the second for the flutes, clarionets, oboes and bassoons is the more generally pleasing. The third movement is a funeral march, which is scarcely as solemn and impressive as the nature of the subject would lead one to expect, though some fine effects are obtained towards the end by muting the violins. By far the weakest part of the work is the last movement, where the composer seems to have for a time exhausted his invention and to have fallen back upon his memory. As a whole, the symphony is undoubtedly a fine piece of writing, and had it been written by anyone but Raff, would have fairly led us to expect great things of its author, but he who has written the *Im Walde* has reached a perilous altitude, which only great genius will enable him to maintain.—*Arcadian*.

Richmond (America).—The "Kellogg Opera Troupe" have been drawing large audiences to the Theatre with M. Gounod's *Faust*. Mdme Van Zandt—says the *Richmond Enquirer* of December 23—sustained the part of Marguerite magnificently. Her voice differs in many respects from Miss Kellogg's, principally in its metallic element. It is powerful, well cultivated and full of expression, while her acting is thoroughly artistic. Miss Beaumont was Siebel, Mr Peak, Mephistopheles, Mr Carleton, Valentin, and Mr Maas, Faust. Mr Maas—writes the same journal—again won laurels, and well he deserved them. His pure strong tenor was at its best last night, and he fully established his ability to grasp the highest operatic honours. The *Daily Dispatch*, writing about Mr Maas as Lionel (*Martha*), says: "His is the best tenor voice we have ever heard in this city;" and the *Enquirer*: "That he fully established himself as a favourite with the public. He has a superb voice, true as steel, of magnificent compass, and he manages it with perfect ease."

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BOOK II.

7. *Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
8. *Village bride ..... *Costa.*
9. *Pilgrim's evening ..... *Wagner.*
10. *Music of the night ..... *Hatton.*
11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.

13. *Now lightly we ..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter ..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. *Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.

19. *The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. *Hark! the Gondolier .... *Riccardi.*
21. *Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. *When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. *The sun has been ..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.

25. *Merry minstrels are ..... *Wagner.*
26. *Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. *Hark! the merry ..... *Flotow.*
28. *With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. *Happy as the day ..... *Wallace.*
30. *The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.

31. *The distant bell ..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. *Who'll follow ..... *Paggi.*
34. *Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. *O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. *O hear ye not ..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.

37. *Sea flowers ..... *Barnett.*
38. *Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. *Warbler of the forest .... *Benedict.*
40. *Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. *Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.

43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.

49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari ..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53. *Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.

55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.

61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.

67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm ..... *Richards.*
69. *Lightly, softly ..... *Flotow.*
70. *Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72. *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.

73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger.*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells ..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley .. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.

79. *Our Vesper Hymn ..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Curschman.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Curschman.*
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Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé!
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

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Une orpheline désolée;
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
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SIR STERNDALE BENNETT.

(*From "The Times," Feb.* 2.)

One of the most gifted musicians ever born in this country—William Sterndale Bennett—died yesterday, about noon, at his residence in St John's Wood Road. He was born at Sheffield on the 13th of April, 1816. His father, Mr Robert Bennett, was organist at a church in that town, and the son's earliest days were passed as a choir-boy. Very soon, however, his extraordinarily precocious capacity raised general attention; and he was sent to our Royal Academy of Music for instruction. At the Academy he studied under Dr Crotch, Mr W. H. Holmes, Mr Cipriani Potter, and other professors of note. Although, at first, considered a rather dilatory scholar, he rapidly attained distinction. His symphony in E flat at once proclaimed his exceptional ability; and, not very long subsequently, his pianoforte concerto in D minor interested Mendelssohn so greatly that he desired to be introduced to the promising young musician. After progressing more and more in the same path, and when he had composed various works of immediately acknowledged excellence, Bennett was invited to perform at the Philharmonic Concerts, which at that period were the direct road to professional eminence. He played his second concerto (E flat), and, a year later, his third (C minor), each with brilliant success. From this time his career became assured; and as he was one of the finest pianists of his time—the nearest, in fact, to Mendelssohn that we can remember—his services were in constant request. He then went to Germany, and, at Leipsic, soon won the close intimacy of Mendelssohn and Schumann. How these remarkable men influenced his subsequent career is well known. Previous to his departure from England Bennett had obtained general acceptance through the pianoforte concertos we have named, his overtures, *Parasina* and *The Naiades*—both masterpieces—and other works. At Leipsic he composed his finest overture, *The Wood Nymphs*, which, on his return to England, was given without delay by the Philharmonic Society, meeting with a reception no less cordial than had greeted it in the Saxon capital and other parts of Germany. Thenceforth his career was one of uninterrupted success. From a pupil he had ripened into a master, and his supremacy as an English pianist and composer was unanimously admitted. The works he has since produced are so well known to English musicians and amateurs that it would be superfluous to catalogue them in detail. Among the most remarkable, however, must be mentioned the fourth pianoforte concerto (F minor); the *Caprice* (E major), for pianoforte, with orchestra; a sonata dedicated to Mendelssohn (F minor); a fantasia, so called, though in form just as much a sonata as the other, dedicated to Schumann (A major); a cantata, entitled *The May Queen*, composed for the Leeds Festival of 1858, and now all over the country a household word; *The Woman of Samaria*, his *chef d'œuvre* in the sacred style, written for the Birmingham Festival; his seventh symphony (in G minor), performed only last Saturday week, amid general applause, at the Crystal Palace Concerts, under the direction of Mr Manns; his overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, a poem, if ever there was one, in music; and last, not least, his beautiful pianoforte sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*, composed expressly for Madame Arabella Goddard, which, in her absence, has been performed by Dr Hans von Bülow, Mr Franklin Taylor, Mr Walter Macfarren, and other distinguished professors. Bennett has left a great number of compositions in manuscript, which, as fastidious as Mendelssohn himself, he kept by him for revision at leisure—a leisure which never came. He always looked at his art from a serious point of view, and did nothing to conciliate what is spoken of as "the popular taste of the day." The intimate friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann, he emulated their example, though he had done quite enough to assert his right to belong to the family of genuine artists before he made the acquaintance of either. Bennett was never, as we find so often stated, a pupil of Mendelssohn's. The two met at Düsseldorf and Leipsic on equal terms, and Mendelssohn esteemed our English composer just as highly as our English composer esteemed Mendelssohn. Of this there are existing proofs in the great German musician's own printed words—instance the friendly and noble testimonial when Bennett was a candidate for the musical professorship at the Edinburgh University. Schumann's opinion of our countryman may be read, over and over again, in his "Gesammelte Schriften, über Musik und Musiker," especially when, criticizing *The Three Diversions* (pianoforte duets), he writes:—

"Aber jener Engländer ist unter allen Fremden der deutschen Theilnahme am würdigsten, *ein geborner Künstler*, wie selbst Deutschland wenige aufzuweisen."

The distinctions conferred upon Bennett in the country of his birth, as simply recognitions of his merits, are various. In his early boyhood a chorister at King's College, Cambridge, he was eventually (1868) appointed Musical Professor at Cambridge University, where he also graduated as Musical Doctor, and some years after as Master of Arts. In 1870 he was made D.C.L. at Oxford, and the year following knighted by her Majesty the Queen at Windsor, in company with Julius Benedict, his worthy compeer. For eleven years—from 1856—he directed the Philharmonic Concerts, and composed his admirable overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, for the occasion of their jubilee, celebrated in St James's Hall. In 1868 he succeeded the late Mr Lucas as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, the fortunes of which he did more than any who had preceded him to sustain. In fact, his artistic career, humbly as it began, was to him an uninterrupted succession of honours. He deserved them well. Perhaps there never was a man in our time more universally liked and esteemed than William Sterndale Bennett; certainly there never was one who has done more to make English musical art respected abroad as well as at home.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph," Feb.* 2.)

About noon yesterday, at his residence in St John's Wood, died William Sterndale Bennett, Knight, Mus. Doc., M.A., D.C.L., Cambridge Professor and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. By reason of this event the universal art of music mourns. Sterndale Bennett was no ordinary English master, such as the many who, having gained an insular reputation, never succeed in winning higher and broader honours. To a great extent, he was our representative man before the world of music. His name and genius have been known and respected on the Continent almost as many years as in his native land; and when the news spreads through the art circles of Europe and America that he who wrote the *Naiades*, the *Wood Nymphs*, and the pianoforte concerto in F minor, is no more, it will be said with regret that "a prince and a great man hath fallen." But if the sad event of yesterday cannot fail to arouse emotions of sorrow among amateurs all the world over, how ought it to be regarded here? English music—nay, England herself—is indeed the poorer for the loss of Sterndale Bennett. We have not had many such as he of whom to boast. We can point to very few who, in the grand procession of masters, have trodden closely in the footsteps of the foremost, and there have been fewer still whom Fate has allowed to win their rightful share of the world's honour. Even while our sense of loss is keen, we would not exaggerate the worth of the departed, and, when it is said that English music has just received a heavy blow, the uttered words are but simple truth.

Sterndale Bennett's career, looked at in connection with the many discouraging circumstances against which an English musician contends, is a remarkable instance of the power of real ability to make its way. Our dead master came of a musical family and respectable parentage, but hardly could anything have been less hopeful than his start in life. Mother and father were taken from him in infancy, the loss of the father being the more serious because, as an organist of repute in Sheffield, he was fitted to watch over the musical development of his son. But the orphan boy was not left friendless, and at eight years of age—that is to say, in 1824—Sterndale Bennett became attached, as a chorister of King's, to the University which now laments the loss of her distinguished Professor. His musical genius rapidly asserted itself; and those who were interested in him saw that the lad had gifts only needing proper care in order to attain

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greatness. Hence his removal to the Royal Academy of Music, then a young institution, presided over by Dr Crotch, and giving much promise of good by its activity and success. Sterndale Bennett was now fairly started on his career, and some of those who remember him under these circumstances are fond of calling to mind the bright happy, high-spirited youth, already looked upon as the hope of English music. Bennett was no sluggard during his time of pupilage. Possessed by the spirit of art to that degree which only musicians know, he wrought incessantly, work after work coming from his busy pen, as though his resources were inexhaustible. How far, in this respect, he emulated the brilliant genius to whose artistic influence he laid himself open so unreservedly, it boots not to inquire. At any rate, these were Bennett's golden days—days in which honourable ambition fed upon successful achievement, and life seemed a fair and happy thing. The works produced at this early period are among the best he gave to the world, and by them, rather than by later compositions, his genius is known. As instances may be cited the pianoforte concertos in C minor and F minor, the overtures to the *Naiades* and *Wood Nymphs*, and the Capriccio in E for pianoforte and orchestra. These things, and others more in number than can be mentioned here, marked young Bennett for distinction above his fellows, and it was with the best credentials that he travelled to Germany in 1836 on an artistic tour, for which the "ways and means" had been supplied by a liberal and discerning amateur. This visit to the land of the great masters marked an epoch in Bennett's life. Through it he came in contact with Mendelssohn, and began a friendship which death alone could interrupt, and to it was owing the speedy repute he gained among Continental amateurs. There is something very charming in the genial, affectionate welcome found by the young Englishman in the highest musical circles in Germany, and, above all, in Mendelssohn's almost brotherly kindness. No doubt the illustrious master felt flattered by the family likeness of Bennett's music to his own, but not Mendelssohn only stretched out a cordial hand. Robert Schumann was then editing the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and when, at the beginning of 1837, he wanted to present his readers with a new year's gift, he gave them a sketch of Sterndale Bennett. The great and gentle spirit of Schumann went out unreservedly to the youthful wanderer from the "unmusical country," and alike for the sake of a beautiful testimony borne by one artist to another, for the sake of the writer, and out of regard for the memory of the man he honoured, we must reproduce his words. The translation is that of "M. E. von G.":

"After much deliberation as to what new-year's gift I could present to the readers of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*—in addition to the compliments of the season—that should secure their good opinion, I have come to the conclusion that I can do nothing better than introduce them to some pleasant acquaintance. The man I have in my mind is no Beethoven, enveloped in endless contests; no Berlioz, preaching revolution with hero's voice, amid universal terror and destruction. On the contrary, he is a person of a quiet, amiable nature, who, whatever tumults may be raging, occupies himself in his own work, like some astronomer in a lonely observatory watching the course of events and investigating the secrets of nature. His name is William Sterndale Bennett, and he is the countryman and partly the namesake of Shakespeare.

"The arts of music and poetry are surely not so antagonistic that we need wonder that that famous country, which has given us Shakespeare and Byron, should also produce a good musician. The old prejudice which believed it impossible has been already shaken by Field, Onslow, Potter, Bishop, and others; and now Sterndale Bennett has given it a harder blow than ever. Providence has watched over him from his cradle. . . . How far this development was promoted by the careful instruction he received at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, under masters like Crotch and Cipriani Potter, and by his own indefatigable studies, I know not; I only know that out of this chrysalis has burst a truly glorious butterfly, fluttering through the summer air, now lighting on this flower and now on that, and leaving us to follow with eager eyes and outstretched hands. A soaring spirit like this could not be contented to remain on its native earth without desiring to behold the land where its two greatest predecessors, Mozart and Beethoven, first saw the light. And thus it has come to pass that the favourite of the London public, and the pride of musical England, is residing with us.

"As to the character of Bennett's compositions, no one can fail to be struck at first sight by their strong family likeness to those of Mendelssohn. There is the same beauty of form, the same poetic depth of clearness, the same ideal purity, the same divine power of impressing the hearer. And yet there is a distinction. It is even more evident in their playing than in their compositions. The Englishman excels in delicacy and finished detail; Mendelssohn in energy and grasp of the entire scope of the piece. The one is as delicate in the gradations of his softest *pianos* as the other is powerful and inexhaustible in his glorious *fortes*. Here we are rivetted by the divine expression of a single countenance; there we seem to be looking into one of Raffaelle's backgrounds studded with hundreds of sweet cherub faces. And their compositions present somewhat similar contrasts. While Mendelssohn gives in fantastic outlines all the wild revelry of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bennett's imagination was aroused by the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The one spreads before us the slumbering ocean in all its boundless expanse; the other fondly lingers by the softly rippling lake, with the moonbeams quivering on its surface.

"I have still much to say on this interesting topic—how these and similar pieces are mere trifles by the side of his larger works—such as his six symphonies, his three pianoforte concertos, his six orchestral overtures—to *Parasina*, the *Näiads*, &c.; how he knows all Handel by heart; how he can play all Mozart's operas on the piano, so as to bring them bodily before your eyes. All this and much more I could tell; but here he is himself! I can keep him off no longer; he has been looking over my shoulder for ever so long, and keeps asking, 'What are you writing there?' 'Dear old fellow! if you only knew what I have been saying!'"

Introduced in such glowing and affectionate terms, what wonder that Bennett and his music were warmly received. Several of his more important works were performed at the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipsic, then under Mendelssohn's direction, whilst, as pianist not less than as composer, the young Englishman obtained the most flattering recognition. But perhaps the best measure of the impression made then, and subsequently upon the professors and amateurs of Germany, is supplied by the fact that, in 1853, when the conductorship of the Gewandhaus fell vacant, Bennett was invited to the post. The significance of this can hardly be appreciated by Englishmen, who are accustomed to see foreigners in the high places of music, but among the Germans it would be regarded as almost a phenomenal honour. Returning to England after the successful visit of 1836, Bennett soon settled down to the ordinary work of a professor, composing, performing, and teaching with equal success. But he was destined to an ultimate position in harmony with the richness of his gifts; and when, in 1844, he became a candidate for the Chair of Music in the University of Edinburgh, the first upward step was taken. True, the wise men of Modern Athens rejected his claims, and preferred another candidate, about whom it is needless to speak; but the contest brought Bennett prominently forward, and elicited from Mendelssohn, then in the zenith of his fame, a testimonial of priceless value. Whatever opinion the great master had put into deeds at Leipsic, he here put into words, and it was not the smallest of Sterndale Bennett's distinctions that such men as Schumann and Mendelssohn laid the homage of their admiration at his feet. Twelve years passed, during which our master, though not composing with the ardour of an earlier time, led a busy life; and then came the first of a crowd of honours. The Music Chair at Cambridge, vacated by the death of Dr Walmisley, was offered to Sterndale Bennett, and so it happened that the chorister boy of King's in 1826 became thirty years later the musical head of the University. Nor did this distinction come alone. After Herr Wagner's disastrous campaign in 1855 as conductor of the Philharmonic Society's Concerts, it was found needful to place the *bâton* in other hands, and to whom could the directors more naturally turn than to the chief English musician of the day? Dr Bennett accepted the post, and held it till 1868, when he made way for Mr Cusins. How far his reign was a success, and in what degree he brought to the discharge of his duties the mingled strength and delicacy of a perfect *chef d'orchestre*, are questions which, if propounded, would receive a variety of answers. True it is, assuredly, that in nice

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perception of a composer's meaning, and in sympathetic appreciation of the methods by which it was conveyed, few conductors could equal Sterndale Bennett. He may have lacked—nay, he *did* lack—the firmness, energy, and power of command that enable a *chef d'orchestre* to animate every subordinate with his own spirit; but, assuming that these merits could not be found united, he at least possessed the more essential. In 1858 Yorkshire recognized its now distinguished son by inviting him to preside over a grand festival at Leeds, and there was produced that beautiful and graceful work which, under the name of *The May Queen*, ranks among the classics of music. With this *chef d'œuvre* the career of Sterndale Bennett as a composer may be said to have reached its highest point. He did not, like Rossini, after *Guillaume Tell*, lay down his pen, but he had none the less done his devoir, and won his highest honours as an art-creator. In 1862, Dr Bennett composed the work which represented English music at the opening of the International Exhibition, the words being a poem by Tennyson—"Uplift a Thousand Voices"; and in the same year he co-operated with the late Canon Kingsley in the Ode performed at the installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of his University. The remainder of Dr Bennett's career is less noticeable for public work than for an accumulation of distinctions. In 1869, Cambridge enrolled him among her Masters of Arts, the Royal Academy having, a year previously, placed him at its head, in succession to Mr Lucas. Oxford subsequently made him a D.C.L., and on March 24th, 1871, her Majesty the Queen bestowed upon him the honour of knighthood. It must not be supposed, however, that all this time the pen of the composer of the *May Queen* was idle. For the Birmingham Festival of 1867 Dr Bennett wrote his only oratorio, *The Woman of Samaria*—a work none the less full of beautiful music because it failed to achieve popular distinction. That the *Woman of Samaria* is not free from errors of judgment may be conceded, and yet leave much that some day or other will secure higher appreciation than it has hitherto obtained. The 24th of March, 1871, was a proud day in the life of the Sheffield organist's son; but a prouder, perhaps, was the 7th of April, 1872, when, in St James's Hall, from the hands of the Attorney-General—now Lord Coleridge—while the *élite* of musical London watched and applauded, Sir Sterndale Bennett received an address announcing that a biennial musical scholarship had been founded in his name. Hundreds who were present will now recall the scene, and once more behold the slight nervous frame of the honoured master as the work of his life was thus crowned and consummated. In a measure, this was Sterndale Bennett's farewell; and, though none knew the actual solemnity of the occasion, the speech of the Attorney-General was an elegy as well as an eulogium. Unwittingly Sir J. D. Coleridge summed up a life, when, referring to the limited repute of English composers, he said:—"It has been the just good fortune of Sir Sterndale Bennett to put an end to this somewhat provincial character of English music, and to bring it about that the name and works of an English musician shall be known and honoured and admired beyond the limits of the empire, and amongst other great and cultivated nations; and since the day when he first went to Leipsic, at twenty years of age, carrying with him the overture to the *Naiades*, to which we have just listened with pleasure, up to the present hour, his fame has gone on increasing day by day, until it has assumed the solid and proud proportions which it is no less an act of justice than of pleasure for us to acknowledge."

Here, too, we must quote the felicitous words with which the Attorney-General accompanied the presentation. Referring to the testimonial, he said:—"Take it, keep it, treasure it, hand it down to your posterity, to keep alive the memory of this day when you and I alike are gone to our rest; to keep fresh the recollection of the admiration we feel for the man of genius, the respect and honour we feel for the great artist, and the affectionate regard and esteem in which we hold an excellent and honourable man." With the applause which confirmed these words ringing in his ears Sir Sterndale Bennett retired from public view; and though he worked on nearly to the end—composing his beautiful sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*, for example—his career may be said to have closed with that grand proof of esteem and admiration.

We do not assume here and now to gauge the genius of the departed musician, nor to discuss the reasons which might be assigned for the comparative non-productiveness of his later years. Granted, as regards the second point, that Sir Sterndale Bennett's ripe manhood did not fulfil the brilliant hopes of his youth, it is not for us to pry into causes which may have been absolutely personal to himself. Rather, at this time especially, should we encourage a feeling of gratitude for the many things of beauty with which the deceased master enriched his art, and for the proof his career gives that merit, even in one who never asserts himself, is sure to meet with its reward. Sir Sterndale Bennett was no hunter after popularity. He not ever anxious to keep himself before the public eye, seeking rather to avoid it with an earnestness well nigh culpable. All the stronger for this is the testimony borne by the honours lavished upon him. Of his ultimate place in music it would be rash to speak with confidence. The time may be at hand when that which has hitherto been accounted a composer's strength will be set down as his weakness, through a reversal of the canons of art; in which case Sterndale Bennett, as he flourished with his friend Mendelssohn, will suffer with him. Anyhow, we who were so lately his contemporaries value the delicate fancy, the graceful expression, and rich culture of Sterndale Bennett's muse. We, at least, shall keep and cherish his works as the productions of a richly-gifted man, and when, in a few days, all musical England, in body or in spirit, stands at the side of his grave, the "Requiescat in pace" will apply only to the dust which returns to dust, for, while a love of genuine music exists, so long will Sterndale Bennett live and move amongst us.

We take the following, *àpropos* of the late Sterndale Bennett, from the *Figaro* of February 6th:—

The death of Sir William Sterndale Bennett will cause a feeling of the deepest grief throughout the whole world of music. An Englishman by birth and education, a composer of sterling merit, perhaps the best native writer we ever possessed, and a musician of the highest order, it is tolerably safe to say that his name will ever be associated with that of English music. Like many men of true genius, Sterndale Bennett has been the architect of his own fortunes. * * * * * * * * * *

Of his many works it is unnecessary to speak in detail. His symphonies, his trios, sonatas, and other chamber music—his pianoforte concertos (which, since the departure of Arabella Goddard, one of the most ardent disciples and admirers of Bennett, and a lady to whom English music owes a deep debt of gratitude), are known to musicians of every country. * * * * Equally unnecessary is it to speak of his overtures; the *Naiades*, the *Wood Nymphs*, *Parasina*, and his last, the poetic Fantasia overture, *Paradise and the Peri*. * * * Bennett never composed an opera; but his oratorio, *The Woman of Samaria*, and his cantata, *The May Queen*, have long been accepted as works of the very highest order.

His personal virtues and his capacity for drawing towards him the hearts of all who knew him are well known. His great gifts and exceptional talent as composer and executant commanded the respect both of amateurs and musicians; his many pupils had for him a respect and adoration bordering almost upon idolatry, while his intimate acquaintances, more numerous in England and Germany than those who knew him not would consider possible, will lament the death of a true friend, and of one of the most remarkable men of the age. In the words of Tom Moore, Sterndale Bennett truly was

"One who, in life, where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many."

His long labouring in the cause of English music needs no mention. In early years few men worked harder; his numerous compositions attest the industry of his youthful days, and their great popularity is sufficient to tell of their worth. Refined, graceful, melodious, and bearing the stamp of their author's strong individuality, the

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compositions of Sterndale Bennett, many years ago, obtained for him the richly-earned title of the "English Mendelssohn." His seven years' work as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music commenced at an age at which a successful and popular composer, a man full of dignities and honours, might with reason have deemed that the time had come for rest and retirement, shows his sterling love for English music and his earnest desire to raise the tone of art in his native land. When next we hear the incomparable music which he has set to *Paradise and the Peri*, we can comprehend the sigh of relief to the wearied composer, as the Peri seems to speak the words:—

"Joy, joy, for ever! my task is done;
The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!"

Sterndale Bennett is now laid to his rest. The mortal man has gone, but his works, which are immortal, will remain to remind us of our friend. For long the premier musician of England, we now must seek for another to fill his place, and find him if we can. Sterndale Bennett died as he had lived—"in harness." Until his last illness prostrated him, his work at the Royal Academy of Music was carried on with all the vigour and industry of youth. Within the last two years he has enriched the repertory of chamber music with a sonata, which has excited the admiration of even professed champions of the Music of the Future. He dies surrounded by the atmosphere of music, bequeathing to posterity his immortal works. His epitaph should be in the words of the poet he has so beautifully illustrated:—

"'Sleep,' said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warmed the human breast;
'Sleep on, in visions of odour rest!
In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
The enchanted pile of that holy bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,
And in music and perfume dies away.'"

CHERUBINO.

"THE SHADOW OF DEATH."

(*To the Editor of the "Pall Mall Gazette."*)

SIR,—I beg to be allowed to correct a mistake made in a paragraph of your to-day's paper concerning the position of the principal figure in my last picture. "Mr Holman Hunt's attention," it says, "has been called to the fact that in his picture of 'The Shadow of Death' he has represented the Saviour as sawing with his left hand;" and the writer goes on to say that I justify this—misquoting my own words to give this sense. The letter in the *Athenæum* of last week will prove to any person who reads it candidly that my meaning was that the Saviour had been sawing with the right and holding the plank with the left hand, and that in relinquishing his task he had stepped across the tressel to the space between it and the Virgin. It is only the liberty taken in imagining that the Saviour has moved from the standing place of his sawing for which I wished to account. I cannot, Sir, overlook the fact that in your paper the perversion of my meaning given is unfairly designed to mislead your readers, and that I have the right to disprove such a mischievous misstatement, although I have none to dispute your critic's judgment on art questions.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

January 28. W. HOLMAN HUNT.

DRESDEN.—We had a genuine artistic treat when Madame Otto-Alvsleben, whom the Dresdeners admire so much, gave a concert at the Hotel de Saxe, assisted by such eminent artists as Herr Reinecke, the Conductor of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, Herr De Ahna, Concertmeister of Berlin, and Herren Zizold and Meinel. All the local papers bestow the highest praise on our celebrated townswoman. The *Dresdener Journal* says:—"Frau Otto-Alvsleben has not lost anything of the beautifully soft and clear *timbre*, nor of the purity and smoothness of her sympathetic voice. Her well-known *technique*, full of artistically and musically correct feeling, was visible in all her performances. Her singing of Meyerbeer's aria from *L'Etoile du Nord*, with the accompaniment of two flutes, was distinguished throughout by clever and fluent vocalism, and perfect accuracy of intonation." The *Dresdener Press* writes:—"Frau Otto-Alvsleben, so much appreciated in England, especially in oratorio, gave the aria of Cleopatra, in Handel's *Julius Cæsar*, which she executed with such accuracy and precision as to provoke unanimous applause. Equally distinguished was her performance of all her other pieces, and the richness and power of her voice were as much admired as the highly artistic use she made of it.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

The novelty at last Monday week's concert was a pianoforte Trio by Chopin, whose works, if not unduly neglected, looking at their comparative value, are played in St James's Hall less frequently than the repute of the author would warrant. Thanks to his delightful pianoforte music, Chopin is more intimately known by the public at large than many composers who were far greater musicians, and it goes to show on what strict principles the Monday Popular Concerts are conducted when the most important chamber-piece of such a man is played for the first time in the seventeenth season. But, though the Trio comes late, and though it may not be a great work in the sense that most of its predecessors are great, it is none the less welcome. Those among the audience who took with them vivid impressions of Chopin's peculiar grace, refinement, and originality, derived from his best known compositions, were perhaps disappointed with the Trio, which must have been written at an early period of the master's career. It is undoubtedly true, as the annotated programme observed, that the work "exhibits few of those characteristic features that distinguished his (Chopin's) ripe maturity," but it is not less beyond question that even moderate keenness of sight detects the composer in every movement. Moreover, those characteristics of the Trio which are not Chopin's in the popular and accepted sense, are Chopin's all the same, it being impossible to say that they come from any extraneous source. From first to last, the work is original, and the impression of this fact is made stronger by the very degree in which the music fails to suggest the master as he is best known. The Trio exhibits certain broad peculiarities which are worthy of note, especially with regard to its form. Chopin wrote at a time when the laws of form in music were far more rigidly applied than now—it seems a virtue to break them in our time—and therefore all the greater importance attaches to the proofs here exhibited of independent thought. Mr Chappell's acute analyst could not fail to observe, and observing, lay stress upon, the fact that the opening *Allegro*, for example, boldly ignores the orthodox procession of keys, and continues nearly throughout in that of G minor. Very many amateurs, even of the present day, look upon this as an offence against the "proprieties," and do not hesitate to hold the culprit worthy of condign punishment. But we are not now to discuss its propriety or impropriety further than the expression of an opinion that the ear is the standard by which to judge everything in music, and not tradition, nor even an intellectual conception of what makes correctness. Judged by the ear, the form of Chopin's *Allegro* is justified, and from this there can be no appeal. Another feature to be remarked is the unusual prominence of the pianoforte in every movement, save, perhaps, the *Adagio*. Chopin was above all things a writer for his own instrument; and no conditions availed to make him do other than give it a marked supremacy. In the case of the present work this predilection operated well, inasmuch as a good deal of its charm arises from the graceful, brilliant, and thoroughly characteristic pianoforte part. But, putting technical criticism aside, let us join with Monday week's audience in applauding a work so fresh and interesting, and in expressing a hope that it may soon be heard again. The performance by Mdlle Marie Krebs, Mdme Neruda, and Signor Piatti would have satisfied the not easily pleased composer himself. Especially must Mdlle Krebs be praised for a rendering of her difficult part such as could only be compassed by the highest executive powers. With the novelty of the evening were given Haydn's pretty quartet in G major (Op. 54); Beethoven's pianoforte sonata in D major (Op. 10)—to the quick movements of which Mdlle Krebs did full justice—and Mozart's Sonata in G for violin and piano. Miss Antoinette Sterling sang no less than five songs; two by Rubinstein, the beauties of which are recondite; and three by Schubert. Mr Zerbini was, as always, an excellent accompanist.

BRUNSWICK.—After long negotiations, Mad. Lucca has engaged to sing once at the Ducal Theatre the part of Selica in *L'Africaine* for the sum of 8,000 marks. As she will not sing for less, the Intendant has been obliged to consent to her terms; but, not to be out of pocket, he will double or treble the prices of admission.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

The "Popular" Concert which took place on the afternoon of Saturday last was tolerably well attended. The programme, if presenting no feature of novelty, was well selected, and the audience found its accustomed enjoyment in the singing of the several artists engaged in it. Miss Antoinette Sterling was in excellent voice. Her delivery of Haydn's fine song, "L'Alleluia de Sinai," with organ, violin, and harp accompaniment, was one of the specialties of the day, and was as impulsive as a pure, devotional sensibility of manner could make it. The second contribution of this lady was Mr Barnby's new song, "When the tide comes in," which, as we predicted, is making its way into the good graces of the public; and the third, her well-known version of the quaint old ballad, "The Three Ravens." Mdlle Johanna Levier, who has permanently identified herself with these concerts, sang the pretty arietta of Annchen, in *Der Freischütz*, "Kommt ein schankler Bursch gegannen;" Gounod's "Quand tu chantes bercée," and "The Last Rose of Summer," in her own neat and unpretending style; and Mr Cummings again earned his oft-established right to honourable mention by his cultivated rendering of Roeckel's song, "Only for Thee," and "Tom Bowling," in each of which he produced his customary effect. Mr Whitney is fast ripening into celebrity as a singer of ballads of the domestic school, and his efforts on the present occasion—Wallace's "In Happy Moments," from *Maritana*, and Molloy's "Shipwright"—won general admiration for the refined tastefulness of his method. In the course of the morning, violin solos (by Hiller and Bach) were played by Herr Wilhelmj, whose suave and silvery tone, and masterly powers of execution, were forcibly revealed, and challenged universal applause. Besides the above, there were certain clever organ performances, by Mr Hoyte, who, it may be observed, was encored in an Andante by Batiste; the Albert Hall choristers, at intervals, giving specimens of their matured skill in the art of part-singing—as, for instance, in the favourite madrigal of Festa, "Down in a flow'ry vale," which, by common demand, was repeated. Mr Randegger accompanied.

The attendance on Tuesday evening last, the occasion of the Orchestral Concert, was better than usual. The prevalence of a slight fog was an inconvenience, but the programme was too good to be overlooked, and hence the amphitheatre and arena seats wore a very brilliant aspect. The principal orchestral selections consisted of the *Italian Symphony* by Mendelssohn, and the two overtures, Weber's *Freischütz* and Sullivan's *In Memoriam*, the last chosen, no doubt, by way of tribute to the recent irreparable loss English music has sustained by the death of Sir William Sterndale Bennett, to whose memory further reference was made by an incidental performance of the Dead March in *Saul*. The delivery of the symphony was all that could have been expected from the body of picked players now assembled under Mr Barnby's experienced rule, and was even superior, if it be possible, to the performance which took place in December last. Every fresh hearing of Mr Sullivan's deeply suggestive overture adds to the admiration it has engendered, whether on the score of art or feeling; and when associated, as it was upon this occasion, with a revered and honoured name, it becomes doubly touching and impressive. In the first part of the concert, Herr Wilhelmj made further advances in the good opinion of the public by his performance of a violin concerto, not hitherto heard in this country, by Herr Hégar, a Kapellmeister at Zurich, and a composer, it is alleged, of songs and choral music now enjoying considerable popularity in Germany. Of the merits of the new concerto it is too early to judge, but the accomplished analyst of the concert programmes calls attention, with his accustomed discriminative intelligence, to its leading points of interest—certain novelties of form and development being, apparently, the most remarkable. The music was heard with satisfaction. As regarded the executancy of Herr Wilhelmj, there could be but one verdict as to its consummate excellence—an excellence again demonstrated in the second part of the programme, when he played a setting, by himself, of Wagner's "Albumblatt," and (accompanied by Herr Rudolph Niemann on the pianoforte) another similar setting of a Notturno by Chopin. Herr Wilhelmj will doubtless be a conspicuous figure among the celebrities of the forthcoming season. He has come—been listened to—and, most undeniably, has conquered. Mdlle Johanna Levier was the lady vocalist, and, as usual won both ear and heart by her graceful interpretation of Mendelssohn's charming *lieder*, "Frühlingslied" and "Lieblingsplätzchen," and Schubert's and Brahms' equally charming "Liebesbotschaft" and "Wiegenlied"—the last, a veritable exemplification of "the linked sweetness long drawn out," being encored with acclamation, as it has been before when Mdlle Levier has sung it, and as it will be again. The second vocalist was Mr Cummings, whose "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her angels," created the accustomed impression. This agreeable singer was also set down for Molique's finely conceived song, "When the moon is brightly shining." The vocalists were accompanied by Mr Randegger with his wonted skill.—D. H. H.

PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

Last night Balfe's most popular opera, *The Bohemian Girl*, was produced, for the first time, at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington; and the fact is, in an artistic sense, somewhat significant. This theatre has hitherto been devoted to English versions of opera-bouffe. Offenbach's *Geneviéve de Brabant* the *Fleur de Lys* of Léon Délibes, the *Fille de Madame Angot* of Lecocq drew thousands of people weekly from all parts of London to the little theatre at Islington; and it became the chief temple of opera-bouffe in this country. The faith or the zeal of worshippers visibly cooled of late, and even Lecocq's *Giroflé-Girofla*—a charming work—with elegantly written lyric versions (by Mr Campbell Clarke) of the principal vocal numbers, failed to attract permanently. That, under such circumstances, recourse should be had to higher forms of art is a gratifying recognition of artistic truths, which for a long time were preached to deaf ears; and we are glad to record the complete success of the experiment made last night, and the enthusiastic reception given to legitimate operatic art by an audience hitherto accustomed to art by no means legitimate.

Mr Nordblom, one of our best acting tenors, made a genuine success as Thaddeus, and obtained a double encore for "When other lips," which was beautifully sung. Mr Rosenthal was an admirably Count Arnheim, and was deservedly encored after "The heart bowed down." This gentleman, although chiefly known in London as an exponent of opera-bouffe, has for a long time enjoyed a high reputation in the provinces as an operatic baritone; and his performance last night proved him to be one of the best representatives of the Count Arnheim at present on the stage. Miss Monroe was an agreeable representative of Arline, and was encored after the favourite air, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." Miss Manetti was similarly complimented after the song, "Love smiles but to deceive," which (like most Gipsy Queens) she interpolated. Mr Knight Aston, as Florestan, and Mr Marler, as Devilshoof, were acceptable; the choruses were fairly good; the band efficient, though somewhat too strong in the brass instruments; and Mr Eayres conducted skilfully.

Should the *Bohemian Girl* prove to be a permanent attraction, other English operas will be produced by the management. Islington was for a long time the home of the Shakespearian drama; and if the earnest care displayed by Messrs Phelps and Greenwood in the casting, mounting, and rehearsing of the legitimate drama be emulated at the Philharmonic Theatre, it may acquire new lustre as the home of English opera.

CAPER O'CORBY (Bart.)

MILAN.—Sig. Manzotti's ballet, *Pietro Micca*, previously performed at the Teatro dal Verme, has replaced Sig. Monplaisir's *Giulio Cesare* at the Scala, and proved a decided hit. Sig. Pinzuti's ballet, also, *La Stella del Marinajo* has been successful at the Teatro della Canobbiana. —*Giroflé-Girofla* has not proved particularly attractive at the Teatro dal Verme.

BRESLAU.—Some seven years ago, a grand five-act romantic opera, *Gustav Wasa, der Held des Nordens*, was produced and frequently repeated at Weimar. It has now been brought out with marked success at the Stadttheater here, where its composer, Herr Carl Goetz, is conductor. That gentleman was called on, the first night, at the conclusion of the second act, and, also, at the conclusion of the fifth.—Herr Johannes Brahms recently paid this town a visit, playing at the sixth Subscription Concert, and at the Seventh Evening for Chamber Music given by the Orchestral Union.

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STERNDALE BENNETT'S G MINOR SYMPHONY (No. 7) AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*From the "Musical Standard."*)

Sir W. Sterndale Bennett ranks so high as a creative genius, to say nought of his transcendent merits as an artist, and his ability as a professor, that we almost hesitate to gild the thrice assayed and genuine gold. But *noblesse*—(we mean Sir Sterndale's *noblesse*)—*nous oblige*. He is a tone-poet, pure and simple; a great composer; and, as regards the evolution of his ideas, a craftsman who, in accordance with the canon of Horatius Flaccus, most artfully conceals his instrumentality. The English accept Sir Sterndale Bennett as their noblest representative; and Germany, naturally disposed to frown upon foreigners from a high stand-point, because so rich in her own resources, has adopted him as one of her own sons. This symphony, the pianoforte concerto in F minor; the overtures known as *Naïades* and *Paradise and the Peri;* and, not least, that vivid dramatic sonata, *The Maid of Orleans* (the property of Madame Arabella Goddard), proclaim the man and his merits without the necessity of tedious citation from the *catalogue raisonné* of his works. Let us speak of the symphony in G minor, written for the (old) Philharmonic Society, and first produced—(without the third movement) in June, 1864. We consider this work as a happy illustration of the composer's individual genius. Light and singularly graceful throughout, it is yet in parts eminently classical, and sufficiently severe to satisfy the strictest stickler for orthodoxy, according to the "canon laws" laid down by the great masters; whilst as regards symmetrical construction, gracefulness of ideas, charming contrast and exquisite delicacy, the symphony may fairly be ranked with the accepted orchestral *chefs-d'œuvre*. We doubt whether Sir Sterndale Bennett will ever be a favourite with the general public, or the "advanced modern" school. His music is far too good and too *recherché*. He will never condescend to write down to the low school-girl level of Liszt, and his compositions are far removed from the mistiness and noise which are essentials of Wagner. Whether in the loudest passages of a stretto, or the long drawn-out extreme harmonies of Sir Sterndale, we are never at a loss to discover both the time and rhythm which he is employing; whereas in most of the music of the modern ultra-German writers, it is regarded as a sinful weakness to be bound by the rigid chain of measure and accent, to exhibit a leaning towards tune, or a fondness for one fixed tonology. When will mankind learn to distinguish between incoherent license and well-ordered freedom? Moral philosophy is here at one with music and the fine arts.

Our readers may be reminded that the symphony now includes four movements, namely, an Allegro moderato in G minor, a Minuet (with trio) in B flat, a "Romanza" (the added movement) in D major, and a Rondo finale (presto) in G minor. We were once more struck on Saturday with the large form and breadth of the ideas and treatment. Those who imagine that Bennett never thinks very deeply, never rises to earnestness and passion, must have experienced surprise at the depth and fire displayed in the working up of the end of the first movement, where occurs that exquisitely tuneful *motif* in B flat, beginning with skips of the minor seventh. The charm of the minuet, in the relative major, lies in its deliciously fresh melody and ingenious little bits of imitation. It is quietly scored in the pastoral style throughout. What a fine contrast to this is the trio in E flat, written exclusively for the brass band, yet quite free from noise and blare. "G" need not have relied on a mere *on dit* in this part of his programme. The Minuet *did* originally form part of the Installation Ode composed in honour of the new Chancellor of the University of Cambridge—the Duke of Devonshire—by Mr Bennett (as Professor of Music), and performed at the Senate House, on Tuesday the 10th of June, 1862, at the Inauguration Concert. We had the good fortune to be present on the occasion, to see the Professor wave the bâton, invested with his beautiful white gown of office, and to hear the enthusiastic applause of the assembled auditory (a numerous but select one), who "re-demanded" the movement, *con amore e con tutta forza*. The episodical change to G minor, when the Minuet is repeated, and the masterly transition from B flat to D major (the key of the succeeding "Romanza"), which is effected by a few bars of orchestral prelude, once more brings forward the master mind in bold relief. The "Romance," itself aims at little. It is a little gem in the form of a "song without words," varied by a charming contrast, for the sake of variety, in the accompaniment of the original scheme at its third occurrence, when the restless style and the lavish modulation induce a longing for the more quiescent tones of the original treatment. The concluding Rondo is, perhaps, the most uncommon of all the movements: the subject-matter so quaint and delicate, the little points of pizzicato so coquettish and sprightly. The effect of the augmented fifth in the second theme—(the skips from F natural to C sharp)—show that this Homer is never asleep when intent on his score, but always alive to his art. The sternness of form is here admirably subordinated to a freedom of thought, and treatment the most charming. We copy the concluding paragraph of "G" with great pleasure, and fully agree with its purport. "So"—writes this eloquent annotator—"so ends a work in which perfect symmetry, delicate fancy, purity of taste great individuality, and entire absence of exaggeration and extravagance, have combined to produce one of the pleasantest symphonies to listen to in the repertory of the orchestra. Would that its author would indulge us with a companion to it!"

(*From the "Sunday Times."*)

Had any one doubted the fact that English musicians are admired and appreciated as much by the adherents of foreign factions as by their compatriots, he would have been agreeably surprised on the occasion of the thirteenth Winter Concert in the Sydenham Palace by the flattering and hearty reception awarded to Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's symphony in G minor. The manner in which this beautiful composition was greeted is sufficient to prove that pure art, in its finest and most æsthetic forms, will always make its own way by the simple force of merit, and in this regard it is opposed to the reformatory school of modern days, whose efforts need the most persistent propagandism, and even then fail to create any lasting impression. The symphony in G minor is unique in more than one respect. It is not only *an* English symphony, but *the* English symphony. Numbers of similar works ere now penned by English hands may have sufficed for one hearing, and have then been bundled into the lumber closet; even a greater quantity may be in existence which have never been heard at all; while some few are deemed worthy of occasional revival. Sir W. S. Bennett's only symphony given to the public is a masterpiece of art, the handiwork of one of the most inventive musicians that any land yet boasts of, and the production of the ripe maturity of that scholarly composer who has become endeared to the world under the pseudonym of the "English Mendelssohn."

We do not so often possess the opportunity of speaking about the G minor symphony that we can afford to pass it lightly by; and classical works always should command attention, no matter to what nationality they belong. When, therefore, the finest orchestral composition that England at present possesses is presented under such auspicious circumstances as those attendant upon its performance by Mr Manns' band, it may be rightly assumed to be a suitable time for due expatiation upon its merits. Of the antecedents of the work we need not speak at length, the barest chronicle of its production by the Philharmonic Society in 1864 as a "new orchestral piece" in three movements, its eventual development into the strict four movement symphonic form and appearance under the title of Symphony, at the Philharmonic Concerts in 1867, and its first appearance at the Crystal Palace in 1870, sufficing to refresh the memory of our readers. When first played at the Crystal Palace, however, Sir W. S. Bennett's symphony was in MS., but it was soon after engraved and issued both in score and in parts. What strikes the attention most particularly in the structure of the work is its compactness and unity, all the more remarkable from the fact of one movement being an interpolation. Whether it was the author's intention to have his G minor, like Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, played without any obvious pause throughout, we cannot undertake to say; but certainly it bears the evidence of great pains having been taken in the moulding of each component part to fit the others. If the design—as we imagine it to be—was that the symphony should form a continuous whole, it is a great pity that this arrangement is not preserved in performance; but if, on the other hand, the movements were meant to be separate, it seems to us that the two subsidiary portions (the Introduzione al Minuetto and Intermezzo) are somewhat superfluous. Without any introductory matter the symphony dashes at once into the *allegro moderato*—a movement full of bewitching grace, just tinged with sadness, most beautifully scored for the orchestra, and abounding in those independent figures for the various instruments which form so great a part of the charm of Schubert's instrumental compositions. This portion of the symphony is remarkably brief, the double bar being soon reached, and the working out being quite a subordinate matter. What has been done, however, has been wrought by a master who evidently knew the best purpose to which to put the materials at his disposal. The meditative

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recitative passages for the first violins are, perhaps, the most striking feature of the allegro, which is characterized throughout by great beauty of treatment and freshness and elegance of expression. The allegro over gives place to eight bars of modulation for the strings, which lead up to the minuetto in the relative major (B flat). This minuet is more like a *reverie* than one of those piquant and naive movements to be found in Haydn's or Mozart's compositions, and really possesses much of the character of a love song, with its quiet dreamy melody and rich harmonies. "G." tells us that this minuet originally formed part of an Installation Ode, composed in 1862 by Mr Bennett in pursuance of his duties as professor of music in the University of Cambridge, "where it points an allusion to the amusements of Alma Mater." We fail to perceive the force of the latter remark—does it mean that dancing minuets are one of the "amusements?" Coming after the smooth, flowing strains of the minuet, the trio breaks upon us rather suddenly with its marked accent and brazen tone. Trombones, horns, and trumpets are alone engaged in the trio, which is in every respect opposed to the character of the minuet. In the recapitulation of the latter a new modulation into the initial key of the symphony (G minor) takes place; the original key (B flat) is, however, resumed, and the minuet ends as it began, peacefully and tenderly. The next section is the interpolated movement, a "Romanza" in D major, ushered in by a few transitory bars for the full orchestra. This is indeed, a pure song without words, having an exquisite and touching melody, given out by the violas, and accompanied by charming instrumental figures. The scoring here is beautiful, and the striking and effective modulations—almost as characteristic of Sir W. S. Bennett as they are of Spohr—are happily and judiciously used. The *romanza* is repeated almost in its integrity, and then comes an episode of a more dramatic and restless nature, in which the character of the air and its accompaniment are changed; after a time, however, the disturbance ceases, the violas take up once more the original dainty theme, and the movement closes quietly. An *intermezzo tempo di minuetto* leads from the romance to the finale, which is a fairy-like presto in rondo form. In marked contrast to each of the preceding movements is this; all the mystery of the allegro and the tender pleading accents of the minuet and romanza vanish and give place to a theme as delicate and airy as the most joyous of elfin strains, interspersed with subtle touches of humour. The alternation between the bowed notes and those played pizzicato is charming as well as amusing, and the spirit and vivacity with which the subject is kept up render the finale thoroughly enjoyable, and a worthy wind-up to a work fraught with interest, and teeming with ideas throughout. Sir W. S. Bennett shows us, at any rate, that it is possible to unite melody with the highest forms of musical expression, and his symphony in G minor is a direct refutation of the modern dictum, that the fountain of tune has run dry, and that it is only to "new-found methods and to compounds strange" that the musician of the present has to look for the due production of effect. The performance was up to the average of Crystal Palace playing, and the audience were thoroughly delighted with both the work and the manner in which it was rendered. We cannot quit the notice of the symphony without quoting the remarks "G." has appended to his analysis in the book of words—"And so ends a work in which perfect symmetry, delicate fancy, purity of taste, great individuality, and entire absence of exaggeration and extravagance, have combined to produce one of the pleasantest symphonies to listen to in the repertory of the orchestra. Would that its author would indulge us with a companion to it."

(*From the "Observer."*)

Yesterday the thirteenth Saturday concert of the season was given at the Crystal Palace, and presented many attractions. The chief instrumental work was the G minor symphony of Sir Sterndale Bennett—a charming work, which, strange to say, has not been heard here for five years past. In its original form, as first played at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, on the 27th June, 1864, it consisted of three movements only, but it was subsequently enriched by the addition of the pathetic and graceful "Romanza" which now forms one of the chief ornaments of the work; and in this shape it was reproduced in July, 1867, at the Philharmonic Society's concerts. From beginning to end it shows the hand of a master. It has no pretensions to grandeur, and is not remarkable for strongly developed sentiment, even in the larghetto cantabile "Romanza;" but it is so filled with grace and beauty that it enchains the ear of the listener; and not once does a passage occur which fails to repay attention. The first movement, "Allegro moderato," opens with a suggestive phrase for the violins, which recurs several times in the subsequent working out of this and the subsidiary "subjects," and is introduced with happy results in connection with the presentation of the latter by the wind instruments. The minuet which follows is less effective than the trio pomposo to which it leads, and both are surpassed by the beautiful "Romanza." This effective movement is full of the grace and sympathetic charm which belongs to its author's compositions, and is none the less welcome because in some portions it is suggestive of Mendelssohn, while free from any suspicion of plagiarism. The final movement, a "Rondo Presto," is the most original and striking portion of the symphony, full of height, melody, and playful fancy, and worthy of Mendelssohn himself. Throughout the work the abundance of melody was not more remarkable than the happy use of the orchestra. The flute, oboe, and clarionet have important parts to play, and these were more than safe in the hands of such artists as MM. Wells, Dubrucq, and Clinton. The strings and brass were also employed in a masterly way, and attention was kept on the alert, not only by the beauty of leading themes, but also by the variety of the orchestral devices which were unexpectedly manifested. The symphony was received with warm and prolonged applause, and will bear early repetition.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

The third character chosen by Herr Ernst, at the Royal Opera-house, was that of Manrico in *Il Trovatore*. Though his performance was nothing extraordinary, it was good enough, apparently, to satisfy Herr von Hülsen, the Intendant-General, for Herr Ernst has been permanently secured, his engagement commencing from the 1st April next. Madlle Brandt was effective as Azucena. Herr Wüerst's comic opera, *A-ing-fo-hi*, was successfully produced on the 25th ult. On the 22nd ult., there was a grand Subscription Ball, on a very magnificent scale, the Emperor and Empress, with their whole Court, being present.

La Jolie Parfumeuse, or *Schönröschen*, as they have re-named it here, continues its course at the Wallner-Theater, but without creating the *furore* which attended other works by the same composer. The principal parts are sustained with great spirit by Mesdes Mila Röder, Wegner, Löffiler, Herren Helmerding, Engel, and Wilken.

The programme of the first Quartet Soirée given by Herren Rehfeld, Sandow, Gustav Richter, and Jacobowski, consisted exclusively of works by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The success of this first Soirée augurs well for the result of the new venture.

Herr Joseph Wieniawski's concert at the Singacademie attracted a fair and tolerably enthusiastic audience.

Dr W. Langhans has presented a petition from the Universal Musical Association of Germany, praying the Prussian House of Representatives to call upon the Prussian Government to introduce generally the collegiate system, after the model of the Royal High Schools for Science, and the Royal High School for Music.

For some time, the *Post* warmly espoused the cause of Herr R. Wagner, and of his music. Recently, a change has come oer the spirit of its dream. Speaking of the performance, not long ago, of *Euryanthe* at the Royal Operahouse, the above paper remarks: "This *Euryanthe* is a casket of precious pearls, and centuries hence—as long as a song is heard—Posterity will rejoice in it with pride and rapture, when *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Rienzi*, and *Tannhäuser* shall have long slumbered covered with dust on library-shelves, and only form part of the history of music."

The *Echo* publishes the following remarks for the benefit of the Corporation:—

"The City Fathers are forgetting among the very many celebrated children of the capital the most celebrated. We cannot otherwise explain why, in the long list of men whose effigies are to adorn the Rathhaus, music is represented solely by Felix Mendelssohn (born, by the way, at Hamburgh). We would not on any account miss this master from the hall of fame, or have him, for instance, changed for Zelter or Rungenhagen, but we must seriously direct attention to the fact that there was born in Berlin a master of tone who also gained a world-wide reputation, and who, moreover, held a high post in Berlin, where he was, moreover, buried. This master—Meyerbeer—has, most inexplicably, been forgotten! It might very easily come to pass that, for such want of reverence, the French would justly make merry at our expense. Let this incomprehensible fault be at once rectified, and, should there not otherwise be space enough, let one of those in the list be omitted whose name recalls no song, no heroic book or no work of art."

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 8, 1875.

First Appearance of HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in D minor, Op. 161, for two violins, viola, and violoncello —MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI (by desire) .. *Schubert.*

SONG, "L'esperto nocchiero"—Miss ENRIQUEZ .. .. .. *Buononcini.*

SONATA, in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3, for pianoforte alone—Mr FRANKLIN TAYLOR .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

ANDANTE and ALLEGRO, from Sonata in A minor, for violin alone —HERR JOACHIM .. .. *Bach.*

SONG, "Adina"—Miss ENRIQUEZ .. .. *Schubert.*

QUINTET, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mr FRANKLIN TAYLOR, MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. *Schumann.*

CONDUCTOR .. .. MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 59, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*

SONG, "Name the glad day"—Miss HELEN HORNE .. .. .. *Dussek.*

FANTASIEBILDER, Op. 26, for pianoforte alone (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Dr. HANS VON BULOW .. .. *Schumann.*

SONATA, in F major, for pianoforte and violin (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Dr HANS VON BULOW and M. SAINTON .. *Greig.*

SONG, "Pack, clouds, away"—Miss HELEN HORNE—Clarionet obbligato, Mr LAZARUS .. .. *G. A. Macfarren.*

QUINTET, in D minor, Op. 130, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello—Dr HANS VON BULOW, MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Spohr.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. Herr Joachim will make his first appearance in England for the season. The programme will include: Suite in C for orchestra (J. S. Bach), first time in England; Scena for soprano solo (Weber), first time; Recitative, Adagio, and Allegro for violin (Spohr); Notturno for violin, with accompaniment for violas, 'cellos, basses, and wind (Joachim), first time in England; Symphony, No. 4, in B flat (Beethoven). Vocalists—Miss Sophie Lowe and Mr Pearson. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Transferable stall tickets for remaining Eleven Concerts, One Guinea. Stalls for single Concert, Half-a-Crown.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CHORAL SOCIETY. "MESSIAH" on ASH WEDNESDAY, Feb. 10. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Emily Spiller, Madame Patey (her first appearance since her return from Paris), Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Whitney. Solo Trumpet—Mr T. Harper. Organist—Dr Stainer. Conductor—Mr BARNBY. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.; Admission, One Shilling; now ready at NOVELLO'S, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

MONS. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S SECOND RECITAL (FIFTH SERIES) of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on WEDNESDAY, February 17th, 1875, at Three o'clock precisely, at ST GEORGE'S HALL. Programme: Trio, C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Beethoven)—MM. Billet, Henry Holmes, and Paque; Fuga, F minor (Scarlatti); Characteristic Pieces, Op. 7, Nos. 3 and 4, pianoforte alone (Mendelssohn) —M. Billet; Song, "The Tear" (Gumbert)—Miss Estelle Emrick; Sonata, C minor, Op. 111, pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—M Billet; Air varié in D, pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn)—MM. Billet and Paque; Song, "La Serenata," with violoncello *obbligato* (G. Braga)—Miss Estelle Emrick; Notturno in E flat (Field); Momento capriccioso, B flat, Op. 12, pianoforte alone (Weber)—M. Billet. Sofa stalls, Half-a-Guinea; family tickets (to admit Three), One Guinea; to be obtained at St George's Hall; and of M. BILLET, 17, Keppel Street, Russell Square.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the* MUSICAL WORLD *Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expediency may suggest.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

William Sterndale Bennett,

BORN APRIL 16, 1816. DIED FEBRUARY 1, 1875.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

Snapt is the chord that vibrated full oft—
Full oft? Alas, that we might say full long!—
With music rare as ever breathed in song,
Weaving bright thought with passion wild or soft!
Our Sterndale's spirit hath its earth-crust doff'd,
Mounting on high with pinions wide and strong,
Well fit to join the everlasting throng
Who sing and harp before the throne aloft.
The master's hand is useless now and still—
Still the friend's hand, and cold, once true and warm—
Yet lives in many a scroll the master's skill,
And glows in many a breast the friend's fond charm.
Upon the rest, Death work thy wasting will!
These and their spirit-fount thou canst not harm.

Feb. 1, 1875. CHARLES LAMB KENNEY.

ON Monday last, about mid-day, William Sterndale Bennett "joined the majority," at the by no means advanced age of fifty-nine. Only a week before, with reference to the hearing of his symphony in G minor at the Crystal Palace, several of our contemporaries expressed an ardent hope that he would give more such things to the admiring world. There is an end to all such hopes and counsels now. The life-labour of Sterndale Bennett has closed. To him the night has come, "wherein no man can work." The brain is still; the hand it guided has lost its power; and all that remains to do is to "bury the dead out of our sight." For this, we who are left behind, grieve. We lament that the possibilities of the future, with regard to Sterndale Bennett, are shut off from us by that black curtain, which is ever near, and behind which we shall all vanish in our turn. It cannot be said of the departed composer that he was gathered to the great garner "like a shock of corn, fully ripe." At his age many a master has shown the vigour of a healthy mind in a healthy body, and, for years after, done brave things in the cause of art and on behalf of his own reputation. This privilege has, in the inscrutable dispensations of Providence, been denied to Sterndale Bennett, and the possible advantage of it has been withheld from us. Naturally, as we reflect upon these things, we are tempted to rebellious thoughts against the decrees of Fate. We compare that which is with that which might have been, and, judging the situation by our own poor notions of what is best, we utter hard words in the midst of our grief. But if this is the case

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among the men who knew Sterndale Bennett only as the accomplished musician, how must it be in that narrower circle where he was loved as a friend? Within the limits of that circle we do not presume to intrude. The grief now reigning there is sacred, and only concerns outsiders as it appeals to the sympathy of tender hearts. Over all, then, in a greater or less degree, the removal of our composer has thrown a gloom. Reason as we may we cannot make death cheerful. It involves too much absolute loss to the survivors for any such result as that. The end of aspirations, of well-doing, of loving intercourse, of bright example,—and death means this and more—must ever come as a great and terrible blow.

But while the foregoing be true, it is true, also, that tradition and a gloomy creed have taught us to look upon the end of earthly life as a much more fearful thing than it really is. Distorted religious views have surrounded the event with every concomitant of terror, and so far succeeded in hiding its character that few recognize in death a process as natural as birth. Admitting that a good deal of the sorrow attendant upon bereavement has its origin in selfishness, much springs from genuine sympathy with the departed one. We speak of him as "poor," and shake our heads mournfully as we recall his memory. How much of this commiseration is absolute waste? Dead men have simply completed a stage in the infinite circle of life! If you weep and wail over a fallen leaf, the philosopher will tell you that its atoms are destined to live again in an infinite series of glorious forms. If it be thus with the meanest organism of nature, how shall it be with that marvellous entity, the spirit of man? Sterndale Bennett dead! He is more alive than ever he was. This afternoon they will sing above a grave in Westminster Abbey, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth evermore"—not his name merely, let us add, but the man himself, in some higher and grander phase of existence, where, with enlarged capacities, greater possibilities open before him. To this we do not expect assent from all. Never mind. Let those whose notions of human life are bounded by birth and death get what comfort a cheerless creed will yield. They are welcome to it.

But there are other reasons for reverent submission to the decree which has taken away our master. He lives with us in his works. The music he created conquered, in some sense, the power of death. It could not arrest natural decay. The "earthly house of the tabernacle" dissolved, as earthly houses will, but the master remains in his art-work. Have the geniality, the delicate fancy, the exquisite refinement, the true poetic feeling of the musician, Sterndale Bennett, passed from us? Emphatically, no! nor can they pass. We recognize this species of immortality, often without knowing it, when we say, "Beethoven does this," or "Mozart does that." Such men are always in the present tense, because they ever live. Let us then in view of the change which, last Monday, came upon Sterndale Bennett, take heart of hope; even turning the event to account by changing sympathy from the man himself, who does not need it, into zeal for his reputation, which we may yet more fully help to vindicate now that his personality is no longer here as a mark for the jealousies and detractions that merit never fails to excite.

—o—

STERNDALE BENNETT is to be buried at noon, to-day, in Westminster Abbey. The honour is no more than what was due to one of England's most rarely gifted sons. None will envy it him, because every one who had the good fortune to know him also knew his worth. He was not merely an artist of the highest distinction, but a genuine, unaffected, noble-minded man. All who were acquainted with him loved him for his character, no less than they admired him for his genius. Very few artists have departed this life with so many, in grave sincerity, to deplore their loss. At Westminster Abbey, to-day, the anthem will consist of Bennett's own beautiful part-song, "God is a spirit" (*The Woman of Samaria*), and Handel's "His body is buried in peace." Nothing could be more appropriate to the occasion.

—o—

The requisition to the Dean of Westminster to permit the interment of Sir Sterndale Bennett in Westminster Abbey was signed by the following names:—Lord Coleridge, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, G. A Macfarren, Sir Julius Benedict, Walter Macfarren, G. F. Anderson, Lucy Anderson, A. Randegger, Otto Goldschmidt, Jenny Lind Goldschmidt, G. A. Osborne, W. G. Cusins, J. T. Willy, W. F. Low, J. Lamborn Cock, F. R. Cox, Brinley Richards, E. Garcia, H. E. Lunn, C. Steggall, Mus. D., Arthur S. Sullivan, John Hullah, Charles Santley, J. Sims Reeves, J. W. Davison, W. D. Davison, J. E. Millais, R.A., T. Woolner, R.A., Sir Henry Thomson, Sir Francis Grant, John Gill, H. R. Eayes, P. Sainton, Charlotte Dolby Sainton, Kellow Pye, Sir Thomas Gladstone, George Grove, A. Manns, Dr Stainer, J. Joachim, A. Chappell, A. Piatti, Charles Hallé, Dr Rimbault, E. J. Hopkins, Rev Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, E. G. Monk, Mus. D., Rev A. Beard (Cambridge), J. Barnby, J. Turle, George Rose, Henry Broadwood, Sir George Elvey, Sir John Goss, W. H. Cummings, C. L. Gruneisen, Hans von Bülow, T. Chappell, Stanley Lucas.

STERNDALE BENNETT.

He is not dead—oh, such as he die not!
Speak not of him who held those mighty powers
As of the crowd, who go through life's brief hours,
Then die, and are forgot.

No, the grand sons of music do not die!
Oh, not for them Death's all-dividing gloom,
And not for them the silence of the tomb—
We hear their voices nigh:

When, in his noble works, the master's skill
Makes passion rage through his resounding chords,
Or grieve, in tender plaints, like sob'rest words,
Which thousand list'ners thrill;

When softly steals, on the ear-open soul,
Those great creations of a heaven-dower'd mind,
Whose lovely thoughts their seedling time will find
Through years which here-ward roll.

Is not such charm immortal? we know well
Our babes will feel it with as fine a glow.
Music is part of heavenly bliss, and so
O'er death must hold a spell.

Thus Bennett lives; and thus his name shall be
A living gift to grace the unborn years,
In every land where humankind hath ears
For all-tongued melody.

'Tis well for England's honour that renown
Circled his modest brows, ere they were dust.
Now he may rest—since rest, alas! he must—
Wearing a well-earn'd crown.

But raise his frame revered, which was the shrine
Of kindly heart, as well as gifted brain,
(Oh, rarely sweet, in this world poor and vain,
Such simple souls do shine!)

Lay him with our most honoured dead to sleep,
While his own notes, like mourning children, rave
Around his tomb: Earth but the dross can have;
The precious gold we keep.

M. VAN LANDEGHEM.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM has arrived in London, and is to play at the Crystal Palace this afternoon. All hail!—Jupiter-tonnans!

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Prayer.

(*From "Another World."*)

"Forget not the source from whence all blessings come."

(*Continued from page* 78.)

The children are encouraged not only in their affection to their parents, and immediate associates, but in brotherly love to all, and the whole discourse, which is very short, is pointed to their duty to God, being calculated to instil feelings of love and adoration for His goodness.

In the first series, for very young children whose intelligence is undeveloped, we have forms and ceremonies, the tendency of which is to fix their attention and inculcate thoughts and habits of a good tendency.

In the second series the addresses are of a more elevated character, and are accompanied by fewer forms and ceremonies.

In the highest series there are scarcely any ceremonies, and although the service and discourses are short, every one is expected to pass a certain time each day in voluntary prayer and meditation, in the private cabinet which in every house is set apart for devotion only.

Though the prayers for children are short, the preacher is greatly assisted by our method of education, inculcating the worship of the Supreme, by habits which the child is led to form. Thus we require the greatest attention to cleanliness, to the mode of eating, sleeping, talking, and indeed to all the daily practices of life.

The inculcation and exercise of good habits is considered to form, as it were, a perpetual living hymn to the Creator.

Lectures.

Besides all this, twice a week, amusing lectures are delivered, on familiar subjects, to explain and illustrate the power and goodness of God.

A flower, for instance, is taken, and, in simple terms, intelligible to nearly every capacity, attention is called to its thousand fibres, its construction, growth, perfume, colour, delicacy of texture, loveliness, and to the wonders associated with its birth, death, and resurrection to life.

Another day, perhaps, the subject may be a child, a fly, or some other familiar object; but, whatever be the subject, the discourse is of a good tendency, and youth are early imbued with love and admiration for the Supreme Being.

Our objection to children repeating or listening to words which they do not understand is not confined to those of sacred import. During the education of their young minds the subject taught and the expressions used are adapted to their intelligence. Even though they may repeat every word of the lesson set with minute accuracy, they are not allowed to quit it, or to attend a lecture on another subject, until they have passed through examination in different forms, and often by different masters, and the result has clearly shown that they thoroughly understand what the words of the lesson are intended to convey.

So important is this considered that, on the occasion of the public solemn ceremony, when, in presence of the Kings, the preceptor is appointed to his responsible duties, one of the obligations to which he is required to subscribe is, that he will teach the pupil to understand thoroughly, and not merely by rote,—"monkey-like," or as you would probably say "parrot-like," were the same obligation imposed in your world.

Hermes (*Communicator.*)

Cassel.—The Baron von Gilsa, formerly a captain in the second artillery regiment of the Prussian Guards, has been appointed Intendant of the Theatre Royal, in place of Herr von Carlshausen, lately deceased. He will enter on the discharge of his new duties on the 1st of April next.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Sir Sterndale Bennett.—Six hundred admissions have been issued for the choir at Westminster Abbey, where the funeral of Sir Sterndale Bennett is to take place to-day at noon. The Philharmonic Society, the Royal Society of Musicians, the Cambridge University, and the Choirs of St Paul's and Westminster, will all be represented. The Choir only will be reserved, the rest of the Abbey being open, as usual, to the public generally.

The American papers publish very favourable accounts of Mdlle Albani's performance of the part of Elsa in *Lohengrin*, which has been played several times, with Mdlle Albani in the principal character, at New York and also at Boston. At one of the representations there was a "double attraction," consisting of *Lohengrin* on the stage and the King of the Sandwich Islands in the boxes. Herr Wagner, who thought nothing of the Parisians not caring for *Tannhäuser* will be pleased to hear that King Kalakua was delighted with *Lohengrin*. The *New York Herald* compliments his Majesty warmly on having shown "his appreciation of the music of the future," and records the significant fact that he "remained until the end of the opera." The presence of Royalty is said to have had a very inspiriting effect on the *prima donna* of the evening, though King Kalakua must, we fancy, have been quite as much and as favourably impressed by Mdlle Albani as Mdlle Albani can have been by King Kalakua. From the first appearance of Elsa before the King "everything is said to have gone admirably"—the "King" in this instance being apparently the monarch not of the Sandwich Islands, but of Wagner's opera. Shaber Silber.

On Monday, the 4th January, Mad. Schmidt-Zimmermann sang, at the Stadttheater, Hamburgh, the part of Anna in Marschner's *Hans Heiling*, and, on Tuesday, the 5th, that of Elsa in Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. Immediately after the last piece, she set out for Holland, to sing, on the 6th, 7th, and 8th, at the grand concerts given respectively by the well-known societies, Diligentia at the Hague, Eruditio Musica in Rotterdam, and Felix Meritis in Amsterdam. On Sunday, the 10th, she was back again at the Stadttheater, where she sang in Herr R. Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*. The fair artist appears to have as great a capacity for work, and as marvellous powers of endurance, as the late Lord St Leonards himself.

By the death of Mr John Henry Griesbach, musical science has lost an earnest student, for there was probably no member of the musical profession who had devoted more time and attention to the mathematical side of the subject. The results of his investigations were given in a volume entitled "Analysis of Musical Sounds, with Illustrative Figures of the Ratios of Vibrations of Musical Intervals," &c., in which, with the aid of an elaborate series of diagrams, he made visible the character and extent of the vibrations of the various intervals. In the discussions which have taken place from time to time in the musical papers he defended his theories with great ability, and he also took an active part in the work of the committees appointed to arrive at some decision as to the adoption of a uniform pitch for concert purposes in this country. In the discussions as to the merits of what are known as the Equal and Unequal Temperament, he was a strong advocate of the former. Mr Griesbach was also well known as a pianist and as a teacher.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

It appears that in America a right much prized in some theatre-loving countries—the right to hiss—is not tolerated. The right, on the other hand, to encore a song four times is recognized. Both points were recently tested at the Globe Theatre of Boston, where a gentleman who had waited patiently while some favourite song was repeated again and again, found his patience giving way after the third encore, and at the fourth ventured upon a slight sibilation. This was more than the officials could stand. One of them tapped the gentleman on the shoulder, and threatened, unless he remained quiet and listened to the fourth encore, to have him removed by the police. Thus admonished, the amateur kept his peace, and heard once more the performance of which he was heartily tired. Next morning he sought consolation in writing to the newspapers; and his part is taken by the *New York Times*, which bears witness to the fact that hissing is rarely heard

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at American theatres, adding that "practised within due bounds and at proper moments, it would rid the stage of many shams, and temper the excess of the applause." In Vienna, by a new regulation, operatic artists who repeat a song are fined as for a misdemeanour. In New York it is on those who object to the repetition that punishment falls. Shabert Silber.

THE Municipalities of Italy appear to have been seized lately with a fit of economy, and to have determined on gratifying it at the expense of music. The Municipality of Naples has suppressed the grant to the San Carlo, and that of Rome appears inclined to follow this example, next season, at the Apollo. The Municipality of Florence has abolished the bands of the National Guard; Rome imitates Florence and dissolves the band of the Municipal Guards, and thinks of pursuing the same plan with that of the *Vigili*.

HERR VON WALDECK, a painter, recently celebrated in Paris his one-hundred-and-ninth birthday. The old gentleman belongs to a noble family of the whilom Holy Roman Empire. In his youth he was compelled, for some unknown cause or other, to leave his native country. He was for a time teacher of the harp to Queen Marie Antoinette. During the Reign of Terror, he travelled about to various places. He subsequently enlisted in the French army, and was present at the battle of Austerlitz. He has been three times married; his third wife presenting him, in his 85th year, with a son. He is still quite hearty, and walks without a stick. He is said to speak no less than twenty-one languages. There, Mr Thoms! and there, Professor Max Müller!

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS JULIE SYDNEY'S evening concert took place on Wednesday, February 3, at the Beethoven Rooms. The talented lady earned much applause from the numerous audience for her singing of Meyerbeer's "Roberto tu che adoro," Molloy's "Thaddy O'Flynn," Bevignani's "Fioraja," and Herr W. Coenen's "Lovely spring." The concert-giver also joined Miss Estelle Emrick, and Messrs Percy Rivers and T. Morse, in Verdi's Quartet, "Un di si ben." Some other vocal pieces were greatly admired, among them being Schira's "Sognai," charmingly sung by Miss Grace Lindo. Herr Schuberth, the violoncellist, was heard to advantage in a cavatina by Raff; and Herr Oberthür, besides cleverly accompanying Miss Sydney in "Roberto tu che adoro," played in brilliant style his fantasia for the harp on Scotch melodies. Miss Alma York, a pupil of Miss Sydney's, showed, in Meyerbeer's "Nobil Signor," that her talent was under good care; and a pianoforte solo, by Mr W. S. Hoyte, was included in the programme. S. M.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S RECITALS.—The recitals of pianoforte music annually given by M. Billet always command attention, not only from the artistic skill brought to bear upon them, but from the taste and judgment shown in the selection of works for performance. A thorough master of all styles worth preserving, M. Billet is always happy in the choice of pieces, even when exemplifying the newest phases of musical ideality; and those who take delight in the old school, as well as those whose proclivities are for the romantic and modern styles, find in the esteemed Russian pianist a very reliable as well as interesting interpreter. First in the musical field this season, as becomes a leader of acknowledged repute, M. Billet inaugurated his new series of performances in St George's Hall with a selection of music which, from the most exacting stand-point, defied criticism, and yet was not extravagantly severe nor abstruse. The classical authors expounded were Bach, Handel, Dussek, and Beethoven, whilst the modern pianoforte school was represented by Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Moscheles.—*The Hour*.

A CONCERT was given last Friday week, at St James's Hall, for the benefit of Mr Henry King, a gentleman who has been for a great many years connected with "music and musicians," and who, unfortunately, has been for some time unable to follow any occupation. The vocalists were the Misses Johanna Levier, Sophie Ferrari, and Helen d'Alton, Messrs W. H. Cummings, and Maybrick. Miss Levier particularly pleased us in Brahms' "Wiegen-Lied"; Miss Sophie Ferrari in Benedict's "I am thine, only thine"; and Miss Helen d'Alton in Lover's "What will you do, love?" Mr Henry Leslie's choir, conducted by the director himself, distinguished itself by some excellent performances, especially in Sir Julius Benedict's "Hunting Chorus," conducted by the composer, which excited great enthusiasm, and had to be repeated at the unanimous desire of the audience. Sir Julius Benedict also gave his own "Where the bee sucks" (for the first time these seven years) on the pianoforte, and the brilliancy of his playing, the charm of his touch, were enough to make every one regret that he is so seldom heard in public as a solo player. Mr Walter Bache played two pianoforte pieces by Schubert in his best style. The miserable weather on Friday did not prevent a large audience assembling, and we therefore hope that the concert was as successful financially as it was musically. A vote of thanks is due to the committee, in which were included some of the principal music publishers, and to Mr Stanley Lucas as hon. secretary and treasurer, for their exertions.—SIGMUND MENKES.

THE FUNERAL OF JEAN-FRANCOIS MILLET.

The great and original French painter Millet, who died last week at Barbizon, near Fontainbleau, was not as well known in England as he deserved. We publish the following passages from a letter written immediately after his funeral by an accomplished French lady to an English correspondent:—

"We have just returned from Millet's funeral, and our thoughts fly to you and to the day when for the first time we crossed all together the humble threshold of the greatest artist France possessed. Fate seems to have decreed that one by one her great men shall be taken from her, and that nothing shall remain to her in this hour of mediocrity and doubt but the rich memories of the past. Our great painter has passed away in his poverty, unnoticed in the desolation of our indifference. The poor straggling funeral procession carried the body through the silent forest of Barbizon, and so across the great plains of Chailly to the little village church. There was a terrible storm, and the wind swept the rain in heavy masses over the country. As the little procession fell into rank on the road two peasants, ploughing in a field, stayed their work, drove the ploughshare into the ground, and waited to see the coffin pass. They, too, were indifferent as the rest. They knew not that in that simple bier lay the remains of the great poet of their toils and of their sorrows, who had written the poems of their lives in colours that will not fade. These peasants, their plough, the land furrowed in long deep lines by the share, the melancholy of the great open country, bordered on the horizon by the woods and rocks of Apremont—all made one feel that here had been the source of Millet's inspiration. It was in the effort to tell us something of the true meaning of these things, simple but grand and eternal, of nature, and of man the toiler, that he spent his great heart. But eye and soul were quickly torn away from this scene of beauty, and from all kindly memories, by a picture more fitting the pencil of a Courbet than a Millet. Some dirty choristers, their stiff surplices hastily thrust over their rough working clothes, their heads enveloped with rusty scarves, half hidden by immense umbrellas, snuffled out the funeral service in a shocking drawl. The priests, still more odious in their indifference, made no attempt to conceal their eagerness to get through the storm-beaten and unproductive ceremony (for Millet had desired a burial of the third class only). The church, an unpretending edifice enough, had been lately restored, and glared with brightly painted angels, from whose bare arms and shoulders hung garlands of paper flowers. It is impossible to describe the desolate and chilling effect of the scene. No one spoke a word of commemoration over the dead; the coffin, ornamented by a single wreath of camellias, was hastily lowered into the grave and the little group soon dispersed. For ourselves we lingered awhile, and an artist who had known Millet and loved him came up to me, the tears in his eyes, and gave me a little bunch of immortelles tied with a black ribbon. He had taken it off the coffin. It was the only relic of this sad ceremony. I send you a few of the flowers, for I know that you Positivists commemorate the great dead; and we have lost a great man. Perhaps France, now that he is taken from her, she too, will say, 'Now is virtue gone from me.' Poor Millet leaves a widow and nine children, no fortune, a studio full of unfinished works, portfolios of sketches, which will make the fortunes of twenty picture dealers, and yet perhaps will not ensure bread or shelter *ai suoi cari*."

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.—The second Popular Concert will be given this (Saturday) evening, the 6th inst., with Mdlle Johanna Levier, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Sims Reeves, and Mr Whitney, as vocalists. Mr Reeves is announced to sing the "Bay of Biscay," and a new song by Arthur Sullivan, "The love that loves me not." Herr Wilhelmj, whose performances have been received with so much enthusiasm, is to play the Theme with variations from the Kreutzer Sonata. The Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr Barnby, will sing several part-songs, and some organ solos will be contributed by Dr Stainer. On Ash Wednesday, a performance of the *Messiah* is announced, with Madame Lemnens-Sherrington, Miss Spiller, Madame Patey, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Whitney, as principals. Mdme Patey will, on this occasion, make her first appearance in London, since her recent marked successes in Paris. Dr Stainer will preside at the organ, and the oratorio will, as usual, be conducted by Mr Barnby.

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PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS.—Mdme and Signor Campobello's concert tour appears, from all accounts, to have been a "series of triumphs." The whole party afford a musical treat rarely to be obtained in the provinces. At Leeds, last week, they gave a recital of *Faust*, when, under the conductorship of Mr Hallé, whose band is now one of the finest in the kingdom, they had one of their largest audiences, and made one of the greatest "hits" of the season. Mdme Campobello, as Marguerite, and Signor Campobello, as Mephistopheles, were both very successful, and thoroughly pleased the audience, while Mdme Stella Bonheur, as Siebel, made a great impression, and shewed that she possesses a powerful, yet sweet, contralto. Signor Caravoglia, engaged for the occasion to undertake the part of Valentine, added not a little to the interest of the evening. He was enthusiastically greeted and applauded throughout, a most marked effect being made by him in the well-known "La croce." With such a party, which, we must not omit to mention, included the brilliant pianist, Signor Tito Mattei, and the excellent conductor, Signor Campana, we can well understand the success they have everywhere met with.

NOTTINGHAM.—The *Nottingham Journal* of January 27th says:—

"Last night the Sacred Harmonic Society gave the fourth concert of the season, *Acis and Galatea* being the work chosen. Of the performance we must speak in the highest terms, and if we use a redundancy of superlatives, it is because occasion requires it. Madame Sinico sang her songs excellently. She possesses a good clear voice (not of the highest range), the lower tones of which are very good. Mr Lloyd was in very good voice, and the bell-like tones of his upper notes were highly appreciated. Mr Guy interprets the music of Damon very faithfully, and he exerts himself to the utmost without taking liberties with the text. The honours of the evening were reserved for Signor Campobello, a genuine British basso. His voice is like the diapason of an organ, possessing sweetness rarely equalled. The choruses, of which there are very few, were sung with excellent effect, and gave evidence of careful training. The *pianissimo* passages were sung in such fashion as to leave no room to doubt the thrilling effect of soft music on the popular ear. Mr Essex presided at the organ, and rendered excellent service by his tasteful selection of stops, as also by his manipulation of the pedals. Mr Farmer conducted with his wonted ability, and to that ability, no doubt, we owe the best concert of the season. A short miscellaneous part brought the concert to a close."

BATH.—The Pump Room was crowded in every part—writes our correspondent, ARGUS—on the occasion of the special concert, with Mdme Liebhart as vocalist. The band was unusually strong, there being twenty performers. As I expected, the large number of persons present, to whom Mdme Liebhart was only known by reputation, were delighted with each performance of this accomplished lady. Her first song was "Sweet Spirit hear my prayer;" then followed "Little bird so sweetly singing," which was rendered in a very "bird-like" way, and, with the flute *obbligato* of Mr Bartlett, obtained from the audience such applause as to cause the fair cantatrice to be under the necessity of "Coming through the rye," to meet the satisfaction of her admirers, who would not be silenced till Mdme Liebhart pointedly asked, "Why are you wandering here I pray," in a manner most bewitching. Her last song was "I love my love" (Pinsuti). The slight foreign accent perceptible in the rendering of these English songs added to their charming effect. The instrumental portion of the programme was selected with discrimination. It comprised two overtures which I never tire of hearing, those to *Maritana* and *William Tell*. They were well played, and the audience applauded the efforts of the musicians. The concert altogether was a decided success.

GLASGOW.—We read in the *Glasgow Herald* of January 30 as follows:—

"On Wednesday evening, the Glasgow Amateur Orchestral Society gave, in the Queen's Rooms, their eighth concert. The performance was the best which has yet been given by the society, and it is gratifying to observe that its members continue to make steady progress. The concert opened with Beethoven's overture to his ballet music, *Prometheus*. It was remarkably well played, and at once showed that the orchestra had been thoroughly drilled. Reinecke's Entr'acte to *King Manfred* followed, a paltry piece which has been too often performed of late in Glasgow. Wallace's Overture to *Maritana* was, we considered, the best performed piece of the evening; and it has been often heard rendered by a professional orchestra too much less advantage. Many of the strict passages were given in exquisite taste and with perfect feeling. With the exception of the Andante, the execution of Haydn's Symphony deserves warm commendation. Considering the admirable manner in which the other movements were played, it is difficult to understand how the lovely Andante was so indifferently gone through, and we would advise the conductor and the members of the orchestra to reconsider their interpretation of this section of a very fine work. The next orchestral piece was a Serenade by Neswadba. It is a washy bit of music, but received full justice in its execution from the orchestra. A spirited performance of Flotow's Overture to *Stradella* brought the concert to a close. A special word of praise is due to the young lady who played in capital style two movements from Mendelssohn's G minor Pianoforte Concerto. She possesses a good, firm touch, combined with a correct idea of the music, and highly pleased the audience. We understand that this young pianist is a pupil of Mr Howden, of this city. It gives us pleasure to congratulate Signor Zavertal on his conducting. It was firm, steady, and thoroughly intelligent. One felt that he knew the import of the music, and was able to convey to the members of the orchestra the reading of it he had conscientiously conceived."

DERBY.—Mr Francis Fairlie's Company from the Globe Theatre, London, have been playing at the Lecture Hall, to crowded houses, the ever-popular *Fille de Mdme Angot*. The cast is exceptionally good, and the audience testify their appreciation by frequent encores. Miss Marie Bramah, as Clairette, is charming. Her personal attractions are of no mean order, and she possesses a sweet soprano voice, which she uses to the best advantage. Miss Aubrey is graceful as Lange, while Amaranthe is intrusted to Miss Annetta Gwilt. It is seldom we have seen the market-woman played with more vivacity and spirit, and Miss Gwilt fully deserves the hearty applause and unanimous encore she nightly gains for "The legend of Mère Angot." Her voice is a contralto, rich in tone, and very powerful, and has been evidently highly cultivated. Of Mr Bedford's Ange Pitou, we must speak in terms of unqualified praise. The remaining characters are efficiently filled.

"IS ENGLISH OPERA TO DIE OUT?"—NO!

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In your valuable journal, in the year of grace, 1872—or disgrace, I should say—you kindly published my first letter—"Is English Opera to Die out?" When I wrote that letter I felt fully assured the time was not far distant when something would be done for English author and musician. You had your *sly* joke and hearty laugh at my "well-meant but total want of knowledge of the musical taste of the country." I have worried you from time to time with letters upon the same subject, and "poor Miss English Opera" has sent forth her melancholy wail from the "door-step" of the haunted house in the Haymarket, where the ghosts of the departed great singers are said to assemble, gnash their teeth, tear their hair, and rattle their bony limbs furiously, and then vanish in disgust at seeing the very walls of the once famed opera house crumbling to decay. Passing the other evening, I saw my old lady friend sitting up, looking quite sprightly, and chuckling to herself, "Let it crumble—let it crumble to decay, and perish! and with it that wonderful genius 'Idealizer,' so learned in facts and figures, and who talked such learned nonsense about England having *no* singers, *no* composers, *no* authors." What I said in my letter was, "There should be a theatre connected with the Royal Academy of Music, for the careful training of those students who show unmistakable signs of talent for the stage. The theatre should be opened all the year round, at moderate charges. There should be no favouritism shown to authors or composers," &c.

I see by your leader of Saturday, the 23rd, there is every hope of really something being done to once more raise "poor Miss English Opera" from the "door-step" of the "haunted house," and place her upon the pedestal of fame, amidst lovely groves, the air fragrant with perfume and exquisite melody, sung by English nightingales to the sweet notes culled from English brains.—Yours, &c., R. C.

MUNICH.—The Intendant General has resolved that henceforth he will give every year, during the period from the 16th August to the 18th September, 35 performances of such operatic and dramatic works as have been got up with regard to the acting, singing, and *mise-en-scène*, at the Theatre Royal, in what may be considered a model manner. The 35 performances will be divided into 5 series of 7 each, and in each series 3 of the performances will be dedicated to opera and 4 to the drama.

DRESDEN.—Herr Riese has been re-engaged for eight years at the Royal Opera, and, moreover, gratified with the title of Royal Chamber Singer. During his recent visit to Vienna, the Count von Platen, Intendant of the Theatres Royal, engaged Mdlle Oberneeder as lyrico-dramatic singer for the Royal Operahouse. The young lady was a pupil of Mad. Marchesi's at the Imperial Conservatory of Music in the Austrian capital.—Beethoven's Trio, Op. 70. No. 2, Sebastian Bach's grand Duo-Sonata, No. 3, in E major, and J. Raff's Pianoforte Quartet, Op. 107, were included in the programme of the second of the series of Trio-Soirées now being given by Herren L. Rollfuss, E. Feigerl, and F. Böckmann.—On his passage through here to Vienna, Herr Joachim gave two most numerously attended concerts.

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MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Since the date of my last letter, several interesting concerts have been given here, and though we are more than half way through the musical season, the most brilliant period has probably got to come. At Mr Hallé's last Choral Concert, the *Hymn of Praise* and the *Stabat Mater* were given—whose *Stabat Mater* there is as little need to say as whose *Hymn of Praise*. In a musical city like this, these works are of course very familiar, and I believe there never was a performance of either of them in the Free Trade Hall about which somebody did not say it was the very best ever heard in Manchester. This was said more than once after the last Choral Concert, and I for one am not prepared to deny it of either of these two great works. Last week we heard, for the first here, Berlioz's symphony, *Harold in Italy*. With the first three movements of this remarkable work, everybody was delighted, but some thought there was an ante-climax in the finale. I often envy the critics who can predict the verdict of posterity on a music composition on a first hearing; or, to speak more precisely, who have confidence in their own predictions. But I will not echo the opinions I have heard about the prospects of *Harold* in the future. I can, however, have no hesitation in saying that Mr Hallé's splendid band never played more magnificently than in this comparatively unknown work, and that Herr Straus, in the viola *obbligato*—which is continued through all the movements—was, as he always is, intelligent, artistic, and effective. Weber's *Jubel-overture* opened the second part, and the majority of the audience arose when—to their surprise apparently—they heard the familiar National Anthem, with which it concludes, forgetting, by the way, that this overture was an "occasional" piece in honour of a King of Saxony. The concert was delightfully varied by a splendid performance of Beethoven's sonata, "Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour," by Mr Hallé, and by the fine singing of Mdlle Tietjens and Mdme Trebelli-Bettini. Here is the programme for this week's concert.

The Ninth Symphony in D minor, for orchestra, solo voices, and chorus (Beethoven)—Principal vocalists, Mdme Otto Alvsleben, Miss Thorley, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Santley; Overture, *Michael Angelo* (first time) (Gade); Air, "Un aura amorosa" (*Cosi fan Tutte*) (Mozart)—Mr Vernon Rigby; Chorus, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (Tennyson) (Edward Hecht); Air, "Non mi dir" (*Don Giovanni*) (Mozart)—Mdme Alvsleben; Part-songs, "My true love has my heart" (Gounod) and "The Bells of St Michael's Tower" (Knyvett)—Arranged and newly harmonized by Sir R. Stewart; Air, "Oh, Lisbona" (*Don Sebastiano*) (Donizetti)—Mr Santley; March and Chorus, *Tannhäuser* (first time complete) (Wagner).

Mr de Jong's recent concerts have been very well attended; at the last but one the hall was crowded to excess, the attraction being Mr Mapleson's concert party, including Mdlle Tietjens, Mdme Trebelli, Signori Catalani and Perkins. A Belgian violinist, M. Colyns, also appeared with success. On Saturday last, the Dublin Glee and Madrigal Union appeared for the first time in Manchester, but the applause which followed the finished singing of this excellent glee society very decidedly expressed the hope of the audience that Mr de Jong would invite them to pay us another visit.

An admirable series of classical chamber concerts has been announced at the Town Hall, under the direction of Mr Frederick Unyer, an accomplished pianist and composer, who has also been a very successful teacher here for many years.

February 3rd, 1875.

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MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

In my account of Herr Reichardt's splendid and very successful concert given on January 15, at the Etablissement des Bains, I finished my remarks by stating that he had made his bed "at the Hôpital St Louis for some poor vieillard or orphan." I was not then aware of the amount he had gained for his charitable object, but I gather from a letter from the great artist himself published in all the local journals, in which, worded with his usual good taste, he proffers his thanks to all the artists and amateurs who so generously assisted him in his good work, that the success had surpassed all his expectations, so that after establishing the said bed at a cost of 3,000 fr., and deducting all expenses connected with the concert, he had a sum of 500 fr. left in his hands. This amount he generously divided as follows:—Caisse des Orphelines, 100 fr.; Sailors' Institute, 100 fr.; British Free School, 100 fr.; à l'hospice pour extra aux vieillards et convalescents, 100 fr.; à la veuve —— —— 100 fr.

So great was the satisfaction of all present on Friday, January 15, that already several amateurs of good music are talking of soliciting Herr Reichardt to undertake another concert during Lent, at which we should hope to hear M. Gounod's *Gallia* repeated and brought more prominently forward in the programme, so that we may have a better opportunity of judging of a great work of a truly great composer.

M. Troy has had good success lately at the Salle Monsigny. Being the director of no less than four theatres in the north of France (Boulogne, Calais, Dunkerque, and St Omer), and the theatres not being open every night, he has the great advantage of frequently changing his artists. *Our* present *troupe* is decidedly the best we have had for some time. Last night *Les deux Orphelines* was given with a spirit and *go* I have seldom seen here. M. Troy himself played the villain Jacques, with tact and good taste, and was ably supported by all his company. The character of Pierre, his unfortunate, crippled brother, was undertaken by M. Moreau, who showed by his calm, quiet acting in the first part of the play, and his frenzy in the last act but one, when he kills his elder brother, how well he had studied the character. Mdlle Filhod, as the "Comtesse," was all that a Comtesse should be. Mdme Montigaud, as La Frochard, was inimitable;—her make-up, her voice, and gestures were perfect. The audience were quite carried away by her acting. They entered so entirely into the idea and spirit of the piece that, when she pulled by the arm roughly, and finally pushed the poor blind Orpheline into a garret, they began to hiss. *Les deux Orphelines* were charmingly played by Mdlles Albianne (Henriette), and Laurent (Louise).

Mdlle Scrivaneck, who is still travelling with M. Troy, gave us a treat on Saturday last by her wonderful impersonation of Gentil Bernard, in which she assumes no less than seven different characters. *La Bataille de Dames*, by Scribe and Legouvé, and *La belle Mère a des Ecus*—both well played—make up our theatrical week.

The ball I announced to take place last week, got up by the English inhabitants, in return for the magnificent reception given to the Lord Mayor, on January 11, has been abandoned—owing, so says the local press, to the serious illness of Prince Leopold. The fourteen gentlemen who formed the committee, having put down the sum of £2 each, would not receive back their subscriptions, but made a donation of the same to the Maire, for the poor of Boulogne.

Prospective arrangements—Ball given by the Sous-Prefet, M. le Baron de Latouche, on February 3rd; Bal du Commerce, February 6. At the Theatre, in rehearsal, *La Princesse de Trébizonde* (operette), *Les idées d'une Comtesse* (comedie), *Benvenuto Cellini* (drama), and *La maîtresse légitime*.

X. T.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 27th January, 1875.

HAMBURGH.—Last September, Sig. Pollini entered upon the management of the Stadttheater. The building itself, entirely repaired and re-decorated by the Joint-Stock Company, to whom it belongs, was as bright as a new pin. But everything in it, dresses, scenery, and properties, was utterly ruined by more than forty years' wear and tear. The whole stock had, therefore, to be renewed. Then an opera company, a dramatic company, and a ballet company, had to be recruited from all parts of Germany. It was no easy matter to form a satisfactory repertory with so many artists perfect strangers to each other. Nevertheless, from September 16th, 1874, to the 1st January, 1875, the manager has produced 18 grand operas, 1 one-act opera, 3 operettas, 10 grand dramatic works, and 5 one or two act pieces, to wit: *Lohengrin* (7 times), *Les Huguenots* (4 times), *Faust* (4 times), *Il Trovatore* (3 times), *Guillaume Tell* (twice), *Das Nachtlager in Granada* (4 times), *Fidelio* (twice), *Le Nozze* (3 times), *Der Freischütz* (twice), *Tannhäuser* (twice), *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* (6 times), *Don Juan* (6 times), *La Dame Blanche* (4 times), *Die Zauberflöte* (5 times), *Hans Heiling* (twice), *Fra Diavolo* (twice), *Czar und Zimmermann* (4 times), *La Juive* (twice), *La Fille de Mdme Angot* (9 times), *Fleurette*, and *Das Pensionat*. There was, also, a grand Christmas fairy piece, *Prinzessin Tausendschön*, and a grand ballet, *Nymphen am See*. As every work had to be studied and rehearsed as if it was a perfect novelty, it is very evident that neither Sig. Pollini nor his artists can be accused of indolence.

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THE PROPOSED NEW OPERAHOUSE.

Everybody—whether, like John Gilpin's spouse, of "frugal mind," or of those æsthetic tastes which are not always economical—will be glad to know that a portion of the reclaimed land on the Thames Embankment is likely to be turned to a good purpose without further delay. It is no secret that, for a long time past, Mr Mapleson, in association with certain influential supporters of the lyric drama, has been looking for a place where Her Majesty's Opera might be located *en permanence*. The accommodation afforded at Drury Lane ever since the destruction of "the old house in the Haymarket" seven years ago, though good as a makeshift, left much to be desired in many respects, and from the first there could not have existed any idea of looking upon the tenancy of Mr Chatterton's theatre as other than a temporary arrangement pending the re-erection of that over which Lord Dudley holds present sway. Why the new Her Majesty's Theatre remains empty—or perhaps we should say why it was built so that nobody could inhabit it—is a question scarcely worth the trouble of discussion. Enough that when the workmen turned it out of hand, Her Majesty's Opera preferred to remain in "Old Drury," and its manager resolved to look elsewhere for a permanent home. Various sites were proposed from time to time, but the exigencies of an operahouse are, in this respect, not easily satisfied. An operahouse not only wants room for itself, but for those who would reach it with ease and comfort; it must be readily accessible from the best quarters of town, and its surroundings should not present too great a contrast with the luxurious enjoyment purveyed. The difficulty in crowded London was to satisfy such demands at other than an absurdly extravagant cost, and this difficulty existed long after the vacant spaces of the Thames Embankment began to cry out for some one to come and build upon them. The Embankment was all very well, but how was it to be reached? To this question no answer came till the Metropolitan Board of Works resolved upon the new street from Charing Cross. Then the aspect of affairs entirely changed, and the "magnificent vacancy" lying between the proposed thoroughfare and the St Stephen's Club presented every advantage for which Mr Mapleson and his friends had looked so long in vain. No better site for an operahouse could be found throughout the length and breadth of London. The space, both for the building and its approaches, is ample; while the access to it from those parts of London where opera-goers chiefly reside leaves nothing to desire; proximity to the Houses of Parliament being a specially important consideration. Looking at facts so important and indisputable, it is not surprising to find Mr Mapleson in treaty with the Board of Works for possession of the land, and that at length more than a probability exists of London having an operahouse as well situated and, in all essentials, as complete as the sumptuous building lately opened in Paris. If we are rightly informed, the actual transfer of the site has not yet been made; but, having regard to the purpose for which it is sought, the high character of those who promote the scheme, and the public spirit of the Board of Works, it can hardly be supposed that anything will hinder the realization of hopes which rumour long ago excited among the connoisseurs of opera.

With respect to the dimensions and architectural claims of the proposed building, nothing can be said now. It must be obvious, moreover, that any intentions whatever as regards a scheme at present existing only on paper are liable to change; but there is reason to believe that efforts will be made to obtain results of a kind quite unique in this country. We have never yet had a national operahouse, nor, in the fullest sense of the term, are we likely to have one for a long while. Opera in England must, under present circumstances, be either foreign, *pur et simple*, or foreign in an English dress. This, however, should not hinder any effort to change the circumstances, and the new enterprise contemplates, besides the performance of English or quasi-English operas during the off-season, the establishment of an academy for the training of native artists, both vocalists and dancers. This project goes straight to the root of the matter. We shall never have a national opera till there is a national stage, with people upon it who are decently able, at least, to do their work. Let these essentials be provided—in other words, let our composers have a chance for their productions, and we believe the musical talent of England will make English opera a very different thing to what it now is. The entire artistic direction of the enterprise having been undertaken by Sir Michael Costa, we may confidently look for the greatest energy in its management. A better administrator than the Neapolitan gentleman who has become an English knight could hardly be found. Included in the scheme are other features, such as an ornamental garden and a grand café; but upon these we do not now propose to dwell; nor for them, comparatively speaking, do we greatly care. Our only anxiety at present, and that of all who desire the prosperity of lyric drama, is to see Mr Mapleson and his friends empowered to begin operations. The Board of Works has done much for London from an æsthetic point of view; it can now materially add to the obligation by sanctioning a scheme worthy, for many reasons, of unqualified support.

Thaddeus Egg.

ORIGIN OF TOASTS.

At first sight, the incongruity between the meanings attached to the word "toast" would seem to be irreconcilable; it is none the less true that one was born of the other. Toasted bread and toasted biscuit were as necessary to many an old English drink as roasted apples were to the wassail bowl. Rochester carved a drinking-cup

"So large, that, filled with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea, may swim!"

A poetaster, inspired by punch, describes the gods assembled in solemn conclave to test the worth of the newly-invented beverage; Apollo contributed water from Parnassus, Juno finds lemons, Venus sugar white as her own doves; Bacchus brings wine, Mars brandy, Saturn a few nutmegs, and then

"Neptune this ocean of liquor did crown
With a hard-baked biscuit well browned in the sun:"

their united efforts producing a liquor, the first taste of which made Jupiter declare that heaven was never true heaven before.

The connection of a toast with drinking is therefore one of ancient standing; but it was not until the beginning of the last century that the word made its first step towards its present meaning; for in 1709 the *Tatler* speaks of it as a new name found out by the wits to make a lady's name as effective as borage in a glass when a man is drinking. According to the same authority, the new form of gallantry sprung from the freak of a half-fuddled worshipper of the sex. A celebrated beauty dabbling in the public waters at Bath, one of her admirers filled a glass with water from the bath and drank it to the fair one's health. Another young fellow, not to be outdone, swore that though he did not like the liquor, he would have the toast, and tried to jump into the bath to the lady. He was prevented doing so; but from that time, every lady whose charms offered an excuse for a glass in her honour was dubbed "a toast." Arbuthnot, rhyming about a once famous club, says:—

"Whence deathless Kit-kat took his name,
Few critics can unriddle;
Some say from pastrycook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle.
From no trim beaux its name it bears,
Grey statesmen or green wits;
But from the pell-mell pack of toasts,
Of old Cats and young Kits."

The Kit-kat toasts were elected by a majority of votes, and their names inscribed, with some complimentary verses beneath, upon the drinking-glasses of the club. Once allied to the pledging of a lady's health, it was easy for the word to slip into its more general meaning, and so "a toast" came to mean any home sentiment evoked by the command:—

"Give the Toast, my good fellow; be jovial and gay,
And let the brisk moments pass jocund away!"

PALERMA.—The first stone of a new theatre was laid here on the 12th ult.

DESSAU.—Herr Theodor Wachtel, Jun., has just died of pulmonary consumption at the age of thirty. Like his father, he began his theatrical career in Hamburgh. He was then engaged at the Theatre here, but was compelled, last summer, by failing health, to retire from the stage.

STUTTGART.—161 fresh pupils were admitted last autumn into the Conservatory of Music, which is under the especial patronage of the King. The number of students is now 576, being 68 more than last year. Of these, 182 intend to follow music as a profession, 62 being males and 120 females, while 133 are not natives of Wurtemberg. Of the students generally, 306 belong to this town, and 32 to other parts of Wurtemberg. 10 come from Baden; 11 from Bavaria; 1 from Hesse; 22 from Prussia; 1 from Brunswick; 3 from Bremen; 6 from the Saxon Duchies; 2 from Hamburgh; 1 from Austria; 35 from Switzerland; 1 from France; 53 from Great Britain; 1 from the Netherlands; 10 from Russia; 1 from Turkey; 79 from North America; and 1 from Africa. During the winter session, 706 lessons are given every week by 34 masters and 5 assistant-masters.

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WAIFS.

One of the most interesting features of the Royal Albert Hall concert, on Tuesday last, was Herr Wilhelmj's splended performance of a violin concerto by Herr Hégar, of Zurich, which, doubtless, will be heard again.

Mr Franklin Taylor will be the pianist at the Monday Popular Concert on Monday evening.

M. Pasdeloup has put Mr Alfred Holmes's second symphony in rehearsal. English art is going ahead in Paris.

The British Orchestral Society will perform Mr Alfred Holmes's symphony, *Robin Hood*, at one of its concerts next month.

The death of Mr Webster, of the firm of Wilkie, Webster & Allan, the oldest established music warehouse in Melbourne (Australia), is announced.

Mr Alfred Holmes's symphony-cantata, *Jeanne d'Arc*, will be produced at the Crystal Palace on the 26th inst. Madame Sherrington will sing the music of the heroine.

Miss Annetta Gwilt, who is "starring" in the provinces, has made a "hit" in the part of Amaranthe (*La Fille de Madame Angot*). The capital style in which she sings the *Legende de la Mère Angot* "brings down the house" on each occasion.

It is said (by the *Arcadian*) that Mr Gye is trying to negotiate with Mdme Lucca for the next season. That wayward little lady owes him a forfeit for breaking her engagement, but doubtless he will forgive that and welcome her to the fold with outstretched arms.

Signor Urio—writes a provincial journal, in its notice of a local concert—proved that the reputation he has gained in this country is well bestowed, the "Rose song" (from *Il Talismano*), being given in perfect style, and calling forth the heartiest plaudits of the audience.

A new weekly journal, to be entitled *The Magpie*, is announced to appear next Saturday, the 13th inst. Its columns are to be devoted to politics, science, music, the drama, literature, etc. The names of the proprietors and contributors announced to carry on the work, and who have been connected for years with some of our best daily and weekly publications, are a guarantee for the sound principles on which the new journal is likely to be conducted.

His Excellency the Italian Minister, accompanied by Sir Michael Costa, on Saturday last honoured Mr Fredk. Godfrey with a visit to hear the rehearsal of a new march composed by Sir Michael at the express command of his Majesty the King of Italy. On leaving, both Sir Michael and his Excellency expressed their high gratification at the able and efficient manner in which the Coldstreams, under the leadership of Mr F. Godfrey, had realised the views of the composer.

The Welsh people of the State of Wisconsin and Northern Illinois held their first annual Esteddfod in Milwaukee, at the Academy of Music on Christmas day. In its native country the institution is of many centuries standing, and is still as popular among the masses of the nation as ever. A number of prominent men took part in the exercises on Christmas day at Milwaukee, also some of the best musicians of the North-west. Miss Anna S. Lewis was one who represented Chicago at the gathering.

While on the subject of national music schools we may remark we have not heard lately anything of the Cole-Freake scheme. How far it is progressing here or elsewhere we cannot say, but when we have an established institution like the Royal Academy of Music, which has done such good service to art, and only wants further development in the way of scholarships, and that country aid which is being sought for on behalf of the new untried school, we feel regret that there should be any diversion of funds from what is known to be a valuable institution. The adoption of Mr Freake's building by Government, and the establishment of a local music school here, five years hence, in connection with the head academy, are at best very doubtful events, and will hardly compensate us for the delay or expense, even if attained, however it may suit others. London professors and managerial staff will have received £2,000 of Liverpool money, and London lodging-house keepers the profits of boarding the students sent up.—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

It was believed by some of Mr Tennyson's friends that he would accept a baronetcy, not because he personally desired it, but for his successors; and we are somewhat surprised, therefore, to see that he has declined it. We perceive that the papers are making capital out of these proffered honours to literature from the Conservative Government; but we believe it is no secret that Mr Tennyson had already been offered a baronetcy by the Liberal Government, but had declined it. The hereditary dignity was pressed upon Mr Tennyson because he has a family; and he is, we have reason to know, sufficiently wealthy to keep up the honour. Mr Carlyle, having no descendants, was offered a knighthood and G.C.B. There is not the slightest surprise expressed anywhere that the philosopher of Chelsea should have declined the marks of his Sovereign's consideration, for he has always inveighed against titles. One order he does possess, however, which he regards with real favour, and that is the order of the Iron Crown, conferred upon him by the Emperor of Germany, for his *Life of Frederick the Great.*

The death of Herr Leopold Jansa, for many years a resident in this country, and well known as an accomplished violinist, took place last month in Vienna. Herr Jansa, who was in his eightieth year, was a member of the Royal Prussian Court Chapel, and Honorary Professor in the Conservatory of Music.

The excitement in Worcester, consequent upon the refusal of the Dean and Chapter to grant the use of the Cathedral for the Festival of the Three Choirs, which should, in turn, have taken place there during the present year, still continues; and—from the determined atitude of those who assume that possession is, in this case, even more than "nine points" of the law—it appears not likely to subside. Meetings have been held, and conferences with the small opposing clerical body have taken place, but without effect; the latest news being that a petition to the Queen has been presented, with the hope of inducing her to persuade the Dean and Chapter to listen to the voice of the majority upon a matter so important, not only to sacred musical art, but to the Charity for the benefit of which these Festivals were instituted. Meanwhile we cannot but express surprise at the bland manner in which the three Choirs, after having had an effectual stop put to the continuance of the Festival in the old form, have been requested to aid in establishing the new. Turning a person out of the home which for years he has occupied with honour to himself and all around him, may be one of those periodical exercises of despotic authority which it is better to bear with fortitude; but to call upon his best and truest friends to help in getting the house ready for another is an experiment which even a Dean and Chapter can hardly hope to prove successful.—*Musical Times.*

In a little paper in the *Era Almanack*, Mr Clement Scott—writing on a subject which will interest many playgoers—puts in his plea for the pit; the pit which in recent years has been treated somewhat scurvily in our theatres. The pit used to be a power, and even now the most habitual and devoted playgoers probably frequent it. Mr Scott is jealous for its privileges, for he writes:—"Had not the position of the pit been sadly altered, had not the conditions of pit criticism been changed, had not the voice of the pit been stifled, many of the recent scandals would have been avoided, and we should not have found, as now, a kind of civil war being waged in all matters of theatrical interest—on the one side, those who love the art; on the other, those who view it merely as a commercial speculation, or possibly something worse. Had the pit been left in its old form and strength, had this large and generous assemblage with no piques or prejudices, been permitted to remain and watch with eager eyes over the interests of art, the difficulties of the critic would in a great measure have been removed, and all authoritative interference would have been unnecessary. Let us see, however, what has been done with the poor old pit, what treatment has been extended to the honest gentlemen who, in fair weather and foul, have remained at the helm of the dramatic ship. They have been driven back, back, by these 10s stalls, until the place of the pit is a pen, and the pit's protection is no longer a power."

London—says the *Arcadian*—has lost one of her best-known and most respected citizens by the death of Mr John Mitchell, the publisher, librarian, and theatrical agent of Old Bond Street. Mr Mitchell entered into the employment of Mr Sams, as a shop-boy, nearly sixty years ago, but speedily won promotion, until he became the partner of his employer, and at his death the sole successor to the business. Although Mr Mitchell kept a shop (a thing looked upon with horror by aristocratic society), and was not in manner and appearance anything more than a formal tradesman of the old school, he was the trusted friend of the Queen and every member of the royal family. Scarcely anything of importance was ever bought by them without "old Mitchell's" approval had been first secured, and he was a kind of adviser-in-chief upon matters of taste to all the "Upper Ten." He had a lovely country house not far from Windsor, and there, when they were young, the princes and princesses spent many happy days. The Queen used often to visit him, and of late years the Princess of Wales and her children have taken the places of the latters' uncles and aunts. While dukes and marquises have been contesting for the honour of royal visits, plain old John Mitchell has enjoyed a large share of royalty's leisure moments. He was a short, stout, genial old gentleman, with white hair and a merry twinkle in his eye, a florid complexion, and a smooth face. His age is said to have been sixty-eight, but he has looked as old as that for many years past. During more than twenty seasons he directed French plays at the St James's and other theatres, bringing over the best companies obtainable, and having had the honour of being the first manager to introduce Rachel to an English audience. He was also a liberal supporter of the opera-houses, which, indeed, would often have collapsed but for his assistance. At Covent Garden he took for each season from a quarter to a third of the house, as all the most fashionable people secured their seats through him. It is thought that he will have left a large fortune, but the particulars have not yet transpired.

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Signor Caravoglio has been singing at Wigan. The Wigan *Examiner* praises him highly, and writes:—

Signor Caravoglio, the baritone, was, however, perhaps the most popular vocalist of the evening, his three songs being vociferously re-demanded. He possesses a voice of wide scale, and of much power and flexibility, and though his abilities were most severely tested by his musical selections, amongst which was "Largo al factotum" (*Il Barbiere*), he proved himself a perfect master of everything he attempted. He gave also a superb rendering of Mattei's "Non e ver."

The Brighton railway company have announced special facilities for visitors to Mr Kuhe's grand Musical Festival. Cheap first class tickets, available for a fortnight, will be issued from all stations in the district of Brighton, available to travel by any train and on any day within the fourteen days. Fortnightly cheap first class tickets will also be issued from the London stations, Croydon, &c., to Brighton, at special low fares. For each of the evening concerts, return tickets, irrespective of distance, will be available for two days. For the morning concerts, on Saturdays, Feb. 13th and 20th, first class return tickets from London stations to Brighton will be issued at a special cheap rate of 10s. 6d. Late trains will run from Brighton on each evening of the concerts.

BRUSSELS.—The public of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie have at length been gratified by a sensation. It may not have been a very overpowering sensation, but it was sufficient to infuse a little animation into the usual course of things lyric at the above establishment. The said sensation was the appearance of M. Sylva, of the Grand Opera, Paris, as the hero in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*. The gentleman's success was by no means diminished by the fact of his being a *brave Belge*, born at Grammont (Eastern Flanders) in 1844. He attended the Brussels Conservatory, where, in 1866, he gained the prizes for singing and elocution. He then went to Paris to study under Duprez. In 1867, he made his *début* at Nantes. He was the *fort ténor* at Lyons, in 1868 and 1869; at the Hague, in 1870; and at Lille in 1871. He has been engaged at the Grand Opera, Paris, since 1872. The only drawback to the pleasure experienced by a sympathizing public of fellow-countrymen is that previous engagements prevent his singing here for more than a few times. M. Echetto was a satisfactory Bertram. Mdlle Hamaekers, also, did well what she had to do. Halévy's opera, *La Reine de Chypre*, is to be produced with entirely new scenery, dresses and decorations, for which the Corporation will pay, as they are bound to do by the agreement entered into between them and M. Campocasso, the manager. *La Perle du Brésil* is still in rehearsal. According to all appearance, Mdlle Priola will have sufficiently recovered from her indisposition to sustain the part of the heroine, so that Mdlle Reine, who has understudied the part, will have had her trouble for nothing.—Not a place was to be had long before they came off for love or money for the gala performances on the 3rd February, in honour of the marriage of the Princess Louise.—Sig. Smeccchia and his Italian operatic company have not produced a too favourable impression. But they have been patronized by the higher classes, and this has saved their visit here from being as disastrous, pecuniarily speaking, as it otherwise might have proved.—The programme of the fourth Concert Populaire was not very interesting. The principal features in it were a Violin Concerto, by Lalo, an overture, entitled "Michael Angelo," by Niels Gade, and an Adagio added by M. Anton Rubinstein to his symphony called "The Ocean." M. P. Sarasate was the solo-violinist.

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5. *The Bee ..... *Barnett.*
6. *Song of the Water ..... *Smart.*

BOOK II.

7. *Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
8. *Village bride ..... *Costa.*
9. *Pilgrim's evening..... *Wagner.*
10. *Music of the night ..... *Hatton.*
11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.

13. *Now lightly we..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. *Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.

19. *The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. *Hark! the Gondolier.... *Riccardi.*
21. *Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. *When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. *The sun has been..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.

25. *Merry minstrels are..... *Wagner.*
26. *Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. *Hark! the merry..... *Flotow.*
28. *With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. *Happy as the day..... *Wallace.*
30. *The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.

31. *The distant bell..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. *Who'll follow..... *Paggi.*
34. *Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. *O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. *O hear ye not..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.

37. *Sea flowers..... *Barnett.*
38. *Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. *Warbler of the forest.... *Benedict.*
40. *Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. *Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.

43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.

49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53. *Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.

55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.

61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.

67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm..... *Richards.*
69. *Lightly, softly..... *Flotow.*
70. *Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72. *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.

73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger.*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley.. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.

79. *Our Vesper Hymn..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Curschmann.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Curschmann.*
82. *Hark the Pilot ..... *Bishop.*
83. *While the days are bright *Bordese.*
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The programme will include Overture, "Egmont" (Beethoven); Suite, No. 6, in C (Lachner), first time in England; Concerto for pianoforte, in G minor (Moscheles), first time at these Concerts; Overture, "Melusina" (Mendelssohn). Vocalists—Mdlle Johanna Levier and Mr H. Walsham. Pianoforte—Dr Hans von Bülow. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Transferable stalls for the remaining Ten Concerts, One Guinea. Stalls for single Concert, Half-a-Crown.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Dr HANS VON BÜLOW at the CONCERT, THIS DAY.

BRIGHTON.—Mr KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Monday, Feb. 15: Mr Arthur Sullivan will kindly conduct his Overture, "Di Ballo"; Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia—Mr Kuhe; Paganini's Violin Concerto—Mr Viotti Collins. Vocalists—Miss Blanche Cole and Signor Conti. Tuesday, Feb. 16: Mr J. F. Barnett will kindly conduct his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*; Schubert's Symphony, B minor; Overture, *Tannhäuser* (Wagner); Spohr's Adagio—Mr Lazarus; Mendelssohn's Rondo in B minor—Mr Kuhe; Brahms' Hungarian Dances, for orchestra. Accompanist—Mr Lindsay Sloper. Vocalist—Mdlle Johanna Levier. Thursday, Feb. 18: Mr G. A. Macfarren's Oratorio, *St John the Baptist* (kindly conducted by Sir Michael Costa), and Gounod's *Gallia*. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley. Friday, Feb. 19: Concert of Popular Music; Moscheles' Recollections of Ireland—Mr Kuhe. Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Miss Charteris. During the week, Solos: Violin—M. Sainton. Flute—Mr Radcliffe. Violoncello—Mr H. Chipp. Oboe—Mr Barrett. Ophecleide—Mr Hughes. Saturday, Feb. 20: Handel's *Messiah*. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr M. Pearson, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Sims Reeves. Solo Trumpet—Mr T. Harper. Organist, at all Oratorios—Mr R. Taylor. Chorus—Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society. Conductors—Mr F. Kingsbury and Mr Kuhe.

BRIGHTON.—Mr KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—Mr G. A. MACFARREN being unable to conduct his own Work (*St John the Baptist*), Sir MICHAEL COSTA has, in the kindest manner, consented to do so for him.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—Patron, his Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH, K.G.—The THIRD SERIES of CONCERTS will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evenings, viz—March 10, 31, April 7, 21, May 5, 19. The programmes will be selected chiefly from the works of the great masters, and at each concert a symphony, a concerto, two overtures, and vocal music will be performed. In the course of the season the following new works will be produced:—Symphony in C minor, "Robin Hood" (Alfred Holmes); Andante and Scherzo (Henry Gadsby); Notturno for Orchestra (Mrs Marshall); Scena, "Saffo" (A. Randegger); Overtures by J. L. Hatton and T. Wingham. An analytical and historical programme of each concert will be written by Mr G. A. Macfarren. The concerts will commence at eight o'clock, and the performance terminate as near ten o'clock as possible. Vocalists—Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Rose Hersee, Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Julia Elton, Miss Augusta Roche, and Mdme Patey; Mr E. Lloyd, Mr H. Guy, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Santley. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Miss Emma Barnett, Miss Florence May, Mr Arthur Wilford, and Mr Walter Bache. Violin—Mr Carrodus and Mr Henry Holmes. Violoncello—Mr Edward Howell. Conductor—Mr GEORGE MOUNT. Orchestra of 75 Performers. Accompanyist—Mr J. Zerbini.

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SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. NINTH SEASON, 1875.—The FIRST CONCERT will take place on the 24th of February next. The Concerts of the Society afford an excellent opportunity for rising Artists to make their first appearance in public. Full particulars

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.—GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT, TUESDAY next, Feb. 16, at Eight. Programme: Overture, Exhibition (Auber); Lieder (*a*) "Wonne der Wehmuth," (*b*) "Die trommel gerühret" (Beethoven)—Miss Antoinette Sterling; Concerto in D, for violin, by desire (Paganini)—Herr Wilhelmj; Overture, "Paradise and the Peri" (Sir W. Sterndale Bennett); Symphony, No. 8, unfinished (Schubert); Violin Solo, Chaconne, for violin alone (Bach)—Herr Wilhelmj; Song, "Polens Grabgesang" (Chopin)—Miss Antoinette Sterling; Wedding March, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn). Conductor—Mr BARNBY. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., Admission, One Shilling, at NOVELLO'S, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

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MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, on THURSDAY next, Feb. 18, at ST JAMES'S HALL. FIRST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT. Soloists—Miss Eva Leslie (her first appearance in public) and Miss Florence May. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s., at all Publishers; and Austin's, St James's Hall.

MR HENRY LESLIE begs to announce that his Niece, Miss EVA LESLIE (who has studied under Madame Sainton-Dolby), will make her First Appearance in public at ST JAMES'S HALL, at the First Subscription Concert of his Choir on THURSDAY Evening next, Feb. 18.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY, Feb. 26th, MACFARREN'S Oratorio "ST JOHN THE BAPTIST." Madame Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley. Organist—Mr Willing. Tickets now ready, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d., at 6, Exeter Hall.

MANCHESTER and SALFORD GRAND VOCAL FESTIVAL, EASTER MONDAY and TUESDAY, March 29 and 30, at the ROYAL POMONA PALACE. Competition of Choirs, Choral Societies, Glee Clubs, Solo Singing, &c. £200 in Prizes. Choirs and Glees on Monday; Solos, &c., on Tuesday. Entries close March 1st. For particulars and Forms of Entry, apply to M. H. CHADWICK, 4, St Mary's Street, Manchester.

ST GEORGE'S HALL.—The LARGE HALL can be ENGAGED for Morning Concerts and Performances on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and for Evening Concerts, Dramatic Performances, Subscription Balls, and Meetings, on Thursdays and Saturdays throughout the year. The Minor Hall, accommodating about 100 persons, can be Engaged for Concerts and Meetings on Afternoons and Evenings throughout the year. For terms and dates, apply to Mr T. EVANS, Lessee; or to the Secretary, at the Office, 4, Langham Place, Regent Street North.

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MISS HELEN ARNIM will sing Herr OBERTHUR'S admired Romance, "JE VOUDRAIS ETRE," with Harp accompaniment, at every Concert for which she is engaged during her Tour through the Provinces.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR HENRY GANNEY will sing ASCHER'S popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Glastonbury, Feb. 17th; Pontypool, 18th; Hanley, 22nd; and Northwich, 25th.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR HENRY GANNEY will sing WILFORD MORGAN'S popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," every Evening during his Provincial Tour.

MR WILHELM GANZ begs to inform his friends and pupils that he has REMOVED to 126, Harley Street, W.

MR CARRODUS will Return to Town February 22nd.—47, St Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W.

MR J. B. BOLTON (Baritone), having returned from America, is prepared to resume LESSONS in Dramatic and Ballad Singing, and to accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts and Operettas.—21, Sutherland Square, S.E.

MADAME OTTO-ALVSLEBEN begs to announce her Return to London, and requests that all Letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed to the care of STANLEY LUCAS, Esq, 84, New Bond St.

MRS JOHN MACFARREN begs to inform her pupils and friends that she is now in Town. All Letters to be addressed, 15, Albert Street, Glo'ster Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

MISS JULIA DERBY begs to announce that all communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, &c., must be sent direct to her residence, 14, Grosvenor Road, Stockwell, S.W.

MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Basso) begs to announce his Return to Town; and requests that all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed, 5, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, W.

MR ARTHUR THOMAS will sing the new Ballad, by WILFORD MORGAN, "COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE," Feb. 13th, Willis's Rooms; Feb. 17th, Tottenham; Feb. 18th, Angel Town Institute, Brixton.

SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce his Return to England on March 12th. Address, until March 7th, to Opera Italien, Moscow.

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A peine ai-je vu le printemps
Couvrir dix fois de leur feuillage
Les vieux saules de nos étangs,
Que, sans pitié pour mon jeune âge,
Dieu m'a ravi le guide aimé
Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé!
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

Ainsi parlait, en gémissant,
Une orpheline désolée;
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
"Ne pleure plus et sois ma sœur
Ma mère sera notre mère,
Et tu verras que du bonheur
Il en est encor sur la terre!"

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Funeral of the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett,

AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

By the kind permission of the VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6TH, 1875.

REQUISITION.

To the VERY REV. THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

WE, the undersigned, are strongly of opinion that the Interment of the Late SIR STERNDALE BENNETT, Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, M.A., Mus. D., D.C.L., and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, (who was unquestionably at the head of the Musical Profession in England,) in the Abbey Church of Westminster would be a fitting tribute to the genius and worth of this gifted Englishman; and, on more public grounds, a just recognition of the Art of which he was so distinguished an Ornament.

(Signed) His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Dudley, Lord Coleridge, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, G. A. Macfarren, Sir Julius Benedict, Walter Macfarren, G. F. Anderson, Lucy Anderson, A. Randegger, Otto Goldschmidt, Jenny Goldschmidt-Lind, G. A. Osborne, W. G. Cusins, J. T. Willy, W. F. Low, J. Lamborn Cock, F. R. Cox, W. Dorrell, Brinley Richards, E. Garcia, H. E. Lunn, C. Steggall, Mus. D., Arthur S. Sullivan, John Hullah, Charles Santley, J. Sims Reeves, Henry Leslie, J. W. Davison, W. D. Davison, J. E. Millais, R.A., T. Woolner, R.A., Sir Henry Thompson, Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A., H. R. Eyers, P. Sainton, Charlotte Sainton-Dolby, Kellow Pye, Sir Thomas Gladstone, George Grove, A. Manns, Dr Stainer, J. Joachim, A. Chappell, A. Piatti, Charles Hallé, H. Smart, Dr Rimbault, E. Pauer, F. B. Jewson, John Thomas, Charles E. Stephens, E. J. Hopkins, Rev. Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, E. G. Monk, Mus. D., Rev. A. Beard (Cambridge), J. Barnby, J. Turle, George Rose, Henry Broadwood, Sir George Elvey, Sir John Goss, W. H. Cummings, J. Macfarren, S. Arthur Cleasome, T. M. Mudie, H. T. Mudie, C. Collard, W. S. Collard, C. L. Gruneisen, Hans von Bülow, T. Chappell, John Gill, Stanley Lucas.

THE PROCESSION,

consisting of an Open Hearse and Mourning Carriages, left St John's Wood at 10·45, passing through Baker Street, Oxford Street, Union Street, Tenterden Street, *past* the Royal Academy of Music, and joined by the Royal and other Carriages, proceeded slowly along Regent Street, Charing Cross, and Parliament Street, to Westminster Abbey, in the following order:—

THE UNDERTAKER.
Two Assistants with wands.

THE HEARSE
Drawn by four horses, with silver equipments.

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Thomas Case, Esq. — Mrs Thomas Case.

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The Right Hon. the EARL OF DUDLEY.
Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.
ROBERT CASE, Esq.
THOS. CHAPPELL, Esq.
Miss WAGEMAN.
And several others.

At noon precisely, the Cortége reached Dean's Yard, Westminster, where the walking procession was formed :—

PALL BEARERS.

(Being fellow-students of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, and representing the Royal Academy of Music, The Philharmonic Society, and the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain.)

R. Barnett, Esq. F. B. Jewson, Esq.
J. S. Bowley, Esq. G. A. Macfarren, Esq.
W. Dorrell, Esq. Oliver May, Esq.
T. Harper, Esq. T. M. Mudie, Esq.
W. H. Holmes, Esq. Kellow J. Pye, Esq.
J. Howell, Esq. Brinley Richards, Esq.

OUTER COFFIN.—French polished oak, with projecting lid and plinth; polished silvered mountings, consisting of chaste handles and corner clasps (Messrs Hatchards', the undertakers, own design); monogram, &c., and shield-shaped plate, with engraved inscription :—

SIR
WILLIAM STERNDALE
BENNETT, KT.,
BORN 13TH APRIL,
1816,
DIED 1ST FEBRUARY,
1875.

The sides of the coffin were festooned with white lilac blossoms, and the lid was partly hidden by wreaths of choice flowers sent by—

The University of Edinburgh.
The Lady Students of the Royal Academy of Music.
Queen's College.
The German Athenæum.
And many Private Friends.

When the coffin was placed in the open hearse, and borne into the Abbey, a violet-lined velvet pall, fringed with white silk, was laid on it, leaving exposed bright silvered work and chaplets of flowers—wreaths depending on either side. The Dean, Clergy, &c., met the Funeral at the West Cloister Door.

The usual Croft and Purcell Music was done at the Funeral. Purcell's Burial Chant from the 90th Psalm. After the Lesson, the Anthem, "God is a Spirit," by Sterndale Bennett, and sung by Master Beckham, Messrs Foster, Carter, and Lawler. On reaching the Grave, the "Croft" Music was resumed, and immediately before "The grace of our Lord," part of Handel's Funeral Anthem, "His body is buried in peace" was sung at the Grave. Dead March on Organ.

The Body and the Mourners, after the Choir Anthem, passed through the North Transept Gate to the Grave. The Choir and Clergy through the West Gate of the Choir (under the Organ) meeting the Body and Mourners at the Grave.

Mr Turle presided at the Organ, and Mr Montem Smith had the general directing of the Choirs, which were as follows :—

ORGANISTS.—T. Turle, Esq., Dr Stainer, E. J. Hopkins, Esq., Geo. Cooper, Esq., J. Hopkins, Esq. (Rochester), and Dr C. Steggall.

Boys.—12 from Westminster Abbey.
4 from St Paul's.
4 from The Temple.
4 from The Chapel Royal.
4 from Lincoln's Inn.
—
28

ALTO.—Messrs Barnby, Baxter, Foster, and Large (Westminster); Mr Stilliard (St Paul's); Mr Hodges (Chapel Royal); Mr Ball (Lincoln's Inn).

TENOR.—Messrs Montem Smith, Carter and Mason (Westminster); Messrs Walker and Kenningham (St Paul's); Mr Beckett (Chapel Royal); Messrs Coates and Guy (Lincoln's Inn).

BASS.—Messrs Whitehouse, Lawler, Hilton, and Bell (Westminster); Messrs Winn, De Lacey, Thurley Beale, and Kempton (St Paul's); Mr Distin (Lincoln's Inn); Mr Lewis Thomas (Temple).

Total—28 boys, and 26 men.

Black carpeting was laid throughout the Abbey for the procession. The Grave was draped with black, bordered with grey.

The whole of the arrangements were under the superintendence of MR JOHN GILL, *Secretary* of the Royal Academy of Music, and MR STANLEY LUCAS, *Secretary* of the Philharmonic Society, and the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain.

The Funeral was conducted by Mr S. HATCHARD, of 47, Crawford Street, Bryanston Square, and the excellent manner in which all the arrangements were carried out gave general satisfaction.

On Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, the Bishop of Ely (including Cambridge in his Diocese), preached with distinct reference to the Funeral of the preceding day. Before the Sermon, that is, after the 3rd Collect, Bennett's "Abide with me," from the *Woman of Samaria*, was sung; and, after the Services, Battishill's Anthem, "Behold, how good and joyful," with the verse set by Montem Smith.

FUNERAL OF SIR STERNDALE BENNETT.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

On Saturday, at noon, the mortal remains of our famous English composer were laid to rest, with becoming rites, amid universal sympathy. Among the feelings excited by the news of Sterndale Bennett's death was a desire that the last honours paid to him should be worthy of his genius, and a general wish arose to bury him in Westminster Abbey, that his dust might mingle with the dust of others who have helped to make bright the pages of our "rough island story." The idea was acted upon, and very soon a requisition, signed by about seventy persons, among whom were the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Dudley, Lord Coleridge, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir John Goss, Sir Henry Thomp-

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son, and Sir Francis Grant, was transmitted to Dean Stanley, urging that the burial of Sir Sterndale Bennett's remains in the Abbey Church of Westminster "would be a fitting tribute to the genius and worth of this gifted Englishman, and, on more public grounds, a just recognition of the art of which he was so distinguished an ornament." The honour thus sought is never lightly bestowed, but Dean Stanley did not hesitate to grant it in the case of our departed master; and so it comes to pass that all that was mortal of Sterndale Bennett reposes amid the crowd of kings and nobles, statesmen and warriors, poets and musicians, who lie beneath the roof of our glorious Abbey.

Great interest was shown by the general public in the funeral ceremony, and the Abbey doors had not been long opened before the nave and transepts were crowded. The choir had been reserved for ticket-holders, but long before the time when the procession was expected, every seat (those set apart for the mourners excepted) had its occupant. Nothing could have been more impressive than the waiting of this great, silent company, in such a place on such an occasion. The day was somewhat cheerful, and the majestic interior stood revealed in all its beauty, as the sun's rays poured through the windows "richly dight," flecking the soaring arches and massive columns with fantastic hues. But the spectacle of the crowd that could be seen, and the consciousness of other crouds that could not be seen, all as still as the dead heroes beneath their feet, and all possessed by one feeling of sympathy with the occasion, must have moved the least emotional onlooker. Meanwhile, through the busy streets leading from St John's Wood, the body of Sterndale Bennett was being conveyed to its last splendid home with fitting reverence. Messrs Hatchard, who conducted the funeral, had provided an open hearse, and on it lay the coffin, partly covered with a violet pall, partly hidden by wreaths and festoons of flowers, which loving hands had placed there in rich profusion. After the hearse came a long array of mourning coaches, twenty-three in number, the rear of the procession being brought up by private carriages, among which were those of Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Dudley, Sir Julius Benedict, &c. The arrival of this imposing *cortége* at the Abbey was witnessed by a vast crowd of persons who could not be admitted to the interior, but as the police arrangements under Inspector Denning were excellent, the utmost order marked the proceedings, and in a little while the funeral train was prepared to enter the sacred edifice by the cloister door. Of all this the great waiting throng inside were ignorant, as a matter of course. For them there was only silence; and the silence seemed profoundest when Dean Stanley's well-known voice, in tones audible to every one, was heard proclaiming the "comfortable words" with which the Church begins her burial service: "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord; He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whomsoever liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die." Then the organ pealed forth, and from the far west of the nave came the strains of Croft's solemn music to the remainder of the introductory sentences. The effect was both beautiful and impressive, as the stately chords followed each other, their order broken now and then seemingly that the distant chapels might faintly echo the music. Very slowly the procession defiled into the nave, headed by a choir numbering fifty-four voices, the Abbey singers having been reinforced by detachments from St Paul's, the Temple, the Chapel Royal, and Lincoln's Inn. Next came the clergy of the Cathedral, with Dean Stanley, and then the coffin—a mass of violet velvet, white silk, and wreaths, crosses, and festoons of flowers. It was right that here there should be nothing sombre and depressing. The dark train of mourners, the black-carpeted path trodden by the procession, and the gloomy attire of the on-looking multitude harmonized with a prevailing sense of loss; but the master himself was being borne to his rest, and his part in the scene was that of a triumph. Like a sunbeam in a dark place, the coffin moved along, the one cheerful feature of the solemn spectacle. Closely surrounding the body, and acting as pall-bearers, marched a number of the deceased musician's fellow-students—those who, having entered upon the battle of life with him, lament a leader. Among them were Messrs G. A. Macfarren, T. Harper, W. H. Holmes, J. Howell, T. M. Mudie, Brinley Richards, and Robert Barnett, after whom came the family of the deceased and a few of his most intimate friends, including Messrs J. W. Davison and Lamborn Cock. In the long array that followed were Col. Colville, representing the Duke of Edinburgh; a deputation from the University of Cambridge headed by the Vice-Chancellor; the directors of the Royal Academy of Music, among whom were the Earl of Dudley and Sir Thomas Gladstone; the committee of the same institution (Messrs H. Leslie, W. Macfarren, &c.); a deputation from the Philharmonic Society, including the directors, conductor (Mr Cusins), and secretary; a deputation from the Royal Society of Musicians, headed by Sir John Goss and Professor Ella; a deputation from the German Athenæum; and the professors of the Royal Academy of Music, including Messrs Sullivan, Randegger, and Sainton. A large proportion of the members of this truly representative gathering carried wreaths or bouquets, and the scene presented when all had taken their places was of a very striking character.

Silence once more reigning throughout the edifice, Mr Turle, who presided at the organ, softly played Purcell's Chant in G minor, to which was sung the psalm, "Domine refugiam," a version of the same chant in the major mode serving for the "Gloria." The lesson having been read, the quartet "God is a Spirit," from the deceased composer's *Woman of Samaria*, was sung in part by four solo voices, in part by the entire choir. Rendered with great taste, the effect of this beautiful example of religious music was perfect. The soft, sweet strains fell upon all ears with touching eloquence, suggesting, as nothing else could, the rich gifts which were his who lay there under the piled-up flowers. This over, the body and mourners proceeded to the grave, meeting there the choir and clergy, who reached it by another route. A fitting place had been chosen, and Sterndale Bennett rests in goodly company. He lies with Henry Purcell, Croft, Blow, and Arnold, in the narrow aisle connecting the north transept with the nave, and over him day by day through the centuries will

"The pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below."

There could be no better spot in which to bury an English composer, and as, after the body had been lowered to its final resting-place, the majestic music of Purcell and Croft fell on the ear, it seemed that those long-dead masters welcomed their brother into the fellowship of the grave. Now mournful, now exultant, the solemn strains went on to the petition for strength "at our last hour," presently resuming with "I heard a voice from heaven;" after which Dean Stanley continued the service in his most impressive manner. But the musical proceedings were not ended. During the march to the grave Mr Turle had played "Mourn, ye afflicted children," and now it was right that the mighty master lying yonder among the poets should contribute further to the obsequies of his successor. The first subdued chords of "His body is buried in peace" made Handel's presence felt as nothing else could. How grandly the exulting strains set to "But his name liveth evermore" rang out from choir and organ can be imagined; hardly so the cheering effect produced on the vast assembly, who must have recognized that there is something stronger even than death. At the close of the anthem the benediction was pronounced, and, while the Dead March throbbed around, the mourners, raining flowers into the grave, till nothing but flowers could be seen, took a last farewell. In long procession the public followed them, and streamed out into the busy world again, some of them, perhaps, not unmindful of Tennyson's lines—

"He wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him.
Speak no more of his renown,
Lay your earthly fancies down,
And in the vast cathedral leave him—
God accept him, Christ receive him."

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WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

(From the "Sunday Times," Feb. 7.)

The whole world of music is in tears. It is not a common grief which it has lately sustained; the loss of the man whose genius upheld the dignity of English music is a calamity which not only his countrymen but all lovers of æsthetic art will mourn. Far and near the praises of William Sterndale Bennett have been sung, and far and near the news of his death will ring a knell in the hearts of those who have known him and loved him, either personally or in his works. It may be said of Bennett that he was the first English composer who shared the highest honours with the recognized leaders of contemporary art, and when it is stated that they were of no lesser weight than Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Hiller, it will be seen to what a height our countryman rose. No one will doubt that it was to his glorious talents that he owed his foreign as well as his native position; and few who are conversant with his works will dispute the fact that, after Mendelssohn's demise, there lived no man fitter to support the *prestige* of modern music than William Sterndale Bennett. But alas! the years of genius are numbered, like those of ordinary mortals, and sooner or later "Dark cloudy death o'er-shades his beams of life" and removes him from our midst, leaving behind a load of silent sorrow and a world full of regrets. But not all the terrors of death can estrange us from one who, like Bennett, lives in his works a life imperishable, solong as a sense of beauty in art obtains, and so long as music continues to be loved for its own sake, away from factional dissensions and party creeds. Our representative musician died, after a brief illness, on Monday last near the hour of noon. Up to the last few days there was no reason that the catastrophe might not be delayed, if not averted; and, when we took occasion to speak of Bennett's symphony in G minor at the Crystal Palace, there was no certainty that he would not enrich the world's library with another work of the kind. Fate, however, has willed to the contrary, and the hand which wrote the *Naïades* will hold the pen no more; its pulse is stilled for ever and its work is done. It might not be necessary to speak of a master who exercised less universal sway than did William Sterndale Bennett, at any inordinate length; but we share the sorrow of the time, and feel "the grief that does not speak; whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

The few biographical facts which we can relate of a man who, though to the last a servant of the public and a labourer in the art's cause, led a life of comparative seclusion, must be necessarily reflective rather than particular. Bennett was born with musical blood in his veins; his father, Robert Bennett, was an organist in Sheffield, and at an early age, William Sterndale, born on the 13th April, 1816, was admitted to his church as a chorister. Here the first evidences of genius became apparent, and after he had drunk of the bitter cup of misfortune—both his parents being removed while he was still in his childhood—fortune placed it in his power to come up to London and study at the Royal Academy of Music, then under the direction of Dr Crotch. Here young Bennett received instruction from the principal, and also from W. H. Holmes and Cipriani Potter, with others of note. We do not gather that he was remarkably assiduous as a scholar, although his extraordinary aptitude rapidly asserted itself, and work after work flowed from his ready pen. The productions of Bennett's youth are among the most brilliant of his whole career. When we mention his first symphony, in E flat, his concerto for the pianoforte and orchestra in D minor—afterwards published in his Op. 1—and his second concerto in E flat (Op. 4), which he performed at the Philharmonic Concerts—we call to mind works which might have afforded the most mature, most accomplished musician, pride and satisfaction. To this early period belong also the third and fourth concertos (in C minor and F minor respectively), the overtures to the *Naïades* and *Parasina* and the Capriccio in E major—works which have become familiar as household words. But it was not only with these treasures of art that Bennett visited Germany in 1836, for, according to Schumann's account in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (at the beginning of 1837) he had written six orchestral symphonies and as many orchestral overtures. At Düsseldorf Bennett made the personal acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who already had an immense liking for the young Englishman through his works, and at Leipsic that of Schumann, who was too discriminating and free-minded a critic not to perceive the merit of our countryman. In the article above referred to from the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*—a sort of New Year's greeting, from the editor to his readers—we find not only that Schumann was imbued with a deep admiration for Bennett, but that he was positively enthusiastic about his music. Here is what he had to say, according to "M. E. G.'s" translation:—

"The arts of music and poetry are surely not so antagonistic that we need wonder that that famous country which has given us Shakspeare and Byron should also produce a good musician. The old prejudice which believed it impossible has been already shaken by Field, Onslow, Potter, Bishop, and others; and now Sterndale Bennett has given it a harder blow than ever. Providence has watched over him from his cradle.....How far this development was promoted by the careful instruction he received at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, under masters like Crotch and Cipriani Potter, and by his own indefatigable studies, I know not; I only know that out of this chrysalis has burst a truly glorious butterfly, fluttering through the summer air, now lighting on this flower and now on that, and leaving us to follow with eager eyes and outstretched hands. A soaring spirit like this could not be contented to remain on its native earth without desiring to behold the land where its two greatest predecessors, Mozart and Beethoven, first saw the light. And thus it has come to pass that the favourite of the London public, and the pride of musical England, is residing with us."

No less as a performer than as a composer was Bennett welcomed in Germany. His principal works were given under Mendelssohn's direction—a compliment as flattering as it was deserved—at the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, and a sympathy sprang up in the Saxon capital for the English composer, which so long endured that years afterwards he was invited to assume the direction of the very concerts which had been his portal to the road of continental fame. But we are anticipating. Bennett was accompanied on his travels by a friend—one who, if he willed, might have earned a distinguished place upon the scroll of musical fame, but who preferred to judge rather than be judged—whose early affection continued undiminished during the composer's earthly career. Many pleasant anecdotes are related of those halcyon days; one, of Mendelssohn knocking at the door of the room where our countrymen were reposing at the hour of eight in the morning, and calling them "lazy Englishmen."

Returning from Germany honour-laden, Bennett set to work in earnest, composing, teaching, and performing with the most triumphant success. One of the notable events, following on his return from abroad, was the production of the overture to *The Wood Nymphs*—which had been written and played at Leipsic—by the Philharmonic Society. Success, which may legitimately be called triumphant, attended the performance. And now honours began to crowd thick and frequent upon him. In 1844 he became a candidate for the Musical Chair in the Edinburgh University, when his claims were warmly supported by testimony from Mendelssohn. Although the candidature was not successful, the facts attending it served to thrust Bennett prominently forward, and perhaps proved eventually more beneficial than though he had been elected to the post. Beloved of the nation and lauded by such musicians and critics as Schumann, Mendelssohn, &c., Bennett could well afford to wait, and, pursuing his ordinary avocations, teaching a great deal and producing occasional works—works which, by-the-bye, never were trifling or unimportant—he waited for more than a decade, when, in 1856, he was appointed Professor of Music to the University of Cambridge. The same season saw him installed as director of the Philharmonic Concerts, where he succeeded Richard Wagner. With unvarying success Professor Bennett held this position until 1868, when he resigned in favour of Mr W. G. Cusins. In addition to what he did for the society as conductor, Bennett enriched its repertory most signally; to wit, by the overture to *Paradise and the Peri*, one of the greatest masterpieces of programme

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music, and the symphony in G minor—his only published symphony—lately referred to in our columns. In 1858 he was invited to preside over the festival at Leeds, and for this meeting he composed his pastoral cantata, *The May Queen*, which has since become popular throughout the length and breadth of the land. At the same meeting Arabella Goddard played his well-known caprice in E major—one of his most finished masterpieces. In fact, we may say that this was a culminating point in his career as a creative musician, for, though his subsequent works were replete with the beauty and fascination which appertained to all emanations from his genius, the effect—the perfect propriety and dramatic fitness—of *The May Queen* were never transcended. In 1862 we find English music represented in his name at the opening of the International Exhibition by an ode, "Uplift a thousand voices," for which the Laureate furnished the text; in the same year he also composed the Ode in Commemoration of the Installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, the lyrics being in this instance provided by the late Canon Kingsley.

For the Birmingham Festival of 1867, Bennett composed his sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*. All who are acquainted with this musician's method of procedure, his laborious care, and his unswerving anxiety to do his best, will accept the fact that the component parts of the sacred cantata are all gems. Bennett had still further honours in store for him. Oxford made him D.C.L. in 1870, and on the 24th of March, 1871, her Majesty the Queen conferred the honour of knighthood upon him, in conjunction with Mr Benedict, an illustrious foreigner, who had long before made England his home and English sympathies his own. A year later, Sir Sterndale Bennett received a public address from the Solicitor-General, announcing the institution of a biennial scholarship under his name. Here his public career may be considered to have ended; but his work, not yet finished, closed in a befitting manner with his pianoforte sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*, a piece destined for the fairy fingers of Arabella Goddard, and therefore a votive offering from England's leading composer to her leading executant. No more beautiful composition is to be found in the repertory of the instrument for which it was written, no emanation from a soul intensely poetical more instinct with melody and grace of expression.

The list of Bennett's published works contains but forty-six numbers, and hence the productivity of the musician who early promised abundant fruitfulness must be regarded as small. There were many reasons why he confined his efforts to occasional productions, the first and greatest of which was his natural modesty. If report speaks truly, the number of works which remain in manuscript, hoarded by their author as a miser hoards his gold, is in excess of those which have been given to the world. Another cause for this unusual reticence was the labour which Bennett used to spend over his compositions, altering this, correcting that, and seldom easily satisfied. He was not troubled with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and a hasty production never came from his pen; all was planned and thought out before committing to paper, and those revisions subsequently made were dictated by his innate sense of proportion and love of symmetry. All his published works are treasures; and, as we estimate art at the present time, perfect examples of their individual school. The day may arrive when the canons of art will be reversed, and in that unhappy time, Sterndale Bennett, like Mendelssohn, will be no more loved or revered. But while we continue to understand that the fundamental principle of art is to give the most harmonious expression to our ideas, we shall not fail to behold in the productions of "our English Mendelssohn" models of form, refinement, culture, and scholarship. Sterndale Bennett has left us in the flesh, but his works remain, a monumental testimony to his genius.

(*From the "Pall Mall Gazette."*)

The greatest composer England has ever produced was already so well and so widely known as "Sterndale Bennett" that in Germany, Holland, and all the countries inhabited by our Teutonic relatives, he will doubtless still continue to be known as "Sterndale Bennett," without the prefix either of "Professor," of "Doctor," or of "Sir." It was an excellent idea all the same to knight him, if only to prevent his being called "Doctor" and "Professor" in his own country. To understand at once the absurdity of academic titles in connection with artists of creative genius, it is only necessary to think of Rossini as "Dr Rossini," or Mozart as "Professor Mozart."* The Emperor Nicholas is said to have thought himself insulted when the University of Oxford made him a Doctor of Civil Laws; but that may have been because in his own empire he considered himself above laws. Mendelssohn, however, might with reason have felt himself aggrieved when the degree of Doctor in Philosophy was imposed upon him; though he, doubtless, took the well-meant compliment as it was intended. The qualities which raise a composer above other composers, and give him a hold on the mind and feelings of those who hear his music, are just such as a board of examiners cannot measure—sometimes cannot appreciate; and so many admirable masters have not been "doctors," while so many doctors of music have abstained from showing that their invention was at all on a par with their implied learning, that a composer, in the high artistic sense of the word, had much better not call himself "doctor," whether he has a right to do so or not.

Although Sterndale Bennett produced far less during the latter than during the earlier period of his career, he was always planning, carrying out, or perfecting some work. His last symphony (in G minor), than which he has written nothing finer in the way of orchestral music, dates from 1864. But he added a new movement to it (the graceful and melodious "*Romanza*,") years afterwards. Just a fortnight ago this thoroughly beautiful work was played at the Crystal Palace Concerts; and many who had listened to it with delight looked about to see whether the composer was present to hear their applause. But though he went over his manuscripts again and again before he would suffer them to leave him, Sterndale Bennett did not trouble himself about the fate of his music when he had once fairly given it to the public, and probably among those who heard a piece of his for the first time, the only person not quite content with the new creation was Bennett himself.

The latest work of the lamented composer is the sonata, now picturesque, now pathetic, in one movement religious, in another heroic, called *Joan of Arc*, composed for Madame Arabella Goddard, first played in public by Herr von Bülow. Sterndale Bennett will probably be best remembered in the concert-room by his orchestral works and his works for orchestra and piano; in the drawing-room by his minor pianoforte pieces, such as one of the oldest and at the same time one of the freshest of them all, entitled "The Lake, the Millstream, and the Fountain" (dedicated to J. W. Davison). "Mendelssohn," wrote Schumann, "spreads before us the lumbering ocean in all its boundless expanse; the other lingers by the softly rippling lake, with the moonbeam quivering on its surface."

These words occur in an article devoted to Sterndale Bennett in Schumann's musical journal. Bennett, then in his twenty-second year, had just arrived in Germany, taking with him the overture to the *Naiads*, which still passes for one of his finest works. That was nearly forty years ago; and in the meantime, though he wrote a great deal, he produced far less than might have been expected of him, had he devoted himself exclusively to composition. Several questions of deep and almost painful interest present themselves in connection with Sterndale Bennett's career which no one, perhaps, but himself could have answered. But as to his giving to the world comparatively few works, it should be remembered, first of all, that everything he did put forth was highly elaborated, full of delicate touches, and perfectly finished. It has taken Mr Kinglake ten years to write an account of the battle of Inkermann, though more than one journalist was able to describe it from beginning to end the very night on which it was fought. But the only point to consider in the matter is the value of Mr Kinglake's narrative now that we are at last fortunate enough to get it; and all that need be

* Handel would have none of it.

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asked in connection with Sir Sterndale Bennett's works is whether each of them is not indeed a masterpiece. At the Royal Academy of Music he was precisely in his proper place. But it is impossible not to grudge him the long hours that he spent day after day and year after year in teaching young ladies to play the piano. A certain amount of teaching was perhaps inevitable; for, unhappily, a composer cannot live by sonatas, symphonies, and concertos alone. Dramatic works, such as the never-to-be-forgotten *May Queen*, might have proved more remunerative. But in the *May Queen*, the verse to which the music is "married" is "immortal" only from its badness. One of the most perfect of musical pieces begins with this line—"Can that eye a cottage hide?" The plot is worthy of the poem, which is either unintelligible or puerile. Considered only as music, the *May Queen*, with its succession of beautiful melodies and simple but ingenious harmonies, is all that could be desired. But it has the disadvantage of being bound indissolubly to words with which it ought never to have been connected.

Apparently, Sterndale Bennett was not very particular as to the "words" he adopted from time to time for musical setting. Yet he showed a certain inclination for "programme music;" and he was fond of giving distinct names to his pieces, instead of merely numbering them and letting them be known as No. so-and-so, in such a key. In each of these tendencies we see at least the indication of a dramatic taste. Sterndale Bennett has not, as far as we know, left on record any direct expression of opinion as to the music, still less to the musical theories, of his contemporaries. But he had evident affinities with Mendelssohn. He inspired Schumann with much sympathy; and the composer of so many melodious, beautifully modelled, and delicately finished works could not have been favourably impressed by Wagner, who, considering how unable he has shown himself to estimate the genius of Mendelssohn at anything like its true value, would certainly have depreciated Bennett if he had ever condescended to speak of him. Bennett's friends and allies were Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Ferdinand Hiller; and to them in the secondary degree—though to his own admirable works in the first place—he owed the high position which he quickly attained in Germany, where, among musicians and the best class of amateurs, he is as well known as in England. The English Sterndale Bennett and the Danish Niels Gade are, perhaps, looked upon by the Germans as distinguished citizens of the same musical country as themselves. That seemed to be the light in which both Bennett and Gade were regarded when, five years ago, the two were present together at the Bonn Festival in honour of Beethoven. The French used to say that no singer could be considered successful who had not sung with success at Paris. It is certain that no composer of instrumental music can be said to have made his mark until he has been heard and adopted in Germany. In that sense not only Sterndale Bennett but also Macfarren have achieved success. Sterndale Bennett, however, has penetrated into German houses—an advantage no composer can well obtain who does not write specially for the voice, or the pianoforte.

It can scarcely be said that Sterndale Bennett was not honoured in his own country. But had he lived in Germany (it was not necessary that he should have been born there) he would have been appreciated, not more highly perhaps, but much more widely, than he is at this moment in England. There are more private players in Germany than in England equal to the difficulties of his pianoforte music, which, if it is not to be played perfectly, had better be left alone; and more concerts are given there than here in which his sonatas, his concertos, and his symphonies would naturally find a place. In England during Bennett's earlier years, and indeed until quite lately, a hard and fast line was drawn between subscription concerts of classical music, which the general public regard with a sort of awe, as something between mathematics and metaphysics, and concerts made up of show fantasias, songs of various kinds, and operatic scenas. Concerts composed of good and varied music, such as may now be heard on Saturdays at the Crystal Palace, were not offered to the general public at all; and of the tens of thousands who attended the performances of Balfe's operas, there were few, if any, who had ever heard, or meant to hear, so much as a passage by Sterndale Bennett. We have now three times as many concert-rooms as we had then; and, counting those alone that are given at St James's Hall, the Crystal Palace, and the Albert Hall, at least six or eight times as many concerts. Thus it has happened that, while Sterndale Bennett has produced less every year, his compositions, taking them as a whole, have found every year a greater number of admirers. Nor can the circle fail to extend more and more as the taste increases for beautiful music. This Bennett's music emphatically is—differing in that respect from much so-called "good music," which, however "good" in a technical sense, is perhaps in a poetical sense just the contrary. A very large number of Englishmen who frequent theatres, the Opera, and even concerts, have not the least idea of the charm which pervades everything Bennett has written. He is undoubtedly one of the classical composers, not of England alone, but of the whole world. There is, however, nothing in the perfectly spontaneous flow of his ideas to suggest mere school or barren study; and a simple-minded lover of music might listen to no matter which of his graceful and melodious pieces without knowing it to be "classical" at all. The works of some few of the great composers must, to the ignorant, always be sealed books. But every one who can be moved by sweet sounds must enjoy the music of Sterndale Bennett.

(*From the "Morning Advertiser."*)

In Sir Sterndale Bennett we have lost a representative man. Rivalry may exist in the musical as in all other professions, but English composers of every grade united in accepting him as their chief. They reverenced him for what he had written, and gave place to him as the man who in his generation had done more than any other to sustain the dignity of art and the credit of the native school. Sterndale Bennett was an artist in all his sympathies. He strove always to uphold the true and beautiful in music, and disdained to pander to the vulgar taste. He never wrote a "shop song" in his life, nor made his art subservient to unworthy conditions of any kind. The bent of his genius led him into the higher realms of music, and, fortunately for posterity, kept him there. While the appreciation of purity in music exists, the name of Sterndale Bennett will be held in veneration. He was endowed with something more than the talent which will haply make a man prosperous and respected in his lifetime. The musician gone to his rest had genius which gives the immortality of art, and is for all time. Sterndale Bennett has gone from us; but before he was taken hence he was allowed to point out the way, which, if followed by his younger brethren in art, might lead them to fame that lasts beyond this life. Many young composers will look to his works and study his scores, and see how little, after all, they themselves have been able to do for music; and many a man who has numbered more years than the dead musician will hear the inner voices whispering to him how far he has fallen short of the standard of art set up by Sterndale Bennett. Art has its degrees; and even a greater man than Sterndale Bennett illustrated the exquisite story played out in the "wood near Athens;" but Mendelssohn was his friend, and mainly instrumental in bringing his compositions before the world. Sterndale Bennett's course is run, but his exquisite compositions remain. With the poignant regrets for the death of the musician will be intermixed many precious memories of the kind, gentle, and affectionate nature of the man.

(*From "Society, at Home and Abroad."*)

"Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo plays."
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

Sterndale Bennett, the man who has done more for the cause of English music than any other since Purcell, was laid at rest in Westminster Abbey on Saturday afternoon. In him the nation loses one of her most gifted sons, and the world of music one of its brightest stars. Still, though the blow be sudden, and the sorrow grievous, we may not complain. Sterndale Bennett had finished a

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career as honourable as it had been distinguished, when he completed his last published work, the pianoforte sonata, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, dedicated, with an apt discrimination, to Madame Arabella Goddard. His life had been a sequence of triumphs, social and artistic; and, when the highest honours he could possibly gain were fairly in his grasp, the master ceased his work, and rested. That rest, as far as the mortal garb in which his immortal spirit dwelt is concerned, is an eternal one; but neither his name nor fame are lost; and, while pure music has force to ennoble our fancies and expand our intellects, Sterndale Bennett, in his works, will be a living, moving power in our midst. At the age of fifty-nine Bennett was called away; and so it happens that "the English Mendelssohn" reposes within a few feet of the grave wherein "the English Handel"—Purcell—sleeps his last sleep. Nothing could exceed the deferential homage paid to Bennett's memory. His burial in Westminster Abbey—the presence at the funeral of all the men of note who have made their livelong efforts tend to the same goal as his own—the generous determination of the leading corporate musical societies to render the obsequies a national matter—these facts speak not alone to the estimation in which Bennett was held, but to the worldly position which he enjoyed. Fitting tribute to the departed genius was forthcoming, and he was carried to the grave in a manner worthy of one whose life had been throughout attended with honours. Bennett wrote comparatively little, his published works numbering but forty-six; but every work that he permitted to go forth to the world was perfect of its kind. In face of the manner in which his compositions have been catalogued in our contemporaries, the barest reference to them is enough:—The overtures to *Parasina*, *The Naiades*, *The Wood Nymphs*, and *Paradise and the Peri*, his Pianoforte Concerto in F minor (No. 4), his beautiful Symphony in G minor, and last, but by no means least, his Pianoforte Sonata, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, are so familiar, that praise at the present moment would be supererogatory. Many utterances have been made under the first influences of a heavy grief which will scarcely bear subsequent and dispassionate consideration. But while music survives, and the rules which govern this most beautiful art continue, England will be able to point to Sterndale Bennett as one who upheld her name as a musical country, not only at home, but throughout the whole civilized world. For the present we will not turn the occasion to profit, and write uncalled-for panegyrics upon his honoured name, but—

"Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth."

ARION.

A TRIBUTE TO SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

What can we say of him who now has gone?
Or how describe the beauty of that mind
Which now lies cold and mute? What *can* we say
Of one whose strains have waken'd in our hearts
A brighter, better, holier feeling?
If we but say he lov'd his Art for Art
Itself, and not for honours or reward;
Or that his title lent no lustre to
His name, which he did not repay
A hundred-fold; how little have we said
To mark the worth of him who hath endear'd
Himself alike by virtue as by genius.—
Language fails. Art itself doth mourn the loss
Of her bright champion, whose spirit now
Has fled to swell that harmony divine
Which gave birth to his own.
We have done well to let him sleep among
The sculptur'd and escutcheon'd of the land.
(No nobler dust sleeps there.) And, while the love
Of all that's beautiful exists, his name
Will be remembered, and his music live,
For ages yet to come, to soothe and bless
And elevate mankind.

FREDERICK SANDERS.

SIR STERNDALE BENNETT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—As the absence of my name from the list of professional musicians who attended the funeral of the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett may lead to the supposition that I am unmindful of the respect due to his memory, I beg you will give publicity to the following letters. Permit me also to say in reference to Mr Lamborn Cock's letter, that the "Card of admission" alluded to, and which, it appears, ought to have been forwarded to me from the Royal Academy of Music, has not reached me. Also, that without waiting for Mr Lamborn Cock's reply to my letter, I did that for which I had asked permission. One of Mr Cock's own cards, giving me admission to the Abbey, was enclosed in his letter, but, unfortunately, it came too late to be available.

I shall always deeply regret that, through what I trust may prove unintentional neglect on the part of the Royal Academy of Music, I was prevented joining in a public acknowledgment of the many virtues and talents of England's most distinguished musician. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. WYLDE
(Gresham Professor).

Gresham College, Feb. 10, 1875.

(Copy of letter addressed to LAMBORN COCK, Esq.)

"*Gresham College, Feb.* 5, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,—As the committee entrusted with the funeral honours to be paid to the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett have not accorded me the privilege of personally paying my tribute of respect, nor, as Gresham Professor, of showing how highly his name was esteemed in this college, I trust I may be permitted to send my carriage to-morrow to follow the funeral cortege, and I beg you will acquaint me with the hour of its departure. I was always on the most friendly terms with Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, although my association with the London Academy separated us more than I desired, and I have a keen appreciation of his kind and generous nature, as well as great admiration of his genius and talents. You must excuse me, therefore, in saying that I had hoped all the acts of the committee would have reflected the noble-mindedness of our departed great musician, and that no 'professional differences' would have been remembered on such a solemn and melancholy occasion.—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"H. WYLDE.

"*Lamborn Cock, Esq.*"

(Copy of letter received from LAMBORN COCK, Esq.)

"68, *New Bond Street, Feb.* 6, 1875, 9 *a.m.*

"DEAR SIR,—I quite understood that an admission was posted to you yesterday—I will enquire about it from the secretaries, Mr S. Lucas and Mr Gill. I am on the point of leaving for the residence of Sir Sterndale Bennett, being one of the mourners from the house, or I would stay to attend to it. I may say, on behalf of the committee and the family, they will esteem it highly your kindly sending your carriage. Be so good as to let it be in Tenderden Street *not later than* 10.30. Excuse great haste.—Yours very truly,

"J. L. COCK.

"*Professor Wylde.*"

STERNDALE BENNETT.

Sleep, Sterndale Bennett, thou art gone to thy rest!
Of English musicians the greatest and best.
The hand that discoursed at thy magical will
Such eloquent music is silent and still.
Thou art gone to thy bride who has waited so long—
The wife whom thou lovedst with a love so strong.
But, ah! the deep grief will ne'er have an end,
In those who could boast the title of friend.

Mourn, England, mourn! for set is the star
That carried thy name in honour afar:
The land that for music now stands first in fame
Acknowledged thy genius and honoured thy name.
In nations that speak the old English tongue,
By thousands thy beautiful *May Queen* is sung.
Tho' fame and tho' honours were showered on thee,
From pride and ambition thy pure mind was free.
Farewell, Sterndale Bennett! thou hast run thy brief span,
Farewell, great musician! farewell, blameless man!
In the grand old Abbey they have pillowed his head,
And calmly he sleeps midst the mighty dead,—
With Handel, and Purcell, and Gibbons he lies,
'Till the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall arise.

Ryde, Feb. 6, 1875. W. C. M.

STUTTGART.—After leaving the Conservatory of Music, Professor Spiedel has established a Pianoforte School for professional and private students. Herr Seifriz, Royal *Capellmeister*, has accepted the chair of composition, while Herren Hugo Wehrle, and Jul. Cabisius, will give lessons in concerted playing.

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MUSIC AT BIRMINGHAM.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Christmas festivities over, and the first keen edge of pantomime appetite taken off, music has resumed her sway, three concerts of more or less interest having recently been given. First in point of order as well as novelty was that of Messrs Harrison, introducing Dr Hans von Bülow to a Birmingham audience. Much curiosity was naturally excited to hear the pianist about whose playing such contradictory opinions had been promulgated, consequently the Masonic Hall (an excellent room for chamber music) was well filled, despite the high prices, half-a-crown being the lowest scale of admission. The programme, played entirely from memory, was certainly calculated to give an idea of Dr Bülow's varied powers. That Dr Bülow possesses very undoubted mastery over the key-board, and, indeed, every requisite for a great player, no one can deny. In a selection of four pieces by Chopin, anything more deliciously delicate or exquisitely refined than his playing it would be impossible to conceive, while in the rhapsodies set down under the name of Liszt the pianist again appeared to find congenial occupation.

Mr Stockley's second orchestral concert was characterized by a good selection, comprising three overtures, each a masterpiece in its way—Beethoven's *Egmont*, Mendelssohn's *Hebrides*, and Auber's *Masaniello*—Mozart's symphony in C, the *entr'acte* preceding the second act of Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, and Ferdinand Hiller's concerto for piano and orchestra (Op. 69) in F sharp minor, in which Mdlle le Brun distinguished herself as a pianist of excellent capacity and greater promise, qualities further exhibited in Thalberg's *Don Giovanni* fantasia, which, being encored, was replaced by the same composer's "Home, sweet home." The vocalists were Miss Frances Brooke, whose voice, a *mezzo soprano*, was hardly suited to some of the music set down for her, and Mr Vernon Rigby, who gives a contradiction to the adage that "a prophet has no honour in his own country," by always meeting with a reception at the hands of his fellow-townsmen as thoroughly cordial as it is well deserved. It has frequently fallen to my lot to censure the orchestral playing in Birmingham, but I am glad to be able to record that upon this occasion a marked improvement was noticeable, although very much more remains to be done ere the local native talent attains that certainty of attack, delicacy, precision, and attention to light and shade so necessary for a perfect performance.

At the next orchestral concert, as a mark of respect to the memory of the lamented Sir Sterndale Bennett—whose *Woman of Samaria* conferred upon Birmingham a like honour to that of Mendelssohn with *Elijah*—the *Wood Nymphs* and *Naiads* overtures will be given. One of the pianoforte concertos of the great master whose loss we all deplore would also have been included, but that the arrangements for the programme had gone too far to admit of such alteration.

For their third concert, Messrs Harrison (the enterprising *impressarii* of the Black Country) engaged Mr Mapleson's touring party, including Mdlle Tietjens, Mdlle Risarelli, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini, Signori Paladini, Catalani, and Perkins, with M. Colyns, a Belgian violinist, and Mr F. H. Cowen, solo pianoforte and conductor. The Town Hall was crammed, despite the terribly wet weather. It was satisfactory to find that, although still suffering from physical weakness, Mdlle Tietjens' voice showed no trace of her recent severe illness; while Mdme Trebelli, as well as the great German songstress, met with that hearty and enthusiastic reception which Birmingham so well knows how to accord to its special favourites. The same party is announced to appear for a sacred concert on Ash Wednesday, when Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and a selection from the same master's *Messe Solennelle* (not a note of which has yet been heard in Birmingham) will be given.

D. H.

PESTH.—Liszt was to arrive on the 10th, and Herr R. Wagner, with his wife, on the 19th inst., for the purpose of giving concerts here and in Vienna.

LUBECK.—A new three-act opera, *Aennchen von Tharau*, will be produced at the Stadttheater, for the first time, before the expiration of the current month. The book is by Dr Julius Stinde and the music by Herr Ernst Catenhausen, formerly *Capellmeister* at Cologne.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Glasgow, in musical matters, has of late been very busy. I would have written you sooner regarding these but for reasons which need not now be entered into, I thought it advisable not to do so. The great scheme of the season, a desire to establish a "resident orchestra" in Glasgow, has not met with that measure of success which its ardent supporters had anticipated. It is reported that a considerable shortcoming in the funds will have to be made up by the guarantors, who subscribed a sum reaching nearly £4,000. This result is to be deplored, seeing that the orchestra is one of rare excellence, containing as it does the following amongst other distinguished executants: Mr Carrodus, as leader, is supported by Mr H. C. Cooper, Mr Gibson, &c.; Mr Peyton heads the second violins; Mr Hann, the violas; Mr Edward Howell, the violoncellos; and Mr A. Howell, the double basses. In the winds are found the well-known names of Mr Keppell, M. Lavigne, Mr Tyler, and Mr Hutchings. The brasses include the Messrs Harpers, Ellis, Tull, Harvey, and Signor Barra. The selection of music for these concerts has been uniformly characterized by rare good taste and enterprise, and it is no exaggeration to say that at no series of orchestral concerts has a finer or more elevated class of music been presented. Nor should I omit to make special mention of the annotated and illustrated programmes. I have seen nothing to excel them; not even those of the Crystal Palace Classical Concerts. To the writings of Mr Grove, late of Sydenham, and Mr Joseph Bennett, of London, the programme committee are much indebted. It is impossible, in a brief letter like this, to enumerate all the works performed; foremost among them may be noted three of Beethoven's symphonies (C minor, Pastoral, and Eroica); Mendelssohn's Scotch and Italian symphonies; Schumann's, in B flat; Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor; Mozart's Jupiter and C minor; and part of one by Spohr. Three choral and orchestral concerts have been given. At the first one, Smart's *Jacob* (originally produced at the Glasgow Festival of 1873) was the chief item; the programme of the same evening included Brahms' "Song of Destiny." The second choral concert was occupied entirely with Macfarren's *St John the Baptist*. At the third, the *Messiah* was given.

One of the most prominent features of the series has been the appearance of Mr Lambeth's "select choir." This small body of artists (numbering only twenty-four voices) has been trained by their conductor to a high state of perfection. Indeed, I have heard no such singing of madrigals and part-songs since the best days of Mr Henry Leslie's choir. Their efforts have been thoroughly appreciated, and, whenever they sang, enthusiastic applause has followed. Not less attractive has been the solo playing of Mr Carrodus, a countryman of whom we all feel proud. This gentleman's performances have been welcomed with an ardour which is not often experienced so far north. During the season, Mr Carrodus played (besides other items) the last two movements of Beethoven's violin Concerto, and the whole of Mendelssohn's. Mr Carrodus has now become such a universal favourite in Glasgow that no future orchestral concerts will be considered right without him. This favourable opinion I most willingly endorse. The violoncello playing of Mr Edward Howell has also formed a conspicuous attraction. He has given several solos, and your readers need not be informed with what excellence they were played. Mr A. Howell (double bass) has also covered himself with honour, especially for the important part he played in one of Handel's trios for violin (Mr Carrodus), violoncello (Mr E. Howell), and double bass. Some of the other members of the orchestra have contributed solos; amongst them Mr Keppel (flute), M. Lavigne (oboe), Mr Tyler (clarinet), and Mr Harvey (trombone).

DRESDEN.—A concert of especial local interest was lately given here, the programme, a tolerably long one, containing only works by living Dresden composers. The compositions selected were Overtures by Jul. Rietz, F. Baumfelder, C. Krebs, Riccius, and Bertholdt; Symphonic Marches by Gust. Franke and Kretschmer; B flat minor Symphony by Ernst Jul. Otto; a Romance for bass trombone by Grützmacher; a Scherzo by F. Reichel; a "Characterstück" by Rischbieter; and Fritz Spindler's "Husarenritt," transcribed for orchestra.

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BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph," Feb.* 10.)

The musical festival with which Mr Kuhe has again endowed Brighton began on Tuesday evening in the Pavilion Dome, with every prospect of success. It would be strange as well as hard were the case otherwise. Mr Kuhe not only deserves a return for so much public spirit, but has gone a long way to conquer it by persisting year after year in making his claims known and understood. The English public are slow to acknowledge new interests, but, having once done so, they are slow to neglect them. For this reason Mr Kuhe's Festival may now be looked upon as safe. The amateurs of the southern counties regard it as an institution to support which is to do the correct thing. And, if report be true, they mean this time to make the Festival a greater success than ever. That the liberal arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will facilitate the end in view is beyond question. Never before has a commercial company acted in such a kindly spirit towards an artistic enterprise, or with so much shrewd appreciation of what seems to its advantage and good name. Doubtless, the towns within easy reach of Brighton will contribute largely to the success of the Festival, which thus appeals to a wider constituency than ever.

This evening's programme was intended chiefly to display the resources of an orchestra adequate in point of numbers, made up of artists individually competent, and led by the ablest of *chefs d'attaque*, M. Sainton. When it is stated that among the performers engaged, in addition to the eminent gentleman just named, are Messrs Viotti Collins, Howell, Radcliffe, Barrett, Lazarus, Reynolds, Hughes, and Lockwood, it will be taken for granted that the orchestra is thoroughly up to the mark. True, the opening performance this evening was not free from blemish; but some shortcomings might have been expected at the outset; and could only have surprised the unreasonable. The programme had been skilfully drawn up, so as to present varied attractions, and the result was a large and brilliant audience promising well for the Festival alike as regards numbers and enthusiasm. In the first part were mostly classical works, beginning with the overture to *Fidelio*, fourth and last of the marvellous preludes written by Beethoven for his single opera. This was conducted by Mr F. Kingsbury, who has long shared with Mr Kuhe the conductor's duty, and done much to make the Festival an artistic success. Music so familiar could not go other than well, or be other than well received; but the audience were more demonstrative after hearing the pretty little gavotte, which is so attractive a feature in the *Mignon* of M. Ambroise Thomas. The delicacy and grace of this quaint dance were perfectly shown; indeed, the music could not have been better played, and an encore was the natural result. Next came the Concertstück of Weber, in connection with which ever-welcome piece Mr Kuhe made his bow as a pianist. The "proprietor" of the Festival was received after a fashion adequate to his claims, long-continued applause demonstrating that some, at least, of those for whom he caters so spiritedly are not ungrateful. How Mr Kuhe played the brilliant music of Weber need not be told. He never was in better form, nor within our experience has he ever achieved a more genuine success with his audience. Enthusiastic applause and a recall followed the close of the work. The time had now come for the vocal music, which at orchestral concerts so many hail with delight, and Miss Edith Wynne was introduced to sing the air, "Dalla torre sua romita," from Gounod's *Sappho*. Written in the French composer's most characteristic style, that is to say, marked strongly by his mannerisms, this air could not fail to delight many to whom M. Gounod's music is ever welcome, especially as Miss Wynne sang it with all the artistic perception and vocal skill which belong to her in an eminent degree. It may be questioned, however, whether a better choice was not possible without going far afield, or even without searching beyond the works of M. Gounod himself. Following the song came what was described in the programme as "Andante and Finale from Concerto, Mendelssohn," but which turned out to be the whole of the masterpiece named. By whomsoever the change was effected, the maker deserved great credit. Such a classical *chef d'œuvre* as Mendelssohn's Concerto should be given in its entirety, or not at all—the more because it is not made up of independent movements, connected only by a common name, but so fashioned that each movement is linked closely to the others. Besides, when such an artist as M. Sainton plays, we desire that his great powers should have the full exposition which only a complete work like the one in question makes possible. The result was in all respects satisfactory. M. Sainton played with a *verve*, refinement, and accuracy worthy the ablest living representative of the great French school; all the strong individuality which enables him to do some things as no other man can being exhibited to perfection. Frequently applauded in the course of the work, M. Sainton, at its close, was recalled by acclamation, and congratulated upon his success in the warmest manner. At this point, Mr Kingsbury, who had conducted throughout with much intelligence, handed over the baton to Mr Kuhe, and the first part was brought to a close by a performance of Haydn's symphony in C major, first of the twelve composed for Salomon's concerts. Mr Kuhe did wisely to introduce this pleasant masterpiece, and it may be accepted as an axiom on all such occasions that if it be desired to enlist the sympathies of the general public for classical music, there is no course so sure as the presentation of Haydn. The old master can charm philosopher and fool alike; for while one dwells with pleasure upon his consummate art, the other revels in a flood of artless tune. This was well exemplified by the performance under notice. Everybody heard the symphony with interest, and the loudest applause came from those parts of the house where one might perhaps have looked for the feeblest. Following the symphony, by way of tribute to the memory of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, came Chopin's funeral march, after the first notes of which the entire audience rose, and remained standing to the end. The act was gracefully done, and obviously had the entire concurrence of all present. With regard to the march itself, it may be urged that so impressive a composition, so singular in character and so thoroughly in keeping with Chopin's genius, should have more frequent use. It deserves adoption as one of our recognised expressions of musical grief.

The second part was more popular in character than the first, and began with a selection from Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, introducing solos from Messrs Sainton, Radcliffe, Barrett, Lazarus, Reynolds, and Hughes, all of which, capitally played, were much to the taste of the audience. Miss Wynne sang Sullivan's "Living Poems" and Oakley's "Tears, idle tears," the remainder of the selection comprising Schubert's "Ave Maria," for cornet solo (Mr Reynolds), and the overture to *Les Diamans de la Couronne*. With Auber's bright music, ended a very successful and interesting concert. Bach's *Passion Music* will be given on Thursday evening; and for Friday morning a classical miscellaneous programme is announced. The week's work closes on Saturday, with Sir M. Costa's *Naaman*, conducted by the composer.

Times for Music.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

List to the sigh of the waves to-night—
The voice of the restless sea,
As it heaves 'neath a veil of silvery light,
That bathes the ocean and lea.
List to the trill of the nightingale,
As she sings to the glittering skies,
While far away an answering hale
Like a trembling echo dies.

List to the wind through the rustling trees,
Laden with breath of flowers;
Heavy and odorous comes the breeze,
As the dew falls in diamond showers.
Everything looks so peaceful and still,
Under the pale moon's light;
And the world seems free from sorrow and ill
On this glorious summer night.

S. Weston Jackson.

Florence.—*La Dolores*, a new opera by a young composer, Sig. Auteri, will shortly be produced at the Pergola.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 15, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

The First Part of the Programme will be selected from the Works of the late STERNDALE BENNETT.

Programme.

PART I.

TRIO, in A major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS, MM. JOACHIM and PIATTI .. .. *Bennett.*

QUARTET, "God is a spirit"—Miss NESSIE GOODE, Miss BOLINGBROKE, Mr HENRY GUY, and Mr HENRY POPE .. .. .. *Bennett.*

SONATA, "The Maid of Orleans," for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Bennett.*

PART II.

SONG, "The Knight of Toggenburg"—Mr SANTLEY .. .. .. *Schubert.*

SONATA, "Il Trillo del Diavolo," for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Tartini.*

ARIA, "O cessate di piegarmi"—Mr SANTLEY .. .. *Scarlatti.*

QUARTET, in F, Op. 18, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR .. .. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 13, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*

AIR, "Erbarme Dich" (*Passion Music*, St Mathias)—Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING .. .. *Bach.*
(Violin *obbligato*—Herr JOACHIM.)

PRELUDE and FUGUE, in A minor, for pianoforte alone (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. .. *Bach.*

SONATA, in A major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Handel.*

LIEDER, { "Neue Liebe, neues Leben" / "Wonne der Wehmuth" } Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING .. *Beethoven.*

TRIO, in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS, MM. JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MARRIAGE.

On the 3rd February, at the parish church, Leeds, by the Rev. C. H. Gibson, Vicar of Gildersome, JAMES HATFIELD, Jun., of Roseville, Halton, to MARIANNE ELIZABETH, only daughter of Dr Spark, Springfield Villa, Leeds. No cards.

DEATH.

On January 25, at Vienna, HERR LEOPOLD JANSA, in his eightieth year.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the* MUSICAL WORLD *Subscribers will receive eight pages extra, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expediency may suggest.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1875.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC TO THE CHILDREN OF STERNDALE BENNETT.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
4, TENTERDEN STREET, HANOVER SQUARE,
LONDON, *February 4th*, 1875.

DEAR SIRS AND MADAME,—We, the Committee of Management of the Royal Academy of Music, beg to offer you the expression of our deep sympathy in your heavy affliction. The bereavement you have sustained is not yours alone; in Sir Sterndale Bennett we have lost a friend who owned more personal love than falls to the lot of most men. England has lost one of its brightest ornaments; and music has lost an influence that has aided very materially in its advancement. It will be some consolation to us to remember that we have worked with the great musician we lament, and under his presidency in the management of this institution, wherein his genius was trained, and that had of late his peculiar care and affection.

The name Sterndale Bennett will still be conspicuous among those of which his country is proudest, and music is for ever enriched by his works, while native musicians will always be stimulated by his example.

When the pain of the present moment may be assuaged by time, let us hope that the heir-loom of your father's name may be as great a comfort to you as it will certainly be a distinction in the estimate of all the world, and that your pride may constantly be renewed in knowing yourselves the children of William Sterndale Bennett.

We are, with sincere regard, your devoted servants,

BRINLEY RICHARDS,	W. F. LOW,
GEO. WOOD,	MANUEL GARCIA,
CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus. D.,	W. DORRELL,
FRANK R. COX,	HENRY C. LUNN,
WALTER MACFARREN,	HENRY LESLIE,
	LAMBORN COCK, *Treasurer*,
Charles and James Bennett, Esqs., and Mrs T. Case.	G. A. MACFARREN, *Chairman.*

SIR STERNDALE BENNETT was buried on Saturday afternoon, by permission of Dean Stanley, at Westminster Abbey, close to the graves of Purcell and Croft, two of his most illustrious predecessors in the sphere which he had elected for himself, and in which he moved with dignity through the course of his artistic life. No more need be added to what has already been written about the career and works of Sterndale Bennett. That musical England widely deplores his loss the imposing ceremony of Saturday afforded sufficient proof. From all ranks and walks of life there were representatives to do him honour. Among the private carriages that joined the funeral *cortége* were those of Her Majesty the Queen, a great admirer of Bennett's music; His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Earl Dudley (President of the Royal Academy of Music), who, with the Duke of Edinburgh, the Bishop of Gloucester, Sir Thomas Gladstone, and Lord Coleridge, were among the first to sign the requisition, suggested and drawn up by Mr G. A. Macfarren, to which Dean Stanley so heartily assented, was present on the occasion, and remained till the end of the service. Besides four mourning carriages occupied by the family and most intimate friends of the deceased, there were some 30 others, filled with persons of more or less note. Deputations were sent from the University of Cambridge—including the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of St John's, and the Precentor of King's College; from the Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain; from the Royal Academy of Music; from the Philharmonic Society (directors, committee, and professors); and, last not least, from the Verein für Kunst und Wissenschaft (*German Athenæum*). Without entering into further particulars, we must be

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content to add that a full catalogue of those who came voluntarily to do honour to the memory of our distinguished countryman would take up more space than can be afforded. Enough that there was scarcely a carriage which did not contain mourners who, in their various capabilities, had done something to earn distinction. What, perhaps, more than anything else, afforded gratification to those who knew and appreciated the worth of Bennett, as an artist and as a man, was the immense crowd attracted to the Cathedral, unfurnished with the special privileges allotted only to occupants of the Choir. This all who had familiar acquaintance with the departed man of genius knew well would have pleased him more than anything else, being a proof that, uncompromising as he was in whatever concerned his art, his name had still spread far and wide, and that his music had penetrated not only into high places, but into every circle where such honest, genuine work as his could be felt and loved.

It would be of little purpose to describe the service in detail. A word or two must suffice. The ceremony was in all respects impressive. The imperishable music of Croft, Purcell (including the "Burial Chant"), and Handel—a selection from whose "Funeral Anthem" ("His body is buried in peace")—was sung over the grave, immediately before the "Blessing," followed by the "Dead March," from the oratorio of *Saul*, sublime in its simplicity, imparted appropriate significance to the solemn and touching occasion. The choir was composed of twenty-eight boys—Westminster Abbey, St Paul's, the Temple, the Chapel Royal, and Lincoln's Inn—with twenty-six men from among the picked choristers belonging to the same churches, organised under the general direction of Mr Montem Smith. They sang uniformly well. But perhaps the deepest interest was created by the exquisite and purely devotional quartet, "God is a spirit," from Sir Sterndale Bennett's own *Woman of Samaria*. This, which followed the Lesson, was entrusted to Master Beckham (of Westminster), Messrs John Foster, George Carter, and John Lawler, (all likewise of Westminster). It could hardly have been better given; and, when the last verse was sung by the whole choir, the effect was such that it would have pleased the composer himself, although he never dreamed of such an innovation. Mr Turle, of Westminster Abbey, presided at the organ—his prescriptive right; but other organists were named in the official list; as, for example, Dr Stainer, Dr C. Steggall, Messrs George Cooper and E. J. Hopkins. The early part of the service was read by Canon Conway, the remainder (at the grave), by Dean Stanley himself. The body and mourners passed through the north transept to the grave, and were met by the clergy and choristers from the west gate of the Choir, under the organ. Then the music of Croft was resumed, followed by that of Handel, to which reference has been made. The coffin was strewed with wreaths and flowers, and when the chief mourners had taken their last farewell, the general public were equally allowed to do homage to the great musician whose hand is henceforth still and whose lyre is now for ever silent. Sterndale Bennett is dead; but his music, happily, survives him—long to delight the world.

Mr Hyde's Musical Festival, 1875.

In tribute to the memory of the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, *the Orchestra will play Chopin's "Funeral March" to-night.*

(Tuesday, February 9th.)

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I have for years cherished a hope that we might one day have a memorial window in Westminster Abbey to perpetuate the memory of the many distinguished musicians whose mortal remains are there enshrined; and now that our loved and departed friend, Sir Sterndale Bennett, is laid to rest with the kindred dust of Purcell, Croft, and Blow, it would seem to be a favourable opportunity for inaugurating a public subscription for the purpose I have indicated.

There is a colourless window overlooking the musicians' corner, which, with the permission of the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster, might be filled with glass worthy of the sacred building and those memories all amateurs and artists would desire to honour. I am, yours, &c., WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS.

Brackley Villas, Thurlow Park Road, Dulwich, Feb. 8, 1875.

Too Late.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—At a time like the present, when musicians and amateurs are lamenting the loss of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, a stronger desire than usual will naturally be kindled to become still more familiar with those immortal works of the great composer, which, like the season of the year and its peaceful circumstances so many of them poetically reflect, will be always fresh, green, and hopeful. The outside public are not so well acquainted as they should be with those charming songs, published in sets, so thoroughly appreciated by amateurs, and which are little pastoral gems. We may anticipate an eagerness on its part now to be introduced to some of these beautiful specimens, as the heart that conceived them, and the hand that penned them, are still for ever. Among them it would be difficult to find one to excel in genuine musical and poetic feeling a little jewel called "Forget-me-not"—a suggestive title. It is a setting of some words by "L. E. L." This song is very rarely sung in public, and for no other reason than that it is too short for public performance. It consists of but one short verse. Now, if another verse were added, in *imitation* somewhat of "L. E. L.'s" beautiful thoughts, the objection would be overcome, and I am sure my brother and sister artists would find great pleasure in introducing the song frequently. In default of one better capable of writing such a verse, acting upon the suggestion, I venture to offer some words; their only merit is of a negative character—they do not in their accent war against the musical accent. I first subjoin "L. E. L.'s" exquisite lines, that the imitative character of the offered verse may be apparent, and its consequent not unsuitableness may also be seen:—

FORGET-ME-NOT.

"Wave that wand'rest singing by,
Bearing leaves and flowers with thee,
To the lady of my heart
Wave a benison from me.

"Wind that rov'st around the grove,
Kissing ev'ry flower nigh,
I'll send thee on a sweeter search—
Bear my own true love my sigh.

"Bark that show'st my graven words,
Thine be yet a happier lot,
May'st thou meet my maiden's eye,
Bidding her 'Forget-me-not.'"

Fleecy cloudlets, fraught with good,
Sailing swift on Summer's eve,
Shower blessings on my love,
Or I ne'er shall cease to grieve.

Stars that shine through silent night,
Glitter round my maiden's cot;
Lovingly some message bring,
Light with hope my dismal lot.

Birds whose song perfumes the vale,
Leave, I pray, your hallowed spot;
Let your music teach my heart,
She I love forgets me not.

—I am, Sir, yours obediently,
February 6, 1875. F. E. PENNA.

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Flocks and Herds.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

(*From "Another World."*)

"Why are the poor hungry?—Why do not your flocks and herds multiply and increase?—Why do you maltreat the sire and kill the mother of many progenies?"

"Obey my laws, and your flocks will equal in number the drops of water in the great Cataract, which, ever flowing, ever merging in the mighty Ocean, is constantly supplied with new increase for the refreshment and delight of Montallnyah."

Amongst the numerous precautions for the promotion of the general health is the attention given to the subject of animal food, the care taken of the beast, the mode of slaughtering, and the rigour with which every beast having the slightest tendency to disease is rejected as unfit for food.

All animals, and particularly those intended for food, are now treated with great kindness, gentle treatment and cleanliness being thought essential to the excellence of the meat. Formerly, when the beasts were improperly treated, the growth of the young was impeded and the quality of the meat deteriorated. They are now watched over with the utmost care, the greatest attention is paid to the most minute particulars, and so well are they treated that, notwithstanding the heat of the climate, they are quite tame. When any one goes into a field, the sheep and lambs will come round him and lick his hand. Their pasture is changed every week, for it is found that, when in our climate grass is eaten too closely, noxious insects are bred by the accumulation of stale manure. In or near every pasturage are pools of running water, to which the animals are conducted daily. These are supplied by a very high jet which, when in action, throws its water from a reservoir to a long distance, which may even be increased by means of pipes, and thus fertilizes the field. Much of the water proceeds in the first instance from the cataracts, which begin high above the level of the meadows. As soon as the animals are turned out, the jet is made to play on the fields they have quitted. Then the moisture, mingling with the fresh manure, and our glorious sun enrich the land, and luxuriant grass is quickly produced.

In former years diseases prevailed amongst our flocks and herds. We had one amongst the sheep, not unlike the small-pox of your world. These diseases were generated partly by the filthiness of the pasturage, and partly by a want of change, which I believe to be principal causes of many of your cattle diseases. We now give far more attention to the cleanliness and health of the animal than in our world was formerly bestowed on the poor.

In every field is a shady spot, contrived to protect the animals from the sun during the heat of the day. The ground being very undulating, a shade is obtained by merely throwing out, from the higher land above, some wood or other material to serve as a roof.

In case of illness among the animals, the great remedy used is a particular kind of electricity, which gives an impulse to the blood and changes the humours. This, with diet and care, is the only expedient employed to restore the animal to health. If a female animal is of a sickly nature and likely to give birth to inferior beasts, she is quietly put out of the way.

The Male alone Killed.

To the care taken of the beasts is greatly due the perfection of their breed and to a certain extent their numbers; but the law that contributes most to the marvellous increase of our flocks and herds is that which forbids the slaughter of the female. In every species the male only is used for food. If we killed the mother, we should, as it were, kill the progeny that would otherwise be bred from her, and our immense stocks would not then be a hundredth part as numerous as they are at present.

The cow, after she has ceased bearing, is used to carry the women's baskets, or for very light draughts. The ewe, when she has ceased bearing, is trained to assist in field and garden operations, to pull up cabbages, carrots, and other vegetables, being, in short, more useful to us than the dog.

Hermes (*Communicator.*)

(*To be continued.*)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Mr G. A. Macfarren has been appointed Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, in the place of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett. A wiser choice could not possibly have been made. Who is to succeed Sir Sterndale as Musical Professor at the University of Cambridge has not yet been made known.

Mr Arthur Sullivan has accepted the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's Composition Class at the Royal Academy of Music.

Among those who attended the burial of Sir Sterndale Bennett, last Saturday, in Westminster Abbey, was Mr Frederick Davison, chief of the great organ firm of Gray and Davison.

Funeral of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett.—We are instructed to state that the Honourable Mortimer Sackville-West, Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen, attended at Westminster Abbey, by Her Majesty's special and gracious command, on the above occasion.

The following notice has been lately placarded very liberally in Paris:—

CHEST C !!!

The Sozzo Method.

Method for enabling every one to emit the high chest C. Thirty lessons and a month of medical treatment are sufficient. Thirty days in all.

I rely upon my success and my experience.

When every one is able to emit the high chest C, singers will discover that, as the compass of their voice rises, their remuneration will fall in exactly the same ratio; so that they would probably not be much benefited should M. Sozzo's method prove as effective as M. Sozzo intimates it to be.

The first part of the next Monday Popular Concert (February 15), is to be devoted exclusively to works by Sterndale Bennett. Marie Krebs will play his sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*, which was composed expressly for Arabella Goddard. Our great English pianist could hardly be better represented than by this gifted young German.

Royal Albert Hall Concerts.—The third Popular Ballad Concert will take place this evening (Saturday), the 13th inst. Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Cummings, and Mr Whitney will be the vocalists. Herr Wilhelmj will play Ernst's "Elegie," and his own paraphrase of Chopin's larghetto, and several part-songs and madrigals will be given by the Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr Barnby's direction. The next orchestral concert is announced for Tuesday, the 16th inst., when the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's overture, *Paradise and the Peri*, and Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," will be notable features of interest. On this occasion Herr Wilhelmj will introduce "Paganini's Concerto," a work of enormous difficulty, and he will also play Bach's "Chaconne" for violin alone. It will, doubtless, be interesting to musical amateurs to know that the violin used by Herr Wilhelmj is a very valuable instrument, being a genuine Stradivarius; and that he has on two separate occasions been offered as much as 1,000 guineas for it since his arrival in England this season.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Miss Blanche Roope, a young and intelligent pianist, gave her evening concert in the Store Street Rooms, under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell. Miss Roope played Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," a solo by Herr Willem Coenen (for the left hand), and her own capital arrangement of Irish airs. Miss Edith Shield, a young vocalist, gave the late Vincent Wallace's "Song of May," and was loudly encored; Miss Nina Monetta was obliged to repeat, at the unanimous desire of the audience, Benedict's "Rock me to sleep"; Mr Finlay Dunn, a Scotch tenor, sang the popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" in perfection, and was also encored; Miss E. Fortescue, in Ignace Gibsone's pretty song, "Across the Sea," gained the sympathies of all present by her artless singing; Mr Fred Meldon, who possesses a pure and full bass voice, gave a song by Gounod in capital style; and Mr Kemble gave Mr Henry Phillip's "Woman." Mr Lansdowne Cottell accompanied the vocal music with his usual tact and judgment.

The sixth Harrow Thursday "Popular Concert," which took place on the 4th February, was, like its predecessors, dignified by a highly classical programme. In the first piece—Beethoven's F major quartet (Op. 59)—Messrs Otto Peiniger (the clever violinist and Professor at Harrow School), Szczepanowski, Amor, and Pettit, showed their thorough ability and artistic feeling in interpreting this celebrated composition of the old master. In the same way Mozart's D major quartet (No. 18) was successfully rendered. Herr Otto Peiniger introduced as his solo an air by Bach, and delighted the distinguished audience with his beautiful tone and breadth of style. We have had opportunities to hear this artist on former occasions, and can only express the heartiest wish that he soon will acquire the popularity he so fully deserves. The vocalists were Mrs Thaddeus Wells, who sang Spohr's "A bird sat on an alder bough," and an old English ballad, with great success; and Mr Henry Pyatt, who gave an air from *Il Flauto Magico*, and "The brave old oak" (both encored) with all the vigour which characterises a happy owner of a splendid bass voice. In looking through the programmes of the series, we can but heartily congratulate the committee, who, headed by the well-known *maestro*, Mr John Farmer, manage these concerts with so much taste and artistic sense.

PROVINCIAL.

Norwich.—The eminent pianist, Dr Hans von Bülow, gave a recital, in Nevarre's Rooms, on Friday, February 5th, in the presence of a large and fashionable audience, which received his various performances with enthusiastic applause. This is the only entertainment of any importance that has taken place since the advent of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and party some two months ago; and though it is said to be a musical locality, we never remember being unhappy enough to reside in one where good concerts, etc., bore such a close resemblance to angelic visitations.—S. W. S.

Chatham.—A musical performance took place in the Mechanics' Institute on Tuesday evening, February 2nd, under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell, which attracted a very full audience. The entertainment commenced by Miss Edith Shield singing Wallace's charming "Song of May," and receiving a "double encore." Mr H. Kemble, who possesses a good baritone voice, then gave a song by Lindpaintner, and "L'Ultimo pensiero," by Mariani. After various songs and duets had been sung by the Misses Fortescue, Lisle, Rica, &c., a selection was given, "in costume," by the same vocalists, assisted by an efficient chorus, from a comic opera by Mr Cottell, entitled *The Archers*. The whole gave evident pleasure, and was done every justice to by the young artists, under the direction of Mr Cottell, the composer and director.

Leeds.—On Monday evening, February 8th, Dr Spark, the borough organist, gave a concert in the Lecture Hall of the Church Institute, Leeds, when several of his pupils, most of whom have been educated by him for the musical profession, were introduced to the audience. Young as were many of the vocalists, they exhibited in most instances a high degree of proficiency and skill. The names of those who assisted were Miss E. Carey Walker, Miss M. E. Storey, Miss Jenny Taylor, Mr E. Kemp (tenor), Mr A. Williams (tenor), Mr S. Whittaker (bass), and Mr J. Bates (solo pianist). The audience was large. The first part of the entertainment was devoted to a recital of Dr Arne's operetta, *Love in a Village*, and the audience frequently intimated their satisfaction with the performance. In the miscellaneous portion of the programme, several solos were given, Mr J. Bates receiving an encore for a pianoforte fantasia. The pupils generally showed that much time must have been bestowed in bringing them to the proficiency they had attained.

Nuremberg.—M. Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* has been produced at the Stadttheater.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Herr Joseph Joachim's re-appearance on the scene of these concerts is always a gala occasion, and St James's Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity last Monday evening by amateurs eager to give the—we may say it—well-loved artist a cordial reception. Apart from Herr Joachim's rare gifts as a violinist, he has in a high degree the faculty of attracting sympathy. It is not, therefore, merely the great performer whom the public are so delighted to honour. It is to some extent the man himself, for whom the humblest occupant of the shilling seats, albeit he has never exchanged, nor hopes to exchange, a word with him, entertains a feeling of personal regard. The nature of Herr Joachim's reception can be imagined, and we need not describe it further than by saying, in simplest words, everybody was very glad to see him. Schubert's quartet in D minor opened the proceedings, and was played perfectly by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, the remarkable variations on a theme from the composer's song, "Der Tod und das Mädchen," again making a profound impression. The quaint final presto brought the quartet to an end, amid a perfect storm of applause, than which no honour was ever more justly deserved. Schumann's pianoforte quintet in E flat was the only other concerted work; but this afforded a rich treat to all who had learned to appreciate the deep and tender expression, the true poetry, and the masterful ideas characteristic of its composer's music. We must refer especially to the slow movement, which, in the respects just named, may take equal rank with the best slow movements of Beethoven. Into this Schumann must have thrown his whole soul; and it is hard not to believe that personal experience is reflected in the funeral solemnity of the principal theme, and in the bright but tender beauty of the episode which comes after it, like the voice of consolation. Few things in music are more suggestive than this; but the whole work exercises the charm of genius, and never relaxes its hold upon either imagination or intellect. The quintet could not have been better played than by Mr Franklin Taylor and the artists already named; nor could it have had a more sympathetic reception. Mr Taylor's solo was Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 29), which he executed with rare precision, delicacy, and intelligence. This gentleman is not a sensational performer, and may seem to lack even necessary warmth of manner; but he is a faithful and able interpreter, as well as a most skilful pianist—merits that justify the high position he has reached. He was unanimously called for at the end. Herr Joachim's individual contribution to the programme was the Andante and Allegro from Bach's Sonata in A minor, a work he introduced two years ago. Can it be necessary to state how it was played? Certainly not. Enough that Joachim was himself, and that, in obedience to an "encore" not to be resisted, he gave the *Bourée* ("Double") from the same composer's Sonata in B minor. Miss Enriquez sang Schubert's "Adina" and Buononcini's "L'Esperto nocchiero" so as to obtain a recall after each.

Brussels.—M. Félicien David's anxiously awaited opera, *La Perle du Brésil*, has at length been produced at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. It did not go off as well as was expected, and the principal artists by no means unusually distinguished themselves. The *mise-en-scène*, however, was all that could be desired.—The Minister of the Interior has obtained from the Chamber of Representatives a grant of 20,000 francs to purchase an organ for the Conservatory. Opinions were divided as to whether the instrument should be ordered of M. Cavaillé-Coll, of Paris, or of MM. Schyven and Co., of Brussels. At length it was decided that the Belgian builders should have the preference.

Baireuth.—Speaking of the *Niebelungen Trilogy*, a Frankfort paper says that the first pianoforte rehearsals will take place at the commencement of July, and that each of the Trilogies will be rehearsed with the orchestra during the last three weeks of the same month. The performances will, according to the present plan, take place as follows:—On the first Sunday in August, at 4 o'clock p.m., *Rheingold*; on Monday, at the same hour, *Die Walkyren*; on Tuesday, *Siegfried*; and on Wednesday, *Die Götterdämmerung*. After each act there will be a considerable pause, to enable the actors—and the public—to recover from the strain to which they will have been subjected. The second performance of the operas, in the same order, is fixed for the second week in August, and the third performance for the third week.

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PRESENTATION TO SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

(*From the "Liverpool Daily Post," Feb.* 10.)

As our readers are aware, Sir Julius Benedict, the esteemed and distinguished leader of the Philharmonic Society's orchestra, has attained his seventieth year; and the occasion was one of which his very many friends thought they might fitly avail themselves in order to present him with some mark of the regard in which he is held. The shareholders in the Philharmonic Hall, the members of the chorus, and other Liverpool friends, all cordially joined in the subscription for a national testimonial; but the members of the band felt such a close personal intimacy with Sir Julius that they desired, on their own part, to present him with some little token; and accordingly got up a separate subscription list. Sufficient funds having thus been raised, a very handsome silver inkstand was purchased from the establishment of Messrs Clark and Drielsma, of Church Street, and this was presented to Sir Julius yesterday afternoon during a rehearsal for an evening concert. The inkstand was a very neat and chaste piece of workmanship, and bore the following inscription:—

"*Presented to Sir Julius Benedict by the members of the band of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, on the anniversary of his seventieth birthday.*"

The presentation was made by Mr Haddock, the oldest resident member of the band, who said:—

"Sir Julius,—The task has been assigned to me of informing you that we, the members of the band of the Philharmonic Society, have taken advantage of the seventieth anniversary of your birthday to present to you a silver inkstand as a testimonial in recognition of your high and distinguished qualities, and as bearing witness to the firm confidence we repose in you as our conductor. I think it right to mention that we have gone against the wishes of some of our friends in this matter. We have been recommended, if we had anything to contribute, to send it to London, and let it form part of the general testimonial fund. In one sense that might have been the wisest course to pursue. But it was not quite what we wished to do. We thought, after deliberation and consulting together, that something in the shape of a testimonial coming direct to you from us would serve better as a means of conveying our sentiments and our regard and esteem for you. We have been wishful, Sir Julius, that whatever we might offer you should be appropriate, and, if possible, useful, and we have been led to the selection of an inkstand as a suitable object by the consideration of the number, magnitude and importance of the works you have given to the world. In the process of writing so much as you have done you will have consumed great quantities of ink, and worn out pens beyond amount, and it is very probable that a few inkstands have come to grief. Be that as it may, an inkstand, we thought, would be both appropriate and useful. In begging your acceptance of it, we all unite in hoping and trusting that you may have many years of health. Health is the chief good. With health your energy and determination will never leave you. You will go on in the old way writing; and if, through our little testimonial, you should be sometimes reminded of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, and kindly feelings should be awakened in your breast towards the members of the band, our object will have been accomplished."

Sir Julius Benedict, in responding, said:—

"Mr Haddock and gentlemen of the band—I cannot express to you my feelings of deep and sincere gratitude for this very handsome testimonial of your regard and esteem for me. As Mr Haddock has observed, it has been my happy lot to have been associated with you for now nearly eight years, and during that time we have had our ups and downs in our performances, as happens in the best regulated families. There have been here and there shortcomings—it may have been on my side or on yours—I won't investigate too closely—but there is one thing I will say both for you and myself—namely, that there has always been an earnest desire to do our best, and that whatever the work which has been entrusted to me for performance I have ever given it the most assiduous and careful attention. If there has been any shortcoming it must be attributed to the weakness of human nature, which we all know is never infallible. A testimonial like this, however, was not needed from you to show me how kind you are to me, and how willing you are at all times to follow my advice and my *bâton*. That need not be enlarged upon, but I cannot but repeat that no such testimonial was needed to convince me of your good and kind feeling towards me. I am now, as the inscription on your testimonial reminds me, at the more than ripe age of seventy, but, as Mr Haddock has well observed, health is the principal consideration, and though thirty years might be a great deal for many younger men to boast of, I can truly say that for forty years past I have never consulted a physician—except as a friend. I hope, therefore, that under Providence I may yet be spared to give you my time and assistance, and to continue what has always been to me a labour of love. According to the ordinary lot of humanity the number of my years must now, of course, be very limited, but still I think, as long as one feels the power, the strength, and the understanding for great works of art, whatever the sphere in which they may be, and as long as one has the enthusiasm which in me is as young now as it was fifty years ago, I don't see the necessity of withdrawing. I have had a good deal of experience in my profession; I have been brought up to it as a boy; I have served my time to it as a private soldier, so to speak, and I have been under the guidance of the best masters—German, Italian, and English—and I may, therefore, perhaps, claim a certain right to occupy a post which, whilst it is responsible, is at the same time honourable. I will not detain you longer, gentlemen, but will only tell you again that I feel deeply grateful for this testimonial of your regard for me, and that my feelings towards you are also equally strong. Whatever the occasion or the opportunity in which I can be of use to the members of this orchestra, I shall always consider it my duty to do whatever I can to serve you, and perhaps I may be permitted to say that I feel on some occasions proof that I do not shrink from that responsibility. I hope you will continue to grant me your indulgence, and that if there should be any shortcoming on my part you will continue to bestow that attention and that care on your duties which alone can ensure a perfect performance of the works entrusted to me, whilst you may depend that upon my part there shall never be wanting the best wishes for your welfare, your success, and your prosperity. Again, gentlemen, I thank you for your very great kindness."

The proceedings then terminated.

SIGNORA CHIOMI.

A young English artist has recently obtained the marked approval of a Milanese audience. Signora Chiomi, who had previously sung at Oporto, Turin, and other Italian cities, achieved a complete success on her *début* at the Carcano. The *Gazetta dei Teatri* says:—

"A sweet, graceful, and very young artist is Mdlle Chiomi, to whom nature has been prodigal in her gifts. Her voice, beautiful, and in tune in the highest degree, has passionate accents. Her singing betrays the excellent school in which she has learned the rudiments of her art. She knows how to transfuse her soul into her voice, and every note for her is but the expression of a sentiment. The press generally sounds the note of approbation of this young and distinguished artist, who to the graces of her person, and to a voice beautiful, sweet, and expressive, unites a high degree of artistic intelligence."

The *Pungolo* says:—

"The Signora Chiomi, a graceful and beautiful artist, who has come amongst us preceded by good reports, has concentrated general expectation. She did not disappoint us. Sustained and dignified in her movements, she sang well, and with power, all through the opera, and gave with much elegance of style and with expression, the 'Romance of the Rose,' which roused the applause of the audience, followed by calls to the proscenium, which, in the succeeding duet, were shared with the tenor, Armandi-Villa."

The *Perseveranza* says:—

"She seems to have studied singing with care, intelligence, and passion. She sang with grace and correctness the beautiful 'Romance of the Rose.'"

The *Gazzetta Musicale* writes:—

"At the Carcano, we have had *Marta* the last few evenings well interpreted by the Signora Chiomi, tolerably by the tenor, Armandi-Villa, and the baritone, Moragas. The Signora Chiomi has gained the caresses of the critics—caresses well merited. She is beautiful, has long fair hair, a sweet voice, and great capabilities."

The *Lombardia* is full of praises and encomiums, and writes thus:—

"The Signora Chiomi, the leading artist, is a young and very fair stranger, who, for the first time, sang in Milan. She was warmly applauded in the romance, and in the duet with the tenor in Act III."

The opinion expressed by the *Avvisatore del Commercio* is most friendly, and describes the *débutante* as singing "in the most exquisite style of the Italian school," pronouncing Italian as even many natives fail to do, and possessing "a lithe and graceful figure, eyes in which you can read sweetness, yet which flash with rare intelligence, a mellow, flexible, passionate voice, with self-possession, and distinction of gesture and movement."

The *Sole* and the *Fama*, whose critic is Signor Cominazzi, one of the Nestors of the Milanese press, write also in terms of high approval.

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A BALL AT THE PARIS OPERAHOUSE.

Even amid the excitement caused by the elections, the first ball at the New Opera created much interest, results have been expected from it which do not seem to have been realized. One of the great economical mistakes of France is the belief that a ball or 100 balls can bring back that unprecedented prosperity which accrued of forty years of peace and settled government; for if the Empire by its magic historical associations knew how to give France the wealth which is still in existence, this arose not only from its representing 20 years of industry and economy, but from its succeeding to 20 years of peace without uneasiness, of thrift without disturbance, of peaceful labour without warlike interruption. To-day, or rather ever since the war, the well-being of the country has been attributed to the luxury and prodigality of Paris, as a brilliant, inexhaustible focus; and thus confusing effects with causes, people fancy that by getting up balls they will efface the traces left by a fatal and disastrous war.

Even viewed from this erroneous standpoint, yesterday's ball did not prove a very successful device for Parisian trade, for gentlemen were to ladies in the proportion of ten to one; and everybody knows that it is not male toilette which makes the fortunes of shopkeepers. It has been ascertained that out of 18,000 tickets sold, there were only 800 for ladies, making a total receipt of 152,000*f.*—that is to say, 7,200 gentlemen's tickets at 20*f.*, and 800 ladies' tickets, at 10*f.* Now, considering that at least 400 of the ladies did not stir from their boxes, and that only 300 or 400 moved about among the 8,000 black coats—for the 7,200 tickets sold do not include those given away—an idea may be formed of the far from gay appearance presented by the hall and the *foyers*. At the very threshold, moreover, gaiety, it may be said, was checked on the lips of the arrivals Much fault had been found, especially on the opening day, with the discouraging gloom of the façade: but this defect, which under ordinary circumstances is without real importance, becomes striking when masked balls are in question. The isolated position of the building, moreover, does not conduce to that contagious gaiety which coursed as it were through all the veins of the old Opera. People remembered the enlivening effect of the great pyramidal gas jets which lit up the corner of the Rue Lepeletier and the Boulevards: the Paris Guards on horseback, who remained immovable in the full glare of the Boulevards and the gas jets; the masks who passed close along the brilliantly lit up and crowded pavements before entering the hall, into which, from midnight till 4 am., Parisian folly poured itself. Now, last night the front of the Opera, which has cost France 40,000,000*f.*, remained immersed in impenetrable obscurity; lamps without brilliancy replaced the pyramids of gas jets, and the crowd, kept at a respectful distance, greeted with ironical laughter the few masks who appeared afar off. When the silent terrace had been crossed and one penetrated below those solemn and impoeing vaults, which are like the arches of a cloister, the doors opened and one mounted the step of the staircase, from the top of which half the public scanned every disguised woman as she went through the double ordeal of criticism and laughter.

Above the broad passage, dimly lighted to stifle laughter as it rose to the lips, and in spite of oneself, one began to speak in a whisper. Yesterday more than ever no doubt, sonorous laughter was silenced by those passages at once lonely and thronged, for black coats have this strange property that they will take up space without forming a crowd. But the days which used to be the pride and delight of the Parisians are far distant. In those days some malicious daughter of Eve would, under the protection of the domino, tell some unsuspecting visitor, to his astonishment, many things which he thought were known to him alone. Now all this has gone out of fashion. Women are no longer sufficiently good natured to chaff without spite, and men have not sufficient refinement to be at once witty and well bred. What is now heard, when anything is heard,—for yesterday nobody spoke to anybody,—are commonplaces without end; jokes of questionable taste, and language which has obtained popularity in by streets. When I heard a domino for the first time say to a luckless visitor, "I know you; you have got a dog which follows you like remorse and a wife who avoids you like a plague," I was very nearly prepared to find again the long lost French wit; but when I had heard it repeated five or six times without distinction to men who had neither dog nor wife nor remorse, I bethought me that human folly was strutting insolently in a palace. I looked in vain for a spark of that sparkling mirth of yore. The country is hit more seriously than is generally thought, and its people laugh sadly now that they fear to provoke a smile.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

As far as the new series of these concerts has gone it fully bears out the promise of the directors to secure increased efficiency. Oratorios, orchestral music, and compositions of a more "popular" order, are still given in their turn; but, with more time for preparation and with improved means, the performances are so much bettered that it is hard to find reasonable ground for complaint against them. Since our last notice this has been very satisfactorily demonstrated with regard to oratorio, by an execution of *Israel in Egypt* which reflected the utmost credit upon all concerned. The chorus, so ably trained by Mr Barnby, mustered in full force, and acquitted themselves better than ever before of a most onerous task. To say that there were no faults in the rendering of Handel's trying music would imply the attainment of an impossible perfection; but the merit shown was certainly exceptional, and as such we acknowledge it. The band, wisely increased to a hundred instruments—a degree of strength that should be maintained—did its work admirably; and the solos, entrusted to Mdlle Levier, Miss Sterling, and Signor Fabrini, if not equal in merit, were on the whole acceptably sung. With the excellence of this concert may be compared that of the latest devoted to orchestral music, a special feature in which was the performance by Herr Wilhelmj of a violin concerto new to this country, his own arrangement for violin and orchestra, of Wagner's "Albumblatt," and a Nocturne by Chopin. The concerto is the work of Herr F. Hégar, a Zurich musician, an ex-pupil of the Leipsic Conservatoire, and a composer whose songs and choral music have achieved popularity. Interesting from the peculiar form it exhibits, the concerto has other and more genuine attractions, arising out of melodic richness, and the graceful manner in which the orchestra is combined with the solo instrument, so as to make the most of each. We shall hear the work again with pleasure, especially if Herr Wilhelmj plays it in the astonishingly perfect manner shown on the occasion under notice. This great artist's performance, both of the concerto and the smaller pieces, was a marvel of executive skill. Beauty of tone, depth of expression, and technical ability of the rarest order, entitle Herr Wilhelmj to the honours bestowed on those who, though they may have rivals, know no superior, and his presence in England should be valued as enabling amateurs to make further acquaintance with a violinist of phenomenal power. Another interesting feature of this concert was a capital performance of Mendelssohn's Italian symphony; and Mr Sullivan's masterly overture, "In Memoriam"—perhaps our English composer's very best work for the orchestra, not only because of superior technical skill, but because it abounds in that strong and earnest feeling without which no music can reach the soul of its hearers. Miss Levier, a real artist, if ever there was one, sang some German *lieder* charmingly, obtaining an encore for Brahms' "Wiegenlied;" *and, between the parts, the "Dead March" was played as a tribute of respect to the memory of Sterndale Bennett.*

A Ballad concert took place on Saturday last, supported by Miss Levier, Miss Sterling, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Whitney, with Herr Wilhelmj, Herr Rudolph Niemann (piano), and Mr G. Martin (organ) as solo instrumentalists. The excellent part-song choir of the Albert Hall Choral Society also attended, and gained much applause for a selection of favourite works. Miss Sterling was encored in Gatty's "The Hay is i' the mow," Macirone's setting of "O, hush thee, my babie," and Hullah's "Three Fishers." Mr Lloyd was similarly complimented in Barnby's graceful song, "My summer time;" nor were recalls wanting in other instances of exceptional merit. Herr Wilhelmj's performance of the variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata made a great effect, and the lesser solos were well received. Altogether, the concert, conducted by Mr Barnby, was one of much and varied attraction.

On Wednesday evening the *Messiah* was performed, with Madame Sherrington, Miss Spiller, Madame Patey, Mr Rigby, and Mr Whitney as soloists.

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THE "TOCSIN ALLÉGORIQUE" OF IGNACE PLEYEL.*

What member of the musical world does not know, at any rate, by tradition, the fertile composer Ignace Pleyel, the pupil of Joseph Haydn? He was born in Austria in 1757, and, after spending a large portion of his life in France, which he considered as his adopted country, died in Paris, the 14th November 1831. There still exist numerous compositions of his for pianoforte and violin, quartets, quintets, sonatas, etc., which, once known to all Europe, are now condemned to oblivion. His *School for the Pianoforte*, though not highly esteemed by the Prince of pianists, Ludwig van Beethoven, once played a great part in musical education and was used in some establishments till very recently.

In 1789, this composer, already very well known, was Chapelmaster at the Cathedral of Strasburgh, some of his predecessors in the post having become famous. Pleyel, however, had not time to distinguish himself there, because, in the revolutionary whirlwind, which then redoubled its violence, it was not long before he lost his appointment. He had, therefore, no great reason to love the Revolution, and he was not too particular in disguising his feelings for the unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette. This circumstance, combined with the fact of his being an Austrian, could not long fail to render him an object of suspicion. The gendarmerie received orders to watch him at a country house of his in Dorlisheim, and his position became one of extreme danger. If he had been brought before a revolutionary tribunal, he would certainly have been condemned to death. It was under these circumstances that some of his best friends advised him to declare himself openly a Republican, and to prove it by turning revolutionary composer. Now as Pleyel did not much relish being guillotined, as, indeed, very few persons do, he consented to write a work, unique in its kind and entitled: *La Révolution du 12 août, 1792, ou Tocsin allégorique.* There is now only a single copy left, and it is justly regarded at Strasburgh as a precious score. Pleyel's republicanism being of such recent date, it was deemed becoming to assign him as a companion an amiable gendarme, who never lost sight of him during the composition of the *Tocsin allégorique*, which is, without doubt, the most original of all his works, and, as I was assured by a friend of mine, a brave musician and faithful German, during my sojourn of a month at Strasburgh in the year 1835, contains some portions which Beethoven would certainly not have despised. There were at Strasburgh, in those days of continual disturbance, 900 bells, taken from the villages and small towns of Alsace. These bells had become useless, as people then said, after the abolition of the Christian religion, Roman Catholic and Protestant, and were destined to be transformed into pieces of five or ten centimes. Pleyel obtained permission to choose an unlimited number of them for the execution of his work, which was to take place in the Cathedral. He selected seven giving the notes C, E, B, G, A, F, D.

The following is an epitome of his strange production. The Introduction, "The Awakening of the People," *allegro moderato*, 4-4 in F major, commences softly, and increases with a dull rumour marked continuously by the mournful sounds of the wind instruments. The confusion at last becomes a fearful storm, the attack on the Tuileries, which dealt a fatal blow to the King of France, having reached its highest pitch, the tumult decreases little by little, and very soon appears lost in secondary kinds of agitation. After 97 bars, we hear the first stroke of the bell in C; at the 9th bar afterwards there is added the second in E; at the tenth, the bell in C leaves off, and, at the thirteenth, the bells in G unite with those in E, as, at the 19th, do that in F and that in C. Amid the sounds of the bells, the stringed instruments vibrate most energetically in unison. After 51 bars of this alarum-ringing of the Churches of Paris, we suddenly hear the bell in D, while the drums beat the *générale*, accompanied by the fifes. New confusion, 6-4 in D major, the effect in the orchestra being augmented gradually by the sound of the bells, at first isolated, then doubled, in B and in A, and lastly in F and G. This surprising instrumentation grows fainter; the wind instruments are silent, and the quartet no longer expresses more than the mournful sighs of the wounded and the dying. Suddenly the Royalists appear singing Grétry's celebrated air: "O, Richard, ô, mon roi!" But, at the seventh bar, the terrible music of the fight, in 6-4, breaks forth with renewed vigour. It is followed by sweet and gentle harmony, *adagio*, quickly interrupted by an *allegro*, expressing courage and daring. A number of harmonious chords in A major lead up to another very well known air of Grétry's: "Où peut-on être mieux . . .?" But at the conclusion of these strains, the report of the cannon is heard in the distance. Amid a revolutionary tempest, the home joys of family are of short duration. There is an indescribable rumour; the warlike kettle-drums grow animated, and lead, *crescendo*, at the double quick, 6-8, to the furious struggle between the two principles: the Republic and Royalty. It is here that the Alsatians assert Pleyel raised himself to the height of the Titan, Beethoven. The instrumentation is fearfully effective: the roar of the cannon, the sounds of the bells in B, D, G, C, F, and E, and the roll of the drums. . . . the kettle-drums, too, come out with prodigious force. At length, the chaos seems to have sunk into silence; the quartet ends in tones of lamentation, but suddenly the drums and kettle-drums announce the sanguinary triumph. A powerful chorus accompanied by brilliant instrumental music in D, 4-4, pronounces the words: La victoire est à nous; le peuple est sauvé!" To this is united, with accompaniment of the orchestra which performs the famous "Ça ira," a four-part chorus 2-4, *allegro*, which sings the following verses, revolutionary both as regards words and music:—

"Nous t'offrons les débris d'un trône,
Sur ces autels, ô sainte Liberté.
De l'eternelle verité
Ce jour enfin qui nous environne (?)
Rend tout un peuple à la félicité;
Par sa vertu, par sa fierté
Il conquiert l'équalité.
Parmi nos héros la foudre qui tonne
L'annonce au loin à l'humanité.

A WOMAN (*sola*).

Mon fils vient d'expirer,
Mais je n'ai plus de roi!

Romance.

Il fut à son pays avant d'être à moi,
Et j'étais citoyenne avant d'être mère.
Mon fils! par tes vertus, j'honore ta poussière!"

Immediately after the last bar of the chorus: "Nous t'offrons les débris d'un trône," the noisy music of the "Ça ira" is again introduced. A soprano then sings two strophes of rampant republicanism commencing:—

"Ah! périsse l'idolâtrie
Qu'on voue à la royauté,
Terre ne soit qu'une patrie,
Qu'un seul temple à l'humanité," etc.

The following third strophe is sung by a tenor:

"Les Français qu'on forme à la guerre,
Appellent contre les tyrants
Les représailles de la terre
Du haut des palais fumants.
Des bords du Gange à ceux du Tibre,
Dieu! rends bientôt selon nos vœux
Tout homme un citoyen heureux,
Le genre humain un peuple libre."

The chorus repeats the last two lines, and then the baritone comes in with the recitative.

"Nous finirons son esclavage;
Ce grand jour en est le présage."

The work finishes with a brilliant coda of the chorus "Nous t'offrons," etc., always accompanied by the music of "Ça ira."

On the day that the *Tocsin allégorique* was performed for the first time, the magnificent Cathedral was literally invaded by the crowd, and the Strasburghers, more or less old, said, in 1835, that the public was overpowered by indescribable enthusiasm. The cries of "Vive Pleyel" "Vive la République" resounded on all sides, and Pleyel was immediately freed from the custody of the gendarme, it being said that no one but a true patriot, and a foe to slavery could have produced such a master-piece. Of

* From *La Gazetta Musicale.*

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the numerous republican verses dedicated to Pleyel, the following are perhaps the least bad :—

"A PLEYEL.

"(Compositeur des Peuples régénérés.)

"Ce qu'un mortel n'ouït jamais,
Ton *Tocsin* aux peuples révèle,
Foudroyant le vieux, le mauvais,
Il proclame l'ÈRE NOUVELLE."

The success of this revolutionary composition increased with every performance. People flocked from far and wide to hear it, and Pleyel had never been so popular. What, however, did he do, in 1793, in the midst of his unasked-for triumph? Not wishing to lose his prestige, he suddenly disappeared, like a *prudent musician*, and went to London. Despite of this, the *Tocsin* did not cease to be the rage. It was transported from the Cathedral Choir to the grand Mirror Concert Room, which was closed with it in 1798. The following year it was performed in the new room of the Réunion des Arts. Soon afterwards, however, nothing more was heard of this music of the New Era. The Consulate was not propitious to it; Bonaparte preferred for his governmental regimen calming to exciting music.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the seven bells selected by Pleyel for his *Tocsin allégorique*, thanks to the musical purpose to which they were devoted, escaped the fate of the rest. Five were restored, after the re-establishment of the Christian religion, to their legitimate owners. One, which was accidently taken to the Strasburgh Theatre, perished in 1800, when that edifice was burnt down, and, lastly, the seventh, the one in E, was preserved in 1835 at the Office of the City Archives. A strange page in the history of music is this revolutionary work of Pleyel's!

DR COREMANS.

Lines for Music.

"BROTHER JACK!"

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Why, brother Jack! What cheer, old boy?
I'm home for good—my flag is struck.
You're looking worn, and grey, old man,
And altogether out of luck.
We haven't met for many a-year,
But now we meet again once more,
I'd like to see your dear old smile,
To greet me now I'm safe on shore.

We're brothers, ain't we, still, old man?—
Lord love us! what a time ago
Since we were curly-headed boys—
Dear heart! it makes my eyes o'erflow!
The kind old mother!—Jack, d'ye mind
The poor old soul's sad tears for me,
When to her heart she held me fast,
That day I first went off to sea?

And so she's gone, you tell me, Jack!
And things have mostly queered a bit—
The crops been bad; the cattle died;
And with it all you're sadly hit.
'Taint all smooth sailing, Jack, d'ye see;
There's storms about for most poor men,
But keep her head well up to wind—
You'll mostly steer to port again.

We'll work the farm together, lad!
We'll rig anew the dear old home;
I'll blow my cloud, and spin a yarn
About the seas I used to roam.
And when the CAPTAIN's signal comes,
To slip our cables, this our prayer:
That He'll in mercy take us both,
To join the dear old mother—there!

171, *Gloucester Road,*
Regent's Park, N. W.

CHARLES J. ROWE.

It is reported from Cincinnati that Mr Fechter will lose a leg by amputation, the result of his recent accident on the ice in that city. We hope that the report may prove incorrect.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

There were twenty-seven pieces—vocal and instrumental—in the programme of Mr John Boosey's fifth concert, and a crowded as well as delighted audience managed to secure the acceptance of encores for all above nineteen. The repetition of others was asked, and hearty applause, in greater or less degree, fell to the lot of every one. After this bare statement of fact, it cannot be necessary to point out that the entertainment was a marked success; and when a ballad concert may be so described, a good deal may be involved in the way of thorough enjoyment, and almost childlike enthusiasm. It does one good to see Mr Boosey's audience, what time, songs and singers are to the public taste, and encores are granted with promptitude, for then "killing care and grief of heart" have no lodgment in St James's Hall.

It would be of little use to go through the programme item by item; let us, therefore, note only the chief successes, the greatest of which were gained by Mr Santley. Our popular baritone first sang Hatton's "Fair is my love," for which he might have accepted an encore. His next song, Pinsuti's "Free Lance," was imperatively re-demanded, as was the old Ballad about a "Leather Bottell." Responding on this last occasion, Mr Santley gave two verses, but the audience were bent upon getting another song, out of their favourite, and gained "My Polly" for their pains. Mr Lloyd was twice recalled after singing Sullivan's "Love laid his sleepless head," and had to repeat the same composer's "Once again," as well as Austin's "Roll-call." Other encores were awarded to Miss Edith Wynne and Miss Antoinette Sterling, while the services of Madame Osborne Williams, Miss Josephine Laurence (piano), and the London Vocal Union were received with every mark of appreciation. In short, the entertainment could not possibly have been a greater success.

VIENNA.—As the Intendant of the Imperial Operahouse declined to re-engage Mad. Friedrich Materna on the terms she demanded, namely, 17,000 florins a year, the lady has accepted an engagement at the Hamburgh Stadttheater, the manager of which has consented to give the terms in question.—On her return from her triumphal tour through Germany, Miss Minnie Hauck appeared here for one evening only, as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*. In the singing-lesson scene she sang songs in three languages—English, Italian, and French.

ROME.—Fate has been singularly unkind, this season, to Sig. Jacovacci, the manager of the Apollo. The theatre was to have been opened with *Aida*, Signore Stolz, Sanz, Signori Niccolini, Aldighieri, and Nannetti, sustaining the principal parts. Signora Sanz was taken ill before reaching this capital, and it was determined to commence the season with *Les Huguenots*, executed by Signore Wizjack, Pernini, Braccialini, Signori Niccolini and Castelmary. But Signora Wizjack, in her turn, was taken ill. The opening had to be deferred a day. At length, the theatre really did open, though Sig. Castelmary was somewhat indisposed the first night. The manager now determined that he would get up another opera, to alternate with *Les Huguenots*, so that he might give five performances a week, and thoroughly rehearse *Aida*. He chose *La Forza del Destino*, and confided the leading parts to Signora Stolz, Signori Masini, Aldighieri, Viganotti, and Nannetti. But a Preziosilla was wanting. A week was lost in finding one. A lady was engaged at Milan, but found, at rehearsal, utterly incapable of performing the character. She was politely shown the stage-door, and Signora Passigli engaged in her stead. Everything now seemed to be going on admirably, when Sig. Masini fell ill. No sooner had he recovered, ere Signora Stolz was attacked. But she determined not to give in, and the curtain went up for the first performance of *La Forza del Destino*. The audience welcomed warmly Signora Stolz on her first appearance. They soon perceived, however, that she was suffering under a severe cold. Sig. Masini, also, was received with applause, but he, likewise, was labouring from the effects of indisposition. In the first act, after unheard-of efforts to continue, Signora Stolz was obliged to retire. The piece then proceeded without a *prima donna*, but, in the second act, Sig. Masini was under the necessity of following the example set by Signora Stolz. As an opera cannot be satisfactorily performed without the tenor as well as without the *prima donna*, the curtain had to be dropt. There was a tremendous disturbance in the theatre, and the only means of pacifying the audience was to return them their money. After this, the theatre was opened for three nights a week with *Les Huguenots* and a ballet. Sig. Masini, not getting better, cancelled his engagement. It is to be hoped that, when it is produced, *Aida* will compensate the manager for the ill-luck which has hitherto attended him this year.

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WAIFS.

Mr Howard Paul is performing in the United States in connection with the Soldene Opera Troupe. He appears in a musical vaudeville written by himself, entitled, *Locked Out*. Mr Paul returns to England in March or April.

We (*Arcadian*) desired to have printed, in our musical department this week, the names of the members of the Philharmonic Society's orchestra, but when the compositors had set up the first three—viz.: Lautensclager, Wendelschaefer, and Pfeiffenschneider, they struck, and refused to complete the list.

One of the new policemen in Elizabeth arrested a negro last week, who resisted so stoutly that the officer splintered his club over his head. At his examination at the station-house he was asked whether the officer had struck him with his club. "No, sah; not dat I's awah of," was the prompt reply.—*N. Y. World.*

Miss Nessie Goode, Miss Bolingbroke, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Henry Pope, all students at the Royal Academy of Music, will sing the quartet, "God is a Spirit," from *The Woman of Samaria*, at the next Monday Popular Concert, the first part of which is to be devoted to the compositions of Sterndale Bennett.

It is evident that the Boston *Journal* does not think it necessary that the person it sends to criticize performances of opera bouffe should understand French, as its critic recently got off these sentences: "Unfortunately, the enjoyment of the occasion was seriously marred by the want of librettos, these having failed to arrive from New York in season. Accordingly, although the story of the play may be made out, in a measure, by following the action, we will not venture to tell it, but await a more favourable opportunity."

Referring to Professor Oakeley's New Funeral March and its recent performance in Edinburgh, the *Scotsman* says:—

"A feature of the concert looked forward to with special interest was Professor Oakeley's recently-written Funeral March, performed for the first time, and conducted, at the desire of the Choral Union, by the composer. It came into the programme, alas, with strange appropriateness, inasmuch as yesterday morning had brought the sad tidings of the loss which music has sustained in the premature death of the greatest composer whom England has produced in the present generation. We would be disposed to assign the March a very high place among the writings of the present incumbent of our music chair. Impressive from beginning to end, it possesses a degree of originality which is extremely difficult of attainment in a composition of its class. The key is the same as that of Beethoven's famous march in the *Eroica* symphony, C minor; the melody is touching, the harmonization very fine and varied, and the scoring displays an unusual command of orchestral resources. The wail of intense grief in the introduction, the deep sadness of the opening strain, where the measured tread of the mourners is so well suggested in the bass, the consolatory ray of hope mingled with regret in the middle movement in the major key, and the less blank despair on the recurrence of the original subject after the close of the trio, made themselves felt and appreciated."

It is a deeply interesting and noteworthy fact, that among all the busy workers in letters this day, possibly the most vigorous, and certainly not the least cheerful, are five men who have long since passed the grand climacteric, and who, with a single exception, have filled the allotted term of threescore and ten years with unremitting brain work. The long-lived and active spirits we refer to are none other than Victor Hugo, Carlyle, Emerson, Bryant, and Longfellow, whose average age equals the years of the present century, and whose memory shall outlive many centuries yet to come. One and all, they are apparently as eager, and, we rejoice to say, as capable for work, as they were half a century since. Hugo—whose life and writings were reviewed but lately at considerable length in our columns—is engaged, at his present age of seventy-three, on a great poem, entitled, "Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit"; Carlyle, at seventy-four, is writing a "History of the Norse Kings;" Emerson, at seventy-two, is composing a "Critical Dissertation on Poetry;" and Bryant and Longfellow, at the respective ages of eighty and sixty-eight, are producing verses which, as a writer in the *World* justly observes, present a pleasing contrast to the less hopeful plaints of our younger bards. The question then arises, What is it that moves men who have drunk unstintedly of fame, and who can appraise the bubble reputation at its true value—what is it moves them to ply their pens at an age when they might be expected to find their chief delight in the undisturbed repose they have so fairly earned? Literature may have lost for them its early fascinations, but the ardent passion for work which accompanies genius is not to be either quenched or cooled. The glow of active intellects is radiated in work for the blessing of their fellows; and if Mr Bryant, being eighty years of age, sits down to humour the Muse that has so long attended him, he doubtless can plead what must be the reason of every inspired poet—

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

—*Arcadian.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of Doctor in Music on William Henry Longhurst, Esq., Organist of Canterbury Cathedral.

The late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's beautiful work, *The Woman of Samaria*, was performed, on Monday evening last, at the Prince of Wales Assembly Rooms, by the Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society (conductor, Dr Sloman). In the miscellaneous selection, which formed the second part of the concert, was introduced a new song by Dr Sloman, "No Tidings," which was enthusiastically received by the large and distinguished audience.

NAPLES.—It is nearly certain that Sig. Musella will open the San Carlo without any grant from the Corporation. But everything depends on whether the chorus will, or will not, accept lower terms than last season. Should they consent, *I Puritani*, *Aida*, *La Forza del Destino*, and the ballet of *Le Figlie di Cheope*, are mentioned as among the works to be produced.

BERLIN.—Subsequent performances have confirmed the favourable impression produced at the Royal Operahouse by Herr Richard Wüerst's comic opera, *A-ing-fo-hi*, on the first night of its production. Of the artists engaged in it, Herr Salomon and Madlle Lehmann most distinguished themselves. Herr Betz, Herr Sachs, and Mad. Kupfer-Berger did not make as much of their parts as they might have done.—At the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, *Giroflé-Girofla* alternates in the bills with *La Fille de Mad. Angot* and *Fledermaus*, but not one of these three works is very attractive. The management are said to have resolved on producing Lortzing's *Wildschütz*, and, likewise, *Die Beiden Schützen*. Should these prove successful, the management, it is further reported, will revive various operas by Dittesdorf, Schenk, Kauer, Wenzel Müller, and others.—On the 10th April, when her engagement expires, Mad. Mallinger will leave the Royal Operahouse. She will not accept a fresh permanent engagement, but adopt the "starring" plan. In April, she will sing at the theatres in Dortmund and Strassburg. In May, she will sing in various operas by Herr Richard Wagner at Munich.—The principal items in the programme of Herr Joseph Wieniawski's second concert were Schubert's "Wanderer Fantaisie," Op. 15; several pieces by Chopin; Fugue in E minor, Handel; Gavotte, B minor, J. S. Bach; "Nocturne," J. Field; "Perpetuum mobile," C. M. von Weber; and various original compositions of the concert-giver.—Professor Stern being prevented by illness from conducting at the last Reichshallen-Concert, was replaced by Herr Janka, who proved an efficient substitute. Dr Hermann Zopf, however, himself conducted a "Fest-Ouverture" of his own, which would have been more successful had the fancy in it equalled the erudition. Madlle Langner gained golden opinions by her rendering of Juno's air from Handel's *Semele*. Herr Michal Herts played Chopin's F minor Concerto. The second part of the concert was taken up exclusively by Schumann's E flat major Symphony.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"The Harvest Song," transcribed for the pianoforte by G. F. West; "Sabriana," for the pianoforte, by W. S. Rockstro; "Poor Ellen," song, by Ciro Pinsuti; "Waiting for the swallows," song, by Ciro Pinsuti; "Christ walking on the sea," song, by W. F. Wrighton; "Memories of home," song, "Only to see thee," song, by Fabio Campana; "Vocal Quartets," No. 34, "Victoria," part-song, by Henry Smart; "A duet for two violoncellos," by P. J. Smith.

J. B. CRAMER & Co.—"Sisette, the blind girl," song, in the *Two Orphans*, by J. E. Mallandaine; "Les Papillons," pour piano par Napoleone Vearino; "Open the door," love song, by Stephen Massett; "Lucette," Romance, by G. Serpette.

CHAPPELL & Co.—"The Tear," song, by L. Zavertal.

EVANS & Co.—"At the Eastern gate," song, by Berthold Tours.

C. LONSDALE.—"My lady fair," song, by Fanny Susan Wyvill; "Ye little birds," song, by Arthur G. Thomas; "The Life Chase," song, by E. Silas; "Woman rules you still," song (from *The Sultana*), by E. J. Loder.

LAMBORN COCK & Co.—"Impromptu for the Pianoforte," "Larghetto and Fugue, for the Organ," by Westley Richards.

J. MCDOWELL & Co.—"Air de Ballet," morceau caracteristique, "Andante Scherzo et Trio," pour le piano, "Joyous Spring," caprice, pour le piano, "Conte d'autre fois," feuillet d'album, par Clara Gottschalk; "Romance de Garat," pour piano, par Ch. Neustedt.

WILLIAM MORLEY.—"Preciosa," serenade, composed by Leonard Barnes.

NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"The Organist," Quarterly Journal, edited by William Spark.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co.—"The Path thro' the Snow," song, by Fredk E. Barnes.

SIMPSON & Co.—"Marche Heroique," for the pianoforte, by Jacob Bradford; "Fleur de Lys," pour le piano, par Edouard Ronville; "The Fairies' Ring," song, by T. G. B. Hailey; "Laughing Lips," valse brillante, by Richard F. Harvey; "The Little Roamer," song, by George B. Allen; "The world is what we make it," by Carlo Minasi.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.—"Ballet Music in G," arranged for the pianoforte, by F. B. Waldeck; "Sing again that dear old song," by Arthur Grenville; "From dark to dawn," song, by Elizabeth Philp; "The Last Serenade," song, by E. Paladilhe; "Havanaise," pour piano, "Transcriptions variées," No. 1 (Air Ecossais, "Robin Adair"), No. 2 ("Maiden's Flower Song"), No. 3 ("Sweet Home"), "Serenade de Zanetto," pour piano, par Ch. Neustedt; "Menuet," for the pianoforte, by Benjamin Godard; "Fisher Maiden," transcribed for the pianoforte by George Jackson; "Menuet de Bergame," pour piano, "Kermesse," pour piano, par Auguste Durand.

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3. *Triumph of Oberon..... *Allen.*
4. *On the sea ..... *Gounod.*
5. *The Bee ..... *Barnett.*
6. *Song of the Water ..... *Smart.*

BOOK II.

7. *Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
8. *Village bride ..... *Costa.*
9. *Pilgrim's evening..... *Wagner.*
10. *Music of the night ..... *Hatton.*
11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.

13. *Now lightly we..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. *Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.

19. *The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. *Hark! the Gondolier.... *Riccardi.*
21. *Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. *When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. *The sun has been..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.

25. *Merry minstrels are..... *Wagner.*
26. *Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. *Hark! the merry..... *Flotow.*
28. *With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. *Happy as the day..... *Wallace.*
30. *The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.

31. *The distant bell..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. *Who'll follow..... *Paggi.*
34. *Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. *O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. *O hear ye not..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.

37. *Sea flowers..... *Barnett.*
38. *Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. *Warbler of the forest.... *Benedict.*
40. *Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. *Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.

43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.

49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53 *Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.

55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.

61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.

67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm..... *Richards.*
69. *Lightly, softly..... *Flotow.*
70. *Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72 *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.

73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger.*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley.. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.

79. *Our Vesper Hymn..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Curschman.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Curschman.*
82. *Hark the Pilot ..... *Bishop.*
83. *While the days are bright *Bordese.*
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The programme will include: Overture, "Seraglio" (Mozart); Pianoforte Concerto (Brahms); Symphony in B minor, No. 8, unfinished (Schubert); "Festival Overture" (Krebs), first time in England. Vocalists—Madame Patey and Mr Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte—Miss Marie Krebs. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Transferable stalls for the remaining Nine Concerts, One Guinea. Stalls for single Concert, Half-a-Crown.

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BRIGHTON.—Mr KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—This day (Feb. 20), Handel's *Messiah*. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Pearson, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Sims Reeves. Solo Trumpet—Mr T Harper. Conductor—Mr F. Kingsbury. Monday, Feb. 22, the Festival will conclude with Haydn's *Creation*. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr E. Lloyd, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Organ—Mr R. Taylor. Chorus—Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society. Conductor—Mr Kuhe.

FRIDAY NEXT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY, Feb. 26th, MACFARREN'S Oratorio "ST JOHN THE BAPTIST." Madame Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley. Organist—Mr Willing. Tickets now ready, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d., at 6, Exeter Hall.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

The programme of the Popular Concert on Saturday night last presented the usual assortment of songs and ballads—most of them well known and all calculated to please the common ear. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was in commission, her first song being one called the "Wren's nest," written by her husband, M. Lemmens, and which she made interesting, notwithstanding the somewhat dry quality of the music. "John Anderson, my jo," was her subsequent offering, and from the lips of our accomplished vocalist this famous Scotch song is always fresh and unfailing. Miss Antoinette Sterling, in whose excellent singing the public take so much natural delight, was in her accustomed place, and gave a new song, done for her, in the old ballad fashion, by Blumenthal, designated the "Lament of the border widow," which touched the sensibilities of the auditory as keenly as such simple ditties invariably do, when rendered with earnestness and feeling. In reply to the encore which followed, she gave Miss Macirone's pretty "Lullaby." Mr Barnby's lately-written song, "When the tide comes in," is another of those pathetic effusions to which Miss Antoinette Sterling is wont to give the utmost expression, and to look for an inevitable flat of repetition. Miss Annie Sinclair, who had previously given the "Jewel song" from *Faust*, descended presently to the humbler story of the "Bailiff's daughter of Islington," in which, as well as in "Robin Adair," she displayed much good taste as a singer of the household ballads of the olden school. Mr W. H. Cummings, always sure of a cordial welcome, was encored in Roeckel's sentimental song, "Only for thee," and again in a new song by Blumenthal, called "Yes," the graceful piquancy of which will no doubt bring it into domestic request. Mr Cummings was also announced to sing "Sally in our alley." Mr. Whitney is another of the Albert Hall favourites. His performances on the present occasion were an old German drinking song, "Down deep within the cellar," versified by John Oxenford; Barnby's "Bells of St Ethelred," and Balfe's air, "The heart bowed down"—a series well chosen to please an audience addicted to the lightest of vocal matters. The selected choristers of the Albert Hall were agreeably employed in the several part-songs set down for them. Among their best efforts were Pearsall's well-known madrigal, "Who shall win my lady fair," which they had to repeat, and a harmonised version of the "Blue Bells of Scotland." The singing of these vocalists is invariably neat and finished, and pleasant to hear. M. Wilhelmj is fast making a name in this country. Nothing more beautiful, each in its way, could have been heard than his respective deliveries of Ernst's passionate *Elégie*, and his own paraphrase of a *Larghetto* by Chopin. In the latter he was not only recalled, but encored. Mr Randegger accompanied most of the vocal music.

The scheme of the Classical concert on Tuesday evening contained some interesting features. There were, for instance, Auber's sparkling overture written for the opening of the International Exhibition of 1862—the only one of the special compositions that may be said to have survived the occasion; one of Paganini's eight violin concertos, Sterndale Bennett's ever charming *Paradise and the Peri*, and Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor—"the mingled grandeur and loveliness of which," to quote the words of the accomplished writer of the notes in the official programme, "must ever provoke discontent at its fragmentary character." The delivery of these several works was everything that could be wished, and proclaimed emphatically the superior quality and discipline of Mr Barnby's large body of instrumentalists. The violin concerto afforded Herr Wilhelmj another opportunity of displaying—all that it was doubtless revived for—his masterly command over difficulties, the power of dealing with which Paganini probably fancied would have died with himself. But Paganini's mantle has been worn again and again, and by few more successfully than by Herr Wilhelmj. Abounding in bravura, passages not wanting at times in gracefulness of shape and motive, the interpretation of the concerto divulged Herr Wilhelmj's consummate ability in the most remarkable manner, and more than ever confirmed the excellent impression it has been his fortune to make upon the public mind. In the second part Herr Wilhelmj was heard in another and very different field of art, and raised a tumultuous and not easily quelled storm of approbation by his reading of Bach's *Chaconne* in D minor. In force, clearness, and accuracy of development, this performance was unquestionably one of the chief events of the evening. The new tenor, Herr Werrenrath, did himself honour by his delivery of Mendelssohn's lovely *aria* from *St Paul*, "Be thou faithful unto death." A tender, sympathetic voice, wholly devoid of the ordinary German hardness of quality, and used with refined taste, is his chief credential, and will probably win him favour. He was not quite so successful in his rendering of "Adelaida," which, though sung with abundant expression, lacked something of the power in the upper notes to which we are accustomed. Miss Antoinette Sterling gave a couple of *Lieder* by Beethoven, in her own effective manner, to the skilful accompaniment of Mr Willem Coenen.

D. H. H.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Yesterday's Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace was signalized by the first appearance this season of the great violinist, Herr Joachim, whose appearance on the platform was the signal for rounds of enthusiastic cheering. His opening piece was Spohr's "Recitative, Adagio, and Allegro, for solo violin and orchestra (Concerto No. 6)," last performed at these concerts by Herr Straus, in November, 1873. Herr Joachim has never played better than in this Concerto yesterday. It is needless to say how magnificently he executed the most difficult violin passages, or how he played double scales and double octaves with apparent ease. The idea of difficulty, in fact, never disturbs his audience, and they are able to enter into the fullest enjoyment of the music he plays, without the slightest fear that elaborate intricacies may fail to be surmounted. His mastery of *technique* is not, however, by any means his highest merit. His playing is conspicuous for intellectuality. He seizes the intentions of his author, and makes them clear to his auditors by his admirable interpretation; and his phrasing might be advantageously studied by vocalists as well as violinists. No verbal description can convey an idea of the exquisite manner in which he played the Adagio of Spohr's Concerto. His second piece was a "Notturno in A," for solo violin, with accompaniment of violas, violoncelli, contrabassi, oboes, and horns (Op. 12), composed by himself. As a composition it hardly bore the contrast with Spohr's Concerto. The orchestration was effective, but there was an absence of sustained melody. A number of phrases followed each other without any apparent design, and the general effect was vague and unsatisfactory. Of course the deficiencies of the composer were partly compensated by the merits of the performer, and Herr Joachim played the Notturno exquisitely, receiving on this, as on the previous occasion, a hearty recall. The concert commenced with an orchestral "suite" of pieces in C, by J. S. Bach, very quaint and interesting, and concluded with Beethoven's No. 4 Symphony in B flat, which was faultlessly played by the fine band of the Palace. The vocal music was contributed by Miss Sophie Löwe and Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Manns was an able and zealous conductor.

Brussels.—The grand gala performance of *Les Huguenots* to celebrate the marriage of the Princess Louise was repeated the day after the nuptials for the benefit of the non-paying public, the theatre being thrown open gratuitously. The part of Valentine was entrusted to Madlle Ferucci, of the Grand Opera, Paris, who was especially engaged by M. Campocasso. The other principal parts were sustained by Madlle Hamaekers, MM. Echetto, Warot, and Devoyod. *La Perle du Brésil* is certainly not a success. A great deal of trouble expended in getting it up will, apparently, have been completely thrown away. It is to be hoped that *La Reine de Chypre*, still in preparation, will be mor successful.

Copenhagen.—After the performance at the Royal Opera of the operetta, *Fruntimmerskolan*—says the *Berlingske Tidende*—the Swedish singer, Mdlle Victoria Bunsen, appeared and gave three compositions by Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Donizetti. Mdlle Bunsen possesses more than ordinary vocal powers. With a powerful voice and an excellent school she has formed a contralto of rare sympathetic quality and great extension. In the air by Meyerbeer, and still more in the great air from Rossini's *Cenerentola*, the singer had an excellent opportunity to show her ability. The most difficult passages she sang with a correctness and pureness which electrified the audience, who greeted her with hearty applause. Finally, Mdlle Bunsen sang with great effect the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*.

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BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

Brighton started its Festival in a sullen mood; perhaps it was unfortunate it had to commence the Lent season at the same time, for it was evident that it could not change its condition from grave to gay with the requisite rapidity. Everything seemed penitential. The lines of buildings from east to west were mournfully draped in mists, expressing thereby contrition for the many vanities practised in the drives and walks at their feet. The Marine Parade, apparently, was doomed to the severest penance; its houses perched upon the tall cliff looked as sulky as a row of big children put in disgrace upon the highest stool in a school. The sea likewise observed Lent in its own fashion. It hid its face from the sight of man, and moaned away from morn till night, and night till morn, in sullen cadences; instead of making sweet silvery music with its foamy fingers on the pebbles, rivalling thereby Æolus touching his harp strings, it threw the stones with harsh noise upon the beach, as if they were petrified tears of sulky rage. The sky also was very sad and grave. Fogs from the sea and fogs from the land were mixed and churned together by a cruel east wind, through which the church bells rolled as dismally as fog bells upon a rock-bound coast. Did the *sirens* ever visit these shores? If they did, they came and went with the swallows. Their visits, however, would scarcely be acceptable to Brighton matrons. Would they not go in deputation to the Mayor to seek his authority to prevent their descent upon the coast? For hear what their poet saith of them:—

> "Where the sirens dwell you plough the seas:
> Their song is death, and makes destruction please.
> Unblest the men whom music wins to stay
> Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay:
> No more that wretch shall view the joys of life,
> His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife."

Such creatures are certainly not fit for a wife's quiet tea party. No! should they appear they must be driven away, for they would bring dismay and desolation to Brighton hearths and homes. There is a strange story circulating in the King's Road, that the fish have been driven away by the German bands, to the ruin of the fisherman's craft; and that the authorities send out, far into the deep sea, for fish, and keep them for a time in the Aquarium tanks to hear other music, and then cunningly drop them into the sea again, to report that the disease which made the fish sick had vanished. It is very desirable the fish should return, for do they not teach man wisdom! Is it not a well-known fact that the study, afforded by the Aquarium, of the calm ways of those creatures of cool blood, have taught bipeds of a hotter nature true philosophy and morality? Mr Kuhe, however, enticeth not fish; the musical baits he offers are those used by fishers of men, and what tempting and varied morsels he fastens to his many lines—every taste is accommodated with the richest and most cunningly adapted means for gratification. Bach's *Passion* for those who assume the severely classical, Handel's *Messiah* as an exercise for the robust musical Christian, and Haydn's *Creation* for those charmed by the purest flowers of melody. What a triumvirate, Bach, Handel, and Haydn! The three sirens of Greece—Parthénŏpe, Ligea, and Leucŏsia—were common street ballad singers compared to those mighty bards. A Beethoven symphony also is offered for those of the sublimest fancy—those who think the lute of Orpheus itself was but a poor dull thing in comparison with the majestic lyre of Beethoven, that Jupiter of music who rules the entire realms of sound, whose muse soars far up to the highest heavens, moves and expresses the passions which sway the breasts of mortals, and even snatches mysterious shadows from the realms of Hades.

Mr Kuhe bountifully patronises living composers. The oratorios: *Naaman*, by Costa, and *St John the Baptist*, by Macfarren, are in the programme; also the overtures: *The Tempest*, by Benedict, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, by Barnett, and *Di Ballo*, by Sullivan. The deceased masters, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Schubert, together with Sterndale Bennett, the English master, now unanimously mourned by us, are represented. During the Festivals, twenty vocalists, headed by Sims Reeves, are announced to sing. A fine body of instrumentalists, led by M. Sainton, form a splendid orchestra; and the Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society, trained and directed by Mr R. Taylor, execute the choruses. It is a strange fact that no composition by Kuhe is in the scheme. What a remarkable act of self-denial! It deserves notice, if not imitation. The question is asked, "Why are all these attractions now offered, all these delicious baits hooked, when the big fish of Brighton are away; when the east wind empties the streets, and Lent fills the churches; when boards, with 'Lodgings to let' printed thereon, are seen in every part of the town as thick as blackberries in autumn fields, and the fashionable season is utterly dead and gone?" Most persons in their experience have enjoyed the hour when the principal guests have departed from the feast, and the host has taken them to some cozy room to partake of the delights of intimate friendship, and to revel in those pleasures which the dazzling crowd could not appreciate nor participate in. So, likewise, should Mr Kuhe's fellow-citizens value his efforts to afford them a noble entertainment when the fashionable and pleasure-seeking world has flown. He has kept his good wine until now, and freely offers it to his friendly patrons and neighbours.

The Festival commenced on Tuesday, the 9th instant, with a symphony by Papa Haydn. Mr Kuhe played in brilliant style Weber's *Concert-stück*, and M. Sainton rendered Mendelssohn's violin concerto with all the verve, brilliancy, taste and power that has ever distinguished his performances. A tribute of respect was paid to the memory of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett on the same occasion. On the Thursday following Bach's *Passion* music was performed for the first time in Brighton. The many perplexities and difficulties of this truly grand work were surmounted with more or less freedom. The choir achieved therein its greatest success; their conductor, Mr R. Taylor, led them nobly on to victory. Whether the oratorio was understood and appreciated by the audience could not be well ascertained, as they gave no audible signs of admiration. On Friday morning Benedict's overture *The Tempest* was the novelty of the concert. The appearance of the worthy knight on the platform was the signal for applause which increased tenfold at the termination of his fanciful work. He seemed to have realised the powers of a musical Prospero, calling forth at his will troops of fairies to sport hither and thither; and our old friend Caliban tumbled his clumsy carcase about at the master's command. The description of the storm was powerfully graphic. Beethoven's symphony in C minor was admirably rendered, and Schumann's concerto in A minor gave unqualified delight by its many beauties, its masterful treatment and highly poetic colouring; Mdlle Krebs played the pianoforte part superbly—with just perception and unerring skill. Sir Sterndale Bennett's overture commenced the concert, and more than ever convinced the listener that he was the foremost English composer of his day and generation. It was ably conducted by Mr F. Kingsbury, the indispensable and versatile coadjutor of Mr Kuhe at the conductor's desk. *Naaman* was given on Saturday morning, and drew to the Dome a large and enthusiastic audience. Whenever and wherever Sir Michael Costa conducts, a powerful, masterly, and refined performance is certain; and his remarkable gifts were doubly felt in his own oratorio. *Naaman* is a work that has undoubtedly added fame to its author. In it he has seized upon the characteristic form, tone, and colour of the story. To flowing melodies he has joined descriptive powers, and to skill in orchestration, fervency of thought, feeling, and utterance. The audience were delighted, and did not attempt to conceal their feelings. Last Monday was a popular night, and included Sullivan's characteristic and charming *Overtura di Ballo*. In Tuesday evening's programme, Barnett's *Lay of the Last Minstrel* formed a prominent number. The beauty of this composition places its author in the very front rank of our young English musicians. Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser* was a feast for those fond of something "thick in the mouth." Mr Kuhe played Mendelssohn's Rondo in B minor with the most effective results. On Thursday night, Macfarren's *St John the Baptist* was produced, under the safe conduct of Sir Michael Costa. The author, in this work, has not only attained the height of his great argument, but has reached the summit of enduring fame. Its merits will live long after the plaudits of his generation are silent. This morning, Handel's *Messiah* will be performed. The Festival

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will conclude with Haydn's *Creation* on Monday next, avowedly given for the benefit of Mr Kuhe. The founder and sole manager of the Brighton Festival surely deserves hearty recognition for his efforts in the cause of music, and his courage in facing defeats and pecuniary loss year after year. The Festival will, nay is, become an established institution, and he can proudly say, "alone I did it." If he gains not riches thereby, he must assuredly secure the esteem, thanks, and praise of all true lovers of music, who may apply to him, in common with all who follow the art with singleness of purpose, the language of the poet of antiquity:—

"Unutterably blest
He whom the muses love. A melting voice
Flows ever from his lips: and is there one
Whose aching heart some sudden anguish wrings?
But lo! the bard, the muse's minister,
Awakes the strain; he sings the mighty deeds
Of men of yore; the praise of blessed gods
In heaven; and straight, though stricken to the soul,
He shall forget, nor aught of all his griefs
Remember * * * * * *."

Would that poems were negociable at bankers.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

The Council of the Senate has issued a report as to the Professorship of Music. Upon inquiry it appears that there is no deed of foundation and no endowment, the Professorship having been founded by a Grace of the Senate in 1684, but no stipend having been assigned. The duty of examining the exercises of Bachelors and Doctors of Music devolves upon the Professor. Lectures in Music have occasionally been given, but they do not appear to have been obligatory. In 1867 a recommendation was made and approved by the Senate that every facility should be given for the delivery of such lectures, and the expense in connexion therewith should be paid from the chest. In February, 1868, a stipend of £100 per annum was assigned to the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett so long as he remained Professor. The mode of election on the last vacancy was *more burgensium*—that is, by the votes of the whole body of the members of the Senate—and at present no alteration is proposed. The Council recommend that a stipend of £200 be assigned to the next Professor so long as he holds office; that the new Professor be required to give a course of not less than four lectures in music annually in the University, the cost of illustrating these lectures, subject to the approval of the Vice-Chancellor, being defrayed from the chest; that the course be delivered gratis, and that the Professor be not authorised to charge any fees to candidates for degrees in music. The election of the Professor to be *more burgensium*. The Vice-Chancellor invites the attendance of members of the Senate to discuss these recommendations on Thursday, in the Art School, immediately after the congregation.

Mr G. A. Macfarren, the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, has issued a circular to the members of the Senate, soliciting election to the vacant Professorship. He promises, if elected, not only to act as Examiner for Musical Degrees, but also to deliver lectures, such as he hopes might prove useful to resident musical students, and would endeavour, to the best of his power, to advance the study of music in the University.

Cambridge, Feb. 16.

ORGAN RECITAL.

The following is the programme of the fourth organ recital, by Mr W. T. Best, on Wednesday evening, 10th February, in the new Town Hall, Bolton, on the new grand organ built by Messrs Gray and Davison:—

Overture, *Masaniello*—Auber; Serenade, "When the moon is brightly shining"—Molique; Organ Sonata (No. 1, F minor), Allegro moderato, Adagio, Andante Recitando, Allegro assai vivace—Mendelssohn; Tema con Variazioni, for the Organ—J. Lemmens; Invitation pour la Valse—Weber; "Schiller-Festival" March—Meyerbeer.

The hall was very well attended, and the audience very attentive.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "Hour."*)

The concert of last Monday evening was associated with a programme presented as a tribute of respect to the talents of England's most distinguished composer, the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, and constituted the first artistic monument raised to his memory. The compositions which were performed have on many occasions bent the heads of listeners in acknowledgment of the genius which permeated them, and made voices eloquent in praise of the great musicianship which adorns them. But sorrow as well as admiration affected the audience of last evening, and eyes which used to glisten with delight while listening to the musical tales unfolded by our great English composer, were dimmed with tears as strain after strain appealed to the musical sense, and stirred the secret springs of mental emotion.

Applause grated harshly on the ear as the voice of one so dear to the musical profession and the whole musical world spoke in the sweet language of his art. Perfect silence would, doubtless, have best become the occasion, but it might have been misinterpreted, so the mode of expressing sympathy with a national bereavement found few objectors, and the sentiment which actuated the audience was regarded in the light of homage to a great name.

Criticism would be entirely out of place in the notice of this performance, even had it been open to it from a musical point of view. Happily, Mr Arthur Chappell, with his usual sound judgment and artistic perception brought to bear upon the work, presented some of the first talent of the day, and so made his highly-esteemed tribute one which it would be difficult to surpass.

One remark may, perhaps, be permitted in connection with this performance, which is, that those who doubted must have been convinced on Monday evening that some, if not all, of the works of Sir Sterndale Bennett are destined to survive the recollection of his personality. To a name so long honoured, and crowned with many highly-prized rewards, posterity, we are convinced, will not hesitate to affix its seal of renown, and Time, the touchstone of all that is true and noble, may be trusted to write in indelible letters the glorious word Immortal on works which almost point to inspiration.

Sterndale Bennett.

IN MEMORIAM.

Thou art gone! thou bright and beautiful star,
Thou art gone to thy heavenly rest,
To join in the music of saints above,
And lean on thy Saviour's breast.

No more shall we see thy welcoming smile,
Nor list to thy gentle voice;
Thy work on earth is but too soon o'er,
And now the angels rejoice.

But thy memory never shall fade from earth,
For the works thou hast left behind
Are gems, such as Britain is proud to own,
Bespeaking the master-mind.

They are tinged with sadness—can it be
That in youth thou wert called to part
With thy nearest on earth, thy parents dear,
Then—with two bosom friends of thine art?

Retiring thou wert, thy only fault
Was thine effort to bloom unseen,
But thy talents burst forth, and would not be hid,
Fit king to thine own "May Queen."

We mourn thee deeply, our hearts are sad,
That thy short course on earth is run;
But may He who hath called thee teach us to say,
"Not *our* will, but *Thine* be done."

12th Feb, 1875. VIOLA.

KIEL.—Herr Joachim has been requested by the Committee of Management to direct the grand Musical Festival to be given here on the 4th and 5th of July.

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THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

AN ORCHESTRAL FOCUS.

(From "Journal and Jottings," by Henry W. Goodban.)

One of the grandest and most impressive events I have ever been a participator in was the coronation of Her Majesty at Westminster Abbey, June 28, 1838. I was then studying at the Royal Academy of Music, and had been there for about nine months. Four of the principal students on the male side, and four on the female side were engaged to attend the ceremony, as members of the State Band and Choir; and as I was the principal violoncellist, and a sub-professor at the time, I was one of the selected eight. When the letter arrived from Sir George Smart, the conductor, offering me the engagement, the glow of delight it gave me was of the rosiest tint, and delicious in its intensity; and, as it was accompanied with an order to go to a celebrated tailor, in St James's Street, to be measured for a handsome State uniform that was to be worn on the occasion, the notion of my first appearance in life in a cocked hat, a red coat trimmed with gold lace and purple velvet, coronation buttons, white kerseymere knee breeches, silk stockings, pumps and buckles, gave me such an amazing picture of myself in gay reality, and suggested a pardonable amount of vanity at that age, at the figure I should make in my imaginary magnificence; besides, to be one of the actors in such a scene of history was to have a recollection worth retaining for the rest of my life.

The evening previous to the day of the ceremony, I and one of my comrades sallied out to endeavour to engage two Hackney coaches, and found the jarveys appreciated the opportunity of raising their fares so cleverly that we could get nothing to convey us to the scene of action for less than a sovereign each—the usual fare for the distance being about two shillings. We engaged the coaches, and ordered the coachman to be at the Royal Academy of Music with them at six o'clock the next morning, as, according to our directions, we were to be at Westminster Abbey, in the orchestra, at eight.

We naturally arose at five, and did not want calling. We had promised to show ourselves in a certain part of the playground at 5.30, at the request of the young ladies on the other side of the house, who were desirous of contemplating us in our peacock's feathers, and could accomplish that object by rising unusually early, and appearing at their windows at the appointed time; and so much excitement did this inspection cause, that they were crowded by the envious damsels who were not going with us, certainly not in the most attractive condition of toilets—curl-papers and night-caps being a predominant feature in their head-dress—all having hurried from their somniferous repose, with their eyes scarcely in a condition to see clearly, none having adorned themselves in any way for general admiration, so dear to the fair sex. This "*lever de rideaux*" over, the sherry-flask and sandwich-box looked to (as we were advised that all the refreshment we should get would be what we brought), off we started for the Abbey, two gentlemen and two ladies in each coach, the ladies dressed in pure white muslin, made high up in the neck, without a ribbon or an ornament of any sort, either on their dress or in their hair—that being the order from the Lord Chamberlain's Office—which caused no end of vexation and annoyance, as it was such an effective extinguisher to their desire to show their taste, and exercise their attractive power in decorative effect.

Our prescribed route took us through Oxford Street, Hyde Park, to the Corner, down Constitution Hill to St James's Park, and a special entrance to the Abbey, where we arrived at about 7.30—the crowds of carriages, even at that time of the morning, making our journey a very slow one. On our way we were honoured by the constant salutes of the sentries, who, seeing our cocked hats and uniforms, thought they carried military distinction under them. As there was no opportunity of arguing the matter and convincing them that they were acting under an exaggerated impression of our importance, we accepted the compliment and returned the salutes, and put up with the unlooked-for attention with calm serenity.

When we walked into the Crypt, where the members of the State Band assembled, we found many of our comrades there, criticizing each other's appearance in so gorgeous and unusual a condition of costume, and amusing each other by their unrestrained personal remarks. Old Dragonetti had walked from his residence in Leicester Square, and had covered his silk stockings with a pair of black socks, that they might not get splashed; he wore a great coat over his uniform, and a skull cap of velvet, and looked a strange figure. His principal anxiety seemed to be in the care of his snuff-box which he carried in his hand, and to the contents of which he devoted himself to the enjoyment of continually. Lindley, the violoncellist, had preferred walking to being driven, and appeared in his great coat and without his cocked hat, which he left at home as a very unnecessary article of use in the matter of violoncello playing; and as he did not wear it, he said the street boys could not la-la-la-laugh at him; so his usual black beaver did duty. Watkins, the principal second violin, had padded his calves unequally; consequently one was bigger than the other; and Gratton Cooke, the hautboy player,—the wag of the profession at this time—seized a favourable opportunity to stick a pin into the one more fully developed, which the owner carried about with him in the most unfeeling manner, not at all understanding the chaffing he was subjected to. As the clock struck eight, we ascended the steps leading to the orchestra, which was erected in front of the organ-screen, with the instrument as a back-ground, and the House of Commons' gallery facing it, over the altar at the opposite end of the choir, where a blaze of decorative effect greeted our sight in the arrangement of the choir below, the pillars right and left, the seats for the expected company, the heraldic escutcheons and banners, the throne, the altar, etc., all glowing with gorgeous brightness and colour. As the guests arrived, and were shown to their places by the Earl Marshal's men, amongst whom I recognized my friend William Walmisley, the clerk of the journals of the House of Lords, our interest was constantly kept alive by the brilliancy of the ladies' toilets, the gems they wore, their own beauty, the splendid uniforms of the men, the State dresses of the officials, and the appearance of European celebrities of our own country, and from all the kingdoms that sent their ambassadors extraordinary to represent them, dressed in the court and national costumes of the countries they represented.

As they walked up the choir their personal popularity was tested by the reception they met with from the assembled company. When the Duke of Wellington appeared, the clapping of hands was very enthusiastic, and was only equalled when Marshal Soult, attended by his suite, presented himself. The two great warriors shook hands most cordially when they met each other, and it was reported that the Duke reminded the Marshal that he had been endeavouring to catch him all the time they were commanding opposing armies, and had always failed, and at last, on this peaceful occasion, he had succeeded. There was one of the handsomest men I ever saw belonging to the Greek Embassy, dressed in the picturesque costume of the country he represented, who received a flattering ovation, but I could not ascertain who he was. Thus occupied and amused, the time until eleven o'clock passed so quickly, with the constant interest that was sustained until that hour by the unceasing arrivals, and the excitement that was caused by the guests' endeavours to find and settle themselves in their appointed places, that when the booming of the guns in St James's Park announced the departure of the Queen and her *cortége* from Buckingham Palace on her way to Westminster Abbey, and the less reverberating tap of Sir George Smart's *bâton* on his desk gave the signal for us to settle ourselves in our places, we found three hours had passed so quickly that we were quite unconscious of the time that had elapsed.

At 11.30 Her Majesty, attended by the officers of State and the ladies of her court, arrived at the principal entrance. The procession was formed and preceded by the kings at arms, the heralds and State trumpeters, in their golden uniforms and velvet caps, blowing a triumphant blast from their silver trumpets, amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of her loyal subjects assembled to greet and do honour to her on the occasion. The Duchess of Sutherland, as a peeress and mistress of the robes, wearing her crimson velvet train, bordered with golden strawberry leaves and lined with ermine, held by two handsome pages, with a third carrying her coronet on a velvet cushion, was a splendid illustration of true English beauty. She eclipsed all the rest of the suite, and was, indeed, "a loadstone to all hearts, and a load-

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star to all eyes." When the Queen mounted the raised throne facing the altar and the House of Commons' gallery, with the peers in their robes on the right hand, upon rows of seats ascending towards the windows on the side of Poets' corner, headed by the Dukes of Sussex and Cambridge, and on her left by peeresses arranged in the same way, the burst of loyal enthusiasm as her youthful Majesty assumed her position as the head of the nation was positively enthralling.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

A considerable number of interesting concerts have been given here since I last wrote, but I need only refer to the more attractive of them. Beethoven's mighty Choral Symphony was given at Mr Hallé's concert the week before last, and, though the work has been frequently heard here, it created an unmistakable sensation. The performance was remarkably fine, and all who were engaged in it might claim a share of the applause, which was freely given. Unquestionably, the Ninth Symphony has at last secured a firm place in the favour of our local amateurs, and not a few who some years ago confessed their inability to understand it were in ecstacies on this occasion. The vocal solos were very well sung by Mdme Otto Alvsleben, Miss Thorley, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Santley. At the same concert, a picturesque setting of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," for full choir with orchestral accompaniments, by Mr Ed. Hecht, was also produced. It is the work of a musician, and was admirably sung and very cordially received. For last week's concert Mr Hallé had secured the services of Herr Joachim, who played Spohr's E minor Concerto—how, I will not attempt to say, for the best of all reasons—and, for the first time, a Notturno of his own, a composition of wondrous beauty, and scored for the orchestra with great skill. Mr Hallé played a Bach selection with perfect finish and refinement, and the singing of Mdme Nouver, a local artist, was not unworthy of this admirable concert. The symphony of the evening was Beethoven's No. 2, which, like the other orchestral selections, was splendidly played by Mr Hallé's magnificent band. The programme for this week's concert is also very attractive:—

Grand Symphony, in G minor, Op. 45 (first time)—Sterndale Bennett; Recit. and Air, "War sag ich," Op. 56 (Mdlle Sophie Löwe)—Weber; Grand Concerto, in D (violin, Herr Joachim)—Beethoven; "Evening," Rhapsodie, in E flat (first time)—Raff; Concerto for two violins, in D minor (Madame Norman-Néruda and Herr Joachim)—S. Bach; Air, "Lorsque mon maître est en voyage" (Jean de Paris) (Mdlle Sophie Löwe)—Boieldieu; Solo Pianoforte, in E and D, "Noveletten" (first time) (Mr Charles Hallé)—Schumann; Duet, two violins, Adagio and Finale (from duet in D major) (Madame Norman-Néruda and Herr Joachim)—Spohr; Overture, *Le Nozze di Figaro*—Mozart.

This will not be the first time that Madame Néruda and Herr Joachim have played together in Manchester; the previous occasion being the concert given last year, by Herr Joachim and Mr Hallé, for the benefit of the Bach Monument Fund. You will also see with interest that we are to hear, for the first time, the G minor symphony of the lamented composer, whose career, character, and services have been so appropriately and so gracefully described in your columns.

Mr De Jong's last subscription concert was given on Saturday evening, when Mr Mapleson's concert party again appeared. With the names of Tietjens and Trebelli on the programme, a crowded house was a matter of course, and one of the largest audiences of the season greeted them. On Saturday next an extra benefit concert will be given by Mr De Jong, for which several eminent artists have promised their services.

February 17, 1875.

BAIREUTH.—The band of the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre will consist of some 150 performers, namely: 16 first, and 16 second, violins; 10 tenors; 12 violoncellos; 7 harps; 5 flutes oboes, and clarinets; 2 English horns; 2 ophicleides; 16 horns; 8 trumpets; as many trombones and tubas, and 6 pairs of cymbals. This body of instrumentalists will represent the pick of the executants of Germany, the best artists from Brunswick, Dessau, Coburg, Meinigen, Weimar, Berlin, Hanover, Leipsic, and many other places, having promised their services.

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

(From the "Globe," Feb. 8th.)

William Sterndale Bennett was consigned to the last home reserved for the greatest and best of England's children on Saturday. For nearly two centuries our beautiful and venerated Abbey has gathered to its bosom no such representative of the art he practised. Nor could it have done so. Henry Purcell and Sterndale Bennett are as yet our representative musicians. Not that proofs of scholarship and even genius are wanting in the works of English composers who have lived and died between the years 1695 and 1875, but that their influence on the great mass of those who speak the universal language has been but local, and their very names are unknown out of their own country. Differing as widely as any two practitioners of an art whose processes and even aims have been in a continual state of transition since it has been one, and whose careers have been separated by so long an interval of time, there is much in common with the two men, even in their external history. They were both nurtured in, and they both owed their first impressions to, those time-honoured conservatories of music, our cathedral or choral schools; they both manifested and cultivated their precious gifts early; but, more than all, they both exhibited genius so individual that no competent reader or hearer could ever fail to assign from internal evidence any one of their works to its right owner. Here the parallel must end. The productions of a musician trained and finishing his course in the seventeenth century were inevitably as inferior to, as they were different from, those of a musician of the nineteenth. A Bennett could no more have existed in the seventeenth century than a Raphael in the fourteenth. The age of Purcell was everywhere—and especially in England—an age of transition. Everywhere the tonality, and with it the influence, of the old masters who worked in it was getting out of date, and a new art taking the place of the old; while in England political causes had interrupted for an entire generation before Purcell's time, not only the progress, but even the maintenance of the art in its former condition. But it it is chiefly in one particular that the difference between Purcell's epoch and our own is most strikingly manifested. In the former music was little more than the handmaid of another art; it had scarcely an existence apart from poetry; in the latter it has rendered itself entirely independent and individual, and in doing so exhibited powers and resources unconceived, perhaps inconceivable, by its earlier practitioners. It is through the agency of music, pure and simple, often without even the stimulus of any particular sentiment or idea, always without the interpretation or point that would be given to any such sentiment or idea by verse, or even prose, that the composer of the nineteenth century must take rank among this order. He must speak, if he would speak to the universe, in the universal language—the language of *unarticulated* sounds. Those who have proved themselves masters of this language, and have shown that they have something to say in it which concerns and interests humanity, constitute as yet a small company. Six—at the utmost seven—are all the representatives of the symphonic school that the world has as yet accepted, and they are all natives of Germany. To these must now be added another in Sterndale Bennett. What place among them posterity will assign to him it would be rash to anticipate. How far a deficiency in force may be counterbalanced, to those who follow us, by invention, refinement, grace, and beauty of detail, always subordinate to proportion, time will show. That he will take his place, and that not the lowest, "*tra cotanto senno*," we hold to be certain.

PESTH.—Should no unforseen obstacle occur to prevent it, the grand Wagner Concert will be given here on the 21st February. The Composer of the Future will himself perform "Wotans Feuerzauber" from the *Walküre*, and the "Tod" from the *Götterdämmerung*, the last work in the *Nibelungen-Tetralogie*. He will also conduct the other works performed, except Franz Liszt's new composition, *Die Glocken von Strassburg*, for solo, mixed chorus, and orchestra, which the Abbate will conduct personally.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 22, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

SEXTET, in B flat, Op. 18, No. 1, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, DAUBERT, and PIATTI .. .. *Brahms.*

SONG, "Du bist wie eine Blume"—Madame OTTO-ALVSLEBEN .. *Rubinstein.*

SONATA, in A major, Op. 101, for pianoforte alone—Herr DANNREUTHER .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

FANTASIESTÜCKE, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time at the Popular Concerts)—MM. DANNREUTHER, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. *Schumann.*

SONG, "Die Bekehrte"—Madame OTTO-ALVSLEBEN .. .. *Volkmann.*

QUARTET, in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Haydn.*

CONDUCTOR .. .. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in D major, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Mozart.*

LIEDER, { "Liebe" / "Sonntag" } Mdlle SOPHIE LÖWE .. .. .. *Schumann.* / *Brahms.*

SONATA, in E flat, Op. 31, "Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour," for pianoforte alone—Mr CHARLES HALLE .. .. .. *Beethoven.*

SARABANDE and TAMBOURIN, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Leclair.*

LIEDER, { "Der Lindenbaum" / "Die Post" } Mdlle SOPHIE LÖWE .. } *Schubert.*

TRIO, in F major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLE, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Gernsheim.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

BIRTH.

On February 17th, the wife of B. H. W. WAY, Esq., Denham Place, Buckinghamshire, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On Feb. 8, at St Mary's, Bathwick, by the Rev. John Way, Vicar of Henbury, and the Rev. Bromley Way, Rector of Stapleton, brothers of the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. George Tugwell, Rector of Bathwick, EDWARD DANIEL WAY, Capt. H.M. 105th Regt., youngest son of the Rev. H. H. Way, of Alderbourne, Bucks, to GEORGINA SCINDE, second daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Prior, 97, Sydney Place, Bath.

DEATHS.

On the 2nd Feb., at 56, Loudoun Road, St John's Wood, SIGNOR AGNESI, late of Her Majesty's Opera Troupe, &c.

On February 14th, in London, Madame GRACE ALLEYNE.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1875.

WE are sorry to learn that matters do not progress smoothly at the Royal Academy of Music, in connection with the appointment of Mr G. A. Macfarren as Principal of that establishment. The dispute is based, as we are informed, upon the correct interpretation of those clauses in the Charter which provide for the choice of Principal. Into the legal bearings of the case we do not propose to enter, the less because our hope is that the question of what may or may not be legal will soon disappear; and, indeed, we refer to the matter at all simply to counsel the moderation which cannot fail to set things right. It appears that the Committee of Management, having to fill the vacancy caused by Sir Sterndale Bennett's death, and being under the necessity of doing so without delay, appointed Mr Macfarren in the absence of the President, Lord Dudley, who first learned their decision through the public journals. Upon this part of the case it is not difficult to offer an opinion. The Charter may sustain the action of the Committee; but even if that body had the fullest right to make an election without consulting the President, the exercise of its right amounted to a grave act of discourtesy. The Royal Academy may have a President who does not assume presidential functions, but simply plays the part of an ornamental figure-head. Whether this be so or not, we do not know, nor does it matter. Enough that Lord Dudley should have had a voice in the election of Principal; or, at least, should have been informed that an election was about to take place, and his presence as chairman requested. Naturally, Lord Dudley felt annoyed, not so much at what had been done, as that it had been done behind his back; and he at once communicated with the Committee, questioning the legality of Mr Macfarren's appointment, and declining to recognize him as Principal of the Academy. In this emergency the Committee did a sensible thing. After electing Mr Macfarren in such a manner, they might have been expected to defy their President; instead of which a conciliatory letter of explanation was sent to the offended nobleman, and at this point the matter now rests. We trust peace will soon be made. The Committee must recognize and acknowledge the fact of having done, inadvertently no doubt, an uncivil thing. Furthermore, if it be demanded, they should be prepared to cancel the election and re-appoint Mr Macfarren with all proper observance, we will not say of the terms of the Charter, but of etiquette and propriety. The *amende honorable* thus made, Earl Dudley can have no difficulty in forgetting the matter. The rights of his position will have been asserted, and we may suppose that for those rights, rather than for any personal considerations, he is jealous. A moral easily springs out of this *contretemps*,—one which counsels deliberation in the performance of important acts, and a careful regard for all that those acts may affect. Had it occurred to a single member of the Committee that the Academy boasted a noble President, and that his place was at their head, we should have heard nothing of the present difficulty.

Mr Macfarren, of course, stands apart from the embroglio, with which he had nothing to do. Nobody calls his claim in question, and no doubt exists that, if a new election were made in strict form, he would be unanimously chosen. Let us hope that matters will not proceed so far—that Lord Dudley having received the explanations of the Committee, will recognize as Principal the man who, of all others, is best fitted for the place.

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WHEN public opinion demands that an eminent man's remains shall be buried with solemn state, it is only fair that the burden of expense should be lifted from the shoulders of his family. We are happy to know that the obligation is recognized in the case of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett. Three of the institutions with which our departed master was associated in life—viz., the Philharmonic Society, the Royal Society of Musicians, and the Royal Academy of Music—sent their representatives to a conference some days ago, at which it was resolved that the cost of the funeral should be jointly borne, each society paying a certain proportion. The arrangement, we understand, must be submitted, as far as concerns the Royal Society of Musicians, to a general meeting of that body; but as the opposition to it, if any, can only be insignificant, we may regard the matter as finally settled in a way that reflects the utmost honour upon those concerned.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Galignani states that several travellers of various countries have called at its office, complaining of the extortionate sums they have been asked to pay for places in the new Opera House at Paris. When they applied at the theatre, they were told that every seat was taken, but that perhaps the agents might be able to supply them. These last had some places disposable, but at prices not much inferior to double the regular charge; and the complainants now inquire if some remedy cannot be devised for such an abuse. No hope is held out of redress.

It is the intention of the directors to devote the programme of a future concert at the Crystal Palace to the works of Sterndale Bennett.

People often ask: Who is the composer of the celebrated Hungarian "Rakoczy March," which Berlioz introduced so effectively in *La Damnation de Faust*? According to a Hungarian journal, Franz Rakoczy II., the hero of the war of Magyar independence, returning on the 10th November, 1705, from the battle-field of Szibo, first heard it played by a certain Barna Miska, who, in honour of the gallant soldier, called it after him. A descendant of the composer's made it generally known by playing it wherever he went. At Stuhlweissenburg, he performed it before the Abbate Vacek, who introduced it to the notice of the composer, Ruzsicska. The latter cast it in a more perfect musical form. From that period, innumerable variations have been, and still continue to be, added to it.

Our American contemporary, the *Philharmonic Journal*, has taken to "high falutin," and does it well. Here is a specimen:—

"The Kellogg English Opera Troupe, now performing at the Academy of Music, is probably, with the exception of the late Parepa-Rosa company, the finest organization of the kind ever heard in America. There is no use in minding the truth. When we Americans 'give our mind' to anything, there is little doubt of our ultimate success. The greatest *prime donne* of the world, to-day, are Americans. Patti, Miss Harris, Albani, Miss Kellogg, and Minnie Hauck. Miss Nilsson is second to Patti, Lucca is older than Kellogg, and Titesjiens (*sic*) is quite *passe* (*sic*). The finest contralti are Americans, namely, Miss Philips, Miss Cary, and Miss Sterling. Few tenors are equal to our Geo. Simpson, Wm Castle, and Wm Leggat; while Sig. Foli (*nee*—*sic*—Foley) and Wm Perkins, both Americans, are now estimated abroad as the two finest bassi on the stage, not excepting Santley and Faure, both of whom are little worn now."

We will not dispute our contemporary's assertion, but perhaps it would be as well if he "gave his mind" to orthography. Being an American, there would be "little doubt of his ultimate success."

Hamburg.—Herr Link, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, has been singing at the Stadttheater in various operas, including *Il Trovatore*, *Guillaume Tell*, and *Lucrezia Borgia*. *Le Prophète*, with Madlle Borée as Fides, will be produced about the end of the month.

Leipsic.—Mad. Pauline Lucca has appeared at the Stadttheater as Frau Fluth (Mrs Ford) in Nicolai's *Lustige Weiber von Windsor*. Though the prices of admission were doubled, every place in the house was occupied. The lady's terms are said to have been 3,000 marks for the evening.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The third of Mr Charles Fletcher's quartet concerts (an esteemed correspondent informs us), was given at Crescent House, South Kensington, last week. Haydn's Quartet in G major (No. 81, Op. 77), and a Quintet (Op. 44), by Schumann, were the concerted pieces. Madame Fletcher played Liszt's "Tarentelle" on the pianoforte, and her husband the Andante and Presto from Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Miss Purdy was the vocalist. She sang "Ah! se tu dormi," and the "Lullaby," by Brahms. The latter was, with unaccustomed energy for a drawing-room audience, re-demanded.

A highly successful amateur concert was given, on the 4th inst., in the Horns Assembly Rooms, Kennington, by the Victoria Works Band (Powis, James, Western & Co., engineers), who, considering they have been formed only a little over a year, acquitted themselves exceedingly well, and reflected much credit on their bandmaster, Mr Davy. The amateur ladies and gentlemen who assisted them, nearly all of whom were in some way connected with the works, gave their songs in excellent style. Chiefly noticeable was Mr G. Hatch's rendering of Sullivan's "Golden Days"; Miss Lillie Jones and Miss Sharland's duet, "The Flower Gatherers"; Miss Chalis', "Esmeralda" (Levey); Mr Manfred Bale's "Mandolinata" and "You'll remember me"; and Mr Moore's "O'er the dark and stormy ocean" (Glover). Miss Wilson's pianoforte playing was appreciated by the audience, and Miss Hamilton won applause for her excellent rendering of Favarger's "Oberon.' Mr W. F. Taylor, who was the musical director, contributed Schubert's "Carneval de Venise," which was re-demanded, but not acceded to; and afterwards played, with his pupil, Miss Hamilton, his Grand Duo on Airs from *Geneviève de Brabant*. The room was crowded to excess, and we hope the Band Fund will be substantially benefited thereby.

M. Alexandre Billet's Recitals.—The second of the series of M. Alexandre Billet's pianoforte recitals was given on Wednesday morning, before an audience that filled nearly every seat in St George's Hall. Among the selection of pieces which the distinguished Franco-Prussian professor performed, the specially noticeable features were Beethoven's Trio (Op. 1, No. 3) in C minor, in which Mr Henry Holmes and M. Paque were his adequate *collaborateurs*, and Mendelssohn's Variations in D major (Op. 17), for pianoforte and violoncello, in which the last-named gentleman rendered valuable service. The qualities which M. Billet possesses as a pianist have been so often praised, that no fresh eulogium is needed. Miss Estelle Emrick, whose voice and style we have often had occasion to notice, was the vocalist. She delivered Gumbert's pretty song, "The Tear," to the satisfaction of the audience, whilst she was encored in Braga's "Serenata" (violoncello *obbligato*, M. Paque). M. Billet's solo pieces were Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (Op. 111), the faithful rendering of which deserves a special word of praise, Scarlatti's Fugue in F minor, Nos. 3 and 4 of Mendelssohn's Characteristic Pieces (Op. 7), Field's Notturno in E flat, and Weber's Momento Capriccioso in B flat (Op. 12). Herr Lehmeyer accompanied the vocal music.—Sigmund Menkes.

The Guild of St Mark's, president the Rev. J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. (Vicar of Battersea), vice-presidents Philip Cazenove, Esq., Rev. H. B. Verdon, B.A., and the Rev. S. G. Scott, M.A., gave an evening concert on the 8th instant, in St Mark's Schoolroom, Battersea, under the directorship of Mr W. F. Taylor, assisted by Miss Webb, R. A. M., Miss Emma Webb, Miss Attew, Miss Hamilton, Miss Hardy (violin), Messrs McDonald, Baker, etc. The concert opened with Herz's grand pianoforte duet on the March in *Guillaume Tell*, which was admirably played by Mr Taylor and his pupil, Miss Hamilton. Miss Webb followed with "Robin Adair," and would have repeated it, but the vice-president wisely prohibited "encores." Miss Webb also joined her sister, Miss Emma Webb, in a duet by Mendelssohn, "Wert thou in the cauld blast?" which was sung charmingly. Miss Emma Webb also gave, in capital style, Horn's "Cherry Ripe." The Misses Attew were also very successful in their songs and duets. Mr Baker sang "The village blacksmith" and "I am a friar of Orders Grey;" Mr J. B. McDonald, "As I'd nothing else to do" (Hatton); and an amateur quartet party sang a four-part song excellently. Miss Hardy, a very youthful artist, showed great finish in her violin solo on airs from *Lucia*, and gives promise of future excellence. Miss Hamilton's playing was highly appreciated, and Mr W. F. Taylor's performance of his grand Polonaise de Concert, "Wladislaws," much admired. The room was crowded; during intervals in the course of the concert, two instructive and amusing readings were introduced by P. Cazenove, Esq., and the Rev. S. G. Scott; and this highly successful evening's entertainment was brought to a close by a spirited performance (by Miss Hamilton and Mr W. F. Taylor) of the overture to *Zampa*, as a pianoforte duet, and the National Anthem.

We hear on good authority that the foundation stone of Mr Mapleson's new opera-house will be laid by the Prince of Wales.

We have reason to believe that Sig. Arditi is engaged to conduct the next series of Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre.

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Flocks and Herds.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

(*From "Another World."*)

(*Continued from page* 118.)

"Why are the poor hungry?—Why do not your flocks and herds multiply and increase?—Why do you maltreat the sire and kill the mother of many progenies?"

"Obey my laws, and your flocks will equal in number the drops of water in the great Cataract, which, ever flowing, ever merging in the mighty Ocean, is constantly supplied with new increase for the refreshment and delight of Montalluyah."

Slaughtering Animals.

In killing animals for food all painful processes are avoided. Under the old system the cruelty with which the animal was treated, and its suffering from the violence of the death-struggle greatly effected the quality of the meat, lessened its nutritive powers, and rendered it less digestible, and very often exciting and injurious. Now, when an animal is to be killed, it is placed in a large lighted stable, over which is a loft, communicating with it by means of a grating. In this a man is stationed, who thrusts through the grating, a long stick, baited with a bunch of fresh grass, in the middle of which is contained a small globule endued with the property of depriving the animal of all consciousness and sense of feeling. As soon as the beast has eaten the grass, and consequently swallowed the pill, he staggers and falls; and, before he has time to recover, the butcher despatches him by cutting his throat and letting out the blood, whereupon he dies a painless death, without a struggle. Only one animal is despatched at a time in the same stable, so that one does not see another killed. There is reason for this precaution.

A lamb takes the ball of grass from the hand, for it is thus our shepherds sometimes feed them. Poultry are killed by very small quantities of the preparation being mixed with their grain; the fowls sometimes take up two or three grains not impregnated with the material, but as soon as the smallest particle is swallowed they stagger and fall. It is interesting to see this, the effect is so instantaneous. The ingredient used does not in any way injure the meat and is indeed considered beneficial, even to the human system, when administered in small quantities, since the torpor it causes at the moment is succeeded by increased vitality and strength.

The Blood of Animals.

When the animal is killed we are very scrupulous in pouring out the blood, which we avoid using for any purpose connected with food. On *every* occasion of the kind "field doctors" are present to see that all due precautions are taken. They analyse the blood, and, if it does not contain the proper ingredients, the animal is looked upon as diseased, and its flesh rejected as so far unwholesome; in our climate it would be difficult of digestion, and produce heaviness, disinclination to study, despondency, and other inconveniences. Blood is said to contain the electricity that, in connection with the electricity on the nerves, gives action, feeling, pleasure, and pain. Blood, indeed, contains as it were the material through which the life of the animal carries on its operations.

Protection of the Meat from Insects.

The animal as soon as killed is cut up into different portions, each of which is placed for a few minutes in a large vessel containing an infusion of a certain herb, to which flies and winged insects of all kinds have a great antipathy. The steeping of the meat into this preparation effectually protects it against their approach. There are immense numbers of winged insects in our climate, but none will approach food which has been steeped in an effusion of this herb. By these and other precautions they are kept within certain limits and driven to the uses for which nature intended them. It is not necessary to keep the meat in the vessel for more than a few minutes, nor does the liquid deteriorate the quality or taste of the meat. Far from being noxious to the human race, the herb, which is free from smell, contains a healthy bitter, is cooling and refreshing, and cleanses and preserves the pores of the skin.

Formerly numbers of persons were effected by the deposits, which, left by flies on meats and provisions generally, caused irritation of the bowels, diarrhœa, and vomit, and were other wise very injurious to the system.

I may here mention that a preparation of the herb to which I have referred is used for fruits and provisions generally, which are protected by a light gauze steeped in an infusion of the herb and thrown loosely over them; though, indeed, it is only necessary to place the gauze at the side of the provisions to prevent the approach of the enemy.

This infusion is also used in our houses, and during repasts; couches, bedding, and coverings are sprinkled with the liquid. A preparation is also used for the toilette, in order to protect the head and face from the flies.

Cruelty to Animals.

Cruelty to an animal, even when not intended for food, entails so much disgrace that it is an offence of the rarest occurrence. My laws provide various punishments according to the grade of the offender and the nature of the offence.

If a common man were really cruel to his horse he would be compelled to draw his merchandise by hand. If the offence were committed by a man of high position the punishment would be more severe, and not only would he be treated as though he were unworthy of exercising power over good animals and consequently deprived of all his horses, but he would be supplied with a vicious horse, which, perhaps, he would be obliged to ride along a dangerous path, that he might thus be made to appreciate the superior gentleness of the one he had maltreated. If the offence were repeated, he would be degraded from his position or condemned during a certain period to wear "the dress of shame."

Hermes (*Communicator.*)

Milan.—The public is still expecting the first representation, at the Scala, of Sig. Marchetti's new opera, *Gustavo Wasa*, which has been put off so often that every one's patience is pretty well exhausted. There is a report that, for some unknown reason or other, Sig. Pallerini has withdrawn his ballet of *Semiramide*.—*Il Guarany*, by Sig. Gomez, is in rehearsal at the Caroano.

Turin.—In consequence of Sig ora Vercolina's having cancelled her engagement, Sig. Pisani's new opera, *Gitana*, has been withdrawn, at least temporarily, as the part intended for the fair seceder is not adapted to Signora Bedetti, who replaces her. Sig. Gomez has arrived to superintend the rehearsals of *Salvator Rosa*, which is cast as follows:—Isabella, Signora Singer; Salvatore, Sig. Patierno; Gennariello, Signora Cavedani; Masaniello, Sig. Moriani; and the Duca d'Arcos, Sig. Barberat.

Stockholm.—The *Dagens nyheter* (*Daily News*) says that Mdlle Victoria Bunsen, who has been singing at the Operahouse, is one of those young and talented artists whose country is Europe. There is a long and difficult way before one arrives at the point where art unveils her Isis face, and gives to her worshippers her hidden treasures. In one word, when that point is arrived at, you become an artist. Mdlle Bunsen is an artist! A singer can be an artist with small means, but Mdlle Bunsen has the advantage of a fine voice, a full, pure, and extensive contralto, of which the lowest and highest notes are comparatively the best. The middle notes are of good quality, but are not so powerful. Mdlle Bunsen's execution and declamation are perfect, and her style of singing excellent. Mdlle Bunsen sang an *aria* by Mercadante, and one by Rossini. On being recalled after the first, and "encored" after the second, she gave, with extraordinary dash and brilliancy, the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*. Mdlle Bunsen's success was complete.

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PROVINCIAL.

TERLING (ESSEX).—An evening concert was given on Monday, under the patronage of Lord Rayleigh and General Hill, &c., in the School Room of Terling, which attracted a full and apreciative audience. The Terling Choral Society, under the direction of the Hon. Richard Strutt, gave part-songs and glees by Attwood, Ford, Bishop, &c., with effect, and were encored in several; Miss Jessie Stocken gave some popular songs; Messrs J. Smith, Robert Gill, and J. B. Bolton, were also much applauded for their vocal contributions. Mr Bolton, who possesses a good and effective baritone voice, sang "Polly," was encored, and received the same compliment in conjunction with Mr J. Smith, in Tom Cooke's "Love and War." Miss Clara Lewis presided at the pianoforte, and also performed, with decided effect, a pianoforte duet with the Hon. R. Strutt.—*Terling Paper.*

BRIGHTON.—Mr Kuhe's Festival has occupied the musical public this last fortnight, and has been quite the "rage." Notwithstanding its attraction, however, the Aquarium Concerts have been well attended. Mr Levy and Mr T. Harper have been the instrumental, and Madame Osborne Williams, Miss Minnie Curtis and Mr George Perren, the vocal attractions. At to-day's concert the Duke of York's boys' band, from the Military Asylum, Chelsea, under the direction of the bandmaster, Mr C. Thomas, will perform.—Madame Otto-Alvsleben, by the bye, has gained the approbation of the visitors to Mr Kuhe's Festival as well as of the critics. A local journal, in its remarks on a recent performance, says that Madame Alvsleben sings with a fidelity and truthfulness that prove her to be a conscientious as well as a carefully trained artist. Applause came to her in due proportion, and certainly she deserved all she obtained, and more.

SHEFFIELD.—A concert on a grand scale, well patronised, was given in the Town Hall. Some of the performers were, we believe, new to the district. Miss José Sherrington has an excellent voice, and her rendering of Handel's "Angels ever bright and fair" was delightful. One feature was specially noteworthy,—the splendid character of her *diminuendo*, the like of which we have not listened to for many years. Her *shake* also is good, and she was deservedly recalled. Miss Sherrington also sang "The Shadow Song" from *Dinorah* in exquisite style, and was under the necessity of repeating the latter part. Madame Poole sang "Never parted" and the "Maiden's Rose." Madame Varley-Liebe, an enchanting violinist, evoked a perfect storm of applause; and Mr Varley the tenor sang "My sweetheart when a boy" and "Sound an Alarm;" Mr Wadmore sang "To Anthea" well; and, of the miscellaneous items, the best was the charming trio, "The Magic Wove Scarf," from *The Mountain Sylph*, prettily rendered by Miss José Sherrington, Mr Varley, and Mr Wadmore.—*Sheffield Paper.*

DONCASTER.—Mr Eyre gave his annual concert at the Guild-hall. In order to afford the inhabitants in the district an opportunity of being present, Mr Eyre had two performances, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. The vocalists included Madame Thaddeus Wells, Miss Sara Smith, a pupil of Mr Eyre; Mr T. Wright, the noted tenor from Bradford; and Mr Eyre. The principal instrumentalist was Mr Henry Nicholson, solo flautist. Of Madame Wells, either as a singer or an instrumentalist, one can scarcely speak in too high terms. To a rich and flexible soprano voice she adds excellent taste and a charming manner, and sings with a sweetness, feeling, and precision, that it would be almost impossible to excel. As a pianist, too, this lady is no mean performer. Her accompaniments to Mr Nicholson well merited the applause she received. Miss Smith made her first public appearance before a Doncaster audience on the occasion. She has a fine pure voice of a more than moderate compass and a pleasing style, and she gives proofs of careful and diligent training. Mr Booth made a very able accompanist of the vocal music.—*Doncaster Paper.*

BRENTWOOD (Essex)—Mr Henry Morley, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, gave a vocal and instrumental concert on Thursday evening, February 11, in the Town Hall, with Miss Banks, Miss Lina Glover, and Mr Albert James as vocalists; Miss Morley (pianoforte) and the *bénéficiaire* himself (violin), as instrumentalists. Miss Emilie Glover, the accomplished harpist (daughter of Professor Glover, of Dublin), was also announced to "assist," but was unfortunately prevented by indisposition. There was, notwithstanding the inclement weather, a good attendance. The performance by Miss Morley and Mr Morley of fantasias for violin and piano on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and from Adolph Adams' *Si j'etais Roi*, were heard with great pleasure by the audience, who also expressed their approbation of the vocal pieces, sung by the artists we have named above. Ascher's charming romance, "Alice, where art thou?" sung by Mr A. James; M. Gounod's Berceuse (violin *obbligato*, Mr Morley), sung by Miss Banks; and "The Harp that once through Tara's hall," sung, *con amore*, by Miss Lina Glover, were all greatly admired; and Mr Morley deserves to be highly praised for the charming entertainment he provided for his patrons.

STIRLING AND PAISLEY.—Mr Henry Webb has just concluded a very successful concert tour. His party consisted of Mesdames José Sherrington, Poole, Varley-Liebé (violin); Messrs Nelson Varley, Wadmore, and Malcolm (pianoforte). The towns visited have been Yeovil, Devizes, Wednesbury, Buralem, Burton-on-Trent, Southport, Bathgate, Stirling, Paisley, Airdrie, and Whitehaven. The miscellaneous concerts were of a very attractive character, and were attended by large audiences. At Stirling and Paisley *The Messiah* and *St John the Baptist* were given Handel's masterpiece was given for the first time in Stirling, and received a magnificent rendering by all concerned. The recently resuscitated Choral Society (under the conductorship of Mr C. E. Allum) gave the choruses in an unexceptionable manner, and the Glasgow Resident Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr J. T. Carrodus, was a host in itself. The large hall of the Smith Institute was filled to overflowing with a brilliant assembly. The Paisley Musical Association are congratulated on selecting Macfarren's *St John the Baptist* for one of their series of concerts, as it attracted an immense audience. The soloists did full justice to the work, and, with a well-trained chorus and band (leader, Mr Carrodus), under the directorship of Mr Lorimer, the performance was very satisfactory. Altogether, the tour has been successful from every point of view. The same party will leave London again on March 24th, to fulfil several provincial engagements.

TEIGNMOUTH.—On Friday, the 29th of January, at the New Assembly Rooms, the Schubert Society (President, Sir Julius Benedict), gave their first concert for the benefit of the Infirmary, under the patronage of the Right Honourable the Earl of Devon, the Hon. and Rev. H. H. Courtenay, the Hon. and Rev. C. L. Courtenay, and many ladies and gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood. The artists were Miss Banks, Madame Dryden-Serquet, Herr Schuberth, Miss Hincks, assisted by the Teignmouth Branch of the Schubert Society, who provided part-songs and choruses, and Mr G. G. Leader. The programme began with the "Grand Duo du Couronnement," by Herz and Labarre, for harp and pianoforte, played by Madame Dryden-Serquet and Miss Hincks. Miss Banks' song, "Over hill, over dale," by T. Cooke, took the next place. Miss Hincks followed with Thalberg's "Fantasia on Russian Airs," and three Welsh melodies, given as part-songs by some of the members of the Schubert Society, accompanied on the harp (alone) by Madame Dryden-Serquet. Herr Schuberth (who was received with applause each time he appeared, and whom the audience seemed pleased to greet again on this his second appearance in Teignmouth), now gave a solo by Raff, which was beautifully and tastefully executed. Next in the programme came the song, "In the green spring," composed by Miss Hincks, who accompanied it (with violoncello *obbligato* by Herr Schuberth). It was capitally sung by Miss Banks. Among the best vocal pieces was Formes' popular *Lied*, "In sheltered vale," sung with pathos and effect by Mr G. G. Leader. "The Vale of Avoca" as a part-song, and the lively air of "The Shamrock" as a full chorus, terminated a most agreeable concert. The platform looked very picturesque. The white dresses of the ladies of the chorus contrasted agreeably with the dark green of the beautiful evergreens (kindly lent by Mr Hannaford), which bordered the platform.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced for the next performance of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr Barnby, on Tuesday next, the 23rd inst., with Madame Marie Roze, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Whitney, &c., as the principal vocalists. The next Popular Ballad Concert will take place on Saturday, the 27th inst., when Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Thurley Beale, &c., will sing, and Mr Henry Logé will make his début here as a pianist. The Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr Barnby's direction, will, as usual, sing several madrigals and part-songs. A Welsh Festival Concert is announced for St David's Day (March 1).

BERLIN.—Besides Mad. Mallinger, who, as already announced in this paper, will shortly cease to be a member of the company at the Royal Operahouse, Madlle Grossi, also, will not renew her present engagement, which terminates with the present season. A difference of opinion as to money matters between the young lady and the management is said to be the cause of this step.—Madlle Ormay, from the Strassburgh Stadttheater, recently appeared as the heroine in *La Jolie Parfumeuse* at the Wallner-Theatre. Neither as an actress nor a singer did she produce a very favourable impression.—Mad. Bianca Blume Santer, formerly of the Royal Operahouse, will, after several years' absence from this capital, sing during the summer at Kroll's Theatre.—M. Anton Rubinstein has been stopping here since the commencement of the month, discussing the *mise-en-scène* of his new opera, *Judith*, at first called *Die Maccabäer*, which will be produced some time in April. Madlle Brandt will sustain the principal female part, Lea.

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RICHARD WAGNER'S REMINISCENCES OF SPONTINI.

(*From "Le Ménestrel."*)

III.

(*Continued from page* 39.)

The performance of *The Vestal* went off with great precision, and the artists displayed all possible zeal. But, from the very earliest scenes, a drawback, of which no one had thought, struck us all, and was evident to the most inattentive observer. Our great Schröder-Devrient was evidently no longer of an age to sustain the part of Julia. Her physiognomy and bearing betrayed a certain maternal something or other agreeing little with the spring-tide graces of the Priestess who is designated in the libretto as simply the youngest of the Vestals. The disproportion between the personage and her interpreter struck the spectator still more when Julia appeared side by side with the Chief Vestal represented by my niece, Johanna Wagner, then a young girl aged seventeen, in all the splendour of her beauty. Her youth was so dazzling that no stage artifice could disguise it; her fine voice and good delivery, the result of her happy natural qualities, caused in every one an involuntary desire to reverse the cast, and to put the one lady in the place of the other. This unfavourable coincidence could not escape the penetrating glance of Mad. Schröder-Devrient, but she hoped to regain the lost ground and dispel any prejudicial prepossession by bringing to bear all the intensity of the means which her talent placed at her command. Unfortunately, the desire to acquit herself well induced her frequently to overdo the part, and sometimes to exaggerate it in a manner which was really deplorable. Thus, after the great trio in the second act, when, on the flight of Licinius, Julia, breathless and exhausted, drags herself to the extremity of the stage, and allows the cry of hope: "He will live!" to escape from her oppressed soul, Mad. Schröder-Devrient considered she might presume to *speak* these words instead of singing them. She had on several previous occasions already tried the effect of a word simply declaimed and flung suddenly into the midst of the music in a prominent scene. For instance, in *Fidelio*, when she exclaimed: "One step more and you are *dead!*" she never failed to speak rather than sing the word: *dead*. I myself have experienced the shudder which this effect caused to run through the audience. At this cry, an involuntary feeling of terror seized on me, and, as though by a blow from a hatchet, I seemed rudely precipitated into the sombre horrors of reality from the ideal heights to which music raises every situation, even the most horrible. This effect touches visibly the extreme limits of the Sublime; it is like the blasting shock with which two distinct worlds come into collision, and the flash which escapes permits us suddenly to embrace at a glance a double reality. But how difficult it is to seize this fugitive instant. How foolish of anyone to suppose it can be brought about at one's mere will and employed for a purely personal end! I saw this but too clearly in the present instance, for Mad. Schröder's attempt was a sad failure. The absence of character in her utterance and the hollowness of her voice produced a painful impression. It appeared as though a torrent of ice-cold water had been suddenly poured upon the heads of the public, and everyone agreed that the singer had produced an effect exactly opposite to that she had dreamt of producing. As to the general impression made by the work, public admiration obstinately refused to rise to the pitch of enthusiasm. Expectation had, no doubt, been too much excited, and the augmentation in the prices of admission, which had been doubled, under the pretext that Spontini himself would conduct, had provoked more than one manifestation of discontent. Perhaps, also, despite the beauties and the splendour of the music, the style of the work, with its antique subject dished up according to French taste, had become slightly old and out of date. Perhaps, too, the languid conclusion and the unsuccessful effects of Mad. Devrient, were not foreign to the lamentable coldness on the part of the public. However this may have been, the applause struck me not so much as homage paid to the beauty of the opera as a respectful consecration of the universal reputation enjoyed by the composer, and I could not help experiencing a painful feeling when I saw the latter, decked out in all his crosses and all his orders, come forward on the stage in reply to the acclamations, of somewhat short duration, which were raised for him at the fall of the curtain. He was not deceived, however, by the reception accorded to his work, but he flattered himself he could force the success, or, at least, save appearances. To manage this, he thought of the means which stood him in such good stead at Berlin, where his operas always filled the house, and were played to enthusiastic audiences. He confiscated to his profit our paying day, and promised to conduct *The Vestal* for the second time on the Sunday following. As that day was rather distant, he was obliged to make a longer stay in Dresden, a fact which procured me the pleasure of passing a little more time in his interesting society. I have faithfully preserved the memory of our long conversations, and of the many hours we spent together, sometimes at Mad. Schröder's house, and sometimes at mine. I will state a few of my reminiscences.

I especially remember a dinner at Mad. Schröder's, which Spontini attended, with his wife, a sister of Erard, the celebrated pianoforte maker. We had a very long and animated conversation. The part at first taken by Spontini in our discussions was rather small. He began by manifesting reserve and listening in silence, with an air which seemed to imply that he would not give his opinion, unless we took the trouble to ask for it. When he condescended to open his lips, he expressed himself with pompous rhetoric and haughty emphasis, formulating his ideas in peremptory and categorical phrases, the sententious tone of which did not appear to admit the possibility of contradiction. To doubt his infallibility would have been to offer him an insult—a grave outrage. But, at the party of which I am speaking, he was more unconstrained, and grew quite warm by the time the cloth was cleared. I have already said that he had taken a liking to me, and displayed an attachment as strong as was compatible with his disposition. He now declared openly that he entertained a feeling of friendship for me, and meant to prove it by endeavouring to preserve me from the fatal idea of following the career of a dramatic composer. He expected, he said, to have some trouble in convincing me of the excellence of his reasons, and of making me understand the service he was conferring, but the matter inspired him with such interest, and struck him as so important, that he was ready to stop a few months in Dresden to accomplish it. In this case, he observed, we might turn his sojourn to account by getting up some of his other works, especially *Agnes of Hohenstaufen*, which he declared himself ready to conduct as he had conducted *The Vestal*. To make me perceive clearly my temerity in venturing upon a career illustrated by Spontini, he began by addressing me a peculiarly flattering eulogium, and this is what he said*: "Quand j'ai entendu votre *Rienzi*, j'ai dit: C'est un homme de génie, mais déjà il a plus fait qu'il ne peut faire" ("When I heard your *Rienzi* I said: This is a man of genius, but he has already done more than he can do.")—To furnish me with the key to this paradox, he added: "Après Gluck, c'est moi qui ai fait la grande révolution avec *La Vestale*. J'ai introduit le *Vorhalt*† *de la sexte*" (sic) "dans l'harmonie et la grosse caisse dans l'orchestre. Avec *Cortez* j'ai fait un pas plus avant; puis j'ai fait trois pas avec *Olympie*.—*Nurmahal*, *Alcidor*, et tout ce que j'ai fait dans les premiers temps de Berlin, je vous le livre. C'étaient des œuvres *occasionelles;* mais puis j'ai fait cent pas en avant avec *Agnès de Hohenstaufen*, où j'ai imaginé un emploi de l'orchestre remplaçant parfaitement l'orgue." ("After Gluck, it is I who brought about the great revolution with the *Vestal*. It was I who introduced the *Vorhalt de la sexte*" (sic) "in the harmony and the big drum in the orchestra. With *Cortez* I made a step further; then I made three with *Olympia*.—As for *Nurmahal*, *Alcidor*, and all I did during the first part of my residence in Berlin, I deliver them up to your mercy. They were *occasional* works; but I then took a hundred steps forward with *Agnes of Hohenstaufen*, where I thought of a way of employing the orchestra so as perfectly to replace the organ." He added that since then he had busied himself with a libretto called the *Athenians*. The Prince Royal of Prussia had strongly pressed him to set it to music. To give a proof of what he said, he took from his pocket-book several of his Highness's letters, and handed them to us. When we had read them through, he went on to

* The reader must recollect that all the French passages between turned commas are French in Wagner's original text.

† *Vorhalt*, Prolongation, Suspension, Ritardation.

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say that, despite this flattering pressure, he had definitively given up the idea of setting the libretto, though he thought the subject excellent. His reason for this resolution was his conviction that he should never succeed in excelling *Agnes of Hohenstaufen*, or in inventing a newer style, and finer music. He then wound up, by way of conclusion: "Or, comment voulez-vous que quiconque puisse inventer quelquechose de nouveau, moi, Spontini, déclarant ne pouvoir en aucune façon surpasser mes œuvres précédentes; d'autre part étant avisé que depuis *La Vestale* il n'a point été écrite une note qui ne fût volée dans mes partitions." ("Now, how do you suppose anyone can invent aught new, when I, Spontini, declare that I cannot by any possibility surpass my preceding works, while, on the other hand, aware that, since *The Vestal*, there has not been written a note which was not stolen from my scores.")

(To be continued.)

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

The directors of the Royal Albert Hall Concerts show no diminution of energy. The attractions provided for the "Popular" concert given last night were abundant, and might have been expected to attract a larger attendance. The list of vocalists included the names of Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Annie Sinclair, and Miss Sterling; Mr W. H. Cummings, with the excellent part-song choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. Mr G. Martin was organist, and Herr Wilhelmj was also engaged. Mr Barnby conducted, and the accompaniments were in the skilful hands of Mr Randegger. Whether the most was made of these valuable materials may be questioned; but beyond a doubt there was much to enjoy and much to praise in the execution of the various selections included in the programme. By far the best and most delightful of the vocal performances were those of the Part-Song Choir, which were alone well worth the journey to Kensington. It would be difficult to find a finer body of sixty voices; but their vocal endowments are by no means their highest distinction. They have learned to suppress all individuality, and they sing as if the whole body of voices belonged to but one mind. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington's first song, "The Wren's Nest," was sung with that admirable vocalization for which this excellent artist is distinguished; and it was only to be regretted that her powers should be employed on so feeble a composition. In the old Scotch ballad, "John Anderson, my jo," she vindicated her reputation as one of our best ballad singers, and sang charmingly. Miss Annie Sinclair, a promising young artist, essayed the Jewel Song from Gounod's *Faust*, a song by no means suitable for concert purposes, and hardly within her powers. Her second song, "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," was more successful, but would have been improved by a more dramatic and natural manner of relating the incidents of the familiar legend. Miss Sterling sang, with rare beauty of voice and intense dramatic expression, Blumenthal's "Lament of the Border Widow" by no means a favourable specimen of the composer—and Mr Barnby's new song, "When the tide comes in," a graceful composition, in which a tragic story is sympathetically treated. On each occasion Miss Sterling was warmly greeted. Mr Cummings sang with success "Only for thee," by J. L. Roeckel, and a new song, entitled "Yes," by J. Blumenthal, which is not equal to former works by the same composer. The old ballad, "Sally in our alley," well sung by Mr Cummings, produced double effect from the contrast with its predecessors. Mr Whitney sang with good taste Mr John Oxenford's "Down deep within the cellar," three spirited verses to an old German tune, Mr Barnby's "Bells of St Ethelred," and Balfe's "Heart bowed down." Mr Martin, in his rendering of Bach's Gavotte in B minor, and in a March by T. Hewlett, proved himself to be an accomplished organist. How Mr Barnby and Mr Randegger acquitted themselves it is unnecessary to say. The "lion" of the evening was Herr Wilhelmj, who played for his first solo Ernst's "Elégie." His powerful tone, particularly on the fourth string, was as remarkable as heretofore, and his mechanism was almost perfect. Herr Wilhelmj's second solo—his own paraphrase of the slow movement in Chopin's Pianoforte Concerto—was far more successful. He was loudly applauded on both occasions.

Elijah will be given next Tuesday, with full orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Mr Barnby.

HOPWOOD & CREW'S SALE.

The sale by auction of the stock of music plates and copyrights of Messrs Hopwood & Crew, just concluded by Messrs Puttick & Simpson, of Leicester Square, in which the music trade and profession generally have taken considerable interest, is remarkable for the large, and in many cases extraordinary, prices obtained. Among the more prominent may be cited lots 44, Blamphin's Dreaming of Angels, £63 16s. (Brewer). 61. The same composer's Just touch the Harp gently, £113 15s. (ditto). 81. Pretty Swallow, also by Blamphin, £69 (J. Williams). 168. Signor Campana's Speak to me, £110 (Chappell). 175. The Scout, by the same composer. This song (rendered famous by the singing of Mr Santley), after a spirited competition, fell to Mr Morley, junr., at the large sum of £312. Lot 201. Clifton (H.), As Welcome as the Flowers in May, £72 (Metzler). 224. Ditto, It's really very singular, £82 10s. (ditto). 258. Coote (C.), Archery Galop, £96 (Ashdown & Parry). 260. Ditto, Awfully Jolly Waltz, £94 10s. (ditto). 271. Ditto, Burlesque Valse, £175 10s. (ditto). 288. The Cornflower Valse, £132 (ditto). 361. Clifton (H.), Pulling hard against the Stream, £67 10s. (J. Williams). 364. Ditto, Robinson Crusoe, £132 (ditto). 398. Ditto, Where there's a will there's a way, £61 10s. (J. Williams). 407. Wait for the turn of the Tide, £75 (ditto). 509. Hobson's Come sing to me, £83 15s. (ditto). 510. Complaints, or the Ills of Life, by the same composer, £85 10s. (ditto). 527. Howard (R.), You'll never miss the water till the well runs dry, £165 (B. Williams). 579. Coote's Just Out Galop, £73 12s. (Chappell). 625. Ditto, Pretty Bird Valse, £66 6s. (ditto). 631. Ditto, Prince Imperial Galop. This lot was knocked down to Mr J. Williams, amidst considerable applause, for £990, the largest price, we believe, ever obtained for a single piece of dance music. Lot 655. Coote's Sweetly Pretty Valse, £245 (Chappell). 660. Hobson's Popular Favourites for the Pianoforte, £412 10s. (ditto). 682. Buckley's Come where the moonbeams linger, £157 10s. (ditto). 684. Clifton (H.), Very Suspicious, £330 (J. Williams). 686. Ditto, Folly and Fashion, £72 10s. (Ashdown & Parry). 710. Hunt (G. W.), The Belle of the Ball, £90 (Bath). 937. Coote, The Encore Galop, £122 8s., purchased by the composer. 953. The Snowdrift Galop, £561, also purchased by Mr Coote. 974. Coote & Tinney's Ball Room Album, £110 (Chappell). 1060. Read (J.), Down by the Old Mill Stream, £78 (Bath). 1152. Thomas (J. R.), The Birds will come again, £153 (J. Williams). 1187. Vane (B.), I never was meant for the sea, £85 (Bath). 1315. Fizz Galop, by Tinney, £76 14s. (Chappell). 1325. Robert Coote's Ball Room Guide, £150 (Willey). Total, nearly £15,000.

PARMA.—At the second performance of *Il Conte Verde*, the composer, Sig. Libani, was called on 30 times.

BRUNSWICK.—Sig. Verdi's *Aida* has been successfully produced at the Ducal Theatre. Mesdlles Preiss, Scheuerlein, Herren H. Schrötter, Ulbricht, and Hieb, sustained the principal parts. They were warmly applauded and called on several times. The band and chorus were especially good; the scenery, dresses, and decorations, all that could be desired.

ST PETERSBURGH.—M. Anton Rubinstein's new opera, *The Demon*, was produced on the 25th January. There is no overture. The curtain rises on an instrumental introduction, with an invisible chorus of good and of bad spirits. It is night, and a violent storm is raging. The Demon, the principle of evil, is implacably bent on the ruin of innocence, personified in the young Princess Tamara, the betrothed of Sainodal, an Eastern prince. To the principle of evil is opposed the principle of good, represented by an Angel. Both the Demon and the Angel, at the commencement of the piece, claim entire power over the destinies of the human race. The second scene represents a smiling landscape bathed in sunshine. Tamara appears in the midst of a chorus of maidens, to whom she imparts her hopes. The scene changes again, and exhibits a caravan led by her lover, Sainodal. A savage horde attacks it, and Sainodal is killed in the conflict. The second act passes in the palace of Prince Gudal, Tamara's father. Splendid festivities are being celebrated in honour of Sainodal's arrival. They are interrupted by the intelligence of his death. Tamara, in despair, begs permission of her father to enter a cloister. The third act is consecrated to the temptation of Tamara, whom the Angel of Good in vain endeavours to snatch from the grasp of the Demon. Tamara succumbs, but a last prayer saves her, and the Demon flees to the regions below. The libretto, founded on a well-known legend by Lermontoff, is by a Russian poet, Wiskowatoff. This is the composer's seventh opera. The first, *Dmitri Donskoi*, dates from 1849, and was represented here three times; then came *Vengeance* and *The Seven Hunters of Siberia*, never acted. These were succeeded by *Feramors*, *The Sons of the Heath*, and *The Maccabeans*, the last of which is now being got up at Berlin and Paris.

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WAIFS.

A new musical journal, *Le Globe Musical*, has made its appearance at Geneva.

M. Lamoureux will probably introduce Handel's *Alexander's Feast* to the Parisians on the 25th inst.

Max Bruch's *Odysseus* will be performed at Manchester, for the first time in England, next month.

The death of Grace Alleyne, formerly well known and admired as a concert singer, occurred on the 14th inst.

Mr W. Howell Allchin, Mus. Bac., has been appointed organist and choirmaster of St John's College, Oxford.

The first concert of the ninth season of the Schubert Society will take place on Wednesday next, the 24th inst.

M. Gevaert has published the first volume of his interesting and exhaustive work on the history and theory of the music of antiquity.

Mdme Patey, Mr W. H. Cummings, and Mr Patey will make a short professional tour in Devonshire and Cornwall at Easter—may success wait on them.

The Crystal Palace English operatic performances will be resumed in May next, and it is at present proposed to bring them to a conclusion at the end of July.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, on Friday last week, gave a performance of Mozart's Mass in C, Spohr's *Christian's Prayer*, and Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, with Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Elton, Mr Guy, and Mr Theodore Distin as vocalists, and Mr John Ryder as reciter of the verses in *Athalie*.

An old relic of the Hanover Square Rooms has departed. James Fitzgerald, the carriage attendant at the Queen's Concert Rooms, died on the 4th inst (aged 74). He was the oldest man in that line of business, and about the last of the old school. He was well known to most of the nobility and aristocracy, and generally respected by all who knew him.

Prof. Mulder Fabbri, husband of Madame Inez Fabbri, and for many years a well-known musician and orchestral conductor at San Francisco, died in that city December 22nd, aged fifty-two. San Francisco owes him several seasons of opera, which were rightly called polyglot, but which did much to strengthen and improve the musical tastes of the people on the Pacific coast. He left his wife in easy circumstances.

The Alexandra Theatre, in Park Street, Camden Town, re-opened on Saturday last, under the direction of Mr Thorpe Pede, whose operetta, *Marguerite*, was among the attractions of the evening, with Miss Gertrude Ashton and Mr J. W. Turner in the principal parts. The novelty of the evening was an operetta by M. Charles Lecocq, played for the first time in England. It is entitled, *Eighteen Years in one Hour*. The chief parts were ably sustained by Mr Herberte and Miss J. Coventry. The operetta pleased very much, a chorus of old men being especially admired. We congratulate Mr Pede on having so successfully begun his opera season.

We subjoin the programme of Professor Oakeley's third orchestral concert, at the Reed commemorative festival, on Wednesday, Feb. 17th:—

PART FIRST.—Overture, *Merry Wives of Windsor*—Nicolai; Serenade (Mr Pearson)—Schubert; *Ave Maria*, arranged on Bach's 1st Prelude, for soprano, violin, organ, and piano (Solo Violin, Mr Carrodus)—Gounod; "Qui sdegno," from *Flauto Magico* (Mr Whitney)—Mozart; Symphony in A minor (the Scotch)—Mendelssohn. PART SECOND.—Funeral March (in Memoriam) (conducted, by request, by the composer)—H. S. Oakeley; Fantaisie Overture, *Paradise and Peri*—Sterndale Bennett (*Obit.* 1st Feb., 1875); "Come into the garden, Maud" (Mr Pearson)—Balfe; Flute solo on a German air (Mr Keppel)—Boehm; "I'm a Roamer," from *Son and Stranger* (Mr Whitney)—Mendelssohn; Festal March, "Edinburgh" (conducted by the composer)—H. S. Oakeley; "God save the Queen."

We (*Arcadian*) used to think that the great P. T. Barnum was the prince of advertisers, and had exhausted every known dodge and trick. He has, however, been outdone by Sherry Shook, the proprietor of the Union Square Theatre, and bosom friend of N. Hart Jackson, Esq. A few days ago Mr Shook induced one of the Mulberry street detectives to steal his watch. The news of the robbery was spread about in all the papers, and interesting paragraphs were made up showing how the thief's attention was attracted by Mr Shook's continual application to his watch to see whether the various tableaux of *The Two Orphans* were on time. Some days were permitted to elapse, and then more paragraphs were sent to the papers, stating how a mysterious individual came to the Union Square Theatre, demanded to see Mr Shook, took him on one side, and, in a sepulchral whisper, asked whether he had not lost a watch. Mr Shook replied that he had. Whereupon the mysterious individual aforesaid observed: "Here it is." "What's to pay?" inquired Mr Shook. "Nuffin'," was the reply. "I used to be a bad'un, but since I saw them two orfle 'un's I is a reformed card."

English opera has drawn such large audiences lately at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, that the directors have resolved to give a series of English operatic performances on a more important scale. Several new engagements have been made, and on Saturday, February 27, Wallace's *Maritana* will be produced, with Miss Rose Hersee in the title character. Other distinguished artists will, on this occasion, make their first appearance at the Philharmonic Theatre.

The Theatre Royal of Edinburgh, the principal place of amusement in that city, was totally burned to the ground on Saturday last week The cause of the fire has not been ascertained, but it is believed that it originated from an explosion of gas connected with the lime-light apparatus used in the pantomime. This is the third time the Royal Theatre has been destroyed by fire within the last forty years. It was burnt to the ground in 1853, and again about twelve years later, while under the present management. The building was purchased last year by a private gentleman who resided in Edinburgh, but who was at one time a banker in London. He is fully insured.

MADRID.—Verdi's *Mass* will shortly be executed here.

GENOA.—*Salvator Rosa*, by Sig. Gomez, has been revived and favourably received at the Carlo Felice.

PALERMO.—*Mignon*, by M. Ambroise Thomas, is in rehearsal at the Teatro Bellini. According to report, it will be followed by *I promessi Sposi* of Sig. Ponchielli.

GENEVA.—A short time since, the first stone was laid of the new theatre to be erected with a part of the money left to the City by the late ex-Duke of Brunswick.

BRESLAU.—The programme of the eighth Subscription Concert given by the Orchestral Union included, as a novelty, Herr Raff's new Symphony, No. 6, in D minor. The work met with a favourable reception.

DUSSELDORF.—At a recent concert of the Instrumental Union, one of the attractions was the overture to a new opera, *Alcida*, by Herr Thooft. It produced a good impression. The entire opera will most probably be brought out here next season.

VIENNA.—At the Imperial Operahouse, the new opera *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*, by Herr Götz, proved a decided hit. The next novelty, to be produced at the end of the present month is *Die Königin von Saba*, by Herr Goldmark. This will be followed by *Die Folkerungen*, of Herr Edmund Kretschmer. The last two librettos are by Dr Mosenthal. Herr Jacob Müller, the well-known baritone from the Comic Opera, is engaged in the place of Dr Kraus.

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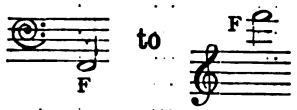
Compass, 4 Octaves,  **to**

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BOOK II.

7. •Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
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9. •Pilgrim's evening ..... *Wagner.*
10. •Music of the night ..... *Hatton.*
11. •I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. •Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.

13. •Now lightly we ..... *Balfe.*
14. •Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. •A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. •Araby's daughter ..... *Oberthur.*
17. •Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. •Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.

19. •The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. •Hark! the Gondolier .... *Riccardi.*
21. •Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. •When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. •The sun has been ..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.

25. •Merry minstrels are ..... *Wagner.*
26. •Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. •Hark! the merry ..... *Flotow.*
28. •With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. •Happy as the day ..... *Wallace.*
30. •The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.

31. •The distant bell ..... *Badia.*
32. •The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. •Who'll follow ..... *Paggi.*
34. •Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. •O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. •O hear ye not ..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.

37. •Sea flowers ..... *Barnett.*
38. •Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. •Warbler of the forest .... *Benedict.*
40. •Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. •Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. •The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.

43. •Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. •Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. •Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. •Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. •Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. •Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.

49. •The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. •Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. •The Zingari ..... *Balfe.*
52. •Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53. •Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. •Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.

55. •The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. •Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. •Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. •Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. •Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. •Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.

61. •Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. •Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. •Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. •At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. •How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.

67. •A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. •The storm ..... *Richards.*
69. •Lightly, softly ..... *Flotow.*
70. •Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. •Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72. •Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.

73. •Buzzing ..... *Ravlegger.*
74. •Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. •The Sleigh Bells ..... *Anderton.*
76. •Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. •Fair and fertile valley .. *Guglielmo.*
78. •Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.

79. •Our Vesper Hymn ..... *Ricci.*
80. •Our last farewell ..... *Curschman.*
81. •Flower Greeting ..... *Curschman.*
82. •Hark the Pilot ..... *Bishop.*
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. "JEANNE D'ARC," a Dramatic Symphony, for Soprano and Bass Soli, Chorus, and Orchestra, by MR ALFRED HOLMES (first time in England). Selection: "Rosamunde" (Schubert); Overture, "La Gazza Ladra" (Rossini). Vocalists—Madame Otto-Alvsleben and Mr Whitney. The Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Stalls, Half-a-Crown.

WELSH FESTIVAL COMCERT.—ST DAVID'S DAY (MONDAY, March 1), at Eight o'clock, at the ROYAL ALBERT HALL. Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Lizzie Evans, Miss Marian Williams, Miss Mary Davies, Madame Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Ap Herbert, and Mr Lewis Thomas. Pianoforte—Miss Bessie M. Waugh, Mr W. H. Thomas, and Mr Brinley Richards. Band of Harps, under the direction of Mr John Thomas. Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. Part-Song Choir. Conductor—Mr BARNBY. Tickets, 5s., 4s., 2s. 6d.; Admission, One Shilling; at NOVELLO'S, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

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MDLLE MARIE KREBS begs to announce that she will give TWO RECITALS of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Afternoons, March 3 and 10, to commence each day at Three o'clock. Programme of the First Recital, on WEDNESDAY next, March 3rd, on which occasion Mdlle Krebs will be assisted by Signor Piatti. Fantasia Chromatica and Fugue in D minor, for pianoforte alone (J. S. Bach); Sonata in D major, Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn); Moment Musical in A flat, Impromptu in E flat, Op. 90 (Schubert), Allegro in A major, Op. 7 (Mendelssohn), Impromptu in F sharp minor (Bennett)—for pianoforte alone; Introduction and Polonaise Brillante in C major, Op. 3, for pianoforte and violoncello (Chopin)—Introduzione, Lento; leading to Allegro con spirito alla Polacca (C major). Pianoforte—Mdlle Marie Krebs. Violoncello—Signor Piatti. Sofa stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be had of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

MONS. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S THIRD and LAST RECITAL of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on WEDNESDAY, March 10th, at Three o'clock, in ST GEORGE'S HALL. Tickets and Programmes at the Hall; and of M. BILLET, 17, Keppel Street, Rus ell Square.

MISS PURDY'S SOIRÉE D'INVITATION will take place THIS EVENING, at 27, Harley Street, W., at half-past Eight o'clock.

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The HALF LENT TERM will Commence on THURSDAY, the 4th March, and will Terminate on SATURDAY, the 22nd April.
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MRS JOHN MACFARREN begs to inform her pupils and friends that she is now in Town. All Letters to be addressed, 15, Albert Street, Glo'ster Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Basso) begs to announce his Return to Town; and requests that all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed, 5, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, W.

SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce his Return to England on March 12th. Address, until March 7th, to Opera Italien, Moscow.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The weather notwithstanding (and it could hardly have been worse), there was a fair attendance at the concert of Saturday afternoon. The programme, although comprising no entire orchestral symphony, generally the "*pièce de resistance*," at these entertainments, presented sufficient variety of attraction, and the audience showed by their applause throughout that they were more than satisfied. The overture to *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (*Seraglio*), one of Mozart's most spirited and characteristic dramatic preludes, was a good beginning. The members of the orchestra, judging by the animation they threw into their performance, seemed thoroughly to enjoy the task allotted to them. We have never heard the overture go better, rarely so well. It is a pity there should not be many more such joyous preludes. "Love laid his sleeping head," a tenor song, composed by Mr Arthur Sullivan (to stanzas by Algernon Swinburne), for his incidental music to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and marked by genuine feeling, was given with true expression by Mr Edward Lloyd. Nothing could have afforded a more striking contrast to the overture than this graceful effusion which, if on that account alone, was sure to make an impression. The song was much liked, and equally so the singer; but, on being called for, Mr Lloyd merely bowed, declining to accept an "encore," thereby following the initiative frequently set by an eminent brother artist.

What came next was in still livelier contrast. The pianoforte concerto in F minor of Herr Johannes Brahms, a comparatively early work, belongs, nevertheless, to modern German art in its highest form of development. How Robert Schumann first made acquaintance with Brahms, what he thought of him at the time, and the prophecy he made of his future career has been more than once narrated. Whether Schumann's predictions are destined to be fulfilled to the letter, time alone can prove; one thing, however, is certain, that Brahms has for a long period been steadily advancing, and that he already stands foremost in the estimation of his compatriots, who year after year confer upon him fresh honours. Away from his home, too, Brahms progresses surely, if slowly. Here in England he has found very many sincere admirers, which Mr Manns at the Crystal Palace, and Mr Arthur Chappell at St James's Hall, were not slow to perceive, and, perceiving, to profit by, for the benefit of their respective patrons. Some of the chamber music of Brahms has for years been known to various select circles, but now not only his chamber music, but his orchestral music and his sacred music are becoming in a certain degree familiar to the general public. He thus obtains more and more chances of appreciation, and it is to be hoped that the favourite of Schumann will as nearly as possible (for Schumann talked in a highly rhapsodical vein on the subject), realize the hopes of his friend and master. In one sense he already does—the influence of Schumann being clearly manifest in not a few of the compositions Herr Brahms has given to the art. Among these may be cited the pianoforte concerto introduced for the second time at the Crystal Palace Concerts on Saturday. The first to play it at these concerts was a young English pianist, Miss Baglehole, a student, under Mr W. H. Holmes, at the Royal Academy of Music. In each of the three movements, the first and last especially, we detect signs of the influence to which reference has been made—not plagiarism, be it understood, but what appears to indicate unmistakable sympathy. There are occasional passages, moreover, which remind us that Herr Brahms leans also towards Beethoven, just as Schumann did himself in the prime of his artistic career. He might do worse, seeing that he possesses unquestionable originality of his own. The concerto in F minor is, in certain respects, one of the most difficult tasks to set before a pianist, even at a time when the possession of mechanical dexterity is too often looked upon as an end rather than as a means. Then, the tax upon the physical powers of the solo performer is made heavier by the full, elaborate, and incessant employment of the orchestra, both in "*tutti*" and accompaniment—which latter, in sundry instances, if not carefully toned down by the conductor—a feat by no means over-easy—is calculated now and then to drown the notes of the pianoforte. No such mishap occurred, however—which may be readily believed when it is added that the pianist was Mdlle Marie Krebs. This young lady is equal to any, the most trying, *bravura* passages, surmounting them with invariable ease; while her touch is so elastic, her tone so powerful and telling, that no amount of orchestral colouring, however indiscriminately laid on, seems to interfere with the unchecked freedom of her manipulation. Mdlle Krebs played from beginning to end without book—a custom we cannot altogether approve in the instance of *concertos*, where there are others besides the solo performer upon whom a considerable share of the responsibility devolves. Firm as a rock, however, she has seldom played more brilliantly, with better sustained fluency, and—remembering the *adagio*, and its several phrases of *cantabile*—with an expression more delicately balanced, while free from the slightest tinge of exaggeration. No success could have been completer, and rarely has unanimous applause followed a display of executive art more thoroughly deserving.

The concerto was succeeded by two airs from the late Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*—"Oh Lord! Thou hast searched me out," which could not have been sung with a deeper insight into its character and meaning than that evinced by Mdme Patey (fresh from her Paris successes); and "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him," to which Mr Lloyd did every justice. It was hardly discreet, we think, in a concert-room, to place two airs, so quietly unobtrusive, one immediately after the other; but, as both are pure gems of devotional song, they were acceptable all the same. About the two movements from Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, perhaps the most precious of the several MSS. which Mr G. Grove had the good fortune to discover at Vienna and introduce to England, we can only repeat what we have said before—that they exhibit their gifted author at his best, which causes all the more regret that so beautiful a work should have come to us in an incomplete shape. Never have the two movements been listened to with more earnest and absorbing attention, and never, it should also be stated, have they been interpreted in a style more nearly bordering on the ideal perfection to which they emphatically point. The wind instruments in the lovely Andante were absolutely irreproachable; but, where all was truly excellent, it would be invidious to single out further examples for special eulogy. At the conclusion the audience expressed their gratification with unbounded heartiness, so much so that Mr Manns, the conductor, turned round and applauded his own orchestra—a little breach of etiquette quite pardonable under the circumstances. M. Gounod's sacred ballad, "There is a green hill far away," sung by Mdme Patey, and a very effectively scored *Festival Overture*, written by Herr Krebs, Kapellmeister of Dresden (father of Mdlle Marie), in commemoration of the German victories in the war of 1870-71, played with congenial spirit by the orchestra, brought this very interesting concert to a close.

At the concert to-day, Saturday, *Jeanne d'Arc*, "a dramatic scena," by Mr Alfred Holmes, is to be given for the first time; and for next Saturday, the "Sterndale Bennett Memorial Concert," at which the entire programme will be made up from the compositions of our late countryman, is announced.—*Times*.

BRUNSWICK.—It is some time since any theatrical event created so much sensation here as the appearance of Mad. Lucca, for one night only, as Selica, in *L'Africaine*. The theatre was crowded to suffocation, though the prices of admission were doubled, and, in some instances, even trebled. The audience were enthusiastic, and applauded most vigorously on every possible opportunity.

VIENNA.—The new opera, *Cagliostro in Wien*, by Herr Johann Strauss, is nearly finished. The first and second acts have already been in rehearsal for some time. The work will very shortly be produced at the Theater an der Wien.—Sig. Franchi, the manager, has been expected here for some time past, to make arrangements for the appearance of Mad. Adelina Patti, which will take place at the Comic Opera in the early part of March. Mad. Patti will sing on sixteen evenings, and in the following operas: *Dinorah*, *Il Trovatore*, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Pasquale*, *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, *La Traviata*, and, perhaps, *Faust*.

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THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

AN ORCHESTRAL FOCUS.

(*From "Journal and Jottings," by Henry W. Goodban.*)

(*Concluded from page* 134.)

I can only record certain circumstances that struck my mind very forcibly during the progress of the ceremony—the details are written elsewhere. One of the most thrilling and impressive was when the Archbishop of Canterbury was crowning the Queen. Every part of the ceremony had been rehearsed and timed; and, whilst he held the crown over her head, previous to its descending upon her brow, he repeated a prayer. At the moment it touched her forehead the peers and peeresses raised their coronets, which had been hitherto held by their pages, and placed them on their heads. The sun—the great colourist of life, which up to this moment had been hiding his glory, fused into his rays all the tints that colour the world—burst forth in all his splendour, and, through the stained glass window facing the throne, threw such streams of light upon the crown diamonds and the surrounding and abounding gems, that made a blaze of sparkling brilliancy never to be witnessed a second time in a life's span, inaugurating the coronation of the maiden Queen with a happy halo of rich lustre. The cannons in St James's Park boomed forth their salute; the bells from all the surrounding churches clanged their clappers in a joy-fire; the air reverberated with shouts from the people of "Long live the Queen, hurrah;" the excitement was beyond my power to describe; my flesh crept, and I felt as if I belonged to the feathered race, and wanted to mount into the air, but had suddenly been plucked by electricity, leaving an effect of cold shiver on a warm summer's day.

The Queen's mind, no doubt, in the midst of this din and enthusiasm, was centred in an appeal to "*Our Father*," for strength, wisdom, and grace to support her in the position it had pleased Him to call her to. "How well the human heart was known to Him who first called God by the name of Our Father." After Her Majesty had been crowned, the peers ascended the dais to the throne where she sat to receive the oaths of fealty from each in order and turn, according to their rank and precedence. It is the privilege of the peers, after taking the oath of allegiance, to kiss the cheek of the monarch. As the Queen was only a girl of nineteen years of age, it was thought that upwards of 350 kisses, disbursed from lips of men, young, middle-aged, and old, would not be a very agreeable or fragrant proceeding, but a dose sufficient to make the recipient hope never to receive more than one at a time for the rest of a life. It was, therefore, decided that a ceremony of more delicacy and less fatigue might be substituted; so, as the peers passed the throne, they kissed her hand instead of her cheek.

As Lord Rolle, a very old and infirm nobleman, was descending the steps, he missed his footing, fell and literally rolled down, causing great consternation and alarm amongst the surrounding peers. Her Majesty rose from the throne, prompted by the impulse of her youthful and sympathetic nature, as if with the intention of giving some personal help in the matter of picking him up; but as he was soon reinstated in a horizontal position, and was not much hurt, the commotion soon subsided. This solemn ceremony had its ludicrous side also. Whilst the peers were paying homage to the Queen, the treasurer of the household appeared on the scene, with his attendants, carrying bags of gold and silver coronation medals, which he commenced to scatter amongst the people, who shouted "Largesse, largesse!" As he proceeded down the choir, many of the occupants of the front seats left their places, and joined in the scramble for possession of some of the desired medals, with an exception on the part of the judges, who preserved the dignity of their position by remaining in their places, and looking on at this very extraordinary scene, contenting themselves by each holding up a hand as the treasurer passed, hoping that a medal or two might come within their catch. This event must have reminded the participators of their school-boy days, when they had scrambled in their playgrounds. Possibly "my luds" might have wished they could have laid aside their judgeships for a time, and joined in the melée and fun it caused. The young pages were the most rampant and active; they thought nothing of pitching over anyone, in their way, when they fixed their will upon the possession of any glittering piece that caught their eyes. I saw one of the heralds absolutely sprawling on the carpet from a push given him by one of these irresistible scapegraces, when he stooped to gain possession of a desired medal, which he did not get. The page was too agile for him. Some few were thrown into the orchestra, but only those sitting near the front had a chance of getting any.

The efforts of the fine band of 120 instrumentalists and a chorus of greater number were not taxed very severely, as the music, though a great feature, was not super-abundant in quantity. Handel's *Coronation Anthem* ("Zadok the Priest") and one composed by William Knyvett, who held the appointment of State composer, and whose duty it was at such a ceremony to produce some new musical emanation of his brain *àpropos* of the occasion. These, with the "Hallelujah" Chorus, were the most important features in the programme, and the effect produced by the first and last was remarkably fine. Old Handel's everlasting and grandly effective compositions, with their broad harmonies, reverberated round the Abbey walls gloriously. The State Composer's effort may be said to have been a weak one, as far as any display of genius or gain to art was concerned.

When the ceremony was over, the procession was formed in the same way as it had entered. The Queen left the throne and took her place in it, walked down the middle of the choir and nave "crowned Monarch of the realm," amidst the reiterated shouts of the people who had been privileged to assist in this remarkable event.

The scene then became varied. Everybody left their seats to depart eventually as they could. They walked about wherever they pleased—some chatting with and greeting their friends, others, worn out with excitement and hunger, applying themselves to their sandwich boxes and flasks. The appearance from the orchestra was that of an animated, lunatic Turkey carpet, acting in a kaleidoscopic fashion. All the colours and gems changed places incessantly, the wearers thereof moving about in the most brilliant confusion. The steps to the throne were soon taken possession of by the loveliest of ladies in the most elegant toilettes, petting the prettiest of pages, and surrounded by the happiest of cavaliers, attending these daintiest of dames and damsels.

I passed into the choir and was in the midst of this gorgeous glory—inspected the altar with its golden communion plate and purple velvet appointments, gazed with wonder upon the dress and hat Prince Esterhazy wore, covered with diamonds and pearls, admired the Countess of Essex (Miss Stephens), the once celebrated vocalist, and a great deal else that was attractive, and then made my way through the crowd into the nave, when another singular scene rivetted my attention. The flooring was covered with red carpet, and at the foot of one of the pillars, with a sentry of the Guards standing at ease close by, was a party consisting of two peeresses, arrayed in their coronets and robes, and some other ladies, sitting on the floor picnic fashion, two peers, with their robes tucked up under their arms, also wearing their coronets, a gentleman belonging to the suite of the Austrian Embassy, and an English General, all in an apparently ravenous condition, as they passed their refreshments and flasks about to one another with great satisfaction and enjoyment, and an abnegation of ceremony as they put their bottles to their lips in turn, the absence of wine glasses not troubling their minds in the least degree. Many other parties of a similar description were spotted about whilst waiting for their carriages.

Having seen all I could, I began to think of getting away; and as there was no other means of doing so than by boldly facing the huge crowd which seemed so densely packed that to get through it was an impossibility, I and my comrades took the young ladies we had brought under our care; and, after an hour and a half's perseverance and patience, managed to reach Charing Cross, having met with nothing but civility, good-temper, and humorous "chaffing" on our way.

STUTTGART.—Sig. Verdi's opera of *Aida* is to be produced for the first time at the Theatre Royal on the King's birthday, the 6th March. Mad. Shröder-Hanfstaengl will sustain the part of the heroine. The next operatic novelty will then be *Enzio von Hohenstaufen*, libretto by Herr A. B. Dulk, and music by Herr J. J. Abert.

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MR J. F. BARNETT'S *LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.*

(*From the "Sussex Daily News," February* 17.)

The sixth concert of Mr Kuhe's Festival, which took place in the Dome on Tuesday evening, February 16, before a large and fashionable audience, was rendered more than ordinarily interesting by the performance, for the first time in Brighton, of Mr J. F. Barnett's descriptive music to Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." This piece, which was written for and produced at the Triennial Musical Festival at Liverpool last year, places its composer one step higher in the ranks of contemporary musicians, and establishes his position among the small but gradually increasing band of English composers, whose works are a complete refutation to the sneers from foreign quarters at the unmusicalness of our country. It is worthy of the composer of the *Raising of Lazarus*, *The Ancient Mariner*, and *Paradise and the Peri*, and proves how deeply and successfully he has studied orchestral writing, and how skilful he is in extracting the best effects from each instrument without resorting to any of the tricks which so many "popular" composers are prone to, and upon which their reputation is principally based. Like many of the productions of the living school of composers, Mr Barnett has taken a "poetic basis" for his work, and has chosen to illustrate the work of another rather than create and paint his own picture; a course which makes the sister arts more than ever dependent upon each other, without either, however, sacrificing its characteristics or individuality. In the "argument" of his composition, Mr Barnett describes the first movement, which he names "Fair Melrose" (*larghetto*), as "an elegy on that venerable building," his idea being to illustrate "the feelings of one who, visiting the Abbey 'by pale moonlight,' at the sight of the touching relics of a past age, gives vent to his mournful feelings in a strain such as that suggested by the solo from all the violoncelli." He calls up in his imagination "the chants of the monks of old, like the sound of distant church music," the orchestra, to produce the last effect, being aided by the pedal notes of the organ, which wonderfully improve and vivify the effect. From this mournful picture of the past, the composer turns to a romance, Lady Margaret and the Knight being selected as the subject for this episode, and the movement being described "as a song, or rather a duet without words for orchestra; the first voice being represented by the violins, and the second by the viola and afterwards by the violoncello. A few bars of symphony lead to a theme given out *cantabile* by the first violins, accompanied by *pizzicato* chords of a harp-like character. This is answered by a solo for all the violas; an instrument which is too rarely heard as a solo effect, but whose invaluable qualities in the orchestra cannot be over-estimated." The third movement, the subject of which is the Elfin page, manifestly suggested a *scherzo*, and Mr Barnett has done his best to write something of which neither Weber nor Mendelssohn need have been ashamed. It is quaint, full of tricks and mischief, and so charmingly and delicately scored that the ears must be very dull indeed which could not detect its beauty; but both at Liverpool and Brighton its merits were spontaneously recognized, and it was encored not less enthusiastically last evening than it was last October. The final movement is devoted to the rejoicings at the triumph of Lord Cranstoun over Richard Musgrave, and is worked out at greater length than any of the preceding, the brass instruments and the whole power of the orchestra being brought into play. The opening and chief melody is vivacious and tuneful, and is assigned to the wind instruments, the strings accompanying, the whole being brought to a spirited and effective conclusion, without, however, any straining; for throughout the composer has written well within himself, and the listener is impressed with the idea that there is more power in him if he cares but to exert it. It is gratifying to see that there are composers amongst us who are content to study in the best schools, and honestly and legitimately strive to write music which shall be truthful and natural, and altogether removed from the clap-trap which French and Italian composers are turning out in such quantities. Mr Barnett himself conducted his work, and had the pleasure of observing how much his latest work was admired, and of receiving the warmest encouragement to persevere in the line which he has struck out for himself. He was unanimously recalled at the close of his work, which was performed by the band in a manner which only calls for praise.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL CONCERTS.

The second concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society was dedicated, as is the rule of the body, to a good work—the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institute being, upon this occasion, the object of assistance, and the more appropriate, perhaps, as the Duke of Edinburgh is the president of the charity in question. The attendance was not only fashionable, in the best and most brilliant sense of the word, but was also considerable, from which it may be inferred that the beneficent purposes in view were satisfactorily realized. The instrumentalists, among whom the Duke took his usual place, played with their accustomed care and attention, and their delivery of Beethoven's eighth symphony, the introduction to the third act of *Lohengrin* and the overtures to the *Cheval de Bronze* and the *Ambassadrice*, presented many creditable points, betokening the value of the discipline they are experiencing at the hands of their leader, Mr H. Enthoven, and their conductor, Mr George Mount. The society is fortunate in its amateur vocalists. At the former concert a pupil of Mr Randegger, Miss Fanny Brough, a mezzo-soprano, made her *debût*, and, despite her obvious nervousness, exhibited an amount of practical accomplishment, which, unquestionably, would soon make her a reputation were public life her aim. On Saturday night we had a Miss Robertson (another pupil of the same distinguished teacher), who has, it is said, been singing with considerable *éclat* in the west of England, on behalf of numerous charitable undertakings. The good words spoken of her do not appear to have been undeserved, for she has a soprano voice of high range and of excellent quality, and a facility of execution which enables her to attack florid music with a skill little short of professional in its results. She gave favourable examples of her ability in Donizetti's "O luce di quest' anima," and Randegger's "Bird of the spring time," which, in both cases, and particularly in the latter, in which she was encored, revealed her undoubted vocal skill, and brought down very genuine and prolonged applause. Mr C. E. M'Cheane has been heard before at these concerts, and in "Tom Bowling" was heard again with all the satisfaction that a tenor singer of taste and feeling never fails to engender. Upon being encored he substituted "The Letter" of Arthur Sullivan. Captain Carlyon-Simmons revived a charming ballad, of "The Thorn" pattern, by the late G. F. Harris, called "Did ye see the red rose?"; and Mr W. Ross, R. E., contributed a pair of songs by Schumann, and a spirited *aria* from a cantata by W. Walter Austin. The part-music included agreeable interpretations of Verdi's quartet from *Rigoletto*, "Un dì, si ben," and Costa's well-known "Ecco quel fiero istante." The first section of the programme was graced with a violin solo, Ernst's "Reverie," played with masterly skill by Mr H. Enthoven. Mr Randegger accompanied Miss Robertson in her two solo performances. D. H. H.

—o—

THE LONDON WAGNER SOCIETY.

Mr Dannreuther has addressed the following to a contemporary, in answer to some remarks upon the above subject:—

"(*To the Editor of the 'Musical Standard.'*)

"SIR,—In your last number you state that the *Monthly Musical Record*, 'which should know,' speaks of the London Wagner Society as 'now defunct.'

"Allow me to say that there is not the smallest need of an obituary notice as yet. We shall not resume the orchestral concerts, as one of our objects—that of drawing attention to Wagner's music—is attained; but our other and main object—that of sending money to Bayreuth—will continue in force until *Der Ring des Nibelungen* has actually been performed there. And if we go on as we have begun, the financial committee at Bayreuth will some day be able to give a good account of us. I have the honour to be, Sir, truly yours,

"12, *Orme Square, January 25th*, 1875." "EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

BRESLAU.—Herr Theodor Wachtel has been singing at the Stadt-theater. He is announced to appear in *Lohengrin*.—*Die Fledermaus* of Herr Johann Strauss has been produced and well received at the Lobe-theater.—The principal features at the last Soirée for Chamber-Music given by the Orchestral Union, were the stringed Trio Serenade, Op. 8, of Beethoven, and Hummel's Septet. Herr B. Scholz, also, performed two pianoforte pieces of his own composition, from Op. 40.

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MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Sterndale Bennett's G minor symphony, which was played for the first time in Manchester, at Mr Hallé's last concert, was, I need scarcely tell you, followed with unusual interest. It was splendidly played, and seldom did a work of this character produce so decidedly favourable an impression on a first hearing. Every movement was heartily applauded, and there was a disposition to encore the minuetto and the trio—the latter of these was given with most gratifying taste and accuracy by the brass instruments. Of the symphony itself I will not say a word; I will add nothing to the admirable notices given recently in your columns.

In no memorial notice of the lamented Sterndale Bennett have I seen any reference to what I believe was his only appearance on a London stage. Yet, during the time he was a pupil at the Royal Academy, he did actually take the part of Cherubino in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, in the concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre, which was fitted up as a theatre for the occasion. All the performers were pupils and members of the Academy; and Mr C. A. Seymour, who for many years has been the leader of the Manchester orchestras, was the leader of the orchestra at this interesting production of Mozart's masterpiece. It must have been somewhere about 1830 or 1831, and a London newspaper, in noticing the performance, spoke of "Master Bennett's little pipe." It will certainly not surprise the lovers of Sterndale Bennett's unrivalled lyrics to learn that he had himself been a trained singer. Even great composers have made the mistake, which Bennett always avoided, of writing music for the voice only suitable for an instrument.

The concert referred to above was in other respects memorable. Herr Joachim played Beethoven's violin concerto in his own imperial style, satisfying, and more than satisfying, the most exacting critics. In the second part Herr Joachim and Herr Straus played a concerto by Bach, with the orchestra, and an unaccompanied duet by Spohr. Anything finer than these displays could not well be imagined. Madame Néruda had been announced to appear, but she had been suddenly summoned to Brünn, in Moravia, in consequence of the illness of her father. Mr Hallé played a Bach selection, which delighted everybody; and, possibly, somebody was delighted by the orchestral rhapsodie of Raff, heard for the first time. Mdlle Sophie Löwe, the singer of the evening, is not a great artist, nor can she boast of a fine voice; but, if grace of manner and other attractions were universally accepted as compensation, Mdlle Löwe would be a universal favourite. If I were not writing to so dignified a journal as the *Musical World*, I might go so far as to say that, in looking at Mdlle Löwe, critics forget to listen.

At the Concert Hall on Monday, Herr Wilhelmj made his first appearance this season—since 1868, indeed, I believe. His marvellous execution, and, above all, his pre-eminently splendid tone, excited general astonishment and delight, but, as an intellectual player, he cannot be placed side by side with Herr Joachim. He played Mendelssohn's Concerto, a Romance of his own composition, and two Paraphrases of Chopin. Sterndale Bennett's lovely *Naïades* overture, Rietz's noble overture in A, two movements of Beethoven's No. 1 Symphony, and Rossini's *Siege of Corinth* overture, were the orchestral selections. Mr Santley and Mr Welbye Wallace were the singers, the latter a *débutant*, who did not create a profound impression. Mr Santley sang superbly, and his delivery of Wagner's "O star of eve" created a great sensation; he also revived a remarkably fine scena from *I Briganti*, of Mercadante, which he sang with consummate finish and skill.

Mr de Jong's extra benefit concert attracted a large audience on Saturday evening. Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Blanche Cole, and other prominent artists appeared.

Mr Frederick Unyer's third classical chamber concert was given at the Town Hall, last night. The programme included Mozart's string Trio, Op. 19, in E flat; Schubert's Pianoforte Fantasia in C major; Mendelssohn's Duet, Op. 58, in D, for pianoforte and violoncello; and Schumann's Quartet, for pianoforte and strings, Op. 47, in E flat. The executants, Messrs Unyer, Baneskelles, Speelman, and Van Biene, all distinguished themselves; and we can give no higher praise to M. Van Biene's playing than by saying that it was not unworthy to be compared to that of the prince of violoncellists, Signor Piatti himself.

I have said nothing hitherto about the pantomime music; but the charming melodies and graceful part-songs by Mr Alfred Cellier, in the Christmas pantomime, are quite above the average of compositions of the kind; and there is also some very clever music by Mr A. Plumpton, in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal.

To-morrow night the *Creation* will be given, under Mr Hallé's direction, with Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr Nelson Varley, and Mr Whitney, as the principal singers; and we are looking forward with interest to a performance of Max Bruch's *Odysseus*, to be given on the 13th of March, by the St Cecilia Amateur Choral Society, assisted by Mr Santley.

February 24, 1875.

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MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

We have had nothing of particular importance in the musical world here of late, since Reichardt's successful concert.

Scrivaneck, after repeating Gentil Bernard with great success, took her leave on the 6th, playing in *Les princesses de la rampe* and *L'Actrice en voyage*, and, since her departure, we have had various comedies and dramas, such as *Le roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*, *Les premiers armes de Richelieu*, *Les trois chapeaux de Monsieur*, &c., played with varied success at the Salle Monsigny. Offenbach's *Princesse de Trébizonde* has been given twice, more successfully on the second than on the first occasion, and *Giroflé-Giroflà* is in rehearsal. *Les deux Orphelines* has also been repeated twice to crowded houses.

Apropos of musical matters, I may mention the reception of two handsome bronze medals at the Museum here, forwarded by M. Marcotte de Quivières, Director of the French Mint. The first was struck in memory of Cherubini, and bears on the reverse side to the excellent medallion of the great musician the following inscription:—

"Né a Florence, 8 Septembre, 1760, Démophon, Medée, Lodoïska, Deux Journées, Achille à Seyros, Faniska, Les Abencerrages, Ali Baba, etc., Messe de Requiem, Messe du sacre.—Surintendant de la Musique du Roi, Directeur du Conservatoire, 1822-1842, Membre de l'Institut, Commandeur de la Legion d'Honneur. Mort à Paris, 15 Mars, 1842."

The medallion is by Oudine. The second, in memory of Francois Adrien Boieldieu, by Legrange, après Dantan:—

"Né a Rouen, le 15 Decembre, 1775, Professeur au Conservatoire, Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, Membre de l'Institut.—La famille suisse, Beniowsky, Le Calife de Bagdad, Ma tante Aurore, Jean de Paris, Le nouveau Seigneur, Le petit Chaperon rouge, Les voitures versées, La Dame Blanche, Les deux nuits. Mort à Jarcy près Grosbois, le 8 October, 1844."

I suppose you are aware that there is to be *un Concours de Musique Internationale* during the coming summer at Rouen, to celebrate the centenary of Boieldieu's birth?

Lent makes everything very dull, and the weather suggests firesides at home. Micarème, however, our mid-Lent Thursday, is approaching, and on that sort of safety-valve day for the pent-up feelings of the would-be joyful, numbers of amusements and innumerable balls are being talked of. X. T. R.

P. S.—The young woman who was so successfully treated by music for hysteria, some eight months ago, is perfectly well, and gaining her living by needlework. She is an excellent workwoman, and several ladies give her as much as she can do. *She has never had a relapse* since May 6, 1874, when the music was applied—or, rather, "taken as before."

DANTZIG.—Madlle Orgéni and Herr Erdmann are playing a short starring engagement at the theatre here. The opera selected for their first appearance was *Il Trovatore*.

FLORENCE.—At a public prize distribution of the Florentine Institution, and, in presence of the Municipal authorities, the band of the National Guards performed Mr Goldberg's Triumphal March. It will be remembered that this march was first played when the Italian troops entered Rome, after the French troops had left the Eternal City. Mr Goldberg, having dedicated his Triumphal March to the King of Italy, received on that occasion, in acknowledgment from His Majesty, a highly flattering letter, thanking Mr Goldberg in most gracious terms for his patriotic sentiments which had inspired him to compose his Triumphal March.

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LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

The present series of the London Ballad Concerts has come to its close, and Mr John Boosey can look back on a successful season. The concert-hall has always been very well filled with what the French call "La crême de la societé," and the novelties produced were, almost without exception, very favourably received. The success of the London Ballad Concerts is chiefly due to the superior spirit in which this popular style of entertainment has been conducted, and was particularly noticeable in the concert of Wednesday evening—the last of the season. The attendance was very large, considering the unfavourable weather, and the programme consisted of some of our standard ballads. The greatest successes were Mr Santley's and Mr Lloyd's. The former gentleman substituted for the "encore" gained by his splendid singing of the "Leather Bottel," Hatton's "To Anthea," and, on being encored in the "Vicar of Bray," he repeated the last verses, and, on his recall, gave "Polly." Mr Edward Lloyd sang Sullivan's "Once Again," besides the pieces put down for him, and repeated Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud." Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was, unfortunately, not in good voice, and therefore Sir Julius Benedict's new song, "Love's Appeal"—a *bravura* composition—could not fairly be judged. Miss Edith Wynne was encored in Cowen's "It was a dream." Miss Antoinette Sterling sang some ballads—Barnby's "When the tide comes in," and "Home, sweet home." Mr Sydney Smith played his own pianoforte solos, "Air Irlandais" and "Le jet d'eau," in excellent style, and to the evident satisfaction of the audience. Amongst the admired features of the programme were the performances of the "London Vocal Union, from St Paul's," under Mr Frederick Walker's direction. The *ensemble* singing of these gentlemen is perfect. Praise is also due to them for their selection of pieces.—SIGMUND MENKES.

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MUSIC IN NEW ZEALAND.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

We have had quite a plethora of music lately. Madame Goddard and party, the Royal English Opera Company, besides concerts innumerable, given by Mrs Palmer (Fanny Carandini), Madame Winter, and the musical societies.

Madame Goddard's reception has been more enthusiastic here than, perhaps, in any other town in the colonies. At her first concert, some hundreds were turned away from the doors, unable to gain admission. However, this is not uncommon anywhere; but there was a cordiality in her reception that seemed to touch her heart considerably, and she readily responded to encores, which she frequently declines to do. Of her playing it is needless to speak. It was as perfect as usual, and the critics scarcely presume to say more than that. Her company is weak, with the exception of Herr Doehler, the violinist; but Madame Goddard requires no support. Her name is sufficient everywhere.

The Opera Company played for a month before Madame Goddard's arrival, and since her departure they have returned for a few nights. Miss Alice May took her benefit on Monday; and, in spite of a wet night, she had a bumper. She appeared for the first time in Christchurch as Marguerite, and the general opinion is that it is her greatest part. Mr Hallam is becoming a favourite. His voice, though light, is nice in quality, and he has the good sense not to force it. Mr Templeton, the baritone, has a fine voice, with which he makes a capital use, and his acting is gentlemanly and free from vulgarity. Mr Vernon has not quite the vocal powers of a great tenor, but he is a graceful and natural actor, and has especially distinguished himself in Myles-Na-Coppaleen. The *tout ensemble* of Mr Allen's company is excellent, and it deserves the success it has obtained in New Zealand. At the same time it is creditable to the musical taste of so young a country, that they support an entertainment for a year. Miss Alice May is really the pet of the country. No one else has received such lavish praise, presents, and honours. At the conclusion of the present tour the company are likely to go to India, under the agentship of Signor Biscaccianti, who prognosticates a decided success. In no country is talent more appreciated than in India.

G. B. A.

Christchurch, December 20, 1874.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

Writing to *Dwight's Journal of Music* about a matter of persona interest, an American pianist, Mr B. D. Allen, goes on to say:—

"Now that I have pen in hand, may I give expression to a thought or two, bearing upon the general subject of musical criticism, without reference to special cases? I believe in the independence of the critic; that, excluding purely personal considerations, he should labour for the advancement of the art. With this end in view, he may adopt, as his standard, *perfection;* condemning all according to the degree in which they fail of this. The result will probably be that none can wholly bear the test, while most will fall far short of it. Those who seek to act as conservators of the public taste, by the organization of an orchestra, for instance, or, in small cities, by the organization of a choir for the production of rare choral works, will find their efforts decried, without any consideration of peculiar circumstances which may limit the number of rehearsals or otherwise impair the efficiency of their work. In such cases, does not the critic retard art to the extent to which he discourages and represses the efforts of those who would be its promoters? Many a singer of ability would be willing to give time, study, and unrecompensed effort for the sake of helping on the good cause, who would shrink from exposing his reputation to the assaults of ungenerous criticism. Where such prevails, the community itself, as well as art, is the loser. Is not the needed criticism in such cases that which shall build up (edify), not that which shall tear down and destroy?

"A point for the artist's consideration is this; that, as the late critic of the *London Athenæum* has expressed it, a quill in a man's hand 'does not give him wings to his shoulders, and convert him into a chartered angel, whose name must be spoken with dread as soon as ever his praise or blame appears in the journal.' As one emerges from a state of pupilage, he will need less and less the verdict of the outside public to assure him of his position in the kingdom of art. He, who, after every performance, must rush from the concert-hall to inquire of the dispersing throng whether he did well, had better not be too hasty in dismissing his teacher. But those who walk in artistic freedom know when they have done well, though the world may disparage. They know, too, when they have done ill, though the world may extol. In striving to reach this position should we not all remember, that the criticism which does us good is friendly, even though it be severe.

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MDME GODDARD IN CALIFORNIA.

Mdme Arabella Goddard, who arrived on the Cyphrenes, Saturday night (January 30), has been in the Australian Colonies during part of the past year, but brings the most flattering endorsements from the great London journals, and testimonials of the London public's appreciation. The *Times* of February 12th, 1873, says:—"From her first achievements, at the concert of the Quartette Association, when she played from memory the long, elaborate, and, to nineteen pianists out of twenty, almost impracticable sonata of Beethoven in B flat, Op. 106, to her more recent exhibitions in public, she has only to look back to an uninterrupted series of triumphs." Mdme Goddard will commence her series of concerts early next week, in either Pacific Hall or Platt's Hall.—*San Francisco Journal, February 1st.*

—o—

A CORRECTION.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—In the *Athenæum* of last Saturday appears the following statement:—

"The death of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett has left two posts of honour, if not of profit, open, namely, the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and the musical professorship of Cambridge. The committee of management, it seems, has elected Mr G. A. Macfarren; but the validity of the nomination is disputed on the ground that the electoral power rests with the directors, who wish to appoint Mr Sullivan."

Will you allow me, through your columns, to declare on the authority of Mr Gill, the secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, that there is not a shadow of truth in the above, and that its foundation rests entirely in the imagination of the writer of the paragraph.

I must, also, call attention to the obvious purport of his remarks further on, when he gives the names of several of the most distinguished musicians as forming the committee of management, and states that the board of directors is composed chiefly of "aristocratic amateurs."—I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

8, *Albert Mansions, S. W.,* ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
Feb. 24, 1875.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in B flat, Op. 18, No. 6, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Die Liebende schreibt" / "Wohin" } Mdlle JOHANNA LEVIER { *Mendelssohn.* / *Schubert.*

PRÆAMBULUM, ARIA, PASSEPIED, and GIGUE, for pianoforte alone—MR CHARLES HALLE .. .. *Bach.*

PART II.

SONATA, in D minor, for pianoforte and violin (first time at the Popular Concerts)—MR CHARLES HALLE and HERR JOACHIM .. *Schumann.*

SONGS, { "Lieblingsplätzchen" / "Der Nussbaum" } Mdlle JOHANNA LEVIER { *Mendelssohn.* / *Schumann.*

VARIATIONS on the Song, "Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu," for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time at the Popular Concerts)—MR CHARLES HALLE, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*

CONDUCTOR .. .. MR ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in F minor, for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (first time at the Popular Concerts)—MM. CHARLES HALLE, JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Brahms.*

SONG, "Mourn, thou poor heart"—Miss ANNA WILLIAMS .. *Weber.*

SONATA, in D major (No. 21 of Halle's Edition), for pianoforte alone—MR CHARLES HALLE .. .. *Mozart.*

SONG, "Ich grolle nicht"—Miss ANNA WILLIAMS .. .. .. *Schumann.*

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 59, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VAN PRAAG (San Francisco).—The "Golden Dollar" arrived safely.

MARRIAGE.

On the 23rd inst., ARTHUR HOWELL, Esq., to Miss ROSE HERSEE, daughter of Henry Hersee, Esq., of Lee Place, Kent.

DEATHS.

On the 9th inst., at Matlock, aged 46, ROBERT BURRINYOUNG, Esq., late of Mirzapore and Calcutta.

On the 20th inst., at 13, Fisher Street, Carlisle, CATHERINE, wife of H. E. FORD, Esq., organist of Carlisle Cathedral.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

IN another column appears an extract from a letter addressed to *Dwight's Journal of Music*, by an American artist, who had something to grumble at. The object of his grumbling was an unkind critic, and between him and critics in general lay but a short and easy step. We are glad the artist took it. As a rule, when offended performers write to editors, they make themselves ridiculous; but our American friend appeared in the character of a sensible and reasonable man. Whether he was right or wrong about the special matter of which he complained, we cannot tell. But these are pertinent and weighty remarks:—

"I believe in the independence of the critic; that, excluding purely personal considerations, he should labour for the advancement of the art. With this end in view, he may adopt, as his standard, *perfection*; condemning all according to the degree in which they fail of this. The result will probably be that none can wholly bear the test, while most will fall far short of it. Those who seek to act as conservators of the public taste, by the organization of an orchestra, for instance, or, in small cities, by the organization of a choir for the production of rare choral works, will find their efforts decried, without any consideration of peculiar circumstances which may limit the number of rehearsals or otherwise impair the efficiency of their work. In such cases, does not the critic retard art to the extent to which he discourages and represses the efforts of those who would be its promoters? Many a singer of ability would be willing to give time, study, and unrecompensed effort for the sake of helping on the good cause, who would shrink from exposing his reputation to the assaults of ungenerous criticism. Where such prevails, the community itself, as well as art, is the loser. Is not the needed criticism in such cases that which shall build up (edify), not that which shall tear down and destroy?"

How far such observations were called for by the character of American criticism, we do not pretend to judge, nor does it matter as regards the use we shall make of them. They concern the interests of music in England not less, we will venture to say, than in America, because they indicate a danger towards which we are apparently drifting. If common testimony may be believed, there was once a time, not so long ago as the Conquest, when what purported to be musical criticism was neither more nor less than indiscriminate laudation. The critics all wore spectacles *couleur de rose*, and either through timidity, or for reasons of another kind, kept their intelligent countenances beaming with delight. From one point of view, this was an agreeable state of things. Nobody got into trouble, and everybody enjoyed his share of journalistic "fat." Art languished, of course, in an atmosphere at once so luxurious and enervating; but Art, being impersonal, was of small account, and nobody thought about it. We are not going to defend this state of things. In so far as it belongs to the past, the change is for the better, and that it does, in some degree, belong to the past, few will deny. But, men are ever ready to rush from one extreme to another. The hottest zealot is a pervert; the fiercest enemy he who was once a friend. Perhaps, this general principle explains why musical criticism now-a-days shows a disposition to swing over to the other side of injustice, and offend, not by leniency, but by unreasoning and unfair hostility. At any rate, circumstances make it worth while to enquire whether the first business of a musical critic be to foster art, or to chastise its professors. In the second case, the best course is, as observes the American pianist, to "adopt, as his standard, *perfection*, condemning all according to the degree in which they fail." On this ground the chastiser is safe, because, as perfection cannot be demonstrated, he may hit out at everybody without exposing his own ignorance. Moreover, plausible but spurious logic may be invented to back up the position. It is easy to say that, as the conservator of art, a critic knows nothing of extraneous circumstances, from which he stands divided by the highest and most imperative obligations. The result may be hard upon those who are merely exponents of art, but it is a necessary consequence of their position, and should be endured as an engine driver endures the roasting of his legs while his teeth are chattering. But if it can be shown that this judgment by the standard of perfection actually bars

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the progress of art towards the point insisted on, the whole theory tumbles like a house of cards. The test perfection must be abandoned, and our critic, with his head against the arch of heaven, must come down to the very mundane labour of putting his shoulder to a possibly muddy wheel—in other words, when forming judgment upon a thing done, he must stoop to acknowledge the conditions of its doing, and shape his verdict accordingly. After all, this line of action—the only true one, as we believe—is that by which opinion upon most matters is regulated. When a painter holds the pencil between his toes for lack of arms, his deprivation becomes a factor in our estimate of the result. Examples might be multiplied to infinity, but there is no need of them. It falls in with the true idea of justice that a man is worthy of praise or blame, not as he stands with regard to "perfection," but according to the opportunities he has had of becoming perfect.

We wish our musical critics would oftener bear these considerations in mind. To do so, we know, involves some sacrifice. He who blames, by the very act, puts himself above the blamed, and the position is gratifying to self-love. Besides, a course of indiscriminate censure involves many opportunities for the exhibition of that "smartness" which an age of "fast" journalism cherishes; while it also gratifies the cruelty of human nature. With a genuine critic, however, such considerations go for little. Desiring to promote the advance of art, his eye is upon all artistic doings, measuring the result achieved by the means available, and ready to praise honest effort even though it be very far indeed from evolving perfection. To encourage the first steps of a little child is quite as noble as to cheer an athlete; and, if the men who wield the pen of criticism could be got to recognize the fact, a healthier spirit would pervade the musical world.

—o—

AS the question of a Sterndale Bennett memorial in Westminster Abbey is sure to be raised, we cannot do better than direct attention to the excellent proposal recently made, through our columns, by Mr W. H. Cummings. It will be remembered that Mr Cummings advocated the filling in with stained glass of an uncoloured window which lights "Musicians' Corner." Than this nothing could be better. In the first place, the plan would make needless the addition of another stone monument to those which already crowd the Abbey. What monstrosities abound within those venerable walls, and in what degree they disfigure the place, nobody wants to be told. Indeed, the time can hardly be far distant when public opinion will insist upon their removal as an act alike of justice and expediency. The proposed window could not, in any case, give such offence, rather would it heighten the beauty of the interior, and carry one step further those measures of restoration which will in time, let us hope, make amends for centuries of neglect. Every window in the grand old building should be "richly dight," and not that alone, but "storied" also. For the one near which repose Purcell, Blow, Croft, Arnold, and Sterndale Bennett, a splendid opportunity now offers. It may be true that these men need no memorial; but there is something pleasing in the idea that the light of Heaven, entering the Abbey, and falling on their graves, will be stained with the hues in which gratitude and admiration have commemorated their lives. We sincerely trust that the "Musicians' Window" will at once be taken in hand, subject, of course, to the approbation of the Dean and Chapter. For ourselves, we shall be glad to receive communications on the subject with a view to this result.

The Allmanyuka.

From ("Another World.")

"Improve Nature's gifts, and with her elements form new compounds . . . . .
"Were man's faculties given that they should slumber?"

Nothing engaged my attention more than the health of my people. I had satisfied myself that the most virulent diseases took their development from minute, nay, almost imperceptible causes.

As I had determined to find out the germs of faults in children, which, when neglected, led to confirmed vices in the adult; so I was determined to discover disease in its incipience, and, wherever possible, remove the exciting cause.

I have already referred to the creation of a new fruit-vegetable, as one of the subjects of a series of pictures in my summer palace. I will now relate to you some facts regarding the production of the fruit, the offspring of my anxiety for the health of the people.

In the early part of my reign, before the means had been discovered for detecting the incipient germs of disease, the people were afflicted by the return of a painful malady, with which they had often been afflicted before. It was attended with irritation of the intestines, and carried the sufferer off rapidly; for, although all the doctors were familiar with the symptoms, none of them had been able to discover the cause of the disease, or its cure.

I remarked that the children at the colleges were not attacked by this disease, and therefore thought that it had probably originated in something used by adults and not by the young.

The truth of my hypothesis was soon tested. A person of robust frame, whom I much esteemed, died suddenly of the malady. I entreated his friends, in the interest of humanity, to allow his body to be examined.

The people at this period indulged in the use of sauces, seasoned with strong stimulating spices. These were excluded from colleges, and consequently were used by adults only.

I communicated my opinion to the doctors: viz., that, in the the case they were about to examine, it would be found that those burning condiments had inflamed the intestines, and impeded nature in the discharge of her functions. My impressions were correct. With the aid of the electric microscope upwards of forty minute ulcers, highly inflamed, were discovered in the intestines of the deceased, and in each of those ulcers were seen several minute grains of some very hot condiments much in use, which had affected the inner membrane, generated the ulcers, and caused a hasty but painful death.

Assured of the baneful effect of the condiments, I determined to forbid their use, though I knew this would be a serious infliction on the people, inasmuch as the extreme heat of our climate made stimulants necessary. The condiments were much liked, and amongst all the many fruits and vegetables we possessed there were none that could be used as substitutes.

On forbidding their use, I made known publicly the discovery that had been made, every particular being clearly explained, that the people might be convinced that I was acting for their good.

In obedience to my orders, the spices were collected from every quarter, and placed in large warehouses secured under lock. The "bolts" were delivered to the kings, who were astonished at the rapidity with which I had obtained obedience to a decree depriving all of what had become a daily want.

Hermes (*Communicator.*)

(*To be continued.*)

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Mr Gye is reported by the *Ménestrel* to have secured the exclusive right of representing Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette* in England.

A ninth volume of the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* is being prepared by M. Arthur Pougin. While the publishers are about it, they may as well re-write a good many of M. Fétis's biographical articles, and supply some omissions, notably those which do so much injustice to English composers.

The first performance of *Lohengrin*, at the Scala, Milan, brought in 10,982 lire; the first performance of *Aida*, 13,314; the first performance of Sig. Ponchielli's *Lituani*, 13,636; the first performance of Sig. Boito's *Mefistofele*, 13,590; and the first performance of Sig. Marchetti's *Gustavo Wasa*, 6,748.

There are at present twenty-two theatres open in Paris, namely:—the Opera, the Opéra-Comique, the Théâtre Français, the Odéon, the Châtelet, the Théâtre-Lyrique-Dramatique, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Gymnase, the Gaité, the Palais-Royal, the Bouffes Parisiens, the Porte St Martin, the Renaissance, the Folies-Dramatiques, the Ambigu-Comique, the Château d'Eau, the Cluny, the Théâtre des Arts, the Déjazet, the Folies-Marigny, and the Athenée.

According to a letter in the Italian paper, *Il Secolo*, the pecuniary affairs of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, are not in a very flourishing state. The deficit has amounted, in a short time, to the by no means inconsiderable sum of 300,000 florins, or about £30,000 sterling. Among other reasons assigned for this deficit are the enormous nightly expenses, the great number of persons employed in the administrative department, and the high prices, which keep away the public.

Catania.—Mdlle Ida Corani has had a brilliant success in the *Sonnambula*, according to the local journals. *Il Monitore* says—"With regard to the performance, we must say that the warmest applause fell to the share of Signorina Ida Corani, who, as the Swiss maid, was admirable. She sang the air of the first act, the duet with the tenor, and the rondo finale, with artistic finish, and throughout the opera received quite an ovation from a crowded house. She must have devoted long and patient study to her art before she could have acquired the complete command she possesses over her voice, which has evidently been cultivated in the purest school. The audience were enthusiastic, and recalled Mdlle Corani several times to receive well-merited applause."

Milan.—A little more animation has just been infused into matters operatic here. After innumerable delays and postponements, which, like the increase of appetite whereto Hamlet referred, seemed to grow by what they fed on, the new opera, *Gustavo Wasa*, by Sig. Filippo Marchetti, has at length been brought out at the Scala. Opinion is much divided as to its merits, both among the critics and the public. One person says it was a failure. Another, with equal confidence, asserts it to have been a success. "*In medio tutissimus ibis*" Horace wrote some time ago. Perhaps the truth lies between the two verdicts just cited. One thing is pretty certain. The libretto is not well adapted for music. It is dull, gloomy, and monotonous, offering the composer few opportunities of introducing a little musical sunshine to cheer up the prevailing shadow. Among the pieces which pleased most, in the first act, was the love duet between the tenor and the soprano, though it reminds one too much of the same composer's *Ruy Blas*. In fact, this charge has been brought against the whole opera, and some ill-natured members of the orchestra went so far as to affirm that "*Gustavo Wasa* was a cupful of *Ruy Blas* in a pailful of water." In the second act, the audience bestowed the greatest amount of applause on the recitative of the barytone; the last part of the duet between the barytone and the soprano; the grand air sung by Signora Mariani as Romilia; and the romance of the bass. The most striking portions of the third act were a duet between the tenor and the bass; and Romilia's mad scene. Almost the only praiseworthy feature in the fourth act was the death of Romilia, to which full justice was done by Signora Mariani, who especially distinguished herself, both by her singing and her acting, throughout the evening. Signori Bolis, Pantaleone, and Maini, also, did all that possibly could be done with the music respectively assigned to them. The chorus was satisfactory; the orchestra, under the practised direction of Sig. Faccio, decidedly good. On the first night, Sig. Marchetti was called on eight times, and, on the second, fourteen, which, for these enthusiastic latitudes, is not much. *La Lega*, by Sig. Josse, is in rehearsal. It will be followed by Sig. Ponchielli's work, *I Lituani* corrected and revised by its composer.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The Wilton Belgrave Cricket Club gave a vocal and instrumental concert at the Chelsea Vestry Hall, on Monday, February 15th, with the assistance of Mdlle Vittoria de Bono (violinist) and Miss Ada Lester (pianist). In the duet from *Guillaume Tell*, and the solo, "A Venezia," Mdlle de Bono displayed considerable execution, and she was most ably accompanied by Miss Lester, whose solos, "Dal tuo stellato" and "Irish Diamonds, No. 3," showed her power over the instrument of her predilection. Mrs Fenton, Mdme Vandenbrocke, and Mr Tinney, where the principal vocalists, Mr Jones was the accompanist, and the concert was under the direction of Mr Woods.

Athenæum, Camden Town.—An esteemed correspondent writes us word that Miss Lillie Albrecht, who made her second appearance among us on Friday, the 19th inst., succeeded in delighting a large and appreciative audience, who expressed warmly their approbation of the fair young artist's taste and execution, so well evidenced in her performance of Ascher's brilliant arrangement of "Alice," which she gave with delicacy and finish. Miss Albrecht's second piece, Ketterer's "Octave Grand Galop de Concert," was admirably adapted to display the remarkable power of execution she possesses in passages for the left hand, and drew down an unanimous recall, to which the fair young artist responded by giving her own charming *réverie*, "The Maiden's Tear." We heartily congratulate Miss Albrecht on her thorough command over the instrument of her predilection, and on the artistic style in which she plays the works of modern as well as of classical masters, in both of which she has now been heard to advantage.

Brompton Consumption Hospital.—An entertainment was given to the patients of this institution last week by Mdme Mangold Diehl and Miss Elizabeth Philp, assisted by Messrs Colnaghi, Helmore, and Hepworth. The first part of the programme was devoted to songs, and a pianoforte solo by Mdme Mangold Diehl, which found great favour, and was warmly re-demanded, a success that also attended Miss Philp's rendering of her popular song, "Lillie's Good-Night." The second part was occupied by Sullivan's *Cox and Box*, for the performance of which a little stage had been erected. Given in costume, capitally acted, and well sung, the spirited piece, with its charming music, seemed quite to raise the suffering spectators into a temporary forgetfulness of their woes, and the genuine laughter and evident satisfaction aroused by each favourite song and well-known "point" must have fully rewarded those whose time and trouble had been given to ensure the success of the evening. We must compliment both Mr Helmore (Cox) and Mr Colnaghi (Box) on their nice discrimination in those farcical scenes, that might so easily be marred by want of tact and experience. Their acting would have done credit to any stage, and their duet singing was especially deserving of praise. Mdme Mangold Diehl accompanied, and the evening ended with a vote of thanks to, and a round of cheers for, the entertainers.—Z.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—The oratorio, last night, was Macfarren's *John the Baptist*. In the course of the evening, the Dead March from *Saul* was played as a tribute of respect to the memory of Sterndale Bennett. Particulars in our next.

Royal Albert Hall Concerts.—St David's Day will be celebrated by a Welsh Festival Concert at the Royal Albert Hall, on which occasion the members of the Principality residing in London and the suburbs will have a thoroughly national programme presented to them. Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Lizzie Evans, Miss Marian Williams, Miss Mary Davies, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Ap Herbert and Mr Lewis Thomas are announced as vocalists; Miss Bessie M. Waugh, Mr W. H. Thomas and Mr Brinley Richards presiding at the pianoforte. A Band of Harps, under the direction of Mr John Thomas, will also assist, and the Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr Barnby's direction, will contribute Welsh Choruses and Part-Songs. A Popular and Ballad Concert takes place to-night, at the Royal Albert Hall, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd and Mr Thurley Beale as vocalists.

Berlin.—Negotiations have been renewed between Mad. Mallinger and Herr von Hülsen, the Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal. Such favourable terms have now been offered the lady that she will in all probability accept them. Should she do so, she will cancel as many engagements as she can of those she made under the impression she should cease to belong to the Royal Operahouse. There are some she cannot cancel, and these she will have to fulfil during her annual leave of absence.

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PROVINCIAL.

PINNER (Herts).—A concert was given in the Hall, February 22nd, and drew a crowded audience. The vocalists were the Misses Dunsford and Rayner, and Messrs Norton and Ch. J. Bishenden. Miss Dunsford sang to advantage in her solos, especially in "Tell me, my heart;" Mr Norton was also highly successful, and proved himself a good singer; Mr Bishenden was received with great applause on his first appearance, the audience liking his songs so much that they encored "The Outlaw" and "The brave old Oak." The performance was very satisfactory.

LEWISHAM.—The Musical Society gave a concert at the Hall, on February 23; and long before the time for the commencement of the performance the place was filled. Besides the attraction of Mr Ch. J. Bishenden's being engaged, a number of new songs were in the programme, all of which were written expressly for this concert, viz.:—"The Soldier-Boy's Mother," sung by Mr Lines; "A Name," sung by Miss Brewster; and a ballad sung by Mdme Roberti, the name of which was not printed. Mr Spawl sang "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and Mr H. V. Lewis R.A.M., played his new fantasia, "God Bless the Prince of Wales;" Mr Ch. J. Bishenden gave a new anthem, "Victoria," which brought the concert to a finish.

LEICESTER.—Since Mr Elliot Galer has re-modelled, re-decorated, and made an old dingy place a handsome and commodious theatre, there has been no lack of patronage, Mr Galer having proved himself a successful manager in every sense of the word. He has produced opera, opera-bouffe, dramas, Shakespeare's plays, and pantomime—all proving remunerative. Three weeks ago, he produced a new and original farce by R. Clothier, Esq., of which the *Era* speaks highly. The local newspapers say:—"The house is kept in a continual roar of laughter from the time the curtain rises till the end of the piece, when all the performers are called before the curtain." Mr Charles Matthews played last week for two nights, preceded by the new farce, *Our Tom up from Oxford*, to crowded houses. We wish Mr Galer all success.

ORSETT (Essex).—The choral society, consisting of about fifty amateurs, gave a concert in the Institute on Thursday evening, January 28, by the kind permission of R. B. Wingfield Baker, Esq. The first part consisted of excerpts from Mendelssohn's *St Paul* and *Elijah*, and Handel's *Messiah*, interpreted by Mrs Littlehales, Mrs Rea Corbet, Mrs S. Squier, Miss Falcon, Mr Crosthwaite, and the Rev. A. E. Robinson. The second part was miscellaneous, in which Miss Lucila Falcon and her sister, the Rev. E. C. Lethbridge, and the choral society took part. All "went" to the evident satisfaction of the audience, thanks to the energy and tact displayed by Mr H. Regaldi, of the Royal Academy of Music, London, who conducted. The accompanists of the vocal pieces, on the pianoforte, were Miss Bloomfield and Mr S. Noble.

ROMFORD.—The South Essex Choral Society gave a concert in the Corn Exchange on Thursday evening, February 4th, the first part of which consisted of an instrumental piece for the pianoforte *à quatre mains*, played by Messrs A. H. and W. W. Brown; Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer" (soprano solo by Mrs Emily Hope), and a selection from *Elijah*, sung by the Misses Emily and Alice Hope, Mrs Haynes, Miss Josephine Fry, Miss Roper, the Revs J. W. and G. P. Bennett, Messrs Crosthwaite, Pemberton and Fry; and the second part, of a miscellaneous collection of vocal pieces given by the choir and Mr G. Crosthwaite, two violin solos by Mr T. Sergeant, and a pianoforte duet by the Messrs Brown. The concert was well patronized, and the audience must have been pleased with the performance. Mr H. Regaldi, of the Royal Academy of Music, was the conductor, and the post could not have been placed in abler hands.

FOLKESTONE.—The fifth meeting in connection with the Catch Club was held with Mr Ald. Thomas Caister in the chair. There was a very large attendance. Excellent talent had been engaged for the occasion in Mr and Mrs Offord. The music was under the management of Mr G. Nicholson in the place of Mr Jarrett, who was prevented from attending. Mrs Offord acquitted herself particularly well in the "Fairy Glen" and "Home to the Mountain;" and in the second part she was enthusiastically encored in each of her songs, "Auld Robin Gray," and "The harp that once through Tara's halls." Mr Offord sang some sea songs in very fine style, especially the song dedicated to Samuel Plimsoll, and "Let me like a soldier fall." Mr Mathews, who sang "Not twice," "Please to knock and ring," and "The girl with a will," met with much favour from the audience. Mr Nicholson, during the evening, gave two solos on the flute, which were beautifully played, and one was rapturously encored.

HARROW-ON-THE-HILL.—The seventh "Thursday Popular Concert" introduced us to Brahms' sextett, Op. 18, and Handel's concerto for string instruments, the first creating satisfaction even to those of the audience who reluctantly accept the works of new composers. The difficult task, as regards conception and *technique*, was in the able hands of our regular quartett—Messrs Otto Peiniger, Szczepanowski, Amor, Ould, Webb and Pettit, who, afterwards, with some other artists, executed Handel's solo-concerto with all the care which is due to the dear old master. Between Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord," sung by Miss Dones, and Handel's "Honour and arms," sung by Mr Pyatt, Mr Ould played with beautiful tone a Romanza for violoncello, by Goltermann, and was, like the solo singers, heartily applauded. The concert finished with some well chosen English ballads, and we left the hall once more with a high feeling of gratitude to Messrs Farmer and Otto Peiniger who take so much pains in arranging these concerts.

DUNDEE.—Last night the orchestral concerts in Dundee, for this season, terminated. The audience seemed to be rather larger than usual, though it was not such as either the fame of the orchestra or the superior excellence of the programme deserved. This concert was, perhaps, the best—as it certainly was in our view the most interesting—of the short series. The chief orchestral effort was Mendelssohn's fine symphony in A minor, which, on fairly reliable grounds, it is said he once called his "Scotch symphony." The work next in importance produced was Sir William Sterndale Bennett's entrancing Fantasia Overture, *Paradise and the Peri*—one of the very finest musical conceptions ever penned by any composer. Professor Oakeley's newly-scored "Funeral March" and his "Edinburgh March" were excellent performances. The composer's own direction of them was most efficient, and throughout intelligible. The "Funeral March" is a well made composition in C minor. The trio particularly fell on the ear last night with pleasure. An agreeable surprise was that of the trumpets introduced on the bright tonic major triad towards the close of the march. The passages for the 'cellos were also excellent features in the effect. The composer has himself indicated the shades of feeling sought to be expressed in this march, and, with his words before the eye, few could fail to appreciate the success of his design.—*Dundee Advertiser*, *Feb.* 18.

We take the following from the *Dundee Courier*, anent a recent performance of Randegger's *Fridolin* in that hyperborean town:—

"In the story of *Fridolin*, founded on a ballad of Schiller's, Signor Randegger has a theme of intense dramatic interest, which could easily be developed into a first-rate opera. As it is, he has wedded it to music so powerfully and vividly expressive of the situations, so full of natural affinities with the scenes depicted, and so exciting, that the imagination is completely taken captive, and compelled to own the original power, scholarship, and fertility of resource of the composer. The poem affords striking contrast of character, and great diversity and contrast of scene and situation, all of which the music interprets with such force, that, in our opinion, it gets sometimes pushed into the sphere of melodrama. We also venture to think that the scene where Hubert is cast into the furnace, and the Count and Countess arrive in time to save Fridolin from a similar fate, is the climax; and that the work might have concluded quietly with something like the Andante Religioso, as the interest in the story is then exhausted, and the epilogue, although in it all the resources of orchestra, organ, chorus, and soloists are piled up in the most gigantic manner, has, after all, only the weak effect of an anti-climax. Miss Hersee identified herself thoroughly with the part of the Countess, singing her music with all the charm of a pure, sweet soprano voice and good style. If her notes were a little thin occasionally, the great range of compass and trying character of the music must be taken into account. Mr Pearson's fame has travelled before him, but we must own to a little disappointment, for he seemed to be out of voice, probably owing to cold. Little coarsenesses in pronunciation could be detected now and then, and the contrast in changing the registers was sometimes hard and disagreeable, but he seems to be an earnest and painstaking young artist, and with further study will no doubt make his mark. Mr Wadmore sang the baritone music pertaining to the Count with good effect. His interpretation of the air "O, woman, with the pure and guileless face," especially shewed his equally-developed, well-cultivated voice and sympathetic treatment, while in the more dramatic scenes his declamation was true and forcible. In Mr Whitney we have a true bass. He posseses a voice at once deep and powerful, while he sings with the style of a fine artist. His powers were admirably suited in the difficult part of Hubert, whose Iago-like duplicity and hate he pourtrayed with great fidelity. Altogether the caste was an admirable one, and, together with the efforts of the chorus and orchestra, must have satisfied Signor Randegger that pains had been taken to do his fine work all manner of justice. The orchestra, barring an occasional little roughness and unsteadiness, was highly satisfactory, while the choristers exhibited much the same excellences and imperfections which have lately characterized them. Signor Randegger's conducting is masterly, but, if anything, too demonstrative. His whole body is full of music, and vibrates with the effects to be produced. We could, however, spare the rhythmic boot, as there is no part in the score for it, and, although there is 'nothing like leather,' its musical pretensions are still doubtful."

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Verein fur Kunst und Wissenschaft in London,
(German Athenæum)
51, MORTIMER STREET, REGENT STREET, W.

—o—

30ster musikalischer Abend,

Freitag, den 19. Februar 1875,
Abends 8½ Uhr pracise,
unter gutiger Mitwirtung des
Mr. W. Dorrell.

—o—

SIR STERNDALE BENNETT,

geb. den 13. April 1816, gest. den 1. Februar 1875.

IN MEMORIAM.

—o—

PROGRAMM.

1. Sonate fur Clavier: "Die Jungfrau von Orleans" (*Schiller*) ..... Op. 46.
   Andante Pastorale "In the Fields."
   Schuldlos trieb' ich meine Lammer auf des stillen Berges Hoh'.
   Allegro Marziale, "In the Field"
   Den Feldruf hor' ich machtig zu mir dringen,
   Das Schlachtrosz steigt und die Trompeten klingen.
   Adagio patetico, "In Prison."
   Hore mich, Gott, in meiner hochsten Noth,
   Hinauf zu dir, in heiszem Flehenswunsch,
   In deine Himmel send' ich meine Seele.
   Moto di passione, "The End."
   Kurz ist der Schmerz und ewig ist die Freude.
   Mr. Franklin Taylor.
2. Sonata Duo fur Pianoforte und Violoncello ..... Op. 32.
   Adagio sostenuto. Allegro giusto e leggierissimo. Minuetto characteristique. Andante grazioso. Allegro piacevole.
   Mr. W. Dorrell und Herr H. Daubert.
3. Zwei Lieder: "Forget me not" (L. E. L.)..... Op. 23.
   "Sing, Maiden, sing" (Barry Cornwall) ... Op. 35.
   Herr W. Rumpel.
4. Three Diversions as Ducts fur Pianoforte ..... Op. 17.
   1. Allegretto semplice. 2. Andante cantabile. 3. Allegro agitato.
   Mr. W. Dorrell und Herr D. von Ernsthausen.
5. Chamber Trio fur Clavier, Violine, und Cello ..... Op. 26.
   Andante tranquillo ma non moto, Serenade, Andante ma un poco scherzando, Finale fermato.
   Mr. Franklin Taylor, Herr Carl Deichmann, und Herr H. Daubert.

Hugo Daubert.
Schriftfuhrer fur die musikalische Abtheilung

THE LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—On Tuesday, an extraordinary meeting of the members of the society was held, for the purpose of determining upon the future policy of the committee. The past policy has been of an exclusive nature, the use of the Philharmonic Hall having been denied to outside *impresarios*. This course, however, has resulted in a deficit in the accounts, and, at the annual meeting held about a month ago, a resolution was passed recommending the committee to let the hall for all legitimate musical purposes. The meeting yesterday was called to reconsider this resolution, the committee wishing to have it withdrawn. A very strong feeling was expressed, however, against the exclusive policy of the past, which was severely criticised, and the motion for superseding the resolution was overwhelmed by a large majority. It was stated that Sir Julius Benedict had intimated he would resign if the hall was let to Mr Charles Hallé, on account of the comparisons which would be made; but there was strong dissent from this remark, and a vote of thanks to Sir Julius was adopted.

MUSIC AT COLOGNE.

On the 3rd and 4th of April next will be celebrated a two-fold jubilee, namely: the 25th anniversary of the foundation of the Conservatory of Music—at first called the Rhenish School of Music—and of the uninterrupted connection with it, as director, of Dr Ferdinand Hiller. A brilliant concert will be given at the Gürzenich in honour of the double event.

Speaking of the Gürzenich Concerts, a correspondent of the Berlin *Echo* says:—

"Of more interesting programmes than those of the present season these concerts have not boasted for a long time, or, perhaps, ever; not one of the performances passed by—and there were seven—at which, besides, of course, due attention being paid to the valuable productions of the older masters, one, or even more compositions of quite recent date did not figure among the pieces executed. Here are the names of the composers thus favoured: Volkmann, Brahms, Lalo, Svensden, Benedict, Grieg, Liszt, Jensen, Rheinberger, and Wagner. Even this short list says, at any rate, something for a town like Cologne, where, not so very many years ago, people could not make up their minds to believe that musicians over the hills and far away could do something, and that by no means so bad, in the way of composition. Whether this satisfactory advance merits, however, enthusiastic praise, or ought simply to be regarded as a matter of duty, is a question for our readers to decide. To mention in detail everything brought forward at the concerts would probably be wearisome. We will select, therefore, the works which imprinted themselves most vividly on our recollection. They are the Symphony in D major by Svensden; the 'Schicksalalied' by Brahms; the 'Fest-Ouverture' by Volkmann; the Overture to *Die Sieben Raben*, by Rheinberger; the Violin Concerto by Lalo; the Pianoforte Concerto, by Ed. V. Grieg; the grand Symphonic Orchestral Work—called only an Overture in the programme—by G. Jensen (a teacher at the Cologne Conservatory), and the G minor Symphony, an especially fresh and pleasing production, by Benedict of London. Hiller, our *Capellmeister*, did not, of course, completely forget himself; he contributed to the first, the second, the sixth, and, also, to the eighth concert. As belonging to the section above mentioned of 'the valuable productions of the older masters,' we will cite Beethoven's third and fifth Symphony, and his overture to *Coriolan*; Gade's Symphony in B flat major, and Schumann's, the Symphony surnamed 'the Rhenish,' in E flat; the grand Mass in D minor by Cherubini; and Overtures by Mozart and Weber. The series of soloists was undisturbed by any failure, special approbation falling to Wilhelmj, Japha, Wieniawski (violin); Kwast, teacher at the Cologne Conservatory, an artist still young but of great promise, Brassin, from Brussels (pianoforte); Mesdes Orgéni, Regan, Radecke, Herren G. Henschel and Schüttky (vocalists)."

CONSTANTINOPLE.—It has been resolved to erect a new operahouse in this capital.

BOLOGNA.—Sig. Arrigo Boito has just completed an Italian version of the book of Glinka's Russian opera, *Russlan and Ludmila*, which, according to report, will be performed, next autumn, at the Teatro Comunale.

LEIPSIC.—Herren A. Winterberger and F. Stade have been giving at the Central Hall a series of concerts designated Novitäten-Matinéen, or Novelty-Matinées. The programmes have included Pianoforte Trios by Goldmark, Heinrich Hofmann, Saint-Saëns; the Duet-Sonata, Op. 77, by Rheinberger; Pianoforte Pieces by Schulz-Beuthen, A. W. Dreszer, and T. Kirchner, together with songs and other vocal pieces by Winterberger, Ad. Jensen, and R. Franz.

BRUSSELS.—There is now no doubt that M. Félicien David's *Perle du Brésil*, at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, is an even more decided failure than was at first supposed. It will probably not be given again. *Le Bal Masqué*, otherwise *Un Ballo in Maschera*, has afforded Mesdlles Leslino, Salla, M. Devoyod, and other members of M. Campocasso's company, an opportunity of proving that they do not appear to the best advantage in this work of Sig. Verdi's. *Le Nozze di Figaro* is in active rehearsal, and will be produced soon after *La Reine de Chypre*, the next novelty.—M. Lecocq's *Prés St Gervais* was to be produced very shortly at the Alcazar.

DUSSELDORF.—The New Stadttheater is so far advanced towards completion that it will possibly be opened before the end of the present year. Meanwhile, the usual laudable activity is manifested by the manager, Herr Scherbarth, at the old house. Madlle Marie Lehmann, from Cologne, recently appeared, with great success, as Elsa, in Herr R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Mad. Scherbarth, as Ortrud, being equally fortunate in pleasing the audience.—There has been no lack of concerts recently. Among those most worthy of notice may be mentioned that got up for the benefit of the Cornelius Monument to be erected here, and a matinée given by Herr Jules de Swert.

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RAFF AND WAGNER IN AMERICA.

Two novelties, Raff's new Symphony and a selection from Wagner's *Walkyrie*, having been played at a Thomas concert, were thus commented on by *Dwight*:—

"The new Symphony by that sleepless and voluminous composer Raff, revealed no correspondence, part for part, between its several movements and the sections of its rhymed German motto, which means '*Lived and strove; suffered and fought; died and won.*' To be sure, one might feel in the general character of the work as a whole (especially the first movement), as he does in so many of the more earnest, great Symphonic works—notably the C minor of Beethoven—a suggestion of the conflict and the victory of life. This we have, rather weakly and vaguely (with nothing like the conciseness and the fire of Beethoven), in the first *allegro*, which seemed not unmusical, not of marked originality (of course, speaking from a single hearing). But the *Vivace*, which succeeds it, is just a freakish, wild fantastic *scherzo*, *àpropos* of nothing, surely not of *gelitten* or *gestritten*. The Funeral March is by far the most striking movement, and, taken by itself, quite interesting. But the Finale, which we suppose should mean Victory in Death, disappointed every hope of glorious climax, and was wholly uninspiring, tame, prolix, and tedious. (Think of the Finale of the Fifth Symphony!) But your outright Thomas public, as well as ye Thomas "critics," always in duty bound to go by the book, seem ready to reverse the maxim of taking the will for the deed, and measure the intrinsic value of the composition by the splendour and precision of the instrumental execution. Everything is good, in other words, which Thomas plays, and because Thomas plays it. The dances by Brahms did not give us half the pleasure which a good old set of the Strauss waltzes would on any fit occasion.

"Of the new Wagnerian instalment, from the *Walkyrie*, we may confess we listened to it all with interest and amazement; it stirred up some new sensations, which it would be hopeless to define. Wotan (who is a sort of Scandinavian Jove, ruler of all the world except himself), has condemned his beautiful daughter, Brunhilde, to the condition of a mortal, leaving her in deep sleep, and doomed to marry the first man who awakens her. Touched with a little human pity, notwithstanding, he takes leave of her, and sings his '*Abschied*,' a strain not without tender feeling, but amidst the wildest hurricane of orchestral accompaniment (meaning the struggle between the tyrant and the father in one breast?). The 'Fire Charm,' which follows, where the god calls fire out of the rocks to form a protecting ring about Brunhilde, is certainly a vivid, most ingenious piece of descriptive instrumental music, producing pleasurable surprise, like any other clever novelty in fireworks."

WAIFS.

Mdlle Ida Corani has been singing the part of Amina (*La Sonnambula*) with great success, in Catania.

Mdlle Belocca, M. Maurice Strakosch's latest *protégé*, is having great success in the French provinces.

Mr J. P. Clarke, the writer of some popular dance music, has joined the Scots Fusilier Guards as Band-master.

Preparations are being made for the transference of Donizetti's remains to the tomb erected for them in Bergamo Cathedral.

Mr Carl Rosa has returned from Italy, where he made several valuable engagements for his coming English Opera campaign.

The much talked of *Odysseus* of Max Bruch is about to be introduced at one of the famous Manchester concerts, conducted by Mr Hallé.

In the list of Mr Gye's engagements for the ensuing season will be found the name of Miss Thalberg, only daughter of the late renowned pianist.

The first concert of the Schubert Society (forty-fifth since its formation) took place on Wednesday evening. Particulars in our next number.

The death is announced, in Paris, of Herr Damcke, author of several important works, among them an oratorio, *Deborah*, and *Kætchen von Heilbronn*, an opera.

The composition class of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, at the Royal Academy of Music, is now confided to Mr Arthur Sullivan—once his pupil. Good!

Mr Arthur Sullivan is writing an *opéra bouffe*, with Mr Gilbert as his literary *collaborateur*. It need hardly be said that from such a co-operation great things will be expected.

A Liverpool paper gives a notice of Liszt's Concerto "in Z flat." It is only a revival of the old Christy joke, of the tenor who went up to "Q" in—a threepenny boat.—*Figaro*.

Mdlle Albani is on her way from the United States to the Old Country.

A "medium" in America has been conversing with the ghost of Beethoven. Perhaps he can induce the old Bonn musician to give us from spirit-land that tenth Symphony.—*Figaro*.

Liszt has gone to Pesth to take charge of the new Conservatoire there. His servant ran off, the other day, with the master's jewels, &c., but was caught soon after and made to disgorge.

Mr Arthur Pougin is engaged in supplementing a ninth volume of the *Biographie universelle des Musiciens*, thus putting the seal on the laborious and remarkable compilation of the late M. Fétis.

The charming little operetta, *The Vivandière*, written by Wellington Guernsey, and composed by Auguste Pilati, was performed for the 48th time at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on Saturday last.

In an article on the last Crystal Palace Concert, *àpropos* of the pianoforte concerto of Brahms, as played by Mdlle Marie Krebs, the *Standard* of Monday calls the fair young Teuton, "the German Arabella Goddard."

Rubinstein's oratorio, *The Tower of Babel*, with a translation of the words into French by M. Victor Wilder, is shortly to be performed at the Théâtre-Italien under the direction of M. Dauré. After the *Messiah* comes the Deluge!

Mr Arthur Sullivan's oratorio, *The Light of the World*, is to be performed at Bradford on the 12th March, under the personal direction of the composer. The principal vocalists will be Mdme Lemmens, Mdme Patey, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Santley.

The *Daily Telegraph*, in a letter from its indefatigable Paris correspondent, gives a picturesque and animated description of a *bal masqué* in the Venetian style, recently held at the mansion of M. Arsene Houssaye, late director of the Comédie Francaise.

Signor Giulio Perkins.—The death of Signor Perkins, the bass singer of Her Majesty's Opera Company, is announced as having taken place on Wednesday night, at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester. Signor Perkins had been ailing only about a week previous to his decease.

Madame Nilsson, whose health is completely re-established, has returned from Cannes to Paris, and will resume her artistic career with a tour in the south of France, followed by the promised representations in Brussels. Those of Paris are expected to come off later in the season.

Signor Schira has gone from Venice, *via* Milan, to Florence, to assist in the preparations for his long-expected opera, *Selvaggio*, which was received with such favour at the City of the Rialto that the composer was called on no less than twenty times in the course of the performance.

Mr Arthur Chappell continues to let the "Provincials" have a taste occasionally of his admirable "Monday Pops." There was a concert at Manchester last week, with Krebs, Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti; and another was to take place on Wednesday in this week, with the same strong company.

A Scottish patron of art and music has engaged to bring from Milan, at his own expense, several Scottish and English vocalists, who are studying singing for the Italian Opera. They give a concert in Rome, for the benefit of the British Academy of Arts, the proceeds of the tickets already sold nearly realising one hundred pounds.

At Mr Henry Leslie's next concert, March 12th, at St James's Hall, a new Basso, Mr Riccardi, an English artist, who has studied in Italy, and has made a very favourable impression on the Italian and American stages, will make his *début*. According to foreign correspondents, Mr Riccardi bids fair to prove a valuable addition to the ranks of our native artists.

Two works of sculpture are being sent from Rome for exhibition in the Royal Academy, which will not fail to attract attention in the forthcoming exhibition. They are both by English artists—one a life-size marble statue of the Falconer, by Mr George Simonds; the other by Mr Charles Summers, a group representing Hypermnestra urging her husband, Lynceus, to flee.

Miss Rose Hersee comes back to London to play in English opera on Saturday next, the 27th, at the Philharmonic. In *Maritana*, a typical work of an English composer, the lady will sustain the title *rôle*, and London audiences will once more be able to enjoy a performance by one who has, since Parepa's death, been recognized as the leading English operatic artist.—*Figaro*.

Miss Amy Stewart, a young and promising pupil of Herr Sauerbrey—a correspondent informs us—made her *début* at the Crystal Palace last Monday. She played Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor, and Chopin's Impromptu in C sharp minor, with great precision, clearness of touch, and artistic expression, receiving much and well-deserved applause, and a recall after the second piece.

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THE GAMUT (*from "Punch"*).—Jack Bowbell (beginning his song): 'Appy land, 'appy land—" Tom Belgrave: "One moment. Excuse me, my dear fellow, but don't you think the song would go better if you were to sound your H's just a little?" Jack Bowbell: "Eh! sound my H's? (Chuckles.) 'Shows how much you know about music! No such note—only goes up to G. (Continues.) 'Appy land, 'appy land."

The intellectual department of the *Herald* is covering itself with glory in its reports of the Beecher trial. What could be more characteristic of the peculiar genius of that great newspaper than the following:—

"Mr Beecher had a playful smile on his substratum of sobriety, and Mrs Beecher, for the first time in the trial, laughed all over her face, once, twice and thrice. She has a very handsome, involuntary smile, with a set of regular teeth, perfectly white."

We have no idea as to what part of the human anatomy the "substratum of sobriety" belongs, and we don't know what "substratum of sobriety" means. But the alliteration is striking, and there must be something in it. As to the "very handsome, involuntary smile, with a set of regular teeth," we venture to say that has only been equalled by Mr Boffin's description of Mr Silas Wegg, as "a literary man with a wooden leg."—*Arcadian.*

We have our anniversaries here, but they are treading on our heels in the colonies. At Montreal, Canada, on the 3rd inst., was held a delightful Mendelssohn *soirée*, in memory of his birthday. The originator and carrier-out of the happy idea was Mr Joseph Gould, well known in that city as a first-rate organ player, and a lover and promoter of good music in any deserving shape. The programme was in two parts, six sacred and six secular numbers, all from the compositions of the master. It was a happy idea, and does credit to Mr Gould, Miss Vogt, Mr Turney, and all others who took part in it. Bravo, Montreal!

The newly-published Life of the Prince Consort gives in an Appendix a list of the printed compositions of the Prince. These include twenty-nine Songs and Romances collected in five volumes, nearly all being written to German words. A Te Deum, Jubilate, Sanctus, an Anthem, a Christmas Hymn and a Chorale ("Gotha") are also named. The same Appendix includes a list of the compositions selected by the Prince for performance at the Ancient Concerts during the years 1840 to 1848, and at the Philharmonic Society 1848-1860, which shows that his taste for the art was not only refined, but that his acquaintance with music was wide.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO DR SLOMAN.—As Dr Sloman is about leaving Scarborough, an influential party of his friends, comprising the members of the Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society, have organized a subscription to enable them to present to him a testimonial of the gratitude and esteem they entertain towards him, and of their appreciation of the assiduity, ability, and courtesy with which he has acted as the honorary conductor of the society for upwards of five years.—We understand Dr Sloman will leave Scarborough in the course of a few weeks, he having accepted the appointment of organist of St Giles' Church, Reading.

VOLTAIRE AND SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.—Voltaire, who at first could not prevent himself from admiring Shakespeare, soon regretted his admiration. Poets like Shakespeare are not lions to be tamed, ornamented with philosophic maxims, and made to jump through the hoops of *tragédies de circonstance*. The king of the desert roared in such a fashion when he found himself in the company of Sophonisbe and *L'Orphelin de la Chine*, that the tamer found it prudent to shut him up in his cage again, and send him back to the fogs of the three kingdoms with the epithet of barbarian. For a long time it was agreed that Voltaire was right. No one will accuse Voltaire of unfairness, or that the author of the *Pucelle* should not very well understand Juliet, Ophelia, and Desdemona.

We *(Musical Standard)* are informed that a new choral society is in course of formation at Brighton. The new society, which has already been promised the support of several of the nobility and gentry of the town and neighbourhood, will have for its principal object the giving of concerts somewhat similar to those given in London by Mr Henry Leslie's Choir, and the programme will consist of madrigals, and other part songs. At a meeting held on Friday week it was decided that the musical direction should be entrusted to Mr Worsley Staniforth, a gentleman well known in the town as organist of Trinity, and for some years at St Paul's. It was also decided that the society should be named and known as "Mr Staniforth's Choir." As to the desirability of the formation of a society such as this, we feel pretty certain that there will not be two opinions amongst those who are interested in musical matters in the town; and as there are, no doubt, many members of choirs, besides the great number of amateur singers not engaged in that capacity, and who are not connected with any similar society, we may confidently look forward to a successful series of choral concerts when the Brighton season comes round again.

Miss Rose Hersee was married on Tuesday last, to Mr Arthur Howell, the well-known violoncellist and conductor.

Signor Agnesi was a Belgian by birth, and the son of an organist, M. Agniez. His magnificent voice was noticed by Mr Gye, the *impresario* of our Royal Italian Opera, some years since, in Paris, and, in consequence, Agnesi was engaged at that establishment. These last few years Agnesi had been the leading bass at Drury Lane, and, at the same time, a favourite singer at oratorio and secular concerts. He was master of every style. He rendered Handel's "Honour and Arms," and "'Revenge!' Timotheus cries," with as much brilliancy as he knew how to impart dignity to arias like Beethoven's "Deign, great Apollo." In music like Mozart's "Non più andrai," Agnesi displayed spirit and humour, whilst, for the florid music of Assur (*Semiramide*), he possessed a flexibility of voice which any basso-robusto might envy.—*Pictorial World.*

FLORENCE.—The Musical Institute has conferred its diploma of honorary member on Sig. Delle Sedie for his work entitled *L'Arte lirica.*

PARMA.—*Il Conte Verde*, by Sig. Giuseppe Libani, has been successfully produced at the Teatro Reale. With the exception of the tenor, Sig. Ronconi, the artists were not good.

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5. •The Bee ..... *Barnett.*
6. •Song of the Water ..... *Smart.*

BOOK II.
7. •Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
8. •Village bride ..... *Costa.*
9. •Pilgrim's evening ..... *Wagner.*
10. •Music of the night ..... *Hatton.*
11. •I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. •Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.
13. •Now lightly we ..... *Balfe.*
14. •Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. •A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. •Araby's daughter ..... *Oberthur.*
17. •Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. •Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.
19. •The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. •Hark! the Gondolier .... *Riccardi.*
21. •Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. •When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. •The sun has been ..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.
25. •Merry minstrels are ..... *Wagner.*
26. •Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. •Hark! the merry ..... *Flotow.*
28. •With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. •Happy as the day ..... *Wallace.*
30. •The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.
31. •The distant bell ..... *Badia.*
32. •The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. •Who'll follow ..... *Paggi.*
34. •Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. •O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. •O hear ye not ..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.
37. •Sea flowers ..... *Barnett.*
38. •Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. •Warbler of the forest .... *Benedict.*
40. •Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. •Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. •The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.
43. •Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. •Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. •Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. •Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. •Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. •Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.
49. •The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. •Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. •The Zingari ..... *Balfe.*
52. •Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53 •Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. •Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.
55. •The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. •Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. •Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. •Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. •Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. •Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.
61. •Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. •Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. •Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. •At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. •How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.
67. •A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. •The storm ..... *Richards.*
69. •Lightly, softly ..... *Flotow.*
70. •Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. •Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72 •Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.
73. •Buzzing ..... *Randegger*
74. •Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. •The Sleigh Bells ..... *Anderton.*
76. •Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. •Fair and fertile valley .. *Guglielmo.*
78. •Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.
79. •Our Vesper Hymn ..... *Ricci.*
80. •Our last farewell ..... *Curschman.*
81. •Flower Greeting ..... *Curschman.*
82. •Hark the Pilot ..... *Bishop.*
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VOL. 53—No. 10. SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The Programme will be selected entirely from the Works of the late SIR W. STERNDALE BENNETT, and will include Overture, "Waldnymphe;" Pianoforte Concerto in C minor; Overture to Lord Byron's "Parasina" (by the kind permission of the executors), first time at these Concerts; Overture, "Paradise and the Peri;" with various Solo and Part Songs. Vocalists—Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Vernon Rigby; and Misses Jessie Jones and Thekla Fischer, Messrs H. Guy and Wadmore (students of the Royal Academy of Music). Pianoforte—Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown.

HERR PAUL SEMLER'S GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place on MONDAY Evening, the 8th of March, at the HORNS ASSEMBLY ROOMS, Kennington Park. Vocalists—Mesdames Philippine and Julia Siedle, Mr Wilford Morgan, and a Chorus of 100 male voices. Instrumentalists: Violin—Mdlle Gabrielle Vaillant. Violoncello—Herr Schuberth. Piano—Herr Paul Semler. Herr Semler will play two of his new compositions—a Musical Sketch, "Die Taubenpost;" and a Grand Galop, "Con Spirito." Tickets, 5s.; reserved seats, 7s. 6d.; to be procured at the Rooms; at the principal Music-sellers; at Mr Siegle's, 110, Leadenhall Street; and Messrs Trubner and Co., Ludgate Hill.

MONS. ALEXANDRE BILLET'S THIRD and LAST RECITAL of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, on WEDNESDAY, March 10, 1875, in ST GEORGE'S HALL, at Three o'clock precisely. Vocalist—Madame Ernst. Flute—Mr J. Radcliff. Violoncello—M. Paque. Pianoforte—Miss Constance Levy (pupil of M. Billet) and M. Billet. Programme: Trio in G minor, Op. 63, for pianoforte, flute, and violoncello (Weber)—MM. Billet, J. Radcliff, and Paque; Sonata in A flat (by desire), for pianoforte alone (Beethoven)—M. Billet; Aria, "Va, dit-elle" (Meyerbeer)—Madame Ernst; Solos, pianoforte, (*a*) Ballade in G minor, Op. 23 (Chopin), (*b*) La Leggerezza, No. 2 of Allegri di bravura, Op. 51 (Moscheles)—M. Billet; Solo, violoncello, Larghetto and Rondo (Boccherini)—M. Paque; Sonata in E flat, Op. 47, for two performers on the pianoforte (Moscheles)—Miss Constance Levy and M. Billet; Song, "I love my love" (Pinsuti)—Madame Ernst; Solos, pianoforte, (*a*) Ungarische Tänze (J. Brahms), (*b*) Valse Caprice in E flat, vivace (A. Rubinstein)—M. Billet. Accompanist—Herr Lehmeyer. Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; family tickets (to admit three), £1 1s. To be obtained of the principal Music Publishers; at St George's Hall; and of M. BILLET, 17, Keppell Street, Russell Square.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, MARCH 12.—SECOND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT, FRIDAY Evening next, March 12, at ST JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. Sacred Music. Soloists—Miss Eva Leslie, Miss Bolingbroke, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Riccardi (the new bass).

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, FRIDAY Evening next, March 12. "Judge me, O God" (Mendelssohn); "Magnificat" (Marenzio); "In exitu Israel" (Wesley); "Ave Verum" (Mozart); &c. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s.; at Austin's, St James's Hall; and all Publishers.

MR W. COENEN'S CHAMBER CONCERTS of MODERN MUSIC.—The SECOND CONCERT, on THURSDAY, March 11, at Eight o'clock. Quartet in E flat major, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (F. Gernsheim); Sonata in E minor, for pianoforte and violoncello (J. Brahms); Ottetto in A major, for four violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (J. Svensden), by desire, in consequence of its great success last year. Vocalists—Miss Anna Williams and Miss Julia Elton. Instrumentalists—Messrs Wiener, Amor, Vogell, Jung, Zerbini, Stehling, C. Ould, Daubert, and Willem Coenen. Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling; at Novello's, 1, Berners Street; Lucas, Weber & Co., New Bond Street; and at St George's Hall.

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MDLLE MARIE KREBS' SECOND and LAST RECITAL of PIANOFORTE MUSIC, in ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Afternoon next, March 10, to commence at Three o'clock. Sofa stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be had of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

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It is with some degree of diffidence I have entertained the hope of succeeding so distinguished a musician in a position of so much dignity. At the same time, I trust that my earnest and arduous labours during past years have not altogether been unnoticed by those who are interested in the art I have the honour to profess.—Faithfully yours,

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Les vieux saules de nos étangs,
Que, sans pitié pour mon jeune âge,
Dieu m'a ravi le guide aimé
Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé!
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

Ainsi parlait, en gémissant,
Une orpheline désolée;
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
"Ne pleure plus et sois ma sœur
Ma mère sera notre mère,
Et tu verras que du bonheur
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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

On Monday evening Mr Chappell offered his patrons a feast of novelty, and as many accepted the invitation as were necessary for encouragement. English amateurs do not respond under such circumstances with all desirable readiness, for which reason *entrepreneurs* have small inducement to go out of the beaten track leading to profit if not to abundant honour. But an improvement is taking place, and the appearance of St James's Hall last Monday could hardly have given other than satisfaction. Mr Charles Hallé had the honour of introducing the first novelty—a group of pieces chosen from Bach's compositions for the clavier. Every amateur knows the corner of the great Bach garden where he may find that which in music is analogous to the primrose, violet, and forget-me-not—flowers rich with the grace, sweetness, and modesty of nature. Therefrom Mr Hallé culled his posy, chosing the Præambulum of the fifth Partita, the aria of the sixth, the Passepied from No. 5 of the Suites Anglaises and the Gigue from the corresponding number of the Suites Françaises. A better selection of its kind could not have been made, nor could the dainty music have had finer rendering. Mr Hallé's style was suited to perfection, especially by the Gigue, which fully displayed the neatness, accuracy, and facility of his mechanism. The audience insisted upon an encore of this movement, and were delighted with the performance as a whole. Schumann furnished the second novelty—his grand sonata in D minor for pianoforte and violin (Op. 121). The year 1851, in which this work was written, must be regarded as one of the busiest of the composer's life. During the twelve months, besides the sonata under notice, and a host of songs, he produced the cantata, *Der Rose Pilgerfahrt;* the pianoforte trio in G minor (dedicated to Gade); part of the *Ball-scenen;* three *Fantasiestücke;* the *Marchen-Bilder*, for pianoforte and viola; and the overtures to the *Bride of Messina*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Hermann and Dorothea*. Nor are these all, for to the same year we owe another sonata for pianoforte and violin, in A minor (Op. 105), which, though of less importance than its only successor, deserves the attention now, in all probability, awaiting it. The sonata in D minor is a most characteristic example of its composer's genius, whether taken as a whole, or movement by movement. In the opening Allegro, for example, we have a striking instance of the tendency to scholasticism which afforded, during the composer's later years, a counterpoise to the freedom of an earlier time. As was pointed out with great acuteness by the programme annotator, the movement referred to is, with slight exception, constructed from the materials of a brief *vorspiel*. We may doubt—perhaps it should be said we *must* doubt—whether Schumann appears at his best under conditions of such severe restriction, even when it is evident that he is writing in a happy mood. But, all question of comparison put aside, the opening of the D minor sonata affords a study of what can be done by learning and fancy with scanty means. We say "study" advisedly, because the music does not, upon a first acquaintance excite due admiration; and because it needs that perfect familiarity with the composer's design, for want of which many productions of genius are hastily and unjustly condemned. No fear of a like result clouds the prospects of the Scherzo and slow movement. These, so to speak, "carry their hearts on their sleeve," and reveal their beauty and charm to a glance. The Scherzo, with its two diverse episodes, and quasi-choral ending, is Schumannesque to the last degree, and equally so is the slow movement which, adopting the theme of the quasi-choral, bases upon it a series of variations. Both are lovely examples of the master; instinct with his originality and tenderness, not less than with that subtle expression of melancholy never found apart from the works of a true poet. The Finale is another masterpiece, imagination and technical resource being equally displayed from first to last. Briefly, the hearing of this sonata was an event to be remembered, and marked a distinct advance in the movement which is lifting Schumann to a place among those whom English amateurs most reverently worship. The work was played by Herr Joachim and Mr Hallé in a manner open to very slight criticism. Mr Hallé might have thrown greater intensity of feeling into the Allegro and Finale, but his performance in the other movements defied reproach. Herr Joachim was simply perfection. The third novelty Mr Chappell found—where one would hardly look for such a thing—in the works of Beethoven, and consisted of an "Adagio, Variations, and Rondo," for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, constructed upon a theme from Müller's opera, *Die Schwestern von Prag*. In his biography of the master, Schindler says, referring to the variations on Diabelli's valse:—"These were completed in June, 1823, and delivered to the publisher without the usual amount of time bestowed on giving them the finishing touches, and now he sets to work at once on the Ninth Symphony, some jottings of which were already written down. Forthwith all the gay humour that had made him more sociable, and in every respect more accessible, disappeared. All visits were declined." The Choral Symphony was first performed May 7, 1824, and on that day the Müller variations were published. In all probability, therefore, the two works progressed together towards completion; the lightness of the one serving to relieve the massiveness of the other, and affording that distraction of mind which Beethoven would not seek among his friends. The theme belongs to a song, "Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu," in the opera already named, and appears to have enjoyed considerable favour. We may even doubt whether it did not originally exist as a people's tune, inasmuch as it was introduced into a kind of musical play, *Rochus Pumpernickel*, and known in Vienna several years before Müller's opera obtained a hearing there. However this may be, the melody is one of primitive simplicity, and, judging by Beethoven's choice in other cases, was adapted to please him, as a subject for treatment. The master discourses largely upon his quaint text, first employing the fantasia form by way of introduction, then proceeding to the tune with nine variations, and finishing with a rondo, which may be said to comprise two variations more and a coda. All this is interesting in a high degree, and much of it characterized by great beauty. The variations, as such, will not compare with Beethoven's finest efforts in that line; but, taking the work as a whole, it is one we are glad to see placed in the Monday Popular repertory for, let us hope, occasional use.

The concert began with Beethoven's Lobkowitz quartet in B flat, and was made further enjoyable by the singing of Mdlle Johanna Levier, who, in *lieder* by Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann, displayed the rare artistic power which amateurs recognized as soon as she came amongst us. Mdlle Levier, being what she is, could not sing in vain to such an audience, and the applause that followed every song—above all, the encore given to Schubert's "Wohin"—bespoke thorough gratification.

JOHN MORRIS HOGAN.

(From a Correspondent.)

It is with deep regret we announce the death of this talented artist, which took place at his residence in Bayswater, a few days ago. Mr John Morris Hogan studied with Kalkbrenner at the Conservatoire. While in Paris he was associated with the first artists of his day. He spent a great deal of his professional life in Ireland, and afterwards at Jersey. His playing was always characterized by great clearness and brilliancy of execution. Of late years he had retired from the musical profession; but there are many old pupils, as well as amateurs, who will deplore the death of one esteemed alike for his artistic gifts and his amiable qualities in private life.

MUSIC AT OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

The second examination for the degree of Mus. Bac. will commence on Tuesday, April 6, at 10 a.m., in the Music School. The examination for the degree of Mus. Doc. will commence at the same time and place as the above. Candidates whose exercises have been approved, and who propose to offer themselves for either of the above examinations, are to give in their names to Mr George Parker, the Clerk of the Schools, on or before April 3, to pay the statutable fee of £1, and to exhibit their "Testamur" of having passed the previous examination.

Oxford, February 27.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph," Feb. 27.*)

Last night the Sacred Harmonic Society did an act of which we, and all who desire that that great institution should fitly represent and worthily honour English music, are glad. As no chance of misrepresentation now exists, we may here speak of a matter which, ever since the concert immediatedly following Sterndale Bennett's death, has been common talk. When that opportunity was allowed to pass without the slightest sign of regret for the loss of a distinguished man, while everywhere else demonstrations of sorrow abounded, the natural question arose, "Why?" Then it was recollected how, some quarter of a century ago, feud sprang up between Michael Costa and Sterndale Bennett, and how the remembrance of that feud, which else would have been forgotten, was kept alive by the great conductor refusing to touch the works of his English *confrère*. Calling this to mind, an answer to the "why" became easy, and, in not a few quarters, was promptly given. Sir Michael Costa was censured for carrying a quarrel beyond the grave, and the society was pointed at as an accessory. We now know that the charge in each case had no foundation. Sir Michael Costa was not unwilling to render homage to the memory of our greatest composer—he did it, last night, by conducting the Dead March in *Saul;* neither was the society unmindful of its duty—for the solemnity just named took place on its initiative, and under its auspices. Pity 'tis that the act was not done earlier, and the possibility of reproach avoided. But better late than never. The society and its conductor have accomplished what was expected of them, and all is well. In the sense, however, that there exists "than lowest depth a deeper still," there is a better than the best. We can show the Sacred Harmonic Society how to improve upon the gracious ceremony of last night, and wipe from every memory all trace of the past. Let the directors give a performance of the one work, *The Woman of Samaria*, with which our dead composer enriched the repertory of oratorio. By doing so they would prove to the world their conviction that the man, whose memory was honoured last night, did something to deserve homage. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to recall the degree in which the performance of Handel's simple but sublime dirge accorded with public feeling. The audience rose with one consent and stood to the end.

Very fittingly the oratorio of last evening was the work of a composer who, unchallenged, and as though by right divine, has stepped into Sterndale Bennett's place. We refer, of course, to the *St John the Baptist* of G. A. Macfarren. Once before heard in Exeter Hall, this oratorio now holds, if appearances may be trusted, a firm grasp of popular favour. Its progress ever since October 23, 1873, when it was produced at Bristol, may be rightly described as imperial. Gates and walls have fallen down before it, and everywhere, on its account, the crooked has been made straight and the rough places plain. Such fortune for the work of an Englishman is phenomenal, and may seem too good to last. But Mr Macfarren's oratorio, though it went up like a rocket, is in no danger of coming down like the stick. Familiarity deepens the impression of its greatness. Its force and vigour, its noble elevation, its masterly use of every artistic resource, grow upon one, like the majesty of the Pyramids and the awfulness of Niagara. So have these qualities grown upon the Exeter Hall audience. Well received at its first hearing, the work excited enthusiasm last night. All rules against applause were ignored, and the semi-religious atmosphere of an oratorio performance in the Strand was stirred by noises as loud and emphatic as those which, at the Monday Popular Concerts, acclaim a Beethoven quartet. Three numbers—the chorus, "This is my beloved Son," the duet for Herod and John, and the unaccompanied quartet—were encored, while, at the close, Mr Macfarren was called for and cheered to the echo. We cannot heighten the significance of these facts. They mean that in *St John the Baptist* we have a great and lasting work. Some of us knew this long ago, it is true, but, after all, there is enough divinity in the *vox populi* to make us glad when it speaks on our side. The performance was by no means free from defects, both band and chorus being occasionally at fault. But the difficult music is yet unfamiliar, and it would be unfair not to make allowances on that account. The solos entrusted to Madame Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Santley suffered least, as will at once be assumed when it is remembered that these artists "created" their respective parts at the Bristol Festival. Madame Sherrington, by the way, introduced the original air of Salome instead of the one written to replace it, but whether it suits her better is an open question. Further details are unnecessary. Enough that the performance was accepted on all hands as a success, towards which, it should be added, Sir Michael Costa contributed his utmost.

—o—

THE LATE STERNDALE BENNETT.

Dr Ferdinand Hiller, in the *Cologne Gazette*, writes as follows about Sir William Sterndale Bennett:—

"From London we receive the mournful account of the death of an excellent musician, the glory of his country, recognized and highly esteemed everywhere. Bennett was born April 16th, 1816, and died quite unexpectedly on the 1st ult. He was the son of an organist in Sheffield, where he began his musical career as a little chorister in the church. Early an orphan, he received his education as an artist in the Royal Academy of Music, London, of which he afterwards became Principal. His talent as a pianist and composer showed itself very early. When, in the winter of 1838-1839, he came to Leipsig, he earned by his playing the most general admiration, and the works he had composed at that time, a concerto for the piano, the overture, *The Naïades*, and a number of smaller compositions for the piano, have the stamp of finished works of art, and are scarcely surpassed by later productions. His playing, perfect with regard to 'technique,' was of the most finished delicacy, and full of gracefulness and warmth. In his compositions, especially in his characteristic overtures, the great influence of Mendelssohn is not to be denied, but they are so finished in form, so charming in invention, and contain, on the other hand, so much that is individual, that his works are entirely free from the reproach which mostly falls on that mechanical imitation which has produced the great mass of songs, with and without words, motets, psalms, and the like. Mendelssohn esteemed him highly, and Schumann, enthusiastic about him, gave his portrait, accompanied by the most poetical words, to the readers of the *Neue Zeitschrift* for a new year's present. In his country Bennett received the highest honours. He became Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, Doctor of Music, Master of Arts, D.C.L., and was raised to Knighthood by the Queen, and now he receives a resting-place among the greatest of his people in Westminster Abbey—a distinction, the like of which, perhaps, no other nation has to offer.

"As a man, Bennett was most honourable and amiable, simple, unpretending, frank, faithful, good-natured, cheerful, and hospitable. We German musicians were received by him always in the most cordial manner. For several years he had retired from public life, and having been active before, by giving concerts and directing—especially the Philharmonic Concerts—he only lived now for his pupils and his academy.

"We saw him for the last time at the Beethoven Festival at Bonn, when he appeared to be happy and enraptured. As a musician, he belonged with all his heart to Germany and its masters. England is proud of him, and, by all means, has every reason to be so."

PRAGUE.—In consequence of a severe domestic affliction, the third Conservatorium Concert was deprived of Madame Norman-Néruda's co-operation.* The altered programme is as follows:—Franz Schubert's Fantasia (C major), arranged for orchestra, by Joseph Joachim (new); Robert Volkmann's Concertstück, Op. 42, played by Herr Capellmeister; Max Bruch's Introduction to *Lorely*, W. Treiber; Ballade, by Reinecke, Andante, by Brahms, and Wagner's Spinnerlied, arranged by Liszt—Herr W. Treiber; "Scheherazade," Concert Overture, by Heinrich Urban (new). Herr Charles Oberthür, the celebrated harpist, from London, is engaged for the fourth concert. Herr Oberthür made a most favourable impression here some years ago, both as a composer and executant, when he had the exceptional honour to play before the Emperor Ferdinand, and to receive the diploma of honorary member of the "Society of Music in Bohemia," as well as of the Society "Daord." Herr Oberthür is announced to play Parish Alvars' Concerto in E flat, for harp and orchestra, and his own Fantasia, "Souvenir de Londres."

* Unfortunately, Madame Norman-Néruda was prevented from appearing at this concert, in consequence of the death of her father. Herr Treiber, pianist, from Gratz, was got as substitute for this concert.

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STERNDALE BENNETT.

In the course of an admirable article on our late master, contributed to the *Musical Times*, Mr H. C. Lunn writes as follows:—

"In this institution (the Royal Academy of Music) I first met him. He was seated at a table in the professors' room when I entered, and, with that irresistible manner which attracted all towards him, made me in five minutes as much at my ease as if we had known each other for years. Then he began to speak to me about music, for I was to be his pupil (he being a master in the Institution, although still a student), and the exercise he then set me is now in my possession. But I was too much absorbed in what he was doing when I came in to think intently upon what I was doing myself. Music paper was before him, and he was writing a pianoforte concerto, the whole of which he played to us when the hour of instruction was over. Never shall I forget it; delicacy, beauty of tone, eloquence of phrasing, an indiscribable charm in his mere touch, so fascinated his listeners that it was with difficulty he managed to escape from the room. On me, having just entered the Institution, the effect was of course greater than upon those of his fellow-students who were acquainted with his wonderful gifts; and, as he had not then made a name outside the walls of the Academy, I was naturally astonished at the exhibition of such mature talent amongst the pupils of a music school. At this time there were evening orchestral rehearsals at the Academy, which were directed by Sterndale Bennett. Here the Students were trained to the contemplation of good music; and never would the young conductor, I well recollect, allow any pupil to remain in ignorance of the composition being performed. 'Listen,' he said to me, on the first evening of my entrance, 'this is a symphony by Beethoven; try to comprehend the symmetrical construction of the work, and carry away as much as you can with you to think upon afterwards.' If such solicitude for the artistic welfare of those around him existed in the boy, it may readily be believed how it ripened and expanded in the man. During these sunny days, music flowed from his pen as freely as from his fingers."

MUSIC AT BRUSSELS.

The weather here has been quite as detestable as in most other European capitals, and has, in consequence, played sad havoc with the plans and arrangements of M. Campocasso, the manager of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. To such a pitch have things come that M. Campocasso has been obliged to change his bill three times in the course of the same day. However, it appears that there are six medical men attached to the theatre, so it is to be hoped that the disabled members of the company, having got rid of their colds, rheumatism, coughs, and bronchitis, will speedily be enabled to resume their professional duties, and go on with the rehearsals, temporarily suspended, of *Le Nozze* and *La Reine de Chypre*. There is some talk of reviving *Hamlet* for M. Devoyod, and *Rigoletto* for Madlle Hamaekers, who was much applauded last year in the character of Gilda. M. Sylva has been recalled to sing in Paris for some of his comrades, who have succumbed to the severity of the season; but he will return shortly, and appear in Halévy's opera of *La Juive*. M. Achard is announced to make his bow early in the present month. A young basso, M. Dauphin, has made his first appearance on any stage as Max, in *Le Châlet*. The result was encouraging; but the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie should not throw its doors open to novices, however promising. A little practice in the provinces should always precede an artist's appearance in the capital, both for his own sake and for that of the public.

Les Prés Saint Gervais has not proved a success at the Alcazar.

The programme of the fifth Concert Populaire included Schumann's Symphony, only performed once under M. Vieuxtemps; the "Hungarian Dances" of Johannes Brahms; the second part of Berlioz's dramatic symphony, *Roméo et Juliette;* Beethoven's Overture to *Coriolan;* and Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto, the executant of the last piece being Madlle Annetta Essipoff, who was much applauded. This young lady performed also Chopin's Nocturne in D, the Gavotte, arranged by Johannes Brahms, from Gluck's *Iphegenia in Aulis*, a Study by the Abbate Franz Liszt, and a short piece by M. Anton Rubinstein.

A very successful concert was recently given by Mrs Stanley, under the patronage of J. S. Lumley, Esq., English Minister, for the benefit of the poor. A number of well-known amateurs, Belgian and English, took part in the performance, which wound up by the presentation of a laurel wreath to Mrs Stanley, as a slight mark of the high esteem in which her generous efforts were held.

MDLLE KREBS' FIRST RECITAL.

(*From the "Globe."*)

Mdlle Marie Krebs gave the first of two recitals of pianoforte music on Wednesday, at St James's Hall. She played, alone, the Fantasia Chromatica and Fugue in D, of J. S. Bach, and a group of shorter pieces by Sterndale Bennett, Schubert, and Mendelssohn; and, in conjunction with Signor Piatti, Mendelssohn's Sonata in D (Op. 58), and Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise Brillante in C (Op. 3). Of Mdlle Krebs' intentions and capability of giving expression to them our readers will know we have never had but one opinion. It is pleasant to find that opinion shared by a steadily increasing circle of amateurs. Next to the production of a great singer, that of a great pianist is, having regard to the number of persons trained with a view to becoming the one or the other, one of the rarest of events. Given certain psychological and physiological qualifications—without which the best directed industry can only result in moderate success—admirable teaching at the right time, a power of continuous effort unimpatient of early results, and the sunshine of intelligent praise, not before it had ceased to be dangerous—these are only some of the conditions needed to make a great musical artist. Mdlle Krebs was, we believe, what is commonly called "a juvenile prodigy." Happily for her, promise was not mistaken for performance, or indication for completeness. On the contrary—we judge only by her power as evidenced in public performance—years of study and practice have been spent in ripening the clever child into the thorough artist. The charm of Mdlle Krebs' playing can hardly fail to act on those who are brought for ever so short a time under its influence. But it can only tell in its fulness on those who are familiar with it. The varieties of *timbre*, or even of intensity, of which the pianoforte is capable are limited—far more so, for instance, than those available to even an average performer on the violin. Yet under the hands of Mdlle Krebs the former even are considerable, and the latter infinite. A touch by the agency of which any succession of sounds can be produced with perfect equality of force, refined by a consummate apprehension of the value of emphasis, can give to unarticulated sounds the charm and almost the meaning of articulated. To say that every kind of musical passage is rendered by Mdlle Krebs with unerring certainty is to say what might be said of many of her contemporaries. To say that she maintains the most perfect proportion in the rendering of every kind of passage—proportion whether of combination or succession—is to say what would be true of but few of her contemporaries. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of her execution is that, whether she gives to each note of a passage the utmost tone of which without harshness it might seem capable, or touches the finger-board with a delicacy which might seem rather that of the breath than of the hand, its rhythm is never for a moment equivocal; or, to speak precisely and technically, there can never be a moment's doubt as to what part of a measure she is dealing with. None know the full value of this power like those who have to play in concert with those who possess it, but, consciously or unconsciously, it must be felt by all who come under its influence. Details as to Mdlle Krebs' execution of the several pieces we have named are needless. Like all great artists, she has, doubtless, her preferences, and plays one piece with more pleasure than another. But a lively "conscience du metier" obliges her to play everything as well as she can, that is to say, better than almost anybody else could play it.

Mdlle Krebs' second recital is on Wednesday, the 10th inst.

BERLIN.—The only novelty at the Royal Operahouse has been the frequent and sudden change of performance. Here, as elsewhere, singers are human, and their throats are no more proof than those of their colleagues in other lands against the dangerous rawness and cold of the atmosphere.—M. Anton Rubinstein has given a well-attended concert, at which he introduced some original compositions of his own. They met with general approbation.—At the last Monday Concert of Herren Hellmich and Engelhardt, a prominent feature in the programme was Beethoven's Octet in E flat major, for two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, and two horns, the performers being Herren Wieprecht, Baack, Pohl, Dittmann, Richter, Lehmann, Malchow, and Vehse. The work is very seldom heard in this, its original, form; it is generally known as arranged for a stringed quintet. It was exceedingly well played.

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MÉHUL AND THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.*

People are too ignorant of the profound influence exerted by Gluck in developing the author of *Joseph* and of *Uthal*, of *Stratonice*, of *Une Folie*, and of *Irato*. "It was he, it was this great man," exclaims Méhul, "who initiated me into the philosophical and poetic portion of musical art." The good folk who imagine that the whole idea of modern opera dates no further back than from Richard Wagner have only to study the works of the composer of Givet; they will find therein abundance of useful information. The fact is, never did any one deserve less than he did the reproach justly addressed, in our days, to *specialists*, of sacrificing to musical pomp the highest conditions of the drama—the progress of the action and the truth of the characters. To fall into the trap set by Herr Wagner for the ingenuous and unoccupied, one should not be acquainted with a single note by Méhul; for I defy the world to mention, even among the most noisy disciples of the Wagnerian school, any composer more imperturbably attached than Méhul to the practice of the system.

Have you ever heard of a one-act comic opera entitled, *Uthal*? I doubt it very much; and yet, though a person would scarcely believe it, this simple comic opera, in one act only, into the bargain, was big with all the theories which we have since seen breaking over us with such a hubbub. *Uthal!* It strikes you at once as having something of a sham-epopœia about it. You fancy you recognize in the title the heroic precursor of *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. The action takes place in the good old times of Ossian; and Méhul, considering that it was not sufficient for his music that he should merely apply himself to the study of character, believing, like Cæsar, that nothing is done while anything remains to be done, resolved to give the world something in the way of historical, or, still better, local colouring. To produce a monotonous music, tinged with crepuscular melancholy, a sort of *grisaille*, similar in its effect to the dull ocean vapours which envelop in fog the Caledonian coast, such was his set purpose in this work, *imitated from Ossian*, as we read on the title page of the engraved score, the system being so deliberately carried out that we see him, though it is almost impossible to imagine such a thing now-a-days, push the scruples of temperance to the length of refraining from the use of violins, which he excludes from his orchestra as too Venetian in their colouring for such a subject. "In the execution of this work the violins must be replaced by tenors." He takes care to explain his theory by way of preface. The flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, and four horns, with the tenors (*quintes*), constitute the orchestra, which is inexorably confined to one grey key. We must not forget, however, a stroke on the gong, struck at the right moment, and even less must we forget the harps, which cannot fail to be present, seeing that in an opera *imitated from Ossian* there are always bards. I think that no one ever sacrificed with greater conviction and austerity to the vain idol called dramatic truth. But the work failed; neither connoisseurs nor public would have aught to do with it. Every one acknowledged readily enough that, viewed in the light of fidelity of expression, it was sublime, but no one returned to hear it a second time; so true it is that there are certain things which are not better when sung than when spoken. It was at the first performance of *Uthal* that Grétry made his famous joke about a "louis d'or pour une chanterelle." But do not let us go too far; let us take care not to confound this error of an obstinate logician with the frequently admirable and healthy sobriety of Méhul's style. If the score of *Uthal* was the extravagance of a system, *Une Folie* and *Joseph* were its honour and its triumph. I purposely mention these two works, because, in the one as in the other, the composer, with the virtue of musical temperance distinguishing his nature, strikes me as having fixed the style, and displayed to his contemporaries under its double form, combining charm and grandeur, the true model of the comic opera of the future. After *Joseph*—*Zampa*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, and *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* may arise without any risk of destroying tradition, just as with *Une Folie* the way is paved for all the gallant repertory of Boieldieu, Auber, and their satellites. On opening Weber's correspondence, I find a passage applying too directly to the manners of the present day for us not to meditate upon it. "A score like that of *Joseph*," writes the author of *Der Freischütz*, and *Euryanthe*, "is now no longer possible, because there no longer exists a musician capable, without the aid of a pompous and dazzling orchestra, but solely by intensity of sentiment, warmth, and the truth of his ideas, of producing on the public a profound and durable effect. Who could remain insensible to such accents, all impregnated, I will not say by the breath of antiquity, but by the purest spirit of the Bible? There is no tinsel, no parasitism, no phrase to tickle more or less agreeably the ear; we have simply the naked truth, and—distinctive sign of an experienced hand—an instrumentation always sober, always moderate, in which the composer, while limiting his resources, succeeds in attaining the grandest effects." In *Une Folie*, Méhul has to do only with personages of the moment—Parisian types. To find the style and expression of his music, all he needs do, so to speak, is to look around him. With *Joseph* it is another thing, for the characters, manners, and countries to be depicted, his own observation cannot, of course, furnish him a single stroke; his fancy has to evoke the Unknown, to conjure up scenes of an anterior world, and to interpret passions which he has not himself experienced. The portrait painter has to become a Eustache Lesueur, for the score of *Joseph* is a musical fresco, the genuine fresco of a French master, rather grey in tone and deficient in brilliancy, but for sentiment and pathos, for purity of design and composition, able to defy anything.

When I reflect on the conditions of a work like this, and hear the noise made about the theories of Richard Wagner, I fancy I must be dreaming. What is there new, I should like to know, in them? What organic law of modern opera do all these pretended prophets of the Future advance which has not been carried out by this musician of the Past? Listen to that orchestra always purposely moderate, where modulation is introduced only at the call of dramatic truth; listen to that accompaniment always in keeping with the nature of the subject, and then ask yourself whether it is true, as we are informed, that such simultaneity of expression is a discovery of our own time. From the instrumentation let us proceed to the pourtrayal of the characters; another invention for which some individuals are pleased to claim the credit. Do we find that Joseph, Simeon, Benjamin, and Jacob are figures wanting plasticity, impersonal and abstract figures, heroes of classical tragedy such as were imagined at the same epoch by Marie Joseph Chénier? Let these figures sing, and, like the philosopher who, to prove the existence of movement, walked, they will forthwith convince you of their musical individuality. The reminiscences and the melancholy of Joseph, the remorse and repentance of Simeon, the candour of Benjamin, the sorrow of the old man, Jacob, his rage and his joy, are so many admirable motives treated with the inspiration and the talent of a master never found deficient in any of the principles really appertaining to his art. "To specify all the merits of this magnificent musical poem," continues Weber, "it would be necessary to write volumes." True, but what would be the good? Though it gains ground every day, barbarism has not pushed its invasion so far as to have driven from among us every notion of the True and the Beautiful, and though the masterpiece has disappeared from the stage, it is not, thank heaven, reduced only to the life derived exclusively from commentaries. Whatever trouble certain individuals of mediocre mind may give themselves to confuse different questions and to corrupt taste, truth still preserves its influence on a large number of artists, and on a large portion of the public. "However," exclaims Weber, in conclusion, "the beauty of works of this order is not a thing to be proved; all that is requisite is to appeal to the sentiments of those who hear them!" But the difficulty now-a-days is to hear them. Fortunately, if the stage is closed against them, they have still the Conservatory left, and we see them, at long intervals, pass from the library to the concert-room, like those sovereigns who, without quitting their palaces, on certain solemn days, harangue the multitude.

H. Blaze de Bury.

* From "*Le Guide Musical*."

According to the *Arcadian*, Mr Stephen Fiske has taken the New York Grand Opera House, with the object of presenting English opera to his compatriots.

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MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

A fine performance of the *Creation* was given at Mr Hallé's concert last Thursday. Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, undaunted by a cruel bronchial attack, sung all the music for the powerful soprano, but, though her voice was to some extent affected, her consummate skill as a singer had seldom been more admired. Mr Nelson Varley, the tenor of the evening, was not quite so satisfactory, but Mr Whitney sang with remarkable taste, and his fine voice is heard to great advantage in the picturesque solos of this popular oratorio. The last miscellaneous concert of Mr Hallé's present series will be given to-morrow night. The programme is very attractive:—

Overture, *Euryanthe* (Weber); Scena and Aria, "O, 'tis a glorious sight to see" (*Oberon*) (Weber)—Mr E. Lloyd; Grand Concerto in G (Beethoven)—pianoforte, Mr Charles Hallé; Air, "Infelice" (Mendelssohn)—Mdlle Sophie Löwe; Symphony, No. 7, in C major (Haydn); Overture, "Waldmeisters Brautfährt" (first time) (Gernsheim); Air, "Love in her eyes sits playing" (*Acis and Galatea*) (Handel)—Mr E. Lloyd; Solo Pianoforte, "Præambulum, Aria, Passepied, and Gigue," in G (second time) (Bach)—Mr Charles Halle; Songs, "Die Nonne" (Schubert) and "Sonntag" (Brahms)—Mdlle Sophie Löwe; Overture, *Tannhäuser* (Wagner).

Will you allow me to correct two mistakes reported in the "Waifs" of last Saturday? The *Odysseus* of Max Bruch, to be given, as I told you last week, by the Manchester St Cecilia Society, assisted by Mr Santley, on the 13th inst., will not be conducted by Mr Hallé, but by Mr Ed. Hecht, the zealous conductor of the society. Nor have we been fortunate enough to hear "Krebs, Joachim, Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti," as you were informed. But a concert of classical chamber music will be given at the Concert Hall next week, at which MM. Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti will play, and this concert will, unfortunately, clash with Mr Unyer's chamber concert.

March 3rd.

—o—

LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(*To the Editor of the "Liverpool Courier."*)

SIR,—The scenes enacted at the adjourned meeting of the proprietors of the above society held yesterday, a report of which appears in your impression of to-day, will certainly not redound to their credit. Once again we find conductor, band, and chorus attacked by those who appear to know little of either, and whose chief idea as to the nature of the society's concerts is purely to make them a "social gathering." Whether the expression quoted was made or received jocularly or not, it should not be forgotten, for the conduct of the stalls and boxes during the subscription concerts would lead the most ordinary observer to the conclusion that music was the last thing considered.

Now, sir, a few words on behalf of the band and its conductor, Sir Julius Benedict. Mr Hallé's band and the Philharmonic band have been weighed in the balance, and the latter has been found wanting. If the Philharmonic Society are honoured by this gentleman's conducting, we are to expect a vast improvement, are we? I unhesitatingly, and with every respect for certain gentlemen, say decidedly, no. When Mr Hallé announces an orchestral concert, it is not difficult for him to secure the attendance of his band for rehearsals, the majority of the instrumentalists being on the spot, and consequently having the immeasurable advantage of frequent rehearsals. It is therefore no great accomplishment to have attained such a good name. Now the Philharmonic band is very differently constituted. Its members are scattered. One-half of them at least are members of Mr Hallé's band, while the rest hail from London, Yorkshire, and a few only are residents of this town, they being undoubtedly the very pick of the band. The Philharmonic band meet for rehearsal on the Monday evening preceding the concert, and on the afternoon of the day following, but on no occasion have they more than these two rehearsals. How is it, then, to be expected that this band can do itself justice? Is it honest to blame the conductor for this? I should say, on the contrary, more credit to him and the band for doing their work so well. If there ever was a case of adding insult to injury it was in suggesting the importation of Mr Charles Hallé to usurp the position of one of our most talented and esteemed contemporary musicians, Sir Julius Benedict.

Another fact in the Philharmonic band, which, though it may be unpleasant to state, is nevertheless a fact, is the want of unanimity among its members. The Manchester gentlemen unfortunately have not that good feeling towards their brother members that they should possess. They are much inclined to ride the high horse, and in many cases they work in an indifferent manner.

A few words as to the chorus. A quibble was made yesterday as to the representation of the practical members of the chorus on the committee of the society. The proprietors and the public generally should remember that the gentlemen of the chorus are admitted on the orchestra—first, by examination in music and singing; secondly, by payment of an entrance fee of half-a-guinea; and thirdly, by an annual subscription for two seats in the gallery of the hall. The ladies of the chorus are not considered members of the society, as they pay no entrance fee or subscription, but receive remuneration and a ticket for each concert. Considering, then, that the gentlemen of the chorus give not only their time but their money to further the interests of the society, it certainly was an ungracious act of the drones of the Philharmonic hive to raise the question as to whether the busy bees should have a voice or not in the storing and distribution of the musical honey.—Yours faithfully, ONE OF THE BEES.

Liverpool, February 25.

—o—

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The Welsh concert, which took place on Monday evening last, was to all appearance a success, for the cheaper parts of the hall were not only well-filled, but the amphitheatre and the loggia boxes were also gaily tenanted. In this sort of national programme the unsophisticated public take a very natural delight, and there is a considerable class of the community who feel a special interest in the minstrelsy of Wales, in which they find a varied aggregate of tuneful ballads and warlike pæans, which tell their own story, and appeal at once to the commonest understanding. The selection on the present occasion contained, of course, all the music that could not well be absent from a representative Welsh programme, such as "The Ash Grove," "Jenny Jones," the "Men of Harlech," "Ar hyd y nos," and "God bless the Prince of Wales," and they met with the usual enthusiastic reception, Mdme Patey charming all ears—Welsh and English alike—by her clear and expressive delivery of the first two songs, and winning the usual encore for each. Miss Edith Wynne is also an indispensable artist at a Welsh concert, and to her the listeners were indebted for two pleasant contributions—namely, "Adieu to dear Cambria" and Morse's song from the Prince of Wales's *Cantata*, by John Owen, in both of which repetitions were asked for. The other lady vocalists were Miss Marion Williams, Miss Mary Davies, and Miss Lizzie Evans, and the songs they sang were good examples of the gentle and unambitious ditties of the Principality, and of the effect they are capable of producing when sung with simplicity and taste. Mr Edward Lloyd was likewise a prominent attraction in the business of the evening, and he too had his encore in a sentimental song adapted from "Y ferch o'r Seer," and by-and-bye applause, that did not, however, quite reach the encore point, in "Mentra Gwen." With this gentleman was associated Mr Lewis Thomas, whose versions of "The Quarrelsome Couple" and "St David's Day" were demanded a second time, no dismay being felt at the multitude of verses incident to each. The chorus singers were by no means idle, and the several pieces they sang, and which we need not specify, were in most cases received with tumultuous pleasure; and, as they were backed by a band of harpists, headed by Mr John Thomas and Mr Wright, their efforts were assuredly not the least important events of the evening. The two leading harpists also appeared as soloists. Fantasias on the piano were played by Miss Bessie Waugh and Mr Brinley Richards—Benedict's piece, "Cambria," being the lady's choice, and Mr Brinley Richards', his own "Recollections of Wales." Both were features of interest, Mr Brinley Richards' performance especially, partly on the ground of its finished excellence, and partly from the sentiment of respect due to this well-known professor for his zealous persistence in vindicating the national music of his country, and its claims upon the public attention. Mr Randegger accompanied the song sung by Miss Mary Davis, and Mr W. H. Thomas the others—both admirably. Altogether, the concert, we repeat, may be recorded as a success, and another Welsh selection may consequently be expected.

D. H. H.

ROUEN.—M. Ambroise Thomas has consented to write a Grand Cantata for Chorus and Orchestra, to be sung at the foot of Boieldieu's statue during the centenary festival which will be celebrated in honour of that composer on Sunday, the 13th June. The French Government will award 25,000 francs on the same occasion to the best vocal association, the competition to be open to all such associations in France.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.
DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-NINTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1875.
To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 17, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Haydn.*
SONG, "Die junge Nonne"—Mdlle SOPHIE LÖWE .. .. .. *Schubert.*
TOCCATA, in C major, Op. 7, for pianoforte alone (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. .. *Schumann.*

PART II.

CHACONNE, in D minor, for violin alone—Herr JOACHIM .. *Bach.*
SONGS { (*a*) "Es blinkt der Thau" (*b*) "Sonnenschein" } Mdlle SOPHIE LÖWE .. { *Rubinstein.* *Schumann.*
SONATA, in A, Op. 47 (dedicated to Kreutzer), for pianoforte and violin—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Beethoven.*
CONDUCTOR .. .. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 6, 1875.
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Mozart.*
SONG, "Orpheus with his lute"—Miss EVA LESLIE .. .. *Sullivan.*
FANTASIA, in C major, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Schubert.*
SONG, "Zuleika"—Miss EVA LESLIE .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
SERENADE TRIO, in D major, Op. 8, for violin, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. W. G. (Manchester).—Verdi's *Trovatore* was produced at the Apollo Theatre, in Rome, on the 17th January, 1853, and at the Italian Opera, Paris, on the 23rd of December, 1854. The *Traviata* was first played at Venice in March, 1853, and in Paris, 6th December, 1856; in the summer of the same year it was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Mdlle Piccolomini as the heroine. *Lucrezia Borgia* was given, for the first time, at the Scala, Milan, during the carnival of 1834; six years later, on the 27th October, it was produced at the Italian Opera, Paris. *La Circassienne* was given, for the first time, at the Opéra Comique, Paris, on the 2nd February, 1861. *Le Prophète* was presented, for the first time, at the Grand Opera, Paris, on the 16th April, 1849; an Italian version was produced, in the summer of the same year, at the Royal Italian Opera, London, with Viardot and Mario in the principal characters.

DEATHS.

On the 27th February, at Cedar Cottage, Worton Road, Isleworth, ELIZABETH WARD HUTCHINSON, the affectionate wife of Henry Hutchinson Howe, of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.

On the 28th February, at Dolgelly, North Wales, aged 90, Mrs ANN ROBERTS, mother of the late Mr Ellis Roberts, harpist to the Prince of Wales.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1875.

THE eternal war between critics and their "subjects" has just had a curious exemplification. As a rule it is better not to notice when a galled jade winces. Very often the cause lies in an extremely sensitive nature, which makes its owner more an object of pity than of wrath. Not seldom, too, the thing complained about is due to inexpertness on the part of the writer rather than to malice aforethought. In all such cases the less said by those who stand round and look on the better. To use a homely phrase, "the more the matter is stirred, the more it stinks," whereas, if let alone, the offensive stuff will quietly sink to the bottom, out of sight and mind. But the affair in point is one from which lessons may be learned, quite valuable enough to make it an exception. Hence the notice we give it here.

In its review of music for the year 1874, the *Monthly Musical Record* of January said, "Of the British Orchestral Society it is impossible to speak favourably. Though the programmes were full of interest, and contained many novelties, the conductor, to tell the plain truth, is quite unfitted for his post; and, until some change is made in this direction, it is hopeless to expect good performances," &c. Looking at this paragraph apart from all the circumstances to which it gave rise, we see a very plain and unmistakable declaration of what the writer conceives to be a *fact*. So far, whatever the conductor of the British Orchestral Society may think, he—the writer aforesaid—did no more than he was paid to do. His engagement with the proprietors of the *Monthly Musical Record* necessarily bound him to pen what, under the guidance of his judgment, he conceived to be facts. He had a perfect right to believe that the conductor was "quite unfitted for his post," and a right not less perfect to convey that belief to the world. But there are two ways of doing a thing. A foolish and ignorant popular sentiment applauds the man who calls a spade a spade, while it looks coldly upon one who describes it euphemistically as an agricultural implement. Our own belief is that the latter shows himself much more a man of the world and of wisdom than the former. Euphemy is an important ingredient in the oil which makes society's machinery work smoothly; and none ought to be better aware of the fact than those who wield the power of the press. Holding such views, we must look upon the paragraph above quoted as unnecessarily coarse. The writer could have conveyed the same sense in much less offensive terms; and, because he did this not, he is open to the blame deserved by a clumsy worker. So much for the offending paragraph; and now let us go with the matter a step further.

In the number of the *Monthly Musical Record* for February, and in the most conspicuous part of it, readers saw a "leaded" paragraph, the gist of which was that the editor withdrew his remarks about the conductor of the British Orchestral Society as a statement of *fact*, but retained it as an expression of *opinion*. Evidently, though this was not said in distinct terms, some complaint had been made, and in such fashion did the editor desire to conclude a peace with the offended *chef d'orchestre*. We admit our inability to appreciate the distinction drawn by the *Monthly Musical Record*. Usually, when a man puts forward an opinion he desires to have it accepted as, from his point of view, a fact. If, for instance, we say of our contemporary's reviewer that he is inexpert, we commit ourselves to a statement of positive belief, otherwise we are false witnesses and without excuse. No doubt a distinction can be raised between matters of absolute fact, and those lying within the domain of opinion. It is certain that the whole is greater than a part, and that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. These are absolute facts, but we wholly decline to suppose that our contemporary

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wished to withdraw his assertion from the category to which they belong. To do otherwise would be to suppose him capable of a very unworthy quibble. It stands, therefore, that, desiring to make an apology, he did so with the clumsiness characteristic of the offence. Either he should have unreservedly withdrawn the terms to which objection was raised, or manfully held by them. A middle course could only be disastrous, as the result proved.

Having yielded so far, it was to be expected that the *Monthly Musical Record* would find the last shred of the leek presented to its mouth. So, in the number for the current month appears a paragraph so extraordinary that we transcribe it word for word:—

"Since the last number of *The Monthly Musical Record* was issued, the Publishers have made inquiries concerning the professional qualifications of the conductor of the British Orchestral Society, and the result thereof is that they retract the comments on the conductor of the orchestra of which complaint was made. In so doing, the Publishers desire to state that they freely and unreservedly take upon themselves to withdraw the objectionable comments, and that they tender to the conductor in question their apologies for the same."

It is clear from this that the conductor of the British Orchestral Society pressed his advantage, the result being a complete withdrawal of the offending words, whether regarded as embodying a *fact* or an *opinion*. From one point of view, perhaps, the conductor is not blameworthy, because the temptation to crush a frightened opponent is hard to resist. But what shall we say of the "Publishers" of the *Monthly Musical Record?* They have tamely deserted their editor, and, hanging out a flag of truce, have bent the knee before an opponent whose position they might safely have defied. For this there is no valid excuse. As regards the editor, however much he may have blundered, for him we must entertain sympathy. His obvious duty is to cease that connexion with our contemporary which henceforth to him can be no source of honour. And now, one word as to the general bearing of the case. Musical criticism had better be given up altogether if it may not be stated, both as a matter of opinion and of fact, that a man is unfitted for his post. It is necessary often to say as much in the interest of art, as of politics, and that will be a sad day when the right is abandoned; because then the path of incompetence will be made straight towards those prizes which should be enjoyed by merit alone.

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SIGNOR GIULIO PERKINS.

The funeral of this lamented gentleman took place on Monday last, at Highgate Cemetery. The mourners were—besides Mdme Perkins (Marie Rose)—Mr Carl Rosa, Mr Bentham, and Mr Josiah Pittman. Among others who attended to pay a last mark of respect, we observed Signor Urio, Signor Campobello, and Mr Aynsley Cook.

Royal Albert Hall Choral Society.—The next concert of this society will take place on Tuesday, the 9th inst., when Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* will be performed. The principal vocalists announced are Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Annie Sinclair, Madame Patey, Mr Cummings, and Mr Whitney. Dr Stainer will preside at the organ, and the concert will be conducted, as usual, by Mr Barnby.

Mr William Coenen gave his first concert of modern German music at St George's Hall on Thursday night with great and deserved success. The programme was interesting throughout, and included, among other pieces, an admirable pianoforte quartet by a native composer, Mr A. C. Mackenzie. Mr Coenen's associates were MM. Wiener, Amor, Zerbini, and Lassere. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss Sophie Ferrari and Miss Antoinette Sterling. Further particulars in our next.

DEAN STANLEY ON MUSIC AND GEOLOGY.

It is not often that Westminster Abbey is so crowded as it was on Sunday afternoon, in spite of the bleakness of the weather, when Dean Stanley preached a funeral sermon in memory of the late Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Sterndale Bennett. The aisles were completely blocked with people who stood throughout the service, and many distinguished members of the scientific, musical, and religious world were present. The Dean selected for his text the 2nd verse of the 1st chapter of Genesis, "The earth was without form and void." He said it so chanced that within that short month of February, by a most unusual coincidence in mortality, twice the gates of that Abbey had been opened to pay the last honours to two distinguished Englishmen—one, the acknowledged chief of the English musicians of our time; the other, who was yesterday laid in his grave, the acknowledged chief of those who had devoted themselves to the study of our mother earth. Of all the branches of art or letters none revealed more fully the hidden capacities of the human soul, or the wonderful structure of the human frame, than the slow yet certain process by which, from the simplest and most barbarous sound, music—that art which heathens as well as Christians in all ages had not scrupled to call Divine—had brought into being worlds of melody, growing, in thought and volume, generation after generation, as time rolled on. The spirit which brooded over the lyre of Orpheus, or the primitive harp of David, was the same that afterwards gave breath and life to the Cathedral anthems and sacred oratorios of the most inspired masters. As an eminent living writer had said, seven notes in the musical scale—call them thirteen if they would—was indeed a poor outfit for so vast an enterprise as the genius of the masters of that glorious art had succeeded in completing. And to illustrate its marvels was the mission of the gentle musician who, three weeks ago, was laid to his rest within the walls of this venerable abbey; and again and again would his memory be recalled to them as they heard the sacred melody on which he had written, as on waves of light, those divine words which ought to stand as the principal of all Christian worship—"God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Having dwelt thus feelingly and at some length on the memory of the departed musician, the Dean said he proposed for a brief space to call the attention of his hearers to the religious aspect of the science of geology which a great modern historian had called "the peculiar boast of our age." A more eloquent, logical, truly devotional and persuasive sermon has never in our memory been delivered from the pulpit—even by Dean Stanley.

Lohengrin will almost certainly be produced at Covent Garden this season. Rehearsals of one kind or another are taking place every day.

Rome.—The ill-luck which has relentlessly pursued the management of the Teatro Apollo ever since the beginning of the season appears at length to have exhausted itself, at least temporarily, although it was only at the last moment that Signora Stolz was sufficiently recovered from severe indisposition to be able to sing. *Aida* has been produced with complete success. The theatre was crowded, though the prices of admission were anything but insignificant. Thirty lire, more than a pound sterling a goodish deal, were charged for an orchestra stall, and ten lire for a place in the pit. The principal characters of the opera were confided to Signore Stolz, Pozzoni (the latter in the place of Signora Sanz, on the sick list), Signori Niccolini, Aldighieri, and Nannetti. The applause began at the romance of the tenor, and was renewed at the War Song and the air of the soprano. In the second act the duet between Aida and Amneris was greatly applauded, the two artists being recalled twice. After the concerted piece, there were three recalls for the singers and the conductor, Sig. Usiglio. In the third act, the audience were even more prodigal of marks of approbation, and, at the fall of the curtain, the artists were called on some seven times. The enthusiasm was quite as great during the fourth act; one recall after the duet between Amneris and Radames; three recalls for Signora Pozzoni after the judgment scene; and three recalls for Signora Stolz and Sig. Niccolini, after the final duet. The band and chorus did their duty admirably; the scenery is very good, and so are the dresses. In a word, *Aida* is a hit.

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The Allmanguha.

From ("Another World.")

"Improve Nature's gifts, and with her elements form new compounds . . . .
"Were man's faculties given that they should slumber?"

I saw, however, that unless the people were supplied with a substitute for what they had lost, they would soon return to the deleterious condiments in spite of my decree.

Having made known to all about me that I wished some hours for serious thought, I shut myself up in a little cabinet at the summit of my palace, where I could see only the heavens. All around me was silent and calm as night.

Having prayed the aid of the Great Power, I endeavoured, by intense meditation, to discover what healthy condiment could be substituted for the deleterious spices of which the people were deprived.

After many hours of deep meditation, a ray of light burst on me and I was inspired with a happy thought. I could not as yet see the result clearly, but nevertheless I felt that in the end my efforts would be blessed with success. I did not hesitate to publish the fact that I had made a discovery which when perfected, would repay the people twenty-fold for the loss of the condiments they had given up in obedience to my decree.

In the mean time, until I could fully carry out my intention, I allowed the people a particular kind of cordial; for I found that, after the extraordinary heat of the day, many persons required stimulants, especially mothers, who had been educated before my laws had come into operation, and whose health and constitution had not consequently been properly fortified.

I proceeded with my work. We have a small vegetable, called Jappehanka, that hangs from its stem like a fruit and has a rich creamy taste, without any other flavour. I grafted this vegetable on a tree called Klook, the fruit of which, used generally by persons of delicate digestion, had a sour aromatic flavour.

After many disappointments and unsuccessful attempts to obtain the vegetable I wished, I succeeded, by artificial means frequently employed, in growing a small vegetable, combining the flavour of a delicate cream with the piquancy of lemon.

The most difficult part of my task had however not been accomplished, namely, to give to the vegetable all the aromatic and stimulating flavours of the prohibited spices.

A fine specimen of the seed of each of the spice plants having been procured, I took from the heart of each seed the smallest possible particle, and, having with the greatest care made an incision in one of the finest seeds of my new vegetable, I inserted therein one specimen of each of these minute particles.

The incision was made in the centre of the seed, but not deep enough to enter or injure its heart.

The seed of my cream-lemon vegetable, containing the spice seed particles, I confided to the care of my principal gardener, a man of great scientific skill and intelligence.

I must not omit to say that we extracted the oil out of the roots of each of the spices formerly in general use and mixed the oils with the earth in which we planted the newly-compounded vegetable seed.

We watched the precious seed night and day with anxious solicitude. I had other seeds ready prepared and planted, in case this should fail.

Hermes (*Communicator.*)

(*To be continued.*)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

According to the *Entr'acte*, on the proposal of General de Cissey, Minister of War, the President of the French Republic has taken steps to induce artists of talent to enrol themselves in the military bands, and to cause those already members of such bodies to remain so. Not only will the administrative councils of military corps be able to award monthly prizes or premiums to the musicians, according to their merit and the services they render, but a sum of 7000 francs will be allowed each regiment for the encouragement of musical studies.

The following anecdote is told respecting the first performance of *Robert le Diable*, which took place in Paris, the 21st November, 1831. It appears that the illustrious master with the modesty never possessed by men without talent felt little confidence in the success of his opera. He called and consulted Mad. Lénormant, celebrated for predicting the future by means of cards. She foretold three *chutes* (falls or failures). Exceedingly anxious, the great man took every possible means to avert the danger, and distributed tickets among all the friends he had in Paris. The success of *Robert* was immense, and yet Mad. Lénormant's prophecy was verified. Mad. Dorus had a fall in the third act, and Mad. Taglioni had one in the ballet of the Nuns, while Nourrit, in the last act, fell down the trap by which Bertram had disappeared.

The *St Louis Journal* furnishes a pen and ink sketch of Mdlle Albani which the many friends of that lady will read with interest:—

"Socially Mdlle Albani is as attractive as the most rigid observer of propriety could desire. She is modest and unassuming in her manner, totally free from any little stage licences, so common with even great *prime donne*, and in her conversation with friends and acquaintances, maintains the dignified bearing with the courteousness that speaks the perfect lady. Her accent is of just that slightly foreign tinge that renders her conversation attractive. She talks freely and well, is evidently devoted to her profession and expresses a strong desire to attain even greater excellence. She is apparently perfectly free from all petty jealousies, praises her rivals for the merits which strike her as most conspicuous, and is laudably reticent on the subject of her own triumphs. At first meeting the casual observer would not be very much impressed with her appearance. She is certainly not beautiful, although her features are not unattractive. Her great charm lies in her smile, and little French ways that would soon break down any barrier of prejudice. She dresses plainly but elegantly, commonly avoiding all vulgar display of jewelry. She shakes hands in true American style, and the visitor goes away impressed with the feeling that her English good-bye is an *au revoir*. Those that have met Albani since her visit to our city will wish much happiness to the little lady in her travels, and will be among the first to welcome her back again."

A Physician has published at St Petersburgh some curious observations regarding the atmosphere of the grand Maria Theatre in that capital, during a performance. The observations were made in a front box of the second tier. The temperature rose with every quarter of an hour, though the public, by leaving their seats and opening the doors between the acts, allowed the external air to penetrate inside the building. At the rising of the curtain the temperature was 18 degrees, centigrade. It was 24 at the end of the first, and 25 at the commencement of the second act. The quantity of humidity or of aqueous vapour does not increase in the same ratio. It was, however, at the expiration of two hours, augmented 30 per cent., and at the end of four hours still more heavily charged in excess of the external air. At the beginning of the performance, there was from 40 to 60 per cent. of it, which is the usual amount in pure air; at the conclusion of the performance, there was 85 per cent., the amount present when the air is most thoroughly vitiated. Carbonic acid, also, was present to six times its normal amount. The above observations were made in consequence of the frequent cases of indisposition occurring at the Maria Theatre. They might with advantage be extended to other theatres as well.

Dr Kenealy, so we learn from the *Englishman*, expects when he first addresses the House of Commons to be asked to sing. What his choice of a ditty may be we know not, but this is immaterial, since English amateur singing is generally conducted on the principle that the words of a song do not signify. They are, at all events, seldom heard, a circumstance which occasionally saves both singers and hearers some embarrassment. This safe

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system is not, however, universally carried out, and accordingly we find that, at the last meeting of the Marylebone guardians, a member of the board enquired into the character of the songs sung at one of the schools of the Union, stating as his reason for so doing that, on visiting a large charity school in London the other day, he had "found the children singing in an impassioned tone, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine.'" Perhaps the authorities of the school were not acquainted with the version of this song arranged for the use of children and schools by an esteemed music-master who flourished at the period of its first appearance. In this the process of expurgation was very complete, reaching its climax in the lines, "Then throw a *kick* within the cup and I'll not ask for wine." By means of the application of the same simple method to all, a competent knowledge of the fashionable anacreontics was combined with the preservation of the most rigid propriety. This edition was not, however, dedicated to the poet.

HERE is another anecdote, previously unknown, until published lately in the *Gazetta Musicale*. The first time Haydn visited France and Paris, he achieved great success as a composer and as a man. He was young, amiable, and celebrated, *La cour et la ville* disputed who should have him, and more than one tender heart put on mourning at his departure. Thirty years afterwards, he returned to the French Capital. His reception in high society was enthusiastic, and, at the parties to which he went, excursions into the Past were of frequent occurrence. One evening at an aristocratic gathering, a Marchioness, very much *sur le retour*, kept reminding Haydn of times, which, alas! could never be brought back. It appears that she had been very fond of him, and possessed a good memory. "Oh," she said, "do you remember such a passage and such an evening? Do you remember this, and do you remember that? . . . and your divine music! That sonata, for instance, you know.

"Yes! Yes," replied Haydn; "I recollect it. Unfortunately it is now:

STERNDALE BENNETT—(*Extract from a letter*).—All sympathetic natures were greatly affected at the loss of one who, by his works—the outpourings of his genial heart—had endeared himself to them. It is the lot of but very few to be so well known and loved, and yet, as regards his personality, to be so little known. Sterndale Bennett was an ideal being. His mind and heart were allied to things pure, lovely, and innocent. Hence his musical expressions were reflections, more or less, of the peaceful season of the year—of the summer evening, with its chaste charms, of the rivulet, the groves, the birds, the fields, and kindred things. And those persons who find their greatest delight in the bright yet sober associations of country life see one of the most æsthetic exponents of scenes invoking these associations in Sterndale Bennett; and, consequently, his death to them is as the death of an old and loved personal friend, in whose society some of their purest moments have been passed. This, too, with no knowledge whatever of the actual man, whose retiring nature sought almost seclusion, and occasioned him to shrink from the sound of popularity. To the man whose thoughts rise beyond the "commonplaces" of life, and who can, Shakespeare-like, find "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks," the death we lament will be a long-felt loss, and by such will Bennett's memory be most lovingly cherished.—F. E. P.

MILAN.—*The Melodramatic Theatrical Review* of February 10th, in a letter from Nice, gives the following account of Mdlle Anna Renzi, who again sustained the part of Amina in *La Sonnambula*, on the occasion of the benefit of Sig. Gnone. The writer remarks that Mdlle Renzi showed herself a perfect interpreter of Bellini's music, and knew how to draw forth the most enthusiastic applause of the public, particularly in the adagio of the rondo. It was a great success, and we congratulate her heartily. Mdlle Renzi will, we hear, shortly appear in *Dinorah*.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS PURDY'S *soirée d'invitation*, last Saturday evening, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, was attended by an audience consisting of the principal members of the fashionable world. The *soirée*, indeed, was a success in every way. Miss Purdy, who is as deserved a favourite with the "upper ten thousand" as she is with musical amateurs in general, was in excellent voice, and gave her solos in her very best manner, and her share of the concerted music like a true artist. The audience were evidently highly delighted with her performances, and expressed themselves so in an unmistakable manner Miss Purdy had the "assistance" of several artists of note, including Miss José Sherrington, Miss Drummond, Messrs Trelawny Cobham, Tesseman, and Maybrick as vocalists; and Signor Tito Mattei, Herr W GANZ, and Mons. Paque as instrumentalists, names that are a guarantee of a pleasant musical evening. Herr Ganz accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

MISS KATE WINDRIDGE gave an evening concert, on Saturday last, at the concert rooms in Store Street. Miss Windridge created a great impression by her expressive singing in John Barnett's charming song, "The Parted." She was loudly and deservedly encored. Miss Edith Shield was encored after Balfe's "I dreamt that I dwell in marble halls," in Wallace's "Song of May" received warm and deserved applause, and, with Signor Ramacini, gave with effect a duet from *Il Trovatore*. Mr H. Kemble sang Mariani's romance, "L'ultimo pensiero," and was greatly applauded, as was also Mr F. Meldon in several bass songs. Miss C. Alguro, who possesses a contralto voice of power and sweetness, pleased by her interpretation of songs by Bellini and Donizetti. Mr F. Forest received an encore for his "Winsome Rose." Several pianoforte solos and duets were played by the Misses Lacy, Warren, Rice, and Wade, &c., whilst Mr Arthur Clegg, of the Royal Academy, and Mr Cooper gave an effective rendering of Beethoven's Andante, for violin and pianoforte, from the Sonata in G minor. Miss Blanche Roope and Mr Lansdowne Cottell presided at the pianoforte.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The first concert (the forty-fifth since the formation of the society) of the ninth season, took place on Wednesday, February 21st. The first part of the programme was formed of vocal and instrumental compositions by Schubert, including Sonata for pianoforte and violoncello (first time of performance), played by Miss Florence Saunders, a talented pupil of W. H. Holmes and Herr Schuberth; a solo for violoncello; several songs—"Adina" (Miss Mabel Mostyn), "Addio" (Miss Violet Granville), "Wohin" (Miss Thekla Fischer), "The Maiden at the spinning wheel" (Miss Florence Ashton), and two songs from the "Müllerlieder" (Herr Werrenrath). The second part was miscellaneous, according to the rule of the society, opening with a Grand Trio by W. Bargeli, in which Miss Florence Saunders and Herr Schuberth were joined by Herr Van Praagh (a young Dutch violinist). The other instrumental pieces were solos for the zither by Herr Wasilief-Koch, a harmonium solo by Madame Sievers, a harp solo by Mdme Dryden, and the first movement of Mendelssohn's Concerto for the violin. Amongst the vocal novelties we may mention a new song by Mdme Sievers, sung with much expression by Miss Violet Granville, accompanied by the composer (encored); also a "ballad" by M. Odoardo Barri. Miss Bella Root made her first appearance, and sang "Waiting" (by Mr Millard); Miss Mabel Mostyn sang "The Raft" (Pinsuti); Miss Thekla Fischer, "Marinella" (Randegger); Miss Florence Ashton, a new song by Adelmann; Mdlle Uhle and Herr Werrenrath, two duets, and the latter two Danish songs. The rooms were very full, and the concert in every respect a success. The second concert will take place on the 31st, when R. Schumann's compositions will form the first part of the programme.

PROVINCIAL.

BEDFORD.—A concert was given in the Corn Exchange, on Thursday, the 25th ult., under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell. Besides bringing down from London several artists, Mr Cottell had the benefit of local talent. An efficient chorus sang some part-songs and glees, &c. The graceful singing of Miss E. Shield pleased greatly. Mr F. Dunn, in Ascher's popular romance, "Alice, where art thou?" received a "double encore;" Miss Ellen Rice, in "Non più mesta," was deservedly applauded; and the singing of Mr Snazelle, who has a fine baritone voice, pleased much. Miss F. Dunn opened the second part with a brilliant solo on the pianoforte, which was followed by a solo from Mr Cottell's opera, *The Archers*, and several miscellaneous pieces. Miss Dunn, Messrs W. D. Sumner (organist and choirmaster) and L. Cottell presided alternately as accompanists.

BIRMINGHAM.—The "Festival Choral Society" gave a performance of Haydn's *Creation* and his first Mass, on Thursday, February 25th. The chorus and orchestra, under the *bâton* of Mr Stockley, left nothing to be desired; and the solo vocalists, Madame Otto-Alvsleben, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Lewis Thomas, were highly successful. The *Daily Post* says: "Madame Otto-Alvsleben, on whom the principal soprano

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parts devolved, sang not only with spirit and fervour, but with a brilliancy and purity of intonation which left little or nothing to be desired. Her most marked effects were produced in 'The marvellous work,' and 'With verdure clad,' which latter especially impressed the audience." The Birmingham *Daily Gazette* expresses the same flattering opinion of Madame Alvaleben's performance. Mr Vernon Rigby was in capital voice, and sang in his best style and to the satisfaction of the audience. In the music allotted to the bass, Mr Lewis Thomas, produced great effect, and earned well-deserved applause. The audience would willingly have heard again "The heavens are telling," and Madame Otto-Alvaleben's "On mighty pens," but Mr Stockley would not accede to their wishes. Mr Stimpson presided at the organ. S. M.

CHELTENHAM.—The last of the musical entertainments of our season—writes an esteemed correspondent—took place on Saturday afternoon, at the Assembly Rooms. It was a grand Pianoforte Recital by Dr Hans von Bülow. Thanks to Messrs Dale and Forty, Cheltenham has been favoured with four recitals by this eminent pianist in comparatively a short space of time. We have had a rare treat in the varied programmes he has given us. His playing has made a great impression here; and I feel sure that were he to come ten more times, he would always receive a hearty welcome from a crowded, enthusiastic, and appreciative audience. Such magnificent playing as we listened to on Saturday will be retained in the memories of those who heard it for some time to come. Our musical friends must, I am sure, feel under a great obligation to Messrs Dale and Forty, for the many excellent concerts they have given this season, and for the admirable way in which they have been conducted. I hope sincerely that in their future concert speculations the public will support them to the utmost. R. S.

MISS ROSE HERSEE AT THE PHILHARMONIC THEATRE.

The encouragement bestowed upon the recent endeavour to establish English opera as a permanent attraction at the Philharmonic Theatre, Islington, has led the management to further efforts, and on Saturday night Vincent Wallace's most popular opera, *Maritana*, was produced with success before a crowded audience. The chief attraction was the *rentrée* of Miss Rose Hersee, who, since the death of the lamented Madame Parepa-Rosa, has been the leading representative of English operatic art, but whose successes during the last three years have chiefly been made in America and in our provinces. Her reception was enthusiastic, and throughout the opera she received the hearty applause of an audience which included a number of literary and musical celebrities. Her voice, fresh and sympathetic as ever, has gained considerably in volume; her execution is of the most finished kind, and there is a natural grace in her acting which exercises an irresistible fascination. It will be needless to go through the list of pieces in this well-known opera. Miss Hersee in the first act established her success; and "The Harp in the Air," the duet "Of Fairy Wand," and the "Fortune-telling scene," elicited prolonged applause. In the second act the soprano has little to do; but the third act opens with one of the best airs in the opera—"Scenes that are brightest." This was beautifully sung; and Miss Hersee, who had firmly declined previously-offered encores, was compelled to repeat the last verse. In the duet, "O Maritana," and in the short *finale*, she was equally successful, and in the latter she introduced a staccato passage extending to F in alt, executed with the apparent ease which enhances the enjoyment of her finished vocalization. There are few artists on the Italian stage who can surpass the highly-cultivated vocalization of this young lady, while her acting is full of dramatic power, combined with natural grace. It is, therefore, not surprising that the welcome given to her was of the heartiest kind; and it is to be hoped that her return to the metropolitan stage may help to brighten the prospects of English operatic art.

Mr Nordblom, as Don Cæsar de Bazan, proved himself to be the best acting tenor on the modern stage, and sang with wonderful dramatic energy. Mr Frank Celli made a successful *début* as Don Jose, and the *rôles* of Lazarillo and the King were filled by Miss Manetti and Mr Marler. Great praise is due to the conductor, Mr Eayres, who has done wonders with the chorus and band under his charge. The performance was needlessly lengthened by the tedious intervals between the acts, which should be curtailed in future. *Maritana* will be repeated—with Miss Rose Hersee as Maritana—on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday next.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—On the subject of Musical Criticism, to which the "leader" in your present week's impression refers, I should like, with your courteous permission, to make an observation or two. Mr B. D. Allen's letter to *Dwight's Journal of Music*, which occasioned your judicious comments, in suggesting *perfection* as the standard to which all artistic effort should be referred—quite regardless of the consequences that might result from the *unedifying* of those performers who, in hunting after criticisms upon their doings, expected to be *edified* and flattered—pointed to a standard which fails to get what it certainly needs—an adequate definition. If a critic is to censure without qualification everything falling short of this ideal, one condition at least is essential—that the critic, at the outset, favour his readers with his notion of perfection; else art, artists, and critics in general will be, as it were, in the clouds. This condition satisfied, it will be in the power of professors of art to judge of the worth or the accuracy of the standard held up. Assuming the test to be good, the criticism, indeed, will be most valuable. The critic, being an artist—though, perhaps, not a practical one—and loving the art, will point out the defects of the performance which is the subject of his remarks. The rules will be given, and the instances of violation; and in this way the artist—for I am supposing him to be one, and that his doings are not *beneath* criticism—will know how and in what respects he has failed. He and all the other readers of the criticism will be aware of at least some of the rules of the art, the whole of which in combination constitute what we understand to be perfection. The critic will then be a true teacher, claiming and securing the high regard, not only of his contemporaries, but of those who come after him; performers will derive great benefit through his valuable instrumentality, and the general public will find instruction of infinitely more value to them than any they could obtain from the presentation to them of the best composition in the best possible manner. In art it is not as in morals—"example is better than precept." Without a knowledge of the rules of art, the public may approve without knowing why—and disapprove; while it might happen that, possessed of an acquaintance with some of the rules, the agreeable and the disagreeable sentiment might change places; and, in addition to a greater discrimination being shown by the public, art and artists would be gainers. If, too, by any chance, the canons set forth at the outset of a review for the purpose of showing their violation be not altogether recognized, the artist or artists would be competent to call the judgment in question, and all this could not but tend to the advancement and the interest of art. I am, Sir, very obediently Yours,

27th Feb., 1875. F. E. PENNA.

WAIFS.

It is announced that Mdme Carvalho has left the Opéra Comique for the Grand Opéra.

Mdlle Emma Albani sailed from New York for England, on Saturday, Feb. 13th, in the Abyssinia.

M. Lamoureux is about to bring out a new sacred work, entitled *Eve*, the composition of M. Massenet.

Herr Rubinstein is expected in Paris about April 20th, for the last rehearsals of his oratorio, *La Tour de Babel*.

M. Oberthür has gone to Prague, to play at the fourth concert of the *Conservatoire*, and returns to London next week.

It is rumoured that Mr Max Strakosch purports giving Italian opera performances, at cheap prices, in the New York Academy.

M. Pitron has taken the Opéra Comique Theatre, and a French company, under his direction, will commence a series of performances at Easter.—ATLAS.

Mr Celli is especially engaged to play Don Josè, in *Maritana*, and Count Arnheim in *The Bohemian Girl*, at the Royal Philharmonic Theatre, after which he will make a tour, as principal baritone, with the Carl Rosa Grand Opera Company.

Le Ménestrel bids us look for a new setting of *Romeo and Juliet* (*Les Amants de Vérone*) at the opening of Mr Mapleson's grand opera-house. It is the work of the Marquis d'Ivry, who "read" it to Mdme Nilsson during her late visit to Paris.

St Patrick at Tara.—A grand performance of the above work is announced for the 15th inst., in the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, under the patronage of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The orchestra and chorus consisting of five hundred performers will be conducted by the composer, Professor Glover.

Special services are being held at St Anne's Church, Soho, during the present Lenten season, which offer some features of interest. Each Sunday evening an efficient orchestra is used, in conjunction with the organ, to accompany the Services and Anthem—the latter being the famous Cantata known as *Gottes Zeit ist die allerbeste Zeit* ("God's time is the best"). These services are very largely attended.

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The musical arrangements of the festival of the Society of Ancient Britons on St David's day were of an exceptional and purely national character, and were given under the direction of Mr Brinley Richards. A special feature of the evening's music was the performance on triple-stringed Welsh harps (the earliest national musical instrument of the Principality) by Gruffydd and his daughter, Y Fronfraith Fach, both attired in the Welsh costume, and whose services had been kindly lent by Lady Llanover. During the evening the secretary of the society announced subscriptions to the charity amounting to upwards of £900, which amount included 100 guineas from her Majesty.

Dr Spark, of Leeds, has been in town during the past week, completing arrangements on behalf of the Leeds Madrigal and Motet Society, of which he is the conductor, with principal vocalists, orchestral players, &c., for the performance of Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*, which is to be given in the Town Hall, Leeds, on Thursday, March 18th. With the Yorkshire chorus, which so delighted everyone at the Festival in October last, a fine band, good principals, and Dr Spark at the organ, it is reasonable to expect that the Leeds people will have the pleasure of listening to a very fine performance of this favourite oratorio, given for the first time in the metropolis of the West Riding.

We are somewhat anxious as to the results of the promised rendition of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* on Tuesday week, minus orchestral accompaniments. We know that the organ in St George's Hall is capable of producing extraordinary effects, and we also believe that Mr Best is able to get more out of a "kist o' whustles" than any living organist; yet it is not without some misgivings that we look forward to the coming of the flies and other nasty insects even at Mr Best's bidding. In some of the choruses, however, the massiveness of the construction will prove admirably adapted for the St George's Hall organ, and in these the orchestra will possibly not be so much missed.—*Liverpool Post.*

There is some talk of a performance of Handel's *Messiah* in the Victoria Hall at the conclusion of the visit of Messrs Moody and Sankey. The suggested executants are the Liverpool musical Society and Representative Choirs, which would jointly number about 300 voices. If the scheme comes to anything at all, why not develop it to its utmost extent, and enlist the vocal aid of every Society in the town and district capable of assisting in so great an undertaking? Thus a chorus of nearly, if not quite, 700 voices might be recruited; and we believe, if the proceeds of such a concert were to be devoted to charity, no one would think of refusing any support it lay in his power to give.—*Liverpool Post.*

The discussion in the House of Lords on the question of theatre and music-hall licenses in connection with the Ash Wednesday difficulty and the illegality of morning performances at concert-rooms was postponed until yesterday, when the Duke of St Albans was to ask the following questions:—1st. Why those theatres which are under the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction should be closed on Ash Wednesday, while other metropolitan and the provincial theatres are not so restricted. 2nd. Why music halls on the Surrey side of the river are allowed to open on Ash Wednesday, when those on the Middlesex side are closed. 3rd. Whether her Majesty's Government will amend the clause in the Act 25th, Geo. II., cap. 36, prohibiting concerts and musical entertainments from being given before five in the afternoon.

In the will of the late Mr John Mitchell, of Old Bond street, Bolton street, Piccadilly, and Coppins, Iver Heath, Bucks, the testator bequeaths to the Prince of Wales the clock presented to him by the present Duke of Wellington, formerly the property of the late Duke; and to the Princess of Wales, the small marble bust of the Queen by Professor Boehm (the only one executed, as stated, by her Majesty's permission), as an humble acknowledgement of their Royal Highnesses' goodness to him. There are specific bequests of the testimonial presented to him at the St James's Theatre, and of the articles given to him by King Louis Philippe, the Duke of Brunswick, the Emperor Napoleon III., Mr George Peabody, the Nepaulese Ambassador, and Prince Demidoff, to his son and two daughters; the snuffbox formerly belonging to Sir Henry Bishop he gives to Sir Julius Benedict.

As every fact connected with the late Sterndale Bennett possesses an interest for our readers, we gladly note the following characteristic illustration of his kindly disposition, as supplied in a letter in the *Guardian* of Wednesday last, from the Rev. Thomas Darling. Mr Darling says:—"A circumstance connected with the decease of that excellent musician, Dr Sterndale Bennett, ought, I think, to be generally known. It was his wont to finish the week's labours by giving a free lesson to three girls from the Clergy Orphan School, the house of which lay hard by his own dwelling-place in St John's-wood. The lesson thus given on Saturday, January 23, proved to be his last act in his vocation and ministry. The following day he was seized with the sickness unto death. His three scholars were, together with the matron of the school, especially invited by the committee of the Royal Academy of Music to attend at the burial in Westminster Abbey."—*Choir.*

Mr Browning's New Poem.—We understand that Mr Browning's new poem is not, as has been stated, a translation of any work of Aristophanes, but an Aristophanic poem, in which the Greek poet—or the English one in his person—says some things about himself that Mr Browning thinks have not been said, though they want saying. The book is more than half through the press and is expected within a fortnight.—*Academy.*

"It chanced within the short month of February, by a most unusual coincidence of moriality, twice had the gates of the Abbey been opened to pay the last honours to two men widely apart in all else, but alike in the share they took in unfolding and exemplifying this divine law; the one the acknowledged chief of the English musicians of our time, the other the acknowledged head of those who, whether here or elsewhere, have devoted their talents to the study of the history of our mother earth. Of all the branches of art and letters, none more reveals the hidden capacities of the human soul, or the fearful and wonderful structure of the human frame than the slow process through which from the most barbarous sounds, the spirit which brooded over the harp of David, and inspired the genius of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, has gained its majesty and glory. This passing allusion to a great musician, this indication of the latent capacities for spiritual emotion brought out by abstract and inanimate things—elements seemingly without form and void—was no unfitting prelude to the consideration of the study of nature of which he who has just gone was so bright an example."—*Dean Stanley at Westminster Abbey.*

Chance Playgoers.—Managers of theatres are awakening to the fact that the same protection should be granted to the stalls that from time immemorial has been accorded to the pit. No manager would be so rash as to advertise seats in the front row of the pit a month in advance. If people want seats, they wait till the doors open, and secure them. But in these days of long runs, the advantage is almost denied the stalls. It is not every one who determines that he will go and see a particular play within a fortnight. He may be in the humour to-day; but to-morrow three weeks the east wind may be blowing, and he may repudiate the idea of visiting a theatre. With many persons, going to the play occurs to them directly after dinner—an impulse of the moment; especially with country people, who imagine they have nothing to do but to pay, and at once be admitted to any place of entertainment. If they go to the theatre and find every stall booked, it is rather a hard case. Therefore, it is with satisfaction we note that, at a certain crowded theatre, special stalls are reserved for payment at the doors. This affords chance customers an opportunity of witnessing a performance equally well with those who can decide upon a visit four weeks in advance.

It is rare fun to see a man kicking against the pricks, and to observe how he attempts to put on a self-satisfied face when writing under self-inflicted torture. An anonymous writer in the analytical programme of Mr Bache's concert, while faintly pretending that he cares nothing for criticism, had the bad taste to assail the *Daily Telegraph* in coarse terms because its critic had dared to doubt the expediency of topping and tailing one of Weber's Polonaises, jamming it on to another Polonaise and giving it the name of Weber's Polonaise Brillante "arranged" by Liszt. The anonymous writer is not likely to disturb the equanimity of the *Daily Telegraph*, its editor, or critic, even if in his attack he had not betrayed the most lamentable ignorance of the subject. * * * * Even cymbals and triangles were invented in Weber's time, and if his Polonaises had been intended to have been accompanied by orchestra, Weber, who was at least as sound a master of orchestration as Liszt, would have done it for himself. The Wagnerites tried all they knew on Thursday to pass off the rubbish as the true metal, and I am sorry they did not have the satisfaction of partially succeeding. Liszt's edition was played first, and being applauded, Mr Walter Bache sat down at the piano, and gave us undiluted Weber, or, at least, Weber as undiluted as he was able to give it. * * * However, it was Mr Bache's fate to be applauded, and twice recalled; so that even the satisfaction of obtaining by means of free-handed abuse a temporary triumph was denied. The laugh was in fact turned against the would-be clever ones.—*Figaro, March* 3.

Venice.—Affairs at the Teatro della Fenice have not gone on too well this season. *Il Guarany* was succeeded by *Dinorah*, but the latter was so badly performed that it was soon withdrawn, and *Il Guarany* reappeared in the bills. Then came *Poliuto*, for a few evenings, with Sig. Tamagno as tenor. At length, as already announced in these columns, *Selvaggia*, the new and eagerly expected opera by Sig. Schira was produced on the 20th, with most decided success, although the execution was, as a whole, far from doing justice to the undeniable beauties of the work. The *mise-en-scène* was pretty good and no more. The talented composer, under whose personal direction the opera was got up, came forward twenty times in obedience to as many calls from the audience.

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COPENHAGEN.—*La Dame Blanche* has been produced at the new Theatre Royal. Madlle Hausen made an interesting Anna, and M. Christoffersen was an efficient George Brown. But the operatic repertory is still greatly limited by want of scenery. Did this want not exist, five or six other stock operas would ere now have been given. However, Herr Gullich, a German, and M. Algrenson, a Swedish artist, are working as hard as they can to provide a remedy for so unsatisfactory a state of things.—An Italian operatic company have been singing at the old Theatre Royal, but without creating any great impression.

ONTARIO (Canada).—Tuesday, Jan. 12, had been a day long looked forward to at Hellmuth Ladies' College, as the occasion on which the medals awarded in June last by His Excellency Earl Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, were to be presented to the successful competitors in the last general examination in this institution. The Bishop and Mrs Hellmuth had kindly deferred their departure for the South for a few days, that they might be present at and take part in the proceedings, which commenced with a concert in two parts. The following is the programme:—PART FIRST: Overture, "Hebrides" (Misses Clinton, Chittenden, Whitney and Burnett)—Mendelssohn; Song, "The Shadow Land" (Miss Brooke)—Pinsuti; Piano Solo, "Funeral March" (Miss Murphy)—Chopin; Part Song, "Chorus of Houris" (the Choir)—Schumann; Piano Solo, "La Fontaine" (Miss Burnett)—Mayer; Anthem, "Let us return" (the Choir)—Macfarren. PART SECOND: Duet (two pianos), Andante and Variations (Misses Chittenden and Clinton)—Schumann; Song, "Fly forth, gentle dove" (Miss Ivins)—Pinsuti; Piano Solo, "La Fille du Regiment" (Miss Chittenden)—Jaell; Song, "Sognai" (Miss Murphy)—Schira; Quartette, Andante and Mazurka (Misses Clinton, Chittenden, Burnett and Whitney)—Chopin; Part Song, "The Spinning Maidens" (the Choir)—Wagner; Finale, "God save the Queen." The College having been only re-opened barely a week, it was a matter of very general surprise that the programme should have been so perfectly rendered. Both the instrumental and vocal pieces were quite up to the usual standard; the playing was most creditable; that of Miss Kate Chittenden, the bronze medallist, fully sustaining her previous reputation as a finished performer. It rarely falls to our lot to hear such a rendering of Schumann's duet as that by the Misses Clinton and Chittenden. The songs, by Miss Murphy, Miss Ivins, and Miss L. Brooke, were given with taste and sweetness, and received due applause; whilst the choir gave general satisfaction. Between the parts of the concert the following recitations were given with much effect:—Lady Clare (Miss Ella Peters)—Tennyson; Selection (Miss Gertrude Molson)—German. The concert having been concluded, the Principal presented to the Bishop the medals awarded by the Governor, on a silver salver, together with the letters from His Excellency's secretary. As the recipients came forward, the Bishop addressed them in his usual kind and happy manner. He bore testimony, in the case of Miss Lewis, on whom the silver medal was bestowed, to the position she had won both in the College and in the esteem of all who knew her, by her high ability and blameless conduct; whilst, as regards Miss Chittenden, who had carried off the bronze medal, he expressed his sincere appreciation of her musical talent, and his confidence in her future success as a first-class performer. To both, as well as to the pupils at large, he spoke encouragingly and sympathizingly as to their future career. Here the proceedings would have closed, but as His Lordship was soon to leave the city for the space of some months, for the benefit of his health, both the pupils and the College staff had determined to present addresses. That by the pupils was read by Miss Lottie Parsons, and that from the staff of professors and teachers by Miss Clinton, who has been in the College from its opening. The Bishop having replied to the addresses in appropriate terms, bade all the members of the College an affectionate farewell.—*Huron Recorder.*

George.

I never saw him; but I know
He had the luck some time ago
A chain to forge, [tion
Which binds a gentle maid's affec-
About each tender recollection
Of Mr George.

For if you mention him she sighs,
And drops her meditative eyes,
And thinks of Georgie,
Whom many men would like to bore
With blade or ball, and in his gore
Have quite an orgie.

And 'tis enough to make them wish
To have his heart upon a dish,
And on it gorge,
To hear the tender kind of way
In which the damsel oft will say
The name of George.

And yet it can't compare with names
Like Wilkin, Benjamin, or James,
Or Hezekiah; [be
Then think how nice my name would
If only once thus whispered she—
"My Jedediah!"

Fun.

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5. *The Bee ..... *Barnett.*
6. *Song of the Water ..... *Smart.*

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7. *Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
8. *Village bride ..... *Costa.*
9. *Pilgrim's evening ..... *Wagner.*
10. *Music of the night ..... *Hatton.*
11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.
13. *Now lightly we ..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter ..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
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36. *O hear ye not ..... *Smart.*

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42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.
43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.
49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari ..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53. *Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.
55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.
61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.
67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm ..... *Richards.*
69. *Lightly, softly ..... *Flotow.*
70. *Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72 *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.
73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells ..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley .. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.
79. *Our Vesper Hymn ..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Curschman.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Curschman.*
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"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph, Nov* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard, Nov.* 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov.* 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

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GENTLEMEN,—The long list of influential names forming Mr MACFARREN'S Committee appears to me to indicate a desire on the part of the Senate for that gentleman's success little short of unanimous.

In deference to that implied desire, I beg leave to withdraw my name from the list of Candidates.

Whilst thanking those gentlemen who have interested themselves on my behalf, permit me to add that should the promise of Mr MACFARREN'S election be realized, the result will be scarcely less gratifying to me than would have been my own success.—Faithfully yours, J. BARNBY.

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Couvrir dix fois de leur feuillage
Les vieux saules de nos étangs,
Que, sans pitié pour mon jeune âge,
Dieu m'a ravi le guide aimé
Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé!
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

Ainsi pariait, en gémissant,
Une orpheline désolée;
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
"Ne pleure plus et sois ma sœur
Ma mère sera notre mère,
Et tu verras que du bonheur
Il en est encor sur la terre!"

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ALFRED HOLMES'S *JEANNE D'ARC.*

There is very much to be praised in the "dramatic symphony," entitled *Jeanne d'Arc*, which formed the novelty at Saturday week's concert in the Crystal Palace. Mr Alfred Holmes, its composer, like his brother, Mr Henry Holmes, studied composition, as well as the violin, under Spohr. The highly finished duet-playing of the brothers Holmes, especially in the works of their honoured master, years ago, created a marked sensation, and is still remembered. For some time past Mr Alfred Holmes, devoting himself mainly to composition, has lived a great deal abroad, so that the artistic union of the two brothers has in a measure been dissolved. On the Continent, especially in Russia and France, Mr Alfred Holmes fairly stands his ground, some of his important works having been well received and favourably noticed both in St Petersburgh and in Paris. *Jeanne d'Arc* is a subject by this time pretty well worn; but, if composers believe they can find some new way of treating it, the right to essay their powers is incontestable. The poem supplied to Mr Holmes, in the original French, is from the pen of Madame Alfred Holmes, his wife; and an excellent English version, made for home performance by Mr Joseph Bennett, was the one used on Saturday. The poem is divided into five parts. The first part opens with a pastoral symphony for orchestra which (like the introduction to M. Gounod's *Jeanne d'Arc* and Sterndale Bennett's preface to his sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*) may be supposed to illustrate the peaceful life of the afterwards-inspired shepherdess. A chorus follows, descriptive of the horror of the English invasion and the despair of the people. The second part is introduced by an orchestral prelude, which the composer entitles "Misery and oppression of France." At the end of this Jeanne d'Arc comes forward, and, in a recitative and air ("I trust in you, O holy voices!"), expresses her resolution to undertake the task supernaturally imposed upon her—to leave her village home for ever, and devote her energies to the rescue of her country from the yoke of its oppressors. In Part 3 we are transported to the French court, where, in a jovial chorus, "See our master the King," the courtiers welcome their master back from the chase to the feast. The revelries, however, are stopped by the apparition of Jeanne, who implores the King to draw the sword on behalf of France in her impending emergency. Jeanne at the same time reveals the sanctity of her mission. The King and his courtiers, sceptical at first, ultimately persuaded by the untutored eloquence of the Maid, proclaim in chorus their faith in her mission and their resolve to follow her into the battle-field. She forthwith leads them on; and this affords occasion for an orchestral movement, "*tempo di Marcia*," culminating in a highly-wrought illustration of the deliverance of Orleans from the English. Then ensues a chorus of victory—

"Noel! Noel!
Our country's cause shall triumph."

—succeeded by an orchestral piece, "Faith and Earnestness," descriptive of the entry of Jeanne d'Arc into Rheims. A "Te Deum" brings the fourth part appropriately to a close. Here, while the Maiden Champion of France gives expression to her own feelings in a solo—"God, who now guardeth our country" (apart from the rest), the chorus sing the "Te Deum Laudamus"—the solo being in English and the chorus in Latin by no means weakening the general effect. The idea, in fact, if not without precedent, is developed in a thoroughly ingenious manner. Part 4 is ushered in by an orchestral prelude—"Treason"—the significance of which is speedily explained by a chorus—

"Ha, ha! to thee we drink,
Joan of Arc is in our power"—

of the soldiers of Burgundy, exulting in the capture of the heroic maiden, now within their grasp. Jeanne, in a solo, "The end has come," dwells on the treason which has betrayed her into the hands of the enemy, and the terrible death that awaits her—finding consolation, nethertheless, in the fact that she has been the chosen means of her country's salvation, and resigning herself meekly to her fate. At the commencement of Part 5, Jeanne is prisoner in the Tour de Rouen, the orchestra playing a solemn slow movement—"*Largo lamentabile* (?). Our heroine prays fervently in her distress—"Stretch forth, O God, thine arm of might, and save me;" but her supplications are arrested by a vision of angels, similar to that which at the beginning had caused her to believe she was elected by miraculous interposition to be the saviour of France. She listens with ecstasy; her courage revives she believes she will once again see her village home, and puts all her trust in Heaven. At this juncture the Chief Inquisitor comes to the front, and, warning Jeanne of her impending fate, bids her abjure her errors and repent. Jeanne, however, defies the threats of the Inquisitor, and persists in asserting that she is the chosen envoy from above; whereupon the Inquisitor anathematizes her, and proclaims her doomed to the stake—deaf to her heart-rending appeal, "Death! and so young! have pity upon me." A funeral march is then played by the orchestra, as Jeanne d'Arc is conducted to the scaffold. The concluding scene is "The Martyrdom." In a triple chorus (admirably designed), the Women of the People, the Soldiers, and the Men of the People, simultaneously deplore the act about to be accomplished; and lastly, in her torment, the Maid of Orleans bids "farewell" to France, and commits her soul to God.

It must be admitted that Mr Alfred Holmes has in this instance enjoyed every advantage that a well-planned and skilfully laid out poem could afford him. The action goes on, step by step, from beginning to end, with logical consistency and ever-increasing interest. Of the music we shall not attempt a detailed account until we have an opportunity of becoming more closely acquainted with it. It leaves, however—and this may be stated without reserve—a general impression that Mr Holmes is possessed of unquestionable dramatic power; that, in a technical sense, he is a thorough master of his materials; that he writes well for voices, both in solo and chorus; and that his knowledge of orchestral resources is very considerable—so much so, indeed, that he is apt to display it so profusely as to make the orchestra often play an unduly important part, and thus expose himself to the charge of over-colouring. This excess must be toned down, because its free indulgence leads to monotony. That Mr Holmes knows well the signification of varied treatment is evident. Each incident in *Jeanne d'Arc* is illustrated in a manner distinguishing it from all the rest; and nowhere is this more forcibly demonstrated than in the scene of the interview between Jeanne and the Inquisitor, which might have been imagined and planned much after the same style by Meyerbeer himself—the great master of striking contrasts and musico-scenic effect. But there are other instances in this "dramatic symphony" (why "symphony" we are at a loss to guess) in which the same power is exhibited in different degrees, but with hardly less felicity. For the present, however, we must conclude with saying that *Jeanne d'Arc*, on the whole, leaves such an impression as to induce those who have heard it once to hear it again. All was done that could possibly be done by the authorities at the Crystal Palace to give the composer every chance of success; an increased orchestra, the Crystal Palace chorus (the continued progress of which is worth noting), the solo singers, Madame Alvsleben and Mr Whitney, and, last, not least, Mr Manns, the conductor, exerting themselves to the utmost, with results in proportion. The new work was listened to throughout with marked attention; but there was very little applause during the performance, the audience reserving the emphatic expression of their approval for the end, when there was a general call for the composer, who rose and acknowledged the compliment from his place in the balcony. We shall doubtless hear more of *Jeanne d'Arc*.

The other pieces in the programme were the *Prometheus* overture of Beethoven, a rich and varied selection from Schubert's incidental music to *Rosamunde*, which delights more and more at each new hearing (the quaint and simple shepherd's melody being encored); "Qui sdegno" (*Il Flauto Magico*) sung extremely well by Mr Whitney; and Rossini's brilliant overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, played to perfection by the orchestra.

COLOGNE.—Mad. Lucca has appeared at the Stadttheater as Mrs Ford, in *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor;* Margarethe, in *Faust;* and Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo.* Though the prices of admission were nearly doubled, the house was crammed every evening.

CAIRO.—It appears that, despite all the reports circulated to the contrary, the Khedive will not discontinue the grant to the Italian Opera-house, but will contribute two millions of francs towards the expenses next year. Signor Niccolini is engaged. Among the artists re-engaged are Signore Waldmann, Smerosohl, Signori Fancelli and Medini.

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MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

By Joseph Seiler.

II.

ANTONIO SALIERI.

The once so highly celebrated Salieri, whose *Axur* his contemporaries placed far above *Don Juan*, and whose *Grotta di Trofonio* they considered superior to *Figaro*, is now scarcely known to most musicians even by name. The legend only is heard now and then that the envious Salieri poisoned young Mozart, and, at an advanced age, himself believed in this misdeed. This is all that people can now tell you about Antonio Salieri.

And yet Salieri's importance was at one time great, and his relative position to Gluck and Mozart a peculiar one. It is well worth while examining more nearly the history of his life and of his works.

Herr von Mosel calls Salieri a philosophic composer. In so far as Salieri always honestly strove to pourtray characters and situations in conformity with nature, to declaim rightly and expressively, and never to sacrifice truth to bravura or to the desire of merely tickling the ear—in so far, the denomination of a "philosophical composer" may be well founded. Whether our composer achieved, either wholly or partially, what he so conscientiously endeavoured to do—that is another question.

Salieri was the friend and imitator of Gluck. Hence his recitatives are vigorous and full of expression, while the wretched *Secco*, especially in his later works, is generally avoided. In the airs, also, he follows, it is true, Gluck's declamatory tendency—but as an Italian. He cannot suppress his delight in the *bel canto*. But as Mozart's and even Cimarosa's originality fails him, his airs, especially when there are many in succession, soon become wearisome. The solo songs alone, and, above all, the grand bass airs in *Axur*, constitute a pleasing exception. The homophonous choruses, moreover, and the concerted pieces in this opera, being more carefully worked out than those in his other productions, are often grandly effective. This is the reason why the above opera is the only one in which he stands perhaps on an equality with Méhul, that other imitator of Gluck. But we must not forget that Méhul, a Frenchman, sang in Paris fiery revolutionary hymns, while Salieri lived comfortably at the Court of Vienna, and composed mostly comic pieces, for which he himself wrote the text.

Salieri's accompaniment, invariably subordinated to the melody, is always thin and sparse. In addition to the quartet, he employs scarcely anything save flutes, oboes and bassoons—French horns seldom; still seldomer trumpets or kettle-drums; and never trombones. Clarinets appear only in his later scores. On the other hand, he avails himself, frequently with fine effect, of an instrument neglected by Mozart and, therefore, undeservedly fallen into oblivion, the corno inglese. To quote once more Herr von Mosel: "Thus he regarded the instrumental accompaniment only as the means to an end: that, namely, of strengthening the effect of what was declaimed. Generally in good taste, often admirably characteristic, and always simple, it served him merely to support, and, strictly speaking, to accompany the melody, and supply that expression which cannot be infused in the vocal part. If, perhaps, after the manner of the older Italian masters, it appears here and there *too* simple, this defect is more than compensated by its never covering the melody, and by the vocal part not being drowned in the flood of the raging orchestra."

All this sounds very fine and edifying, but Herr von Mosel has here, perchance, unconsciously and against his will, given us the reason why *maestro* Salieri must necessarily find a place sooner or later, "amongst those who have died away," while the more vigorous Méhul, at least with his principal work, is still to be found on the stage, and Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* proved even most recently that it possesses a vitality not to be impaired.

So much by way of preface to explain how matters stand. Let us now examine somewhat more nearly Salieri's life and labours.

Antonio Salieri was born on the 19th August, 1750, in Legnano, a Venetian fortress. His father, a well-to-do tradesman, gave him the advantage of a very good education, which included among other things music, namely singing and the violin. The elder of the Brothers Fernando, a pupil of the famous Tartini, and Giuseppe Simoni, organist at the Cathedral of Legnano, were his earliest masters. At this period, he displayed as great a partiality for art as—for all kinds of sugarwork. He remained, until his end, faithful to both these likings; and, if we find many of his melodies far too sweet, we must, perhaps, seek the reason in his youthful taste, of which he himself in his later years could tell amusing anecdotes.

After the death of his parents, he went, thanks to the kindness of the Cavaliere Moncenigo, in 1766, to Venice, where he zealously studied composition under Pescetti and singing under the tenor Pacini. He was fortunate enough, also, to enjoy the instruction of Guglielmi, then stopping in Venice.

A few months later there arrived in Venice Florian Gassmann, Imperial Chamber Composer, to finish and produce his opera of *Achille in Sciro*. At the rehearsals he became acquainted, through the instrumentality of the above-named Pacini, with Salieri, then sixteen. Being pleased with the boy's singing and pianoforte-playing, he asked the Cavaliere Moncenigo, in whose house Antonio had hitherto resided, to allow him to take the boy to Vienna, where he promised to perfect him in composition. Moncenigo consented, and thus young Salieri accompanied Gassmann, in 1766, to Vienna, which city, except a few times when he was travelling, he never again left.

Gassmann now judiciously parcelled out his pupil's time. Besides a master of German and a master of French, the Abbate Pietro Tommasi came every day to teach young Salieri Latin, Italian poetry, and mathematics. A Bohemian, whose name Salieri afterwards forgot, gave him lessons in general bass, score reading, and violin playing. Gassmann himself began with his *protégé*, to whom, in truth, he was a second father, the study of counterpoint and fugue, according to the *Gradus ad Parnassum* of old Fux, of which Salieri had to make a written translation, word for word, into German. At the same time, Gassmann most strictly forbade his essaying original composition before he had completely mastered all the rules and precepts, of which there was then an unlimited number. As Antonio disregarded the prohibition, Gassmann carefully locked up all music paper out of his reach.

After a time, Gassmann took his pupil to the Court Concerts, where Salieri sang in the chorus or played the violin or piano. Gassmann then took him to the theatre, so that the boy might practically realise what he had learnt at home from books and scores. When, subsequently, the noble Gassmann was dead, leaving his family in straitened circumstances, Salieri strove richly to return all the benefits he had received.

(*To be continued.*)

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

FLOOD TIDE.

The fisher's wife looked from her door
Across the shining sand,
Her eyes against the level light
Were shaded by her hand.
She heard, like winds 'mid autumn leaves,
The bright waves lap the strand.

Undriven came the lowing cows
Along the winding way;
Her good man's boat against the wind
Was tacking up the bay.
She saw him stand, with rope in hand,
And cast the sheet away.

What was it on the lengthening shore
Her strained eyes sought in vain?
She stooped to turn the drying nets,
Then rose and gazed again.
"He waits behind the rock," she smiled,
"To greet his father fain."

Yet while she spoke, his boat to land
Along the fisher drew;
The breaking tide-wave's flashing crest
Cut white across the blue,
And a brimless hat beside his feet
The mocking waters threw.

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A SCHUBERT CATALOGUE.*

(*From the "Musical Times."*)

"Not unfrequently," says Carlyle, in the "Preliminary" of his *Sartor Resartus*, "the Germans have been blamed for an unprofitable diligence; as if they struck into devious courses where nothing was to be had but the toil of a rough journey: as if, forsaking the gold mines of finance, and that political slaughter of fat oxen whereby a man himself grows fat, they were apt to run goose-hunting into regions of bilberries and crowberries, and be swallowed up at last into remote peat bogs. . . . Surely the plain rule is, let each considerate person have his way and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the task of mankind. How often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much censured wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province, the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort where directed thither, and the conquest was completed; thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realms of Nothingness and Night." Thus (with a very moderate expenditure of capital letters) does the Sage of Chelsea vindicate Diogenes Teufelsdröck, J.U.D., &c., his researches into the philosophy of clothes, and his six bags of "miscellaneous paper-masses." Some such championship might have appeared necessary when another German began to burrow for the details required to make up the first Thematic Catalogue of a great composer's works, and patiently to hunt down all the Protean forms which the ingenuity of arrangers and transcribers had caused those works to assume. Was the game worth the candle? Who would buy the book? To what use could it be put commensurable with the trouble involved? So might lookers-on have queried, not without a touch of scorn; but the patient German worked on, and the result was that he founded a distinct and increasing class of musical literature, the value of which nobody questions. Every composer of eminence will soon have his Thematic Catalogue. Dr Ludwig von Köchel has achieved the good work for Mozart—how completely some of us are thankful to know; an anonymous writer has attended to Schumann; Weber has been thoroughly "done" by F. W. Jahns; and painstaking Herr Nottebohm has looked after Beethoven. Nor is this all that Herr Nottebohm has accomplished in the same line; the firm of Friedrich Schreiber, in Vienna, is now offering, as the latest result of his patience, a thoroughly good catalogue of Schubert. Together with every amateur who is interested in Schubert, we hail the new work with pleasure, and congratulate Herr Nottebohm upon the manner in which he has discharged a very difficult task. The great essentials of such a book are accuracy and completeness; and when it is remembered that these qualities have to appear in connection with hundreds of compositions (many scattered about in MS.), and thousands of editions, the high merit of success need not be demonstrated. With regard to the accuracy of the Catalogue, it is, of course, impossible to judge confidently as respects every detail, but we have tested the book in many ways, and it has passed the ordeal triumphantly. That there are no flaws in its completeness would be too much to assert. Herr Nottebohm, for example, leaves unnoticed the few bars of melody which are all that Schubert wrote of the *Scherzo* in the eighth (B minor) symphony. But, generally speaking, the book may be styled an exhaustive one; in proof whereof take the particulars furnished about *Die Schöne Müllerin*. Besides the details usual to thematic catalogues, Herr Nottebohm gives us the result of his labours in tracing those famous songs through all their (German) editions and forms, nearly three closely-printed pages being devoted to the editions alone. The arrangements fill five and a-half pages more, the character of the transcription being specified, and also the author, publisher, place of publication, and price. When a compiler shows industry such as this, we are disposed to trust him, and accept his work.

In arranging his materials, Herr Nottebohm did not attempt the impossible task of settling the order in which Schubert's works were written. Wherever the date of composition can be ascertained it is given, but the *Opus* number guides in making up the first section of the book. The compositions included in this section, which is devoted to those with an *Opus* number only, are 173, beginning with the "Erl King," and ending with six songs for voice and pianoforte. This opening and closing must strike everybody who examines the list as significant. Turning over page after page, we find little save song after song; and even when a break first occurs, it is made by a set of waltzes (Op. 9). At Op. 15 we come upon the fantasia for pianoforte in C major, after which songs and waltzes begin again, till Op. 26 introduces the music to *Rosamunde*. Presently chamber music makes its appearance, but the ratio of important works to comparative trifles is not greatly increased. How eloquent is this fact, especially when looked at in connection with Herr Nottebohm's third section, which catalogues the compositions without *Opus* number, published after the composer's death. Here we start with the ninth and eighth symphonies, going on with the quartetts in D minor and major, the pianoforte sonata in A minor, and those in C minor, A and B flat. After these come four masses, the cantata, *Lazarus*, and a host of works nearly equal in importance. Truly, Schubert's is a posthumous fame. A writer of songs and waltzes in life: in death he appears among the grandest of tone-poets. Pity him we must, for such a spirit as his, though he laboured on regardless of present renown, could have done no other than long after that recognition which is, next to its own self-consciousness, the sweetest reward of genius. But the moral to be drawn from Herr Nottebohm's Catalogue brings comfort after all. The good cannot be repressed. That which has in it a spark of the divine fire will some day kindle the admiration of the world.

The second section embraces the multitude of *Lieder* published by Diabelli under the title: *Franz Schubert's nachgelassene musikaliche Dichtungen für Gesang und Pianaforte*—in all fifty sets. But to many who avail themselves of this welcome volume, one of its most interesting divisions will be that which brings the whole of the master's compositions under the eye in orderly battalions. After reviewing page after page of orchestral, chamber, and concerted music of various kinds, we come finally upon the army of songs and vocal pieces, only to look down their ranks with a sense of utter bewilderment as we remember that the author of all these things died at thirty-one. The fecundity of Schubert was monstrous, and, in view of it, his early death seems the most natural of events. He, if ever man did, accomplished the work that was appointed him. For this let us be thankful, and not for this alone. The gratitude of amateurs who love Schubert is due to the plodding, unwearied industry of the German *savant* from whom the book before us has come. Herr Nottebohm could never be charged with "goose hunting," or with exploring "regions of bilberries and crowberries," but, to continue the words of Carlyle, he has lighted on an outlying and neglected province, the treasures of which are now common property. Schubert owes him much on that account. We owe him more.

J. B.

* "*Thematisches Verzeichniss der im druck erschienen en Werke von Franz Schubert.*" Herausgegeben von G. Nottebohm. Wien: Friedrich Schreiber (Vormals C. A. Spina).

VIENNA.—*Gräfin Stella* is the title of a new comic opera by Herr Anton Vogl, musical director of the Schottenstift, in this capital.

ST PETERSBURGH.—According to the accounts of the local press the success of Mad. Patti in *Les Huguenots* has been something unprecedented.

DRESDEN.—A public exhibition has been opened of sixty-five designs sent in by as many different competitors, for the drop-curtain at the new Theatre Royal.

MILAN.—*Gustavo Wasa* still figures now and then in the bills of the Scala, but will shortly disappear to make way for the amended edition of Sig. Ponchielli's opera, *I Lituani*. This will be followed at a short interval by the new ballet, *Semiramide*.—The Teatro Santa Radegonda is announced to open shortly for French comic opera. Among the works to be produced are A. Maillart's *Dragons de Villars*; A. Adam's *Postillon de Longjumeau*; Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*; Lecocq's *Prés Saint-Gervais*; the same composer's *Bel Danois*, and Bottesini's *Vinciguerra*.—*Il Guarany*, by Sig. Gomez, is now playing at the Teatro Carcano, and attracts good houses, owing to the way in which Signora Berini-Maini sustains the part of Cecilia. The other artists are not all that could be desired; nor did the band and chorus shine to particular advantage.

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MAD. CHRISTINE NILSSON AT ROUEN.

This gifted lady has been singing lately in the above old Norman city with the success which everywhere attends her. The following extracts from local papers will convey an idea of the enthusiasm she excited. *The Nouvelliste de Rouen* says:—

"More fortunate than Paris, Rouen can boast of having heard, after an absence which appears very long to all, the marvellous Swedish vocalist. This privilege, of which Paris is with reason jealous, was something of which our *dilettanti* did not fail to take advantage, and yesterday's performance will figure conspicuously in the annals of our principal theatre. An hour before the rising of the curtain, the approaches wore an animated air. The crowd carried them by assault, while a string of carriages extended into the neighbouring streets. The house assumed a festive look, for an artist, the prelude to success. The boxes were resplendent with the freshest toilets, and from the pit to the gallery rose tier above tier of eager spectators. Some had to invade the orchestra and stage. This anxiety and this display of luxury, forming so happy a contrast to our usual indifference, was nothing more than an act of just homage due to its recipient.

"When Mad. Nilsson appeared, a flattering murmur ran through the house. The strange charm of her physiognomy and person—that indefinable something which distinguishes her—began, even before she opened her lips, to plead her cause with those who had not already been privileged to hear Patti's fair rival, and who, by the beauty of her voice and splendour of her talent, were soon convinced. She sang; and long before she had concluded, the audience gave full vent to their enthusiasm."

[Here follows a sketch of Mad. Nilsson's career down to her recent successes in England, America, and Russia—the substance of which need not be repeated in the *Musical World*.—ED.]

"It has been said that, while drawing largely on its revenues, her voice, overtaxed by so many fatiguing efforts, sometimes borrowed from its capital; luckily, nothing is less true. Christine Nilsson brings back to us intact the jewel she took with her; not a diamond is wanting in the casket. She has returned the accomplished singer with whom all Paris is acquainted, and never, in our opinion, did she exhibit more perfect talent; a style more pure, or ampler resources. The audience were speedily made aware of this by the air from *La Traviata*, 'recalls,' 'encores,' and 'bouquets' beginning at once to end only with the last of her pieces. We shall not attempt to describe the *andante* from *Lucia*, or the 'Swedish melodies' with which her performances terminated. Analysis must stop here, and applause must speak for itself. It is stated that, during a performance of *Tartuffe* or *Le Misanthrope*, one of the spectators did nothing but repeat in every possible tone: 'What a piece of good fortune!' A neighbour, whose patience was worn out by these frequent explosions, at last enquired the cause. 'Why,' replied the enthusiast, 'I am delighted that Molière wrote this, because, had he not done it, no one else could.' An analogous reflection suggested itself every time the Swedish songstress made her appearance."

Discoursing on the same theme, the *Journal de Rouen* observes:—

"Like the Opera, the Théâtre-des-Arts has had its gala performance. At eight o'clock, the house was full, chairs having even been placed in the orchestra and on the stage. Mad. Nilsson was the attraction, and her success was brilliant. She was enabled to see during yesterday's performance—her first on the French stage since the burning of the old Operahouse—that a provincial public were ready to endorse a Parisian renown. Mad. Nilsson displayed great amiability in yielding to the wishes of the audience, who encored two of her pieces: Gounod's 'Ave, Maria,' and 'Le Bal,' a Swedish melody. She sang, also, the air from *La Traviata*, and another Swedish melody, 'La Jeunesse.' After every piece, the entire house greeted her with repeated applause, and she was presented with two bouquets which seemed to afford her much pleasure. Mad. Nilsson did not—and we congratulate her on the fact—content herself with merely reciting the air from *Lucia*. She acted it, and showed that behind the singer is a genuine dramatic artist. With regard to the national melodies, Mad. Nilsson's singing was perfection itself, while her touching and plaintive effects of intonation in 'La Jeunesse,' and her joyous laugh in 'Le Bal,' won every heart, making the audience believe they understood the words. The public separated, happy in the enjoyment of an evening so well, though so quickly, spent. We conclude with a wish, the realization of which would be highly welcome here—viz., that Mad. Nilsson may consent to play Marguerite in *Faust*. We predict for her a phenomenal success."

LOUVAIN.—A series of Popular Concerts have been organized in this town.

"ASTOUNDING IMPUDENCE."

The following incisive remarks, *àpropos* of a matter connected with Mr Bache's recent concert, are taken from the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News* of March 6th:—

"At this concert a striking illustration was given of the evil results which flow from these wild theories when carried into actual practice. Weber's Polonaise Brillante, Op. 72, is not only one of the most charming among pianoforte solos, but is one of the best-known works of the composer; and there are many persons now living who have heard him play it. Instead of playing it as written by Weber, Mr Bache chose to parade the arrogance and self-sufficiency of Liszt by playing the charming pianoforte solo, as 'arranged for pianoforte *and orchestra* (!) by Franz Liszt.' The 'arranger' could not entirely hide the original beauty of the work; but, in the true spirit of self-assertion which characterizes the modern German school, he has directed the attention of the listeners from Weber to himself, by accompanying the solo with orchestration of an eccentric and often vulgar kind, which effectually prevents the bestowal of due attention on the charming work of Weber. Not satisfied with this, he has taken the slow movement from Weber's E flat Polonaise, and joined it bodily to the No. 72—as an opening movement! Had a composer of the highest genius ventured to take such a liberty with Weber, we should have protested against it; but when it is the pianoforte-player Liszt who rushes in where angels would fear to tread, we feel that the able writer of an article in the *Daily Telegraph* was quite justified in characterizing such attempts as exhibitions of 'astounding impudence.' This expression appears to have disturbed Mr Bache's digestion ever since it appeared, in November last, *àpropos* of his first performance of the Polonaise—as deranged by Liszt; and he has been so ill-advised as to print—in the programme book of his concert—what he probably considers a crushing rejoinder. He says that Mozart 'wrote accompaniments of an utterly un-Handelian character to "The people that walked in darkness;"' and that Mendelssohn and Schumann 'provide with a pianoforte accompaniment pieces which Bach had expressly intended for the violin solo.' Now Mr Bache must know that Handel's orchestral scores do not represent all the notes that were played when Handel's oratorios were performed under the composer's own direction. The orchestral players executed the notes which are still preserved, but a large amount of filling-in was done by the organ; and Mozart has but written down for the orchestra what seemed to him likely to be the notes which Handel would have supplied by means of the organ. He may have failed to catch the style of Handel, but he did his work in an earnest and reverent spirit. Had he 'arranged' Handel *à la* Liszt—had he taken the tenor air, 'Total Eclipse,' from *Samson*, and made of it a slow opening movement to the soprano air, 'Rejoice greatly,' in the *Messiah*, encumbering the monstrous hybrid with vocal accompaniments for a double choir—there might have been some analogy between his working and that of Liszt. Mozart, however, contented himself with trying to restore the original decorations of a structure whose form he would not have ventured to alter; and, fortunately, was spared the pain of forseeing that his endeavours would be denounced as 'un-Handelian' by Mr Walter Bache. Mendelssohn and Schumann did well to write pianoforte accompaniments to Bach's violin solos. They knew that the grand old Leipsic cantor improvised clavier accompaniments when these solos were played, and that neither he nor any of his sons would have thought of writing down those accompaniments for the benefit of the feebler musicians whose case was met by Mendelssohn and Schumann. Had they taken Bach's 'Bourrée in A minor,' joined it on to a fugue in his 'Well-tempered Clavier,' and accompanied the pianoforte with orchestration of their own devising, there would have been some analogy between their working and that of Liszt. After all, it is too ridiculous to speak of Mozart and Mendelssohn in the same breath with Liszt. * * * * When Mozart and Mendelssohn are brought up as witnesses, we are bound to sift the evidence; but the doings of respectable mediocrities are of little importance. It is weak to quote the petty naughtiness of such folk in justification of a wholesale mangling of Weber, which—despite Mr Bache's special pleading—appears to us to be justly stigmatised as 'astounding impudence.'"

DARMSTADT.—The receipts of Mad. Lucca's engagement at the Grand Ducal Theater amounted to 2,875 florins, of which sum 55 per cent. was the lady's share. According to report, Sig. Merelli has engaged Mad. Lucca to perform thirty times in three months, giving her 20,000 thalers, which he has deposited before-hand with a banker. As, however, his charge for her services will be 1000 thalers a night, he will, probably, not make a bad thing of the bargain.

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MUSIC AT BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

An attempt has been made to galvanize *La Perle du Brésil* at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, by substituting M. Dauphin for M. Jules Petit in the character of the Admiral. The success achieved has not, however, been great. M. Dauphin sings very well, but he does not appear to advantage as an actor, and his figure is decidedly against him. He is better suited for the concert-room than the stage. Another new-comer has been Mdlle Marion, from Gand, who has sustained the part of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. As a vocalist she was triumphant, but, as regards histrionic talent, she is not much superior to M. Dauphin. *Hamlet* will be produced almost immediately with Mdlle Priola in the character of Ophelia, which she will cede to Mad. Christine Nilsson, when that lady arrives, somewhere about the end of the month. Then M. Campocasso promises his patrons *Haydée*, *Fra Diavolo*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *L'Eclair*—with M. Achard; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *La Reine de Chypre*. The last named opera will be nearly equivalent to a novelty, not having been performed in this capital for upwards of ten years. The Municipality have ordered no less than five new scenes, three of them painted by leading artists in Paris.

The attractions at the other principal theatres consist, for the moment, of *Les Prés Saint-Gervais*, *Le Tour du Monde*, and *La Maitresse légitime*.

M. Davidoff, the Russian violoncellist, took part in a recent concert at the Cercle Artistique et Littéraire, the pieces he selected for performance being Beethoven's Sonata in A, Mendelssohn's Sonata in D, Linder's "Tarantelle," and two bagatelles of his own composition—"Adieu," and "La Source." Mad. Devaux was the pianist in the Sonatas. The vocalist was Miss May Moss, a young lady of New Orleans, who has studied at Dusseldorf and Cologne, her master being Ferdinand Hiller. She sang "Schön Blumlein," by Reinecke; a Romance by Mendelssohn; "Le Jardin," by Reber, and "Ogni Sabato," by Gordigiani. Her voice cannot boast of extraordinary volume, but it is of agreeable quality.

The members of the Flemish Club, *Kunstgenootschap*, lately got up an entertainment at the Lucas-Huys, in the Rue Ducale, "*ter verherlijking van wiglen Willem de Mol*," in honour of the late Willem de Mol, a Flemish composer, prematurely lost to art. M. J. Hoste, editor of the *Zweep*, referred to the early termination of the young artist's career; M. Antheums recited a Flemish poem in his praise; the Artisans-Réunis sang a chorus, and M. Blauwaert three melodies, both from his pen. Mdlle Staps and M. Alex. Cornelis were applauded in Raff's first sonata for Piano and Violin, and Vieuxtemps' Polish Variations.—Z.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

The Italian Opera Company, formerly under the management of Sig. Smecchia, but now acknowledging that of Mad. Artôt, have introduced to this capital Flotow's comic opera, *L'Ombra*. The experiment was not eminently successful; and the composer would be justified in exclaiming against the manner in which his work was represented. Mad. Artôt sustained the part of Gina; but the other performers, Sig. de Padilla (Dr Mirouet) excepted, were by no means satisfactory.

Mad. Mallinger has been re-engaged at the Royal Opera for three years. In order to enable her to fulfil some of the engagements contracted with other theatres when negociations with Herr von Hülsen had been temporarily broken off, she will be granted extra leave of absence for six weeks in the winter. Herr von Strautz, of the Leipsic Stadttheater, succeeds Herr Ernst as stage-manager on the 1st April, when Herr Ernst retires to assume the management of the Stadttheater, Cologne.

Among recent concerts may be mentioned the second and third of M. Anton Rubinstein, who, disdaining "extraneous helps," played solos by Bach, Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and others. A young lady, Mdlle Ida Bloch, has produced a favourable impression as a pianist.

Prof. Stern, having recovered from his illness, resumes his post as conductor of the Symphonic Concerts in the Reichshalle.—Q.

THE CAMBRIDGE MUSICAL CHAIR.

The following circular has been sent to the electors by the secretaries of Mr Macfarren's committee:—

Cambridge, March 2, 1875.

My Dear Sir,—Permit us to call your attention to the accompanying address and the list of the Committee formed for the purpose of securing the election of Mr Macfarren to the vacant Musical Professorship. Mr Macfarren's eminence as a composer is probably known to you, but it is mainly on account of his qualifications as an instructor and lecturer that we venture to urge his claims upon your notice. Mr Macfarren has been for a long time connected with the Royal Academy of Music as Professor of Harmony and Composition, and has recently been elected its Principal. He has also been a Lecturer at the Royal Institution. No other English musician has such a reputation for sound scientific knowledge of the art, and for power of imparting it to others: and it is the desire to find in our Chair of Music an extended field for the exercise of his powers in this respect that has led Mr Macfarren to seek the honour of the appointment. Mr Macfarren's position in the musical world, both as regards seniority and attainments, is such as to render it unnecessary, we would hope, as well as difficult for him to produce testimonials on this occasion; and on this account we have taken the liberty of bringing the above facts under your notice.

Thomas Percy Hudson, R. Pendlebury,
Gerard F. Cobb, Arthur Beard,
Louis Borissow, A. W. Spratt.

To the Members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge.

Gentlemen,—The Professorship of Music in your University having become vacant by the lamented death of Sir Sterndale Bennett, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for the office.

In the event of your conferring upon me the great honour of appointing me your Professor, I should regard the office not only as an honour but also as a trust, and would endeavour to the best of my power to advance the study of music in the University. I should hope to do this not only by fulfilling the office of examiner for musical degrees, but by delivering lectures such as I hope might prove useful to resident musical students. I have the honour to remain, Gentlemen, yours faithfully,

George Alexander Macfarren,
Principal of the Royal Academy of Music.

The following Members of the Senate form Mr Macfarren's Committee:—

The Provost of King's, the Master of Trinity, the Master of St John's, the Master of St Peter's, the Master of Clare, the Master of Pembroke, the President of Queen's, the Master of St Catharine's, the Master of Christ's, the Master of Magdalene, the Master of Sidney Sussex, the Public Orator, the Registrary, Professors Clark, Hughes, Adams, Fawcett, Cayley, Mayor, Colvin, the Senior Proctor, the Junior Proctor, O. Browing, Esq. Rev. F. W. Cornish, Rev. A. Leigh, J. E. Nixon, Esq., W. A. Leigh, Esq., F. T. Cobbold, Esq., Arthur D. Coleridge, Esq., Rev. A. Beard, Rev. H. J. Hotham, Rev. H. A. J. Munro, Rev. E. W. Blore, J. Prior, Esq., Rev. Coutts Trotter, G. F. Cobb, Esq., Rev. C. Gray, Rev. M. M. U. Wilkinson, Rev. T. P. Hudson, Rev. R. B. Somerset, W. A. Wright, Esq., J. W. Clarke, Esq., H. Jackson, Esq., Rev. H. C. G. Moule, Rev. V. H. Stanton, H. M. Taylor, Esq., J. M. Image, Esq., W. D. Rawlins, Esq., F. H. B. Daniell, Esq., A. Stewart, Esq., J. W. L. Glaisher, Esq., E. Gurney, Esq., H. Sidgwick, Esq., Sedley Taylor, Esq., Rev. Louis Borissow, Rev. Frank Hudson, Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, Rev. Dr Parkinson, Rev. P. H. Mason, Rev. T. G. Bonney, W. H. Besant, Esq., F. C. Wace, Esq., W. H. H. Hudson, Esq., Rev. C. E. Graves, Rev. A. Freeman, P. T. Main, Esq., Rev. C. Taylor, J. E. Sandys, Esq., Rev. J. R. Lunn, Rev. A. R. Ward, J. Dunn, Esq., R. Pendlebury, Esq., W. E. Heitland, Esq., C. E. Haskins, Esq., Rev. C. J. E. Smith, A. Marshall, Esq., Rev. C. W. Underwood, Rev. H. L'Estrange Ewen, Rev. E. Hill, Rev. A. D. Capel, Rev. James Porter, W. D. Gardiner, Esq., Rev. W. Raynes, Rev. A. Holmes, Rev. J. P. Taylor, Rev. C. E. Searle, Rev. J. Lamb, Rev. C. H. Crosse, C. W. Moule, Esq., Rev. Dr Campion, Rev. E. T. S. Carr, A. W. Spratt, Esq., A. Pretor, Esq., Rev. G. F. Browne, Rev. H. M. Luckock, Rev. W. M. Gunson, Rev. J. W. Cartmell, R. T. Wright, Esq., A. G. Greenhill, Esq., Rev. W. T. Kingsley, B.D., the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (late Fellow of St John's College), Lord Rayleigh, Sir Thomas Watson, Bart., Professor Challis, Professor Paget, Professor Westcott, Professor Lightfoot, Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, P. G. Tait, Esq., Christopher Knight Watson, Esq., Tom Taylor, Esq., J. T. Abdy, Esq., the Venerable Archdeacon Vesey, William Grylls Adams, Esq., F.R.S., J. J. Sylvester, Esq., F.R.S., A. H. D. Prendergast, Esq., Vincent C. Reynell Reynell, Esq., W. H. Stone, Esq., M.D., Rev. Robert Whiston, Rev. J. J. S. Perowne, D.D., Rev. T. Brocklebank, C. J. Lambert, Esq., W. E. Currey, Esq., Rev. A. G. Day, E. Hicks, Esq., Rev. J. F. Hardy, C. Smith, Esq., Rev. J. Rawson Lumby, Rev. G. Pirie, Rev. G. Richardson, Rev. A. Rose, Rev. J B. Kearney, L. C. C. Norris, Esq., Rev. H. N. D'Almaine, Sir William Thomson, LL.D., F.R.S.

Secretaries:—Rev. T. P. Hudson, G. F. Cobb, Esq., Rev. L. Borissow, R. Pendlebury, Esq., Rev. A. Beard, A. W. Spratt, Esq.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.
DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE LAST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT OF THE SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 15, 1875.
To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

TRIO, in G major, Op. 9, No. 1, for violin, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
LIEDER { "Sonntagslied" / "Frühlingslied" } Mdlle SOPHIE LÖWE .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
BALLADE, in G minor, for Pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS *Chopin.*

PART II.

QUARTET, in C sharp minor, Op. 132, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. *Beethoven.*
LIEDER { "Litanisches Lied" / "Lachen und Weinen" } Mdlle SOPHIE LÖWE .. { *Chopin.* / *Schubert.*
SONATA, in E flat (No. 12 of Hallé's Edition), for pianoforte and violin (first time at the Popular Concerts)—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Mozart.*
CONDUCTOR .. .. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 13, 1875.
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

THE INSTRUMENTAL PORTION OF THE PROGRAMME WILL BE SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF BEETHOVEN.

SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for violin, viola, clarionet, horn, bassoon, violoncello, and double bass—MM. STRAUS, ZERBINI, LAZARUS, C. HARPER, WINTERBOTTOM, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Ad Chloen"—Mr BENTHAM .. .. *Salaman.*
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 27, No. 2, for pianoforte alone—Dr HANS VON BULOW .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "Oh! that we two were Maying"—Mr BENTHAM .. .. *Gounod.*
ROMANCE, in F, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr STRAUS .. .. *Beethoven.*
TRIO, in D major, Op. 70, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Dr HANS VON BULOW, Herr STRAUS, and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. W. R.—Yes; Handel died on the 13th of April, and Sterndale Bennett was born on the 13th of April, fifty-seven years after Handel's death.

CORRADINO.—Auber was born in 1784, Rossini in 1792, and Meyerbeer in 1794.

E. W. (Liverpool).—Refer to our Notices to Correspondents in last week's number of the *Musical World* in answer to "L. W. G."

DEATH.

On the 23rd February, at 122, Belsize Road, N.W., Mr WILLIAM JEFFS (late of the Burlington Arcade, Piccadilly), in the 65th year of his age, leaving a wife and six daughters to mourn his loss.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,
LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1875.

MR GYE has issued his prospectus of the coming season, which will begin on Easter Tuesday, with a performance of *Guillaume Tell*—a good beginning, as far as choice of opera goes, and a vast improvement upon the *Trovatore* and *Traviata* of a few years back. The document will strike every one as almost stern in its business simplicity. No commercial "report" could be less marked by gush. Nothing, save the orchestra, has a word of praise; and even the *prime donne* are passed with a simple mention of their names. This is as it should be, for two reasons: first, because only thus can the operatic prospectus redeem its character; and next, because the public do not want to be told through its means who and what they are to admire. Familiar operas and well-known artists have had their merits appraised already; while with regard to new works and *débutants*, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and not in the words of those who have interests at stake. We commend the reticence of Mr Gye's announcement, therefore, and hope it may be accepted as a model for all future time.

The manager, it will be observed, has not added many fresh names to his list of artists. Nor, on the other hand, has he taken any away from last season's roll. In point of fact it may be said that, substantially, the *troupe* of 1875 is that of 1874. How much this statement involves need scarcely be pointed out. It means Patti, Albani, Vilda, Marimon, D'Angeri, Sinico, Scalchi, Nicolini, Bolis, Bettini, Graziani, Maurel, Cotogni, Faure, Bagagiolo, Capponi, Ciampi—not a bad company, we believe, and one that many a subventioned manager would give his eyes to possess. The season might run its course very well with such a band of artists, but, as the public look for some new faces, Mr Gye promises five *débutants*, respecting whom nothing is said and nothing known. The chief of them, indeed, Mdlle Thalberg, has never yet appeared on any stage, but comes to us, so to speak out of the dark. It is not, the fault of this young lady that much is expected of her. She cannot help being the child of her parents, but, nevertheless, their reputation will be present to the minds of the audience when she appears; and in proportion will they raise their hopes. Report goes that Mdlle Thalberg possesses the requisites of eminence in her profession. This, we trust, will prove to be the case, for the sake of the name she bears, as much as for that of the theatre which will run the risk of her *début*. The remaining new comers—Mdlle Proch, Signor De Sanctis, Herr Seideman, and Signor Tamagno—arouse no feeling of any sort. They will be patiently waited for, and, no doubt, received with the coldness shown by a Covent Garden audience towards all absolutely unknown people.

In other respects, the *personnel* of the establishment remains unchanged. Signor Vianesi and Signor Bevignani continue at their post as joint-conductors; Mdlle Girod will be again the principal dancer, in association with two strangers, Mdlle Ricci and Travelli; Mr Carrodus "leads" the orchestra, Mr Betjemann the ballet; Mr Pittman is again organist; Signor Corsi superintends the chorus, and M. Desplaces acts as stage-manager. With regard to the chorus and orchestra, Mr Gye bids us look for considerable augmentation on particular occasions, which means, it is to be presumed, when Herr Richard Wagner dominates the scene. Otherwise, these important bodies will be in numbers as in excellence, what they have been in seasons past. It must be granted that Mr Gye has done well to keep his "old guard" about him. They have done their devoir in by-gone campaigns, and nobody who owns a sword of proof lightly throws it away for a new weapon, however the virgin steel may glitter.

Turning to the repertoire of the season we find a list of four operas, concerning which it is said that at least three will be produced. Two of the four are revivals: Gounod's

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Romeo et Juliette being promised after a retirement of seven years; and *Semiramide* after a much longer withdrawal. Rossini's opera is often played at the other house, and, therefore, will hardly excite curiosity, even with Mdme Vilda as the Queen, and M. Faure as Assur. The case is different with regard to *Romeo et Juliette*. We have, it is true, no longer a Mario to look and act the lover in perfection; but Nicolini is a good substitute as times go, and Patti remains, a better Juliette, if possible, than ever. For other reasons it is well that Mr Gye has succeeded in removing the obstacles to our further acquaintance with an important, and, in some respects, very interesting work. Herold's *Le Prés aux Clercs* is the third opera promised, but we fear that our chances of hearing it are not great. Mr Gye announces no cast, neither does he say to whom the labour of adapting the opera for an Italian stage has been entrusted. This disappointment, however, can be borne, provided the promise of Wagner's *Lohengrin* be faithfuly carried out. Hardly, we imagine, would any manager venture now to trifle with the public curiosity about Wagner's operas. Time was when only a few cared for them, the rest being content to remain in ignorance. But now amateurs are in earnest, and indisposed to put up with further disappointment.

Mr Gye, we feel sure, will do what he has said he will; and the event of the season, the talk of the season, we may, perhaps, add the success of the season, cannot fail to be *Lohengrin*. In the cast we find the names of Albani, D'Angeri, Proch, Maurel, Bagagiolo, and Nicolini; and as scenery and decorations will, doubtless, prove worthy of the Royal Italian Opera, we may expect a performance of merit such as the composer himself would applaud.

—o—

RICHARD WAGNER issues a ukase, addressed to all the artists who have volunteered, or been requested, to take part in the grand-national-stage-play performances at Bayreuth. From this document we learn that:—The first week of July, 1875, will be devoted to pianoforte rehearsals of *Rheingold;* the second, to *ditto* of *Die Walküre;* the third, to *ditto* of *Siegfried;* the fourth, to *ditto* of the *Götterdämmerung*. From the 1st to the 15th of August, rehearsals will be given with full orchestra, the third week being devoted to the more difficult stage business. June and July, 1876, are selected for general rehearsals. The first public performance will come off early in August, 1876, in the following order:—Sunday, the 4th, at 7 o'clock, p.m., the beginning of *Rheingold;* Monday, 4 p.m., first act of *Die Walküre;* 6 p.m., second act; and 8 p.m., third act. The intervals will be passed by the audience in grounds contiguous to the theatre, and by the performers in a garden specially set apart. *Siegfried* will commence at 4 p.m., Tuesday, and *Die Götterdämmerung*, at 4 p.m., Wednesday. The performances will be repeated, in the same order, for the first time in the second week of August, and for the second in the third week. After thus unfolding his plans, Wagner states that nothing but "unconditional willingness" on the part of artists can enable him to accomplish his task successfully. He demands binding promises of co-operation, and lays stress upon the fact that "circumstances" (pecuniary circumstances?) are sufficiently flourishing to obviate the necessity of any artist stopping away on account of "material difficulties."

—o—

BY retiring from his candidature for the Cambridge Professorship in favour of Mr Macfarren, a graceful act, which those most interested will assuredly remember to his credit at a future time, has been done by Mr Barnby. Here are the terms in which the withdrawal was made:—

"*To the Members of the Senate of the University of Cambridge.*

"GENTLEMEN,—The long list of influential names forming Mr Macfarren's Committee appears to me to indicate a desire on the part of the Senate for that gentleman's success little short of unanimous.

"In deference to that implied desire, I beg leave to withdraw my name from the list of candidates.

"Whilst thanking those gentlemen who have interested themselves on my behalf, permit me to add that should the promise of Mr Macfarren's election be realized, the result will be scarcely less gratifying to me than would have been my own success.—Faithfully yours, "J. BARNBY."

This address speaks for itself, and hardly can a word of comment be necessary. Mr Barnby had a perfect right to come forward, but his frank acknowledgment of Mr Macfarren's claims, and his hearty good wishes for their recognition will raise him higher in general esteem than even his election could have done.

—o—

MR EBENEZER PROUT has resigned the editorship of the *Monthly Musical Record*, as, after what had occurred, he could no longer retain the position—a position both of trust and responsibility—with credit to himself. We cannot but applaud his decision, however we may regret the circumstances that led to it.

IN MEMORIAM.

Sterndale Bennett. (DIED FEB. 1, 1875, AGED 59.)

Charles Lyell. (DIED FEB. 22, 1875, AGED 77.)

Buried in Westminster Abbey, Saturday, Feb. 6, and Saturday, Feb. 27.

Two sisters strew with flowers two neighbouring graves,
And each between those graves her blossoms shares:
Art from her Bennett's wreaths for Lyell saves,
Science from Lyell's crowns for Bennett spares.

Art that serves Beauty, Science that serves Truth,
Are kindred maids of mistresses akin.
This frail musician, whose creative youth
Pointed to heights he did not live to win,

And this unhasting and unresting sage,
Whose eye in lowly reverence read the ground,
Alike in Music's chords, and Earth's scored page,
Record of the Creator sought and found.

'Tis well that they should sleep here, side by side,
Among their fellows of the glorious choir—
By Purcell, he, and Handel, who with pride
May welcome this last master of the lyre:

By Woodward, he, and Hunter, and by him
The highest, humblest seeker of them all,
Newton—for to such race of Anakim
He brings not strength unmeet or stature small.

Sleep sweetly, modest master of sweet sounds,
Grey reader of the rocks and seas and sands—
While the great spheres make music in their rounds,
And earth's change broadens on through times and lands.

Punch.

MR AND MRS GERMAN REED continue to enjoy an uninterrupted success, fairly earned by the admirable manner in which their entertainment has been placed before the public, and the very great merit displayed in its representation by the compact little company at St George's Hall. We hear that the management intends to produce several novelties, the earliest of which will be a piece from the pen of Mr F. C. Burnand, entitled "Old China." The music is by J. L. Molloy. Mr W. S. Gilbert is also preparing a new entertainment, which will be produced this season. As "The Ancient Britons" has but a short time to run, two performances will be given on Easter Monday next, to meet the wishes of the patrons of the entertainment.

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STERNDALE BENNETT COMMEMORATION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The promised tribute to the late Sir Sterndale Bennett was paid in due form on Saturday afternoon, when the selection consisted of twelve numbers exclusively chosen from his works. The programme, which could hardly have been made out with better judgment, exhibited the genius of the English musician under varied and always attractive phases. The concert began with the overture entitled *Die Waldnymphe*, first given at the Leipsic Gewandhaus in January, 1839, and ended with the "Fantaisie-Overture," *Paradise and the Peri*, composed in 1862 for the Jubilee of the Philharmonic Society. In each of these, though an interval of nearly a quarter of a century divides one from the other, the bright fancy, melodious flow, and highly-finished workmanship, rarely absent from Bennett's music, show that they belong to one and the same family. This, however, has long been recognized by the music-loving public, and it is sufficient to add that we have never heard either overture more admirably executed than on the present occasion, under the direction of Mr Manns. In the overture, *Parisina*, upon which, for manifest reasons, was conferred the place of honour, the conductor of the Crystal Palace orchestra had a more difficult task before him—a task, however, which he accomplished with equal success. The *Waldnymphe* and *Paradise and the Peri* had already on several occasions been introduced at the Sydenham concerts, but *Parisina* must have been strange, not only to Mr Manns, but to the large majority of his orchestra. Its last two public performances were at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, in May, 1848, and at one organized by the composer himself, in the Hanover Square Rooms, about a month later. Since then, notwithstanding the high opinion entertained of it by connoisseurs, *Parisina* has been allowed to lie quietly on the shelf. Its production just now was welcome, both to those who had formerly made acquaintance with it and those who came to judge it for the first time. In both instances the result was satisfactory; for some there was the revival of an old pleasure, for others—by far the greater number—the creation of a new one. Every pains had been taken to afford the long-neglected overture a fair chance of appreciation; and the effect was commensurate with the means employed to obtain it. A performance, more remarkable for spirit, clearness of detail, and the nicest observance of light and shade could not have been desired. That *Parisina* will henceforth resume a conspicuous place among the most admired of Bennett's compositions, may be taken for granted. Nothing could be more genuine than the reception awarded to it by the audience of Saturday. Another important instrumental work was the Concerto in C minor (No. 3), for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments, the solo part in which (among the most difficult of its class) was entrusted to Miss Agnes Zimmermann, a distinguished student in the institution of which the author was Principal, and a pianist fully equal to the undertaking. About so comparatively familiar a work, the high merit of which is unanimously admitted, it would be superfluous to say anything. Enough that the performance, whether of soloist or orchestra, gave little, if any, room for criticism. Miss Zimmermann was called for and applauded, as she amply deserved, and, later in the concert, played with elastic touch and delicate refinement the *Rondo Piacevole* (1842), one of the most individual and characteristic of its author's "fugitive" efforts, which Dr Hans von Bülow not long ago included in the programme of a "Recital."

The vocal music that enriched the selection comprised an interesting and happily contrasted series of pieces. "God is a spirit," the unaccompanied quartet from the *Woman of Samaria*, was allotted to four Academy students, Misses Jessie Jones and Thekla Fischer, Messrs H. Guy and Wadmore, who also contributed two part-songs, "Sweet Stream" and "Come, live with me," in each instance acquitting themselves well—so well, indeed, that with a persistence too emphatic to be ignored, the audience insisted upon hearing the quartet once again. A trio, "The hawthorn in the glade," and the tenor recitative and air, "O meadow clad in early green," comprised all that from the *May Queen* could be accommodated with a place in the programme. The former was assigned to Miss Jessie Jones, Messrs Guy and Wadmore, the latter to Mr Vernon Rigby, to whose share also fell the plaintive ditty, "Chloe in sickness" (Burns). No less than three songs—"The Better Land" (Mrs Hemans), "Castle Gordon," which might reasonably pass muster as a genuine Scotch melody, and "Gentle Zephyr" (Burns)—had for interpreter Miss Antoinette Sterling, who in the first of the three produced a marked impression. All the vocalists, however, did their best. It should be added that the concert was unexpectedly preceded by a short orchestral *Elegy on the death of Sir Sterndale Bennett*—a spontaneous contribution on the part of Mr T. Wingham, one of the most favoured pupils of the late master. The *Elegy*, near the conclusion of which an allusion to the *barcarolle* in the fourth concerto is gracefully brought in, has all the sentiment appropriate to such an offering, and was listened to with an interest not to be misconstrued.

For the next concert,* Mendelssohn's *Reformation* symphony is announced, as well as Schumann's overture to *Genoveva;* that of Mr W. G. Cusins to the *Travailleurs de la Mer*, and last, not least, a new concerto (in G) from the pen of Herr Joseph Joachim, the principal part in which will be played by the famous violinist himself.—*Times.*

Mdlle Marie Krebs' second recital at St James's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, was as brilliant and successful as her first—a week previous. We reserve remarks on both.

British Orchestral Society.—The first concert of the third season of this newly-formed society, was held at St James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr Mount. The entire programme, vocal and instrumental, was selected from the works of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett. The concert was a decided success. More in our next.

St Patrick's Eve will be celebrated at the Royal Albert Hall by an Irish Festival concert, in which Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli (who will sing in London for the first time this season), are to take part. Mr Levy, the celebrated cornet player, also appears, and Part Songs will be contributed by the Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—Mendelssohn's *St Paul* will be performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society, at Exeter Hall, on Friday next, the 19th inst. Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr Santley, are to be the principal vocalists. Sir Michael Costa will conduct the performance. The usual Passion week (43rd) performance of the *Messiah* takes place on Wednesday, the 24th inst.

Mr Willem Coenen gave his second performance of Modern German Chamber Music on Thursday night, at St George's Hall. The selection of pieces was quite as varied and interesting as at the first, a week since, and Mr Coenen's coadjutors were the same eminent artists mentioned last week, viz., Messrs Wiener, Amor, Zerbini, and Daubert, with the addition, in a very interesting ottet by Svendsen, of MM. Vogel, Jung, Stehling and Ould. The vocalists on this occasion were Misses Anna Williams and Julia Elton. We shall return to these concerts—the third of which is announced for next Thursday—very shortly.

If.

Had I been king of Cariboo—
I might have been, and so might you—
I ne'er had lent
My full consent
To calling chalk a condiment.

To wean the nation from such themes
I might have shown them passing gleams
Of anchorites,
And trilobites,
And other entertaining sights.

But since this simple sort of thing
Occurs not to the reigning king;
The Cariboos
Do what they choose,
And hold on chalk eccentric views.

But they can't prove, howe'er they talk,
That pepper is the same as chalk.
Such heresy
Would not suit me
And hanged each mother's son should be.

Fun.

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* To-day.

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The Allmungahr.

From ("Another World.")

"Improve Nature's gifts, and with her elements form new compounds . . . .
"Were man's faculties given that they should slumber?"

One night in my slumber I was disturbed by my attendant telling me that the gardener had an important communication to make. I bade him enter. He came to make known to me that my labours had been so far successful that, in the vase of earth in which the seed had been planted, a little white bud was bursting from the ground. He brought the vase in his arms, and I will not deny that I shed tears of joy.

About three years from that time, to my delight, fruit made its appearance. I watched with greedy eagerness the day when it would ripen.

I cannot tell you with what anxiety I tended its growth. I fancy at this moment I feel the heart-beatings that always accompanied me as I approached the spot where the plant was placed.

The gardener, desiring to save me some of the pain of deferred hope, told me that the time of ripening would be later than I had anticipated.

A little in advance, however, of the time I had foretold, the gardener entered my study with a face radiant with joy, and placed before me one of the prettiest little baskets I had ever seen, though the beauty of our basket-work is, as I have said, remarkable. I thought it must be a present from his wife, for she was very skilful and often presented me with baskets of her own work. Loving my people as I did and looking on them all as my children, I saw the nervous state of the man, and to reassure him, I said, "This is kind of your fair Lineena." At the same time I admiringly examined the basket, but its weight indicating that there was something inside, I raised the lid, and beholding its contents I uttered a cry, such a cry of joy as might escape a parent on finding a long-lost child.

The basket contained a specimen of the precious fruit, quite ripe. I turned it on every side with anxious interest, and, having congratulated my faithful gardener, who had so zealously carried out my wishes, I descended to the culinary department, for I would not trust the precious treasure to others, and I immediately proceeded to cook the vegetable of my creation.

I directed a small bird to be prepared with which to eat the new condiment, that I might thus test its properties; when it had been served, I directed the gardener to sit at my table. The success was beyond my best hopes. By the process of cooking, the fruit-vegetable had been dissolved to the consistency of a jelly, and formed the most relishing sauce ever tasted,—aromatic, stimulating, and appetising.

To a richness like cream was added the pungency and aromatic flavour of spices, with the relish of salt and the piquancy of fresh lemon-juice—in a word, the combination presented the finest flavour for a condiment that could possibly be desired, surpassing all the spices and sauces hitherto known in my world. Indeed, it was so exquisitely appetising that an epicure might easily be tempted to eat the vegetable without the addition of meat.

During the growth of the tree, many slips had been planted, which were then in a flourishing state, so that in a very short time the vegetable-fruit was cultivated extensively, and became a household necessity.

Hermes (*Communicator.*)

(*To be continued.*)

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

The late Sir Sterndale Bennett.—An influential meeting was held, on Monday, at Sheffield, the native town of Sir Sterndale Bennett, to consider the question of erecting a monument to him. The meeting was held in the rooms of the School of Art, and was called by Mr W. Smith, President of the Local Chamber of Commerce. It was decided that the monument should take the form of a bust, to be placed, with a suitable inscription, in the Cutlers' Hall. The cost will be about 200 guineas, much of which has already been subscribed.

A monument to Aimée Desclée, the celebrated actress, will be inaugurated on Tuesday at Père-la-Chaise. The monument is a small pyramid of Burgundy-stone, bearing on one side the words, *Frou-Frou*, *Marcéline*, *La Visite des Noces*, *La Princesse Georges*, *La Gueule de Loup*, *La Femme de Claude*, and on the other the inscription, "Aimée Desclée, 18 November, 1836, 9 Mars, 1874" —being the dates of her birth and death.

The Cambridge University Professorship.—We are authorized to state that Dr Chipp has renewed his candidature for the Musical Professorship in Cambridge University, he having retired only on the assurance that Mr Macfarren would be unopposed.

Sir Hope Grant.—In a very interesting review of the military career and exploits of this great general, which appeared in Monday's *Times*, there is a passing remark that cannot fail to interest musicians and amateurs of music:—

"In the midst of the hardest marching, alternately with constant fighting and alarms of war, his violoncello was sure to figure in his scanty baggage."

Herr Carl Behrens has been taking very successfully to the singing of oratorio music in the provinces. Recently at the Liverpool Philharmonic he sang the principal bass music in the *Messiah*, and shortly afterwards that of *Judas Maccabæus* at a sacred concert in Edinburgh. In both instances he seems to have given very general satisfaction, and his performances were spoken of in high terms by the local connoisseurs.

The Intendant-General, Herr von Hülsen, has posted up bills in the Theatres Royal, Berlin, begging ladies to attend the performances without bonnets, and to modify the capillary structures with which they are accustomed to adorn, or disfigure, themselves. Such head-dresses prevent people occupying back seats from obtaining even a tolerable view of the stage. Unless Herr von Hülsen is prepared to follow up his appeal by the practical use of cold steel (like Peter the Great on the beards of his Boyards), he is hardly destined to witness any abatement of the nuisance to which he calls attention.

CONCERT.

M. Alexandre Billet gave his third and last recital on Wednesday morning at St George's Hall. The accomplished Franco-Russian pianist was in "full force." Opening his recital with Weber's Trio in G minor (Op. 63) for pianoforte, flute, and violoncello, in which he was ably assisted by Messrs J. Radcliff and Paque, he next favoured his audience with Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (by desire), which, notwithstanding the *contretemps* of the pianoforte getting out of order, and thus interrupting the performance for a time, went well, and was loudly applauded. M. Billet also gave a selection of pieces by Chopin, Moscheles, Brahms, and Rubinstein, in all of which he maintained his position as a pianist of the first rank. With his talented pupil, Miss Constance Levy, M. Billet played Moscheles' Sonata in E flat (Op. 47), a work we should like to hear oftener. Miss Levy proved herself a worthy associate of her master, playing in a clear and earnest manner and showing unmistakably the excellent instruction she has received, and the profitable use she had made of it. The duet was loudly and deservedly applauded. Mdme Ernst sang Meyerbeer's *aria*, "Va dit elle," and a song by Pinsuti; M. Paque, the excellent violoncellist, played, in his very best style, a "Larghetto and Rondo," by Boccherini. Messrs. Ganz and Lehmeyer were the accompanists of the vocal music.

Athens.—The Politeama, now in course of erection here, will be opened in May with Italian opera.

Florence.—Sig. Auteri-Manzocchi's opera, *Dolores*, has achieved, as it were, *succès d'estime* at the Pergola.

Rome.—After singing once in *Aida*, Signora Stolz was compelled through illness, to cancel her engagement. She was replaced, at short notice, by Signora Wisjak.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A "Students' Evening Concert," the first at St James's Hall, was given on Thursday evening, in honour of the late Principal, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett, from whose works the entire programme was selected, as will be seen below:—

Anthem (Op. 30, No. 1), "Remember now thy Creator (Solo parts, Miss Mary Davies, Welsh Choral Union scholar, and Miss Barkley)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Rondeau à la Polonaise, in C minor (Op. 37), pianoforte (Miss Borton)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Song (Op. 23, No. 4), "To Chloe in Sickness" (Miss Nessie Goode)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Chamber Trio, in A (Op. 26), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mr Walter Fitton, Mdlle Gabrielle Vaillant, and Mr Buels)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Recit., "Let thy mind," and Duet, "Do no evil" (Op. 30, No. 2), (Miss Agnes Larkcom, Westmorland Scholar, and Miss Grace Bolton)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Three Diversions, for two performers on the pianoforte, Op. 17 (Miss Martin and Miss Hancock)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Song (Op. 35, No. 3), "Dawn, gentle flower" (Miss Mary Davies, accompanied by Miss Mary Butterworth)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Anthem, "Now, my God, let, I beseech Thee" (composed for the occasion of the consecration of the Chapel of St John's College, Cambridge, May 12th, 1869, first time of performance in London) (solo parts, Miss Marie Duval, Miss Mary Davies, Miss Grace Bolton, Mr Fred. Nichols, and Mr George)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Three Musical Sketches, "The Lake," "The Millstream," and "The Fountain" (Op. 10) (pianoforte, Miss Alice Curtis, Potter Exhibitioner)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Duet (Op. 30, No. 3), "And who is he that will harm you" (Miss Jessie Jones and Miss Thekla Fischer)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Sonata in A flat (Op. 46), "The Maid of Orleans" (pianoforte), Andante Pastorale (In the Fields), Allegro Marziale (In the Field) (Miss Evans), and Adagio Patetico (In Prison), Semplice, Moto di Passione (The End) (Miss Boxell)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Song (Op. 35, No. 6), "Sing, Maiden, Sing" (Mr Henry Guy)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Impromptus in E and F sharp minor (Op. 12, Nos. 2 and 3) (pianoforte, Miss Combs)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Part-Songs, "Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade," and "Come live with me"—W. Sterndale Bennett. Conductor, Mr Walter Macfarren; organist, Mr Walter Fitton; accompanist, Miss Alice Curtis.

The whole performance was satisfactory to the well-wishers of the Institution and to the students, who do it honour.

The next public rehearsal is announced to take place on Thursday morning, April 8th, under the direction of Mr Walter Macfarren, when the programme will be selected entirely from the works of the late Principal, and include the sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*.

THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

The latest example of the truth contained in this time-honoured saying is, if we are to believe a contributor to the *Guide Musical* of Brussels, afforded by the new National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre at Baireuth. The contributor in question boldly asserts that Grétry thought of something similar years ago, and that, therefore, the claims of Herr Wagner to originality of design.

"Are melted into air, into thin air."

Hear what he says:

"The papers are filled with details descriptive of the New Paris Operahouse. It is curious to contrast with this gigantic building, lately inaugurated, the modest edifice which Grétry desired to see raised to musical and dramatic art. 'Were I a manager, I should say to my architect: Recollect that what we here want is not a monument constructed solely to be looked at and to produce a grand effect on the eye; the essential point is that we may be able to hear perfectly all that is said upon the stage.'

"After developing this thesis, and banishing, by way of termination, 'the music of big notes,' whence orchestral 'finish' is excluded, 'to the large houses for musical tragedies,' the author of the *Tableau parlant* continues:

"'No boxes, small or big. I would have a circular house, all rising in steps; each place convenient and separated by slight lines of demarcation an inch high. After the orchestra for the musicians, a series of steps should form a single circular amphitheatre, gradually rising with nothing above it save a few trophies painted in fresco.' With regard to the orchestra he wished that 'it should be veiled from view and that neither the musicians nor the lights of their music-stands should be seen from the side of the audience. The effect would be magical, and we know that, in all cases, the orchestra is never supposed to be where it is. I think that a hard stone wall is needed to separate the orchestra from the stage, so that the sound may reverberate in the front of the house.'

"Who does not recognise in this theatre dreamed of by Grétry, the edifice now approaching completion at Baireuth? Leaving out of consideration the dimensions, we might fancy that Wagner has modelled his plan on that traced by our countryman. Not a single box. The rows of seats rise from the stage like the steps of an amphitheatre. No ornaments to divert the attention; a few columns at the sides of the house. No foot lights. The orchestra is rendered invisible, the musicians being placed five metres lower than the level of the stage. There is a space left completely empty; this is, as Wagner calls it, the mystic space, a sort of 'sonorous wall,' separating the Real (the public) from the Ideal (the stage).

"We spoke of a difference in the dimensions. Yet Wagner and Grétry are near agreeing on this point. The latter wanted only a thousand spectators. Wagner puts fifteen hundred persons in the pit and five hundred in the gallery above, which is exclusively reserved for the inhabitants of Baireuth. These two geniuses, as we perceive, have in view solely the ideal perfection of art. For them the essential objects are the stage and the orchestra. To be freed from everything calculated to divert the attention, to attain, so to speak, to the state of 'a dream,' to hear 'directly,' and not 'by re-percussion or in echoes,' such is what they desire above aught else. Asking himself what there could be in common between 'dreams and the productions of genius,' and answering the question by the profound phrase that: 'It is the man of night who does everything, the man of the morning is often but a mere scribe.' Grétry felt that, in order perfectly to enjoy productions thus brought to light, it was necessary that the imagination should, so to speak, be transported into the state of ecstacy, which gave birth to them. He thus relates one of his dreams.

"'The most delicious opera I ever heard in my life, and which was a thing not of my organs but of my mind, is one at which I was present in a dream. Never was I myself and never did I behold the spectators so sweetly entranced. It was not a tumultuous and fatiguing delirium, but a continuation of gentle sensations, without any monotony; there were none of the gigantic effects opposed to absolute repose; no too striking contrasts between the colours; the contrasts were those of the rainbow, and they depicted deliciously every situation of the drama. Everything we are told concerning the pleasure experienced by the souls of the Blessed in Elyseum was reproduced by this music. On awaking, I endeavoured to remember some touches of the melody, some of the harmony in this celestial production, but in vain. The moral man was already mixed up with the physical man. The sun was covered with an impenetrable cloud; all that was left me were regrets and the certainty of having enjoyed.'"

DONIZETTI AND SIMON MAYR.

Writing in *La Perseveranza*, Sig. Filippi says:—

"The people of Bergamo, with that patriotism which distingnishes them, intend honouring, next September, with an extraordinary solemnity the memory of two great masters, Gaetano Donizetti and Simon Mayr. Bergamo, justly proud of having been the birth-place of Donizetti, professes special veneration for Simon Mayr also. The latter, although German by birth, went, when still a boy, to Bergamo, which he made his adoptive country. He lived there all his life, and died there at the advanced age of eighty. A fertile and most excellent composer, especially of sacred works, he was the founder and the master of the Musical Institute of Bergamo. He educated and supplied with means many composers and celebrated artists who issued from that establishment. He was the master, the friend, and second father of Gaetano Donizetti, whose genius and whose glory soon eclipsed his preceptor's. The remains of Donizetti and those of Mayr have been lying for many years in private vaults in one of the city cemeteries. To preserve these venerated relics from the ravages of time, and keep them in a more fitting place, the Municipality caused them to be identified and put into appropriate copper coffins, which will be interred in the Monumental Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, and under the bases of the monuments erected inside the sacred edifice to the two great masters.

"Inspired by a noble thought, the citizens of Bergamo have resolved on transporting with extraordinary pomp the coffins to the cemetery of the Basilica, accompanying the act with a religious and with a civil festival, to which will be invited not only all the local composers and musicians, of whom there are a great number, including some highly distinguished ones, but also all foreign composers and musicians, who may be desirous of paying homage by their presence to the memory of Donizetti and of Mayr. Bergamo, we have no doubt, will do herself honour on this occasion, as she has done on others. She has already given us a pledge that she will do so by electing for the purpose from among her citizens a committee of distinguished persons, presided over by Commander G. B. Camozzi, Senator."

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WAIFS.

We are informed, on creditable authority, that one of the chief attractions of the forthcoming season at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, will be the Bolognese version of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The leading parts are assigned to Mdlle Tietjens (Ortrud), Madame Christine Nilsson (Elsa), and Signor Campanini (the original Italian "Knight of the Swan"). A more promising cast could hardly be desired.

Nicolini is said to be engaged for the Cairo opera, on splendid terms.

We are glad to learn that Mr Crowdie has resumed his position as Editor of the *Musical Standard*.

Pending the first performance of his comic opera, *Carmen*, M. Georges Bizet received the cross of the Legion of Honour.

Mr W. B. Healey is to be the acting manager for Mons. Rivière's series of promenade concerts, announced to commence at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, on March 24th.

Mr F. Howell's oratorio, *The Land of Promise*, is to be performed at the Unitarian Church, Yarmouth, on Easter Sunday afternoon, as a "Service of Song," with orchestral accompaniments.

Mr Mapleson has engaged the celebrated Italian tragedian, Salvini, for a series of performances at Drury Lane Theatre, to commence on the first of April, with, as we are informed, Shakspere's *Othello*.

Verdi has declined an invitation to assist at the performance of *Aïda*, in Rome, on the ground that it would be necessary for him to take his seat in the Senate, and he does not wish the two events to be simultaneous.

The *Salvator Rosa* of Sig. Gomez has been produced at the Teatro Regio, Turin. The composer was called on 22 times. 220,000 times. —De Blinde. (After *Il Guarany*, it behoves Mr Gye to look sharply after *Salvator Rosa*.—D. P.)

Claude Jaquinot, a young violinist, fifteen years of age, though he bears a French name, was born and educated in England. Master Jaquinot lately gave a concert in Paris, assisted by MM. Roger, Bonnehée, Salomon, &c., with complete success, according to the 19me *Siècle* and other journals of repute.

The elaborate and thoughtful assessment of the position of Sir Sterndale Bennett in the ranks of musical composers, in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine* is, I hear, from the pen of Mr H. H. Statham, a gentleman who, while practising professionally as an architect, is intimately acquainted with music. Some of Mr Statham's remarks will probably excite animadversion, but by the friends of Bennett his article is voted discriminately and yet thoroughly just.—*Liverpool Post*.

Signor Arditi has left Berlin for Vienna, where he is engaged to conduct the Italian opera, with Madame Adelina Patti as the "star." At Berlin, Signor Arditi brought out M. de Flotow's *L'Ombra*, with Madame Artôt-Padilla and her husband in the principal characters. The opera was successful, and the Emperor and Empress were present. At a court concert, two of Signor Arditi's compositions were given "by command," and the Emperor and Empress personally expressed to Sig. Arditi the pleasure they had derived from hearing them.

Mr Ransford's Golden Wedding.—This day, the 13th of March, Mr Ransford, the popular vocalist and composer, will complete his seventieth year, while the 23rd is the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage—his Golden Wedding Day. The Lord Mayor, by whom the "veteran" is highly esteemed, has signified his intention of marking the occasion by giving a dinner at the Mansion House to Mr and Mrs Ransford, and thirty of their personal friends. This is not only a high compliment to Mr Ransford and his family, but indirectly to the musical profession.

Rose Hersee.—Of Miss Rose Hersee it would be little to say that she is the best of our English dramatic singers. She has no superior in the concert-room. On the stage, however, she stands quite alone; and judged, not by comparison with other English vocalists (of whom the best are to be heard only at concerts), but by the standard of such perfect singing as is sometimes to be heard on the Italian stage, Miss Hersee may claim to rank among the best of the so-called "light sopranos." Miss Rose Hersee is now to be heard at the Philharmonic Theatre Islington, where, to the surprise of every one, the ever-changing but apparently indestructible thing called "English opera" has just started into new existence. It may be doubted nevertheless, whether English opera can be kept up by one singer alone, even though that singer possesses the lightness and buoyancy which, with many other attractive qualities, belong to Miss Rose Hersee. Miss Hersee sings brilliantly and with good expression; she bears herself gracefully on the stage; and she is a lively and intelligent actress. Indeed, aided by a contralto, tenor, baritone, and bass of something like her own merit, and supported by a well-trained orchestra, she would be invaluable to any theatre whose manager was determined to give once more a fair trial to English opera.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The following extraordinary announcement appeared outside the Grand Opéra last week:—"Ce soir mercredi *relâche*, par indisposition de MM. Villaret, Salomon, Sylva, Léon Achard, Bosquin et Vergnet." Six tenors ill, all at once, and in one Theatre!!

In reference to the proposed Musicians' Window at Westminster Abbey, a correspondent has kindly furnished the *Choir* with a copy of a window of somewhat similar design which has been placed in Louth Church, by Messrs Clayton & Bell, as a memorial to the late Mrs Barnard, better known to the musical world as "Claribel." The window, which has five lights, represents the musical characters of the Bible, the subject of the first light being Miriam, with her timbrel; of the second, David, with a harp; of the third, the Virgin Mary, with a lily; of the fourth, Asaph (the leader of David's choir), with a stringed instrument; of the fifth, Deborah under a palm tree. The glass at the base is filled with designs corresponding to those above, and the window, as a whole, is said to be completely successful.

Bremen.—A new opera—*Edda*, by C. Rheinthaler—has been produced at the Stadttheater.

Palmero.—Sig. Ponchielli's *Promessi Sposi* has been given at the Teatro Bellini—with what success is left to conjecture. Only Mr Gye can fix the status of this opera.

Chemnitz.—Verdi's *Aida* has been brought out at the Stadttheater with complete success. The manager, Herr Sasse, has spared neither time nor money in putting it on the stage.

Prague (*8th March*).—Mr Charles Oberthür, the accomplished harpist, met with great success and had a flattering reception at the "Ctvrtého Koncertu" yesterday. His performance of Parish-Alvars' Concerto was greatly applauded, and he was unanimously recalled at its conclusion. After playing his own "Souvenir de Londres" he was recalled three times, and then played his "La Cascade," with the greatest success. The concert was one of the best attended for some time, and there were present the President of the Conservatoire (Count Waldstein) and his family; also, Prince Emil, of Fürstenberg, and the *élite* of the nobility of Prague. M. Jindricha Hofmanna's "Frithjof" Symphony, his "Overtura K Shakespeare-ovu Richardu III.," and "Modlitba" z Webrova (K. M. z.), "Kouzelého strelce" od Bedr. Luxa, made up the programme of the evening.

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9. *Pilgrim's evening..... *Wagner.*
10. *Music of the night ..... *Halton.*
11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.
13. *Now lightly we..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. *Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.
19. *The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. *Hark! the Gondolier.... *Riccardi.*
21. *Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. *When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. *The sun has been..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.
25. *Merry minstrels are..... *Wagner.*
26. *Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. *Hark! the merry..... *Flotow.*
28. *With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. *Happy as the day..... *Wallace.*
30. *The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.
31. *The distant bell..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. *Who'll follow..... *Paggi.*
34. *Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. *O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. *O hear ye not..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.
37. *Sea flowers..... *Barnett.*
38. *Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. *Warbler of the forest.... *Benedict.*
40. *Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. *Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.
43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.
49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53. *Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.
55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.
61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.
67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm..... *Richards.*
69. *Lightly, softly..... *Flotow.*
70. *Over woodland,over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72. *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.
73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley.. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.
79. *Our Vesper Hymn..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Curschman.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Curschman.*
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"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard*, Nov. 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Nov. 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored, and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

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ENGAGEMENTS.

Madame ADELINA PATTI. Madame VILDA.
Mdlle MARIMON. Mdlle D'ANGERI.
Mdlle SMEROSCHI. Mdlle BIANCHI. Madame SINICO.
Madame SAAR. Madame CORSI.
Madame DELL' ANESE. Mdlle COTTINO.
Mdlle PEZZOTTA. Mdlle GHIOTTI. Mdlle SCALCHI.
Mdlle CALASCH. Mdlle EMMA ALBANI.

Signor NICOLINI. Signor BOLIS.
Signor PAVANI. Signor PIAZZA. Signor SABATER.
Signor BETTINI. Signor ROSSI.
Signor MANFREDI. Signor MARINO.

Signor GRAZIANI. Mons. MAUREL.
Signor COTOGNI. Mons. FAURE.

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In addition to a selection from the most extensive répertoire, it is intended that three, at least, of the following works shall be given:—

GOUNOD'S Opera of "ROMEO E GIULIETTA," for the first time these seven years. The principal characters by Madame Adelina Patti, Mdlle Bianchi, Mons. Faure, Signor Bagagiolo, Signor Bolis, and Signor Nicolini.

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WAGNER'S celebrated Romantic Opera, "LOHENGRIN," which has been a considerable time in preparation, will be produced with new Scenery, Costumes, and Decorations, early in the season. The chief characters will be represented by Mdlle Albani, Mdlle D'Angeri, Mdlle Proch, Mons. Maurel, Signor Bagagiolo, and Signor Nicolini.

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Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, March, 1875.

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 53—No. 12. SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture, "Euryanthe" (Weber); Concerto for violin in A, No. 22 (Viotti); Symphony, No. 4, in D minor (Schumann); Dramatic Fantasia (Hiller). Vocalists—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Antoinette Sterling. Violin—Madame Norman-Neruda. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown.

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MISS JOSEPHINE SHERRINGTON begs to say that she will Return to Town for the season on April 14th, after her provincial tour with Mr Webb. All communications to be addressed to her new residence, 40, York Street, Portman Square.

SIGNOR FOLI begs to announce his Return to England for the season. Address, 19, Hanover Street, Regent Street, W.

MISS EDWARDS begs to announce her Return from Italy. All applications respecting Musical ENGAGEMENTS to be addressed to her residence, 100, Ebury Street, Eaton Square.

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MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Basso) begs to announce his Return to Town; and requests that all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed, 5, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, W.

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Les vieux saules de nos étangs,
Que, sans pitié pour mon jeune âge,
Dieu m'a ravi le guide aimé
Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé!
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

Ainsi parlait, en gémissant,
Une orpheline désolée;
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
"Ne pleure plus et sois ma sœur
Ma mère sera notre mère,
Et tu verras que du bonheur
Il en est encor sur la terre!"

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MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

By Joseph Seiler.

II.

ANTONIO SALIERI.

(*Continued from page* 180.)

This is, perhaps, the place for an anecdote of Antonio's student-years, because it is characteristic of the period and of the persons concerned.

After Salieri was sufficiently conversant with score reading and the direction of large masses, Gassmann never conducted more than the first three performances of a new opera, ceding his place at the piano, for all subsequent ones, to his talented pupil. One evening (it was one of the first three performances), Salieri, instead of remaining according to Gassmann's order, in the pit, slipped away on to the stage, as he was bored by the exceedingly mediocre music. The carpenters were just engaged behind the scene-cloth in arranging a table for a banquet which was to take place in the following scene. They finished their task, but Antonio still lingered for the purpose of examining more closely the pasties and roast meats made of cleverly painted pasteboard. Suddenly the signal was given for a change; the scene-cloth was rolled upwards; and the curious youth had scarcely time to creep under the table, which was covered with a cloth reaching to the ground. He executed, however, this manœuvre with such rapidity that no one observed him. Immediately afterwards, the performers entered and seated themselves singing at the table. This was sufficiently long and broad for Salieri to remain concealed beneath it without touching those who were sitting down. As the act concluded with this scene, he hoped he should be able to glide unremarked from his hiding-place. But matters turned out quite otherwise. During the banquet, one of the singers dropped his napkin. As he stooped to pick it up, he became aware of something black, which he took for a large dog, behind the yielding cloth. During the next pause in the singing he communicated his discovery to his neighbour at table; the latter confided it to a third—and thus, in a couple of minutes, the entire company was informed of the presence of the unbidden guest. One of the ladies, with a great aversion to dogs and cats, jumped up screaming from her chair, and excited the laughter of the audience, which was fortunately not numerous. The music went on. The timorous lady was pacified on learning from the lady next her that, on closer investigation, they had found it was no dog, but a young man who was lying under the table. She sat down again laughing, went on with her part—and at length there were heard the last chords of the finale, which struck the poor trembling youth as lasting an eternity.—Scarcely was the curtain dropt, ere Antonio left his retreat in the greatest haste, related rapidly and wildly to the actors, who burst out into laughter, the cause of his concealment, and earnestly begged them not to say anything about the occurrence to his master. He then hurried back into the pit. Going soon afterwards upon the stage, Gassmann, despite all the promises made to poor Antonio, immediately heard of what had happened. On the way home, however, he did not make the least reference to it. He was equally reticent at supper, so that Salieri, who had previously been in a continuous state of anxiety, became gradually confirmed in the belief that his master had really heard nothing. Completely tranquillized, he went to bed. The next morning, at breakfast, there was the same silence. Gassmann went out, and did not return till noon, when he brought with him two friends whom he had invited to dinner. During the repast, the conversation turned on a thousand various topics, but not a word was uttered about the black dog, so that even Salieri himself almost forgot it. At last, when the dessert was served, an Italian coachman entered the room, and enquired what the Court Chapelmaster wished, as he had been sent for in that official's name. "I wished to see you," said Gassmann, "to ask whether you will not soon be returning to Italy, as I want to send home that youth there." Rising quickly from his seat, Antonio excused himself as best he could. Now laughing, now weeping, he related circumstantially the tragico-comic adventure. Gassmann and his guests could not themselves refrain from laughter. At length, Gassmann pronounced absolution—but on the express condition that, in future, Antonio should observe more carefully the orders then given once for all.

As long as Gassmann lived, Salieri drew no salary, properly speaking, for his services at the Court Concerts and in the theatre. But every year he received from the Emperor a Christmas present, at first fifty and then eighty ducats.

At this time (1768) Salieri was introduced by his master to the then very celebrated Metastasio, from whose conversation and remarks he derived much valuable information, especially with regard to rhythmics and declamation.

Gassmann now, also, let him set little things, pieces interpolated in operas and so on, and they were generally executed in public. The alterations and curtailments, likewise, which proved necessary in the scores, were confided by the master to his zealous pupil—so that the term of his apprenticeship, properly speaking, might be considered finished.

Up to the date of Gassmann's death, which occurred in January, 1774, Salieri set to music a series of serious and comic operas, which passed over the stage without any particular success, and were soon forgotten. *Armida* alone (text by Coltellini), which he composed in 1771, made a more permanent impression. According to Herr von Mosel, the score is one of Salieri's best. But, when Herr von Mosel goes on in terms of praise to say: "So much is certain; the treatment of the text, especially the treatment of the instrumented recitative, the style of the accompaniment, and the structure—so completely scenic" (?)—"of the work, are fully in the spirit of Gluck, and even the warmest admirer of that extraordinary genius would have been compelled, for the beauty and easy flow of the melodies, to have awarded the palm to the *Armida* of Salieri, if he had not, under the pressure of circumstances, introduced bravura passages," what he says is, to put it mildly, ridiculous. It cannot be absolutely proved that Gluck's advice and aid contributed to the brilliant success of Salieri's opera, but there is every probability that they did. Salieri had made Gluck's acquaintance as far back as 1769, and Gluck, influenced by the young man's attractive and jovial manners, soon became on friendly terms with him. Salieri himself, when speaking of Gluck, gives us to understand that the great master "always liked and encouraged him."

On Gassmann's death, Salieri succeeded to his place as Court Chapelmaster. He was at the same time appointed Chapelmaster to the Italian Opera, while the post of First Chapelmaster, which also Gassmann had filled, was bestowed on Joseph Bono.

From this time dates Salieri's antipathy to Mozart, then vigorously forcing his way up, and the Italian composer was always the chief and ringleader of the anti-Mozart faction, at that epoch, and long afterwards, very numerous in Vienna. The reason of this adverse feeling was not simply the peculiar path struck out by Mozart—a path which caused even Gluck to be unfavourably inclined towards him. Salieri already suspected, perhaps, what a powerful rival he had in the young musician, and thus, as Herr von Mosel himself admits, envy and jealousy were the principal motives of Salieri's invariably hostile bearing towards him. This is a black spot in Salieri's character, though there is no doubt that the Abbate da Ponte, who wrote for Salieri the libretto of *Axur*, and many others, exaggerates when he pourtrays him thus: "Let us speak no more of Salieri; I know what I have to think about him. I know his intrigues, and those of the Cavalieri. He is an egotist, who will give only his own operas and his own mistresses a chance on the stage." Da Ponte put these words in the mouth of the Emperor Leopold, the successor of Joseph II.; but it is scarcely credible that Leopold can have expressed himself so strongly, though such may have been his meaning. The suspicious Leopold was less favourable to art generally, and to music in particular, than his noble-hearted predecessor. Thus it was not only Da Ponte and his friend Mozart who had reason to complain of being slighted. Who knows what might have happened had Leopold's reign been longer?

(*To be continued.*)

* *From the Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

Eisenach.—An enthusiastic amateur has just presented this little town with all the money necessary to build a new theatre.

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MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

Mr Henry Leslie has resumed his always welcome performance in St James's Hall. This, his 20th series, encourages hopes of a renewal of that excellence in detail which has made its precursors famous. That the "Choir" is in first-rate order was convincingly shown at the second concert, on Friday evening, the 12th inst, when, in keeping with the season, the entire programme consisted of sacred music. The selection was admirable. The pieces which, on account of their importance, displayed the acquirements of Mr Leslie's fine body of singers, together with his own merits as trainer and conductor, to the highest advantage, were Luca Marenzio's "Magnificat" for double choir, which it is difficult to believe was written not far from three centuries ago; a "Kyrie Eleison" and "Christe Eleison" (the last a fugue in the orthodox old Italian style), by Leonardo Leo, who comes nearer to us by a century; an "Ave verum corpus natum," by Mozart; Mendelssohn's setting for eight-part choir of the 43rd Psalm ("Judge me, O God"); the elder Samuel Wesley's noble motet for double choir, "In exitu Israel;" another motet, "Hosanna to the Son of David," by Orlando Gibbons, who again takes us back a century earlier, and yet another, "The lamentation of Jacob," by Christopher Morales, of Seville, who flourished somewhere about the middle of the sixteenth century. Thus we had examples from the Italian, German, English, and Spanish schools—striking examples, moreover—and nothing was wanted but an excerpt from Lesueur, or some other old, or comparatively old, French musician to make the catalogue, *sui generis*, unique. The execution of these various pieces was uniformly good, and "Judge me, O God" obtained the customary "encore." For "part-songs," Mr Leslie gave his own appropriate setting of Adelaide Proctor's "Pilgrims," and Mr Henry Smart's beautiful "Ave Maria"—another fair specimen of what English musicians can produce in a particular sphere of art. This, too, was encored.

Among the solo singers must in precedence be mentioned a new comer, Miss Ada Leslie, whose early appearance before the public may be hailed as full of promise. Miss Leslie is very young—so young as reasonably to account for and excuse a timidity which at first militates against the free exhibition of her natural powers. In "Angels ever bright and fair," from Handel's *Theodora*, this was most apparent, though it failed to deprive the performance of a certain indefinable charm, to be insensible to which was difficult. Further on, in Mr Leslie's own melodious trio, "Love, gentle, holy, pure," her associates being Miss Bolingbroke and Mr Edward Lloyd, the young lady, now completely mistress of her means, had full scope for their display, and made an impression which led to a generally expressed desire on the part of the audience for a re-hearing of the trio—a desire reciprocated without hesitation by the conductor. Not less worthy praise was Miss Leslie's singing in the expressive air, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," from her uncle's oratorio, *Immanuel*. Miss Leslie's voice, at present a light soprano, is of agreeable quality, especially in the upper tones. She has, we are informed, been studying with Mdme Sainton-Dolby, and certainly holds out promise of being a credit to her accomplished mistress. There were also solos by Mr Edward Lloyd, Miss Bolingbroke, and Mr Riccardi. Mr Lloyd distinguished himself in the tenor air, "His salvation is nigh them," from Sir W. S. Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*; Miss Bolingbroke (Parepa-Rosa Scholar at the Academy) sang, with irreproachable taste, the "Evening Prayer," from Sir M. Costa's *Eli*; and Mr Riccardi, who has, we understand, been singing on the stage in Italy, showed (nervousness allowed for), in an air of the last century by Clari, and Handel's "Honour and Arms," a fine bass-baritone voice, from which, with the aid of assiduous study and practice, a great deal ought to come.

Mr Leslie conducted throughout with his well-known ability. Mr J. C. Ward presided at the organ (for which the judicious concert-giver thinks it necessary to make an apology in the programme, as being "a very incomplete instrument, having no swell and but one manual"); and Mr J. G. Callcott played the pianoforte accompaniments. The third concert is to be exclusively devoted to English music, the services of Mr Sims Reeves, whom we hear too seldom now, being specially secured for the occasion. Here an opportunity is afforded, of which Mr Leslie, with the exhaustless repertory of English madrigals, part-songs, glees, &c., ancient and modern, at his command, may (not for the first time) legitimately take advantage.

—o—

THE BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

On Wednesday, in St James's Hall, and in the presence of its patron, the Duke of Edinburgh, this Society entered upon a third season. Circumstances were apparently favourable. The institution is now well known; it enjoys the countenance of the most illustrious amateur in the land; it has to do with British artists only, and exists for nothing save the good of British art. Therefore, arguing from the optimist's point of view, should St James's Hall have been crowded with a brilliant and appreciative audience. We are unfeignedly sorry to say that the result was nothing of the kind. It is notorious that the Society's first twe seasons did not prosper, and now the outlook of the third has been clouded by a scanty gathering and faint encouragement. Why this? The question cannot be answered in few words, but it is easy to indicate some of the reasons demanded. First of all, English amateurs have no special sympathy with native art. Whether they are therefore blameworthy is a distinct consideration; enough that the fact cannot be disputed, since not a few of them are ready to assert that any form of preference for native interests risks injury to higher things. Then, we fear, it must be granted even by lenient judges that the Society's concerts are not of that perfect character which commands success apart from, it may be in spite of, all other considerations. Our musical public are not yet immaculate, but, on the whole, they mete out justice, because they so soon learn to appreciate a really good thing, and are prompt to neglect that which is bad. Hence, if the British Orchestral Society does not secure all the favour it wants, the cause lies more within than without. To speak plainly, the Society's performances are not up to a successful mark. It is more the business of the directors than of ourselves to search out the cause of this—to discover, for example, why an orchestra made up of such competent players cannot act together with unanimity of feeling and expression—why, with the possibility of refinement and delicacy, it is often lacking in those essential qualities—and why, to say much in little, its rendering of great works lacks greatness? These are questions for consideration, and, if the Society is to prosper, they must be considered. Directors, conductor, and orchestra should face the difficulty at once, because it involves life or death. We are sorry to speak thus of a young institution, but it is better to encounter an army of hard facts than to live in a fool's paradise.

The concert of Wednesday night was appropriately devoted to works by the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, whose genius is now better known in consequence of his death than it would have been after many more years of life. One might find easy excuse for believing ourselves to have just determined that Sterndale Bennett was a composer worth notice. While he lived, it seemed a matter of indifference whether he wrote or not; being dead, we hunt up every scrap of paper bearing his autograph, and hold it up to worship. But this was the way of the world when the world was young; and, whatever may be the case with individuals, the aggregate of humanity does not gain wisdom from the lapse of time. The programme chosen on the occasion under notice included the best known of Bennett's works; as, for example, the Symphony in G minor, the *Naiades* and *Paradise and the Peri* overtures, and the Concerto (No. 4) in F minor. Upon these we need not dwell, nor is it necessary, after what has been said, to discuss the performance minutely. The solo pianist was Miss Florence May, whose ability appeared far more evident than at Mr Leslie's recent concert. Nervousness damaged the first movement of Bennett's charming concerto; and the young lady is not yet finished artist enough to do entire justice to the *barcarolle*, but she played the brilliant and difficult *finale* in a manner that held out great promise. Let Miss May persevere. The vocalists were Miss Wynne, Miss Roche, Mr Guy, and Mr Wadmore; by whom a choice selection of Bennett's songs and concerted pieces were efficiently sung. Mr Mount conducted as usual.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

If the Welsh concert at the Albert Hall was a success, the evening this week devoted to the music of Ireland, and that which passes for it, was a still greater one. It is seldom so liberal an attendance has been witnessed in this gigantic building—again betokening the popular ascendancy of the "ballad" over matter of more value. The names of the singers, however, were as attractive as the songs they sang. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, and Miss Julia Elton, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli, if not too well, were at least prettily, employed in warbling the Irish tunes set down for them, and the vigorous applause they met with, and the frequency of the encores, may be easily imagined. To Madame Lemmens-Sherrington fell "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," and "Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen;" to Madame Patey, "The meeting of the waters," "The minstrel boy," and "What will you do, love?"; and to Miss Julia Elton, "The harp that once thro' Tara's halls," and "Terence's farewell"—an assemblage of ditties well calculated to tempt the common ear and excite it with the keenest pleasure. On the other hand, Mr Vernon Rigby dealt with "The Irish emigrant," and "Eily, Mavourneen;" and Signor Foli, "The Exile of Erin," "Ould Ireland, you're my darlin'," and "Kitty Tyrrell"—another group of songs belonging to a class in which mixed audiences are wont to take unbounded delight. How well these songs—all of them, it need hardly be said, more or less sentimental—were sung, it is superfluous to say. It is sufficient to mention the fact that they were received with the usual boisterous approval; and that Mr Randegger, who accompanied them throughout with his customary dainty neatness, had a busy time of it in attending to the calls and recalls, and in fighting helplessly against the encores. Things not exactly unsophisticated Irish were from time to time administered—as, for instance, Pinsuti's "Irlanda," a setting of "The Last Rose of Summer," with a choral prologue and background, in which Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr Vernon Rigby each took effective part, and another choral setting, called "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes," for which the tune of "Robin Adair" supplied the outline. The part music, besides the above, included Dr Stewart's arrangement of "The wine cup is circling," "Silent, O Moyle," "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," and "The Cruiskeen Lawn," all of which, under the skilful direction of Mr Barnby, were sung with delicacy and expression. Mr Levy, without whose cornet a popular concert would be considered incomplete, gave his well-known exemplifications of "The Exile's Lament," "The Low-Backed Car," and other airs, and worked up the enthusiasm of the higher occupants of the hall to the usual boiling point. D. H. H.

THE COST OF OPERA HOUSES.

I have lately been staying for a few weeks in Paris, and have naturally visited the new Operahouse. I have read various accounts in *The Times* and other London newspapers, describing the wonders of that building, but I have not seen any account of its cost. The following particulars are taken from a publication which has all the appearance of emanating from official sources, and may be interesting to your readers. It appears that the cost of the ground averaged 2,000f. per superficial metre (about one-seventh in area more than a superficial yard), and this, together with sums paid as compensations for the expropriation of proprietors and tenants, amounted to the aggregate sum of 50,000,000f., or £2,000,000. The first sum voted towards the construction of the building was 600,000f. in 1861, and then various sums annually up to and inclusive of 1874, amounting in all to 35,400,000f. In addition to this there was then still required for finishing and furnishing the edifice the sum of 15,000,000f. additional, so that the total cost of realizing this grand Imperial project amounted in round numbers to £4,000,000—that is, £2,000,000 for the ground, and £2,000,000 for the building. After all, the general opinion appears to be that, setting aside the magnificent entrances, corridors, and *salons*, the theatre—that is, the audience portion as well as the stage—is considerably too small, and contrasts disadvantageously both with the new Operahouse at Moscow and with the Royal Italian Operahouse in London, the two most recent similar constructions, the former of which only cost about two millions of roubles, or £300,000, and Covent Garden a sum not greatly exceeding £270,000; in the latter case all the furnishing and fittings, as well as the machinery, scenery, and costumes for a considerable number of operas, being included. To pay 5 per cent. on the outlay of the Paris Opera, a rental of £100,000 per annum would therefore be required; but the director, who is also the speculator, has not only no rent at all to pay, but receives from the Government 800,000f., or upwards of £32,000 per annum, "just to help him on." Your obedient servant.

AMATEUR.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the Crystal Palace concert on Saturday the chief attraction was Herr Joachim's MS. concerto in G, for violin, with orchestral accompaniments. This work is as different in style from his great "Hungarian Concerto" in D minor—which has been played on several occasions in London, and, moreover, is published—as one piece of music can well be different from another. It is, nevertheless, though far less pretentious, equally attractive. The themes are all melodious, happily contrasted, and thoroughly well fitted for that ample development in the employment of which Herr Joachim so eminently excels. The orchestration from beginning to end exhibits consummate skill; and the solo passages, as often brilliant as they are ever graceful and effective, seem not so much independent *media* for the advantageous exhibition of the performer's mechanical dexterity as integral parts, inseparable from the rest, so ingeniously are they contrived and intermingled. The whole is conducted with masterly ease, and from first to last the melody goes on with natural and unimpeded flow. Each movement has its marked characteristic; and not the least charming of the three is that which is at the same time the briefest and most unpretending—the *andante*. The *finale*, a *rondo* full of vigorous life, and carried on with ever-increasing spirit, is a worthy climax to a work in all respects remarkable—so remarkable, indeed, as to cause general surprise that its author should have allowed it to lie fallow since 1864, when it was introduced at the London Philharmonic Concerts. That the performance—all that could possibly be wished—was received with genuine enthusiasm may be taken for granted. It is difficult, in fact, to imagine anything nearer perfection than Herr Joachim's playing throughout; and it must be added that in the accompaniments the great artist received invaluable support from Mr Manns and his orchestra. It is to be hoped that we may hear a little more of the concerto in G, which (like one of its predecessors in G minor, by the way) has too long been allowed to pass unheeded. Later in the concert Herr Joachim gave three movements (Prelude, Minuet, and Gavotte) from J. S. Bach's Sonata in E, for violin, unaccompanied, in his accustomed manner, and with the accustomed results—neither standing in need of description.

The concert began with Mr W. G. Cusins' clever and dramatically conceived overture, suggested by Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer* (first time); and ended with the impassioned and beautiful orchestral prelude to *Genoveva*, Schumann's one opera. The *pièce de resistance* was the now everywhere popular *Reformation Symphony* of Mendelssohn, which has seldom, if ever, been more magnificently played, even at the Crystal Palace. The, in its way inimitable, *allegro vivace* (*scherzo*) was, as always, unanimously called for again, and, as a matter of course, repeated. It is sad to think that the gifted author himself should never have enjoyed the opportunity of hearing a work to which he had looked forward with such earnest interest (as his letters from Paris declare), performed in public by a competent orchestra.

The solo singers on Saturday were Mdlle Helene Arnim, who gave an air from Handel's *Semele* and *Lieder* by Brahms and Schumann, with so much musical feeling that her first appearance at the Crystal Palace is not likely to be her last; and Miss Ethel Morland, who, at a moment's notice, filled the place left vacant through the indisposition of Miss Edith Wynne, in Mr Frederick Clay's graceful song, "She wandered down the mountain side," and Herr Ganz's popular "Nightingale's trill," acquitting herself more than creditably.

For the concert of to-day we are promised Schumann's symphony in D minor; Weber's *Euryanthe* overture; Ferdinand Hiller's "*Dramatic Fantasia*," for orchestra; and a concerto of Viotti's, by the queen of lady violinists, Madame Norman-Neruda.

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MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Our musical season was formerly supposed to end about the time of the commencement of the operatic season in London, but now it sometimes extends into the early summer months, and we are certainly not near the close yet. Since my last letter, the lovers of music have had no cause to complain of anything like want of opportunity for gratifying their inclinations, as there has been a concert of some importance nearly every night. The most interesting feature of Mr Hallé's last miscellaneous concert was the director's own performance of Beethoven's beautiful C major Concerto, which was received with enthusiastic applause. A new overture by Gernsheim, a work of considerable merit—scholarly, but not too severe, was also played with success at this concert. Miss Sophie Löwe and Mr Lloyd were the singers, and both were heard with great pleasure. Mr Hallé's last concert was given on Thursday last, when one of the finest performances of the *Elijah* ever given in Manchester delighted a crowded audience. The solo singers were Mdme Lemmens, Mdme Patey, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Mr Santley.

At the Concert Hall, last week, the directors gave a charming concert of classical chamber music, supported by Messrs Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti. You have already inserted the programme of this concert, and I need not tell you what our local amateurs thought of Beethoven's beautiful Trio founded on the air, "Ich bin der Schneider Kakadu." What the distinguished executants thought of the behaviour of the uncourteous people who advertised their own indifference at the expense of their neighbours' comfort and convenience, I should be sorry to have to say. On Monday last there was another pleasant concert at the Concert Hall. Here is the programme of the evening:—

Grand Symphony in C major—Mozart; Air, "Das Gold" (*Fidelio*) (Herr Behrens)—Beethoven; Cavatina, "Or la sull' onda" (*Giuramento*) (Mdme Trebelli-Bettini)—Mercadante; Andante in B flat, from Symphony in D minor—Spohr; Duet (Mdme Trebelli-Bettini and Herr Behrens)—Flotow; Overture, *Melusina*—Mendelssohn; Air, "Der Wanderer" (Herr Behrens)—Schubert; Air, "O Salutaris" (*Messe Solennelle*) (Mdme Trebelli-Bettini)—Rossini; Entr'acte (*Manfred*)—Reinecke; Leibeslied—Taubert; Cavatina, "Quando a te liete" (Mdme Trebelli-Bettini)—Gounod; Swedish Songs, "Trollhattan" and "Swinahirden" (Herr Behrens); March, "Tarpeja" (Beethoven).

The orchestral selections were all interesting, and all well played. Mdme Trebelli was in splendid voice, and sang with irreproachable finish—did she ever sing with anything else? was her voice ever in anything but excellent condition? Not in Manchester, so far as I can remember. Mdme Trebelli's voice, indeed, would be a fortune if she could not sing; and certainly, if she had the faintest possible "pipe," her singing would always gratify the genuine lovers of musical art. Herr Behrens created a very favourable impression. He had previously appeared here in opera, with decided success, and he promises to be a valuable addition to the limited number of first-class bass singers.

At the last concert of the Vocal Society, a programme of new and old glees, part-songs, &c., was varied by the solo singing of Mdme Patey and Mr George Fox.

But no recent musical event has been more interesting to local amateurs than the performance, for the first time in England, of Max Bruch's *Odysseus*, by the St Cecilia Amateur Choral Society, under the direction of Mr Ed. Hecht. The event took place on Saturday evening at the Free Trade Hall. There was a large attendance; and the Funds of the Children's Hospital will be considerably increased by the result. One of the local newspapers thus speaks of the work itself:—

"Herr Bruch has treated the story of Ulysses with the freedom of an artist and with the refinement of a poet. He is scholarly without being pedantic; and, while avoiding the traditional method of treating stories from the Greek poets originated by Gluck, he has kept clear of the mistakes of Schumann in "*Paradise and the Peri*, and of the rhapsodical style of Herr Wagner and his disciples. *Odysseus* is, indeed, a melodious and picturesque cantata, charmingly varied, and some of its numbers contain dramatic music of a very high character. The composer possesses not merely the requisite knowledge of orchestral effect, but the rare faculty of weaving together the instrumental with the vocal score in perfect and duly balanced combination, and the display of appropriate orchestral colour is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the new cantata. The popular success on Saturday was unmistakable; it is always easy to perceive when an audience is really pleased; and, though much of the gratification on Saturday was due to the fine performance, it may be said without hesitation that the music itself gave general satisfaction and delight. The cantata is divided into ten sections; several of the most exciting of the hero's adventures are omitted, and the libretto by its character is of necessity somewhat fragmentary, yet, in listening to the work, we were surprised by its compactness and completeness. The first part includes 'Odysseus on Calypso's Island,' 'Odysseus in Hades,' 'Odysseus and the Sirens,' 'The Tempest at Sea,' and the second Penelope mourning; Nausikaa; the Banquet with the Phaiakes; Penelope Weaving a Garment, the Return, and the Festival in Ithaca. In illustration of every one of these scenes the composer has written very effective music. Some of it is pretty, and almost pastoral in character. The storm is exceedingly clever, and several of the choruses are both powerful and dignified."

The singing of the amateur choir was admirable throughout, and those members who had solos were remarkably effective. Mr Santley, who had generously volunteered his invaluable services, did ample justice to the music of *Odysseus*. I shall be very much surprised if this beautiful work is not heard before long in London; and I believe it would have repaid the composer for the trouble of coming to England had he been present at the performance of Saturday. Certainly he never heard his music more magnificently sung than by Mr Santley.

Next week Mr Mapleson will give three operas: *Semiramide*, *Rigoletto*, and *Der Freischütz*, at the Queen's Theatre; and M. Rivière will commence a series of promenade concerts at the Prince's Theatre, where Mr Cellier's opera, *The Sultan of Mecha*, is still being nightly played to crowded houses.

Manchester, March 17, 1875.

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BAYREUTH.

(From a Correspondent.)

During the winter, the artists who are to take part in the preliminary rehearsals here next July have been preparing for their task, more than one having received instruction from Wagner himself, during his recent stay at Leipsic. Next winter, three conductors, specially appointed, will visit the towns of Germany, and rehearse with artists who may be unable to leave the theatres at which they are engaged. These are Herren Lampe, Seidel, and Richter, who have got up the *Trilogy* with the composer, and are conversant with his slightest intentions. The following is the cast, as far as at present determined:—Brunhilde, Mad. Fr. Materna, of Vienna; Erda, Mdlle Oppenheim, of Frankfort; Siegfried, Herr Glatz, of Pesth; Siegmund, Herr Betz, of Berlin; Wodan, Herr Niemann, of Berlin; Hagen, Herr Scaria, of Dresden; Alberic, Herr Hill, of Schwerin; and the two Giants, Herr Eilers, of Cobourg, and Herr Weiss, of Breslau. Mad. Lehmann, of Cologne; Mad. Grünn, of Gotha; and Herr Gura, will also figure in the cast, but it is not decided what characters they will assume.

The frequent change of scene will be effected by the aid of machinery. Each scene will be removed in its entirety, without any necessity of rolling up the back scene, or "cloth," or running off the wings; it will either be raised or lowered out of sight. For this purpose there is ample space both above and below the stage. By the reverse process, the scene following will be lowered or raised into its place. The stage-carpenters will be banished to the flies or the depths below the stage. Behind the scenes there will be only six officials—good musicians, conversant with the piece—to regulate the entrances of the artists and the proper working of the scenery.

Though the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre is only a temporary structure, Herr Wagner has announced that, after the representation of his own *Trilogy*, he intends giving from time to time model performances of the masterpieces of the German lyric drama. The first opera on his list is said to be *Fidelio*.

STUTTGART.—A medal in honour of Herr R. Wagner has been struck here. On one side is the bust of the composer; on the other a representation of the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre at Baireuth.

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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

After repeating Flotow's *Ombra*, the Italian operatic company under the management of Mad. Artôt gave, in the Theatre Royal, Cimarosa's *Matrimonio segreto*. Sig. Arditi conducted, while Signore Artôt, Cristino, Savelli, Signori Paolino, Graziosi, and Caracciolo sustained the chief characters.

The event at the Royal Operahouse lately has been the performance of Raimund's old fairy piece, *Der Verschwender*, with Kreutzer's music. Referring to this work and certain modern productions produced here, Herr Ferdinand Gumbert observes, in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*:—

"A house filled in every part proved that the taste of our public is not so depraved, after all, within the brilliant walls of the Operahouse, when it thus welcomes a harmless fairy tale with every sign of genuine interest, so utterly unlike certain modern pieces."

The cast included Mesdes Mallinger, Meyer, and Frieb-Blumauer, Herren Betz, Vollmer, Berndal, Kahle, and Döring. The scenery and dresses were good and appropriate. The other productions of the week have been *Il Trovatore*, *Lohengrin*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Les Huguenots*.

Lortzing's comic opera, *Der Wildschütz*, was performed at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater for the benefit of the conductor, Herr Kleffel.

A successful concert was given a short time since in the rooms of the Singacademie by two former pupils of Professor Wüerst, Herr Moritz Moskowitz and Herr Philipp Scharwenka, assisted by Professor Ludwig von Brenner, and the Berlin Symphonic-Orchestra. The programme consisted exclusively of compositions by the two concert-givers.

—o—

FANATICISM.

(From "Talk on 'Change," in Liverpool Journal.)

Lord Dudley, the lover of, and advertiser for, jewels, is not the only person in this curious country who thinks there is danger and impropriety in good sacred music, or, at least, that it is out of place in a building used for religious purposes. His lordship and his friends, the fastidious Canons of Worcester, would probably laugh if they saw the Moody and Sankey building in Victoria Street, and were told that anybody could attach anything like a notion of sanctity to a mere preposterous and over-grown hut. The talk was, however, that while Englishmen differ in other respects, they all agree in being on certain points strongly sanctimonious and fanatical; that there are gentlemen of good intentions and deeply pious feelings who are just as anxious to keep Victoria Hall from being profaned by a burst of noble religious melody and harmony as their eminent fellow Christian can be as to keeping Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Santley and a miscellaneous chorus out of Worcester Cathedral; that, if report is to be believed, the committee of the Moody and Sankey services have taken the extraordinary step of either officially or unofficially declining to allow their building to be used for the rendering even of Handel's great and absolutely Christian and devotional work, the grandest and sweetest of his oratorios; that an offer is alleged to have been made to them which it seems most strange should have been declined; that the proposal to give the oratorio came from gentlemen, and especially from one gentleman, who may be fully relied upon not only to secure a good performance, but to take care that everything shall be done decently and in order; that the contractor who erected the building joined in the proposal, and was ready to help it by every means in his power; that he offered to make all the alterations required for £50, and expressed his intention of giving that sum to the charities; that the givers of the concert also proposed to devote the proceeds of the whole affair to the same benevolent object; that they were told, however, on authority which they did not doubt, though they certainly ought to verify it, that the hall, "having been erected for religious purposes," could not be used for musical performances, even of the most sacred character; that it is to be hoped that a certain very good man and excellent musician may be forgiven his profanity in having exclaimed "in his haste" and indignation, "They cry 'Come to Jesus' and won't let the people go to the *Messiah*;" that though this epigram may sound rather rough, it really expresses a very real truth which these fanciful Christians might well have borne in mind; that Handel's *Messiah* has probably "converted" as many, and has certainly edified and done good to many more, than are likely to be benefited by Mr Moody's preaching or the tenderest of Mr Sankey's musically ungrammatical ditties; and that, in any case, it is to ordinary persons inconceivable how the reverent representation of such a work could be otherwise than acceptable and appropriate in a building devoted to sacred purposes.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

As Mr Chappell's season draws to a close—and, unhappily, the end is now very near—amateurs show an increased desire to make the most of what remains. This, in part, accounts for the crowded state of St James's Hall on Monday evening, but we imagine that a still more special reason should be taken into account. The posthumous quartets of Beethoven, so long set down, even by connoisseurs, as examples of the eccentricity with which genius is often allied, are now among the most powerful attractions in the repertory of these concerts, especially when associated with the executive talent of Herr Joachim. We have no desire to overrate the significance of this; nor will we go so far as to say that the remarkable works in question are much better understood now than they were twenty years ago. Musicians still find in them a theme for wonder, and not less than formerly, perhaps, are they "caviare to the general." But this, at all events, has happened—the musical public have fallen under the influence of a great man's name, and Beethoven's most abstruse utterances are heard, not with curiosity alone, but with a reverent desire to learn the secret of their meaning. So it happens that whenever, as usual during Herr Joachim's term at St James's Hall, the director puts forward a posthumous quartet, a crowd assembles eager to profit by an opportunity valuable in itself, and made more so through comparative rarity. The quartet played by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti on Monday night was the famous "C sharp minor," the very name of which will at once suggest all that is most characteristic in Beethoven's latest style. We are wholly at a loss what to say about this composition without repeating the weak and unsatisfying generalities for which it and its companions have often furnished an excuse. Nothing would be easier than to oppress the quartet with adjectives, and make it serve as a peg on which to hang fine writing, but *cui bono?* Such music may be "analyzed," but those who would go deeper than means and forms of expression had better save their labour, for the posthumous works of Beethoven belong to things in nature and art which resent officious interpretation, and demand the liberty to work their own effect upon each individual mind. Enough, therefore, if we state that the quartet, led by Herr Joachim in his noblest manner, was heard with attention to the end. Beethoven had another representative at this concert; that is, if we may look upon the composer of the "C sharp minor," and he who wrote the trio in G minor (Op. 9), as one and the same. Really they were two, having little in common of all the things which go to make up individuality. When the trio appeared, Beethoven of the quartet existed only as the man may be said to exist in the little child; and, after hearing the works representative of both periods, our marvel was not so much that the same art could adapt itself to the expression of thoughts so wide asunder, as that in a few years Beethoven could cover all the ground between them. In this vast power of progression the master stood alone; nor does he seem likely to have a companion. Respecting the third concerted work played on Monday evening—Mozart's sonata in E flat, for pianoforte (Mdlle Krebs) and violin (Herr Joachim)—we need only observe that its production now for the first time should not be regarded as evidence against its value. Many of its fellows have been preferred it is true, but not many are so strongly marked by the composer's tunefulness, grace, and symmetry. As her pianoforte solo, Mdlle Krebs introduced Chopin's Ballade in G minor. The songs of the evening were sung by Mdlle Sophie Löwe, in whose version of *Lieder* by Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Schubert, not a few special excellences appeared.

This day (Saturday) the concert will be for the benefit of Signor Piatti, and on Monday the able and energetic director closes his season with the usual special concert given in his name. Both gentlemen should have—and we are sure they will have—"bumpers."

BRUSSELS.—*La Reine de Chypre* has not yet been given, and nothing more is heard of *Le Nozze*, long promised and anxiously expected at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. The only novelty has been *Fra Diavolo;* but Auber's sparkling music was ill executed, and Scribe's sparkling libretto as ill acted. Such performances explain M. Campocasso's non-success as a manager. People are on the tiptoe of expectation for Mad. Christine Nilsson, who will appear six times. She will open, it is said, in *Faust*, to be followed by *Hamlet* and *Mignon*.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.

SEVENTEENTH SEASON, 1874-5.
DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE DIRECTOR'S BENEFIT,
AND
LAST CONCERT OF THE SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1875.
To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Beethoven.*
LIEDER { "Waldesgespräch" / "Frühlingsnacht" } Mdlle SOPHIE LÖWE .. .. *Schumann.*
TEMA CON VARIAZIONI, for pianoforte and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Sig. PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
ANDANTE and FINALE, from Duet in D major, for two violins—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA and Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Spohr.*
SONG—Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING .. .. *Schubert.*
SONATA, in G major, Op. 30, No. 3, for pianoforte and violin—Dr HANS VON BÜLOW and Herr JOACHIM .. .. *Beethoven.*

PART II.

ANDANTE and VARIATIONS, in D minor, from Sonata, in F major, for pianoforte and violin—Mr CHARLES HALLE and Madame NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. *Mozart.*
SONG—Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
HUNGARIAN DANCES, Nos. 1, 6, 8, for violin, with pianoforte Accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM and Dr HANS VON BÜLOW *Brahms & Joachim.*
CONCERTO, in D minor, for three pianofortes, with double quartet accompaniment—Mdlle MARIE KREBS, Dr HANS VON BÜLOW, and Mr CHARLES HALLE, accompanied by MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, POLLITZER, WIENER, STRAUS, ZERBINI, DAUBERT, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI .. .. *Bach.*
CONDUCTOR .. .. MR ZERBINI.

LAST SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT.

BENEFIT OF SIG. PIATTI,
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 20, 1875.
To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in C major, Op. 76, No. 3, with Variations on "God preserve the Emperor," for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Haydn.*
SONG, "Tre giorni son che Nina"—Mr SANTLEY .. .. *Pergolesi.*
CAPRICCIO, in E major, Op. 33, No. 2, for Pianoforte—Mr CHARLES HALLE .. .. *Mendelssohn.*
RITORNELLO and SICILIANA { Signor PIATTI } .. .. *Veracini.*
GAVOTTE .. .. *Geminiani.*
(For violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment.)
SONG, "O swallow, swallow"—Mr SANTLEY .. .. *Piatti.*
(Violoncello obbligato—Signor PIATTI.)
POLONAISE, in C major, Op. 89, for Pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Beethoven.*
TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—MM. CHARLES HALLE, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. .. *Beethoven.*
SONG, "The Erl King"—Mr SANTLEY .. .. *Schubert.*
INTRODUCTION and POLONAISE BRILLANTE, in C major, Op. 3, for pianoforte and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Chopin.*
Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

DEATHS.

On March the 1st, FLORENCE EVELYN, the beloved child of Josiah and Jane Mary Clippingdale, aged six months.

On March the 15th, RICHARD LIMPUS, of 41, Queen Square, London, aged 50 years, organist of St Michael's Church, Cornhill, esteemed and respected by all who knew him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENQUIRER.—Yes, Mdlle Krebs was encored at the last Monday Popular Concert, in the Ballade of Chopin, and, in response, played the same composer's Impromptu in A flat.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,
LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1875.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL PROFESSORSHIP.

(*From "The Times," March* 17.)

The election of a Professor of Music, in the place of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, has resulted in the almost unanimous choice of Mr George Alexander Macfarren, the eminent composer. Since the declaration of the vacancy numerous candidates offered themselves for the vacant Chair, but retired upon being informed of the influential support already promised to Mr Macfarren by the residents. Dr Wylde, the Gresham Professor of Music, remained in the field as a candidate; a London committee was formed to promote his election, and up to noon yesterday a contest seemed inevitable. Eventually Dr Wylde withdrew. As a poll had been announced, however, the formality was carried out. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors attended at the hour previously appointed, and at eight this evening declared the election to have fallen on Mr Macfarren. By a recent Grace of the Senate, the new Professor will receive an annual stipend of £200; and, in addition to examining the exercises for musical degrees, will deliver a course of lectures on Music during each academical year.

PALMAM qui meruit ferat. The old "saw," which so many are disposed to regard as a satire upon actualities, is but a reflection of the logic of events. As a rule, he who deserves reward gains it. The honour may be long in coming; may go astray *en route*, like a mis-delivered letter; may even be delayed till Death steps in, but, sooner or later, it comes. In this respect, the mill of Providence grinds slowly, but grinds with exceeding fineness, leaving nothing to pass without the impress of divine justice. It is needless to dwell upon this fact—one which wise men in all ages have recognized, but our reference to it comes appropriately in view of Mr Macfarren's election as Musical Professor in the University of Cambridge. Somewhat late in life, but not too late for the probability of years of enjoyment springing from faithful discharge of high duties, the most learned of English musicians finds himself in rank, as in acquirement, at the head of his profession. Than he who is at once Cambridge Professor and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, there can be no greater. Mr Macfarren—apart from the Knighthood which he may possibly have to share with a batch of provincial mayors, or the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex—has reached the most exalted place open to an English musician, and the labours of his life have, in this respect, been "crowned." Very likely no one is surprised at his Cambridge success, or unready to deny the possibility of anybody outrunning him in the race. Mr Macfarren needs no more splendid testimony to his worth than this general acquiescence in his election; but, at the same time, it is very easy to see how he might have been defeated. For some reason or other, which does no credit to the wisdom of Alma Mater, the election of Professors at Cambridge is vested in a miscellaneous body called the Senate. The members of this, no doubt, learned and highly respectable corporation, are

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scattered all over the country—many of them as much severed from the University in thought and sympathy as they are by distance, and very few of them able to discriminate, if they were disposed to try, among the claims of candidates to a special dignity such as the Chair of Music. These non-resident members are a majority, and a candidate favourably circumstanced in the matter of social influence, or endowed with personal qualities such as make men favourites, has only to lay himself out to secure their votes in order to achieve success. The danger of this result is over for the present, but the risk will have to be run whenever the election—*absit omen*—is repeated; and its existence should be taken into account by those who are desirous that the best man should win. Of the gentlemen who came forward as Mr Macfarren's rivals, only one, perhaps, intended a serious struggle for the place. Dr Wylde evidently meant business, and only withdrew at the last moment, when the impossibility of success became obvious. We have nothing to say against Dr Wylde's candidature, now that the issue has been determined. A Gresham professor has surely the right to try and make himself a Cambridge professor; nor can he be accused of over-vaulting ambition. The remaining candidates may be divided into two classes; first, those who, like Mr Barnby, desired chiefly to put themselves *en evidence* in the matter of a professorship. The post is one to which a rising musician may aspire with perfect fitness, and no rising musician has a more unquestionable right to connect his name with the possibilities of the future in this respect than the conductor of the Albert Hall concerts. The second class is made up of those crotchet-mongers and ambitious nobodies who are always coming to the front when there is an opportunity of catching the public eye. These characters are found everywhere, and not even the late Sir Peter Laurie could have put them down had he tried. Some of them are, or have been, representative men. There was a butcher at Tiverton, when Lord Palmerston was member for that Devonian burgh, who always broke a lance with the statesman at election time, and was regularly tumbled in the mud, to the vast delight of the natives. And there is still, we believe, a Mr Jones, for whom, at every choice of Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, the livery of London in Common Hall assembled, look as confidently as for east winds in May. Upon such people it is impossible to think seriously, and the best course is to get as much fun out of them as possible. For this course some of the recent candidates gave abundant opportunity, and answered the end of making the world merrier, if not exactly wiser. But the lesson of the whole matter is one adapted to encourage. Virtually unopposed, the best man has gained the prize, and merit wears, as well as deserves, the palm.

With Mr Macfarren in the Cambridge Chair of Music, we may confidently expect a good return of labour done. He is not likely to be satisfied with a perfunctory discharge of imperative duty, but rather to accomplish more than his bond exacts. Henceforth, not only will there be musical lectures at the junior University, but, we may hope, a quickened musical life, which shall bring about a higher regard for the art among those who are destined to exert vast influence in shaping the public opinion of the country. Should results like these follow Mr Macfarren's election, the anticipations of not a few will be realized; and, once more, Wisdom will be justified of her children.

We hear, on good authority, that Mr Carl Rosa will begin a season of English opera (and opera in English), at the Princess's theatre in September next. Everybody wishes him success.

DEATH OF MR LUMLEY.

(*From the "Times."*)

Mr Benjamin Lumley, for many years manager of the Italian Opera in the Haymarket, died on Wednesday night, at his residence, No. 8, Kensington Crescent, aged 64, after an illness which for months had confined him to his bed. In 1842, Mr Lumley succeeded Mr Laporte as director of Her Majesty's Theatre. He had for several years previously been that gentleman's confidential adviser, and undertook, at the solicitation of some of the most influential patrons of the opera, to fill his place just at a time when difficulties were accumulating which threatened the very existence of the establishment. How these were surmounted by the new *impresario;* the brilliancy of his early reign; the straits to which he was reduced by the sudden and unexpected secession of his conductor and the majority of his principal artists, vocal and instrumental, leading to the formidable opposition at Covent Garden; how, with the assistance of the late Balfe, and the memorable 4th of May (1847) which introduced Jenny Lind to the English public, he again made the fortunes of the opera look promising; the subsequent difficulties when "the Swedish Nightingale" joined Mr Barnum in the United States; the brilliant, but evanescent, apparition of Sophie Cruvelli; the closing of Her Majesty's Theatre from 1852 to 1856, its re-opening, after the Royal Italian Opera was destroyed by fire, in the last-named year, with Piccolomini and Giuglini; the *début* of Thérese Tietjens in 1858; and the second closing of the theatre, and consequent abdication of its director—these, one and all, must be more or less fresh in the memory of opera-goers of the period. Since 1858, Mr Lumley's name, in connexion with the opera, has only once been brought into public notice; this was in 1863, when Piccolomini came from Italy expressly to give three representations at Drury Lane Theatre for the benefit of her former director. Whatever the vicissitudes of his career, Mr Lumley will be remembered, not only as one of the ablest, most active, and enterprising, but also as one of the most courteous and universally popular of theatrical managers. Should his biography ever be written (his autobiography exists), it will not be forgotten that he designed and carried out the *Pas de Quatre*, and brought forward Jenny Lind—two of the most absorbing topics at the time of their occurrence of which operatic records can make mention.

Signor Schira has returned from Italy. So marked was the success of *Selvaggio* at Venice, that his new opera, *Leah*, has been unconditionally accepted for next Carnival.

Philharmonic Society.—We must reserve until next week our notice of the first Philharmonic concert in St James's Hall, under the direction of Mr W. G. Cusins. We can only say, now, that the music composed by Sterndale Bennett for the *Ajax* of Sophocles proved worthy of our great composer's fame, and that the Funeral March is a masterpiece—worthy to rank side by side with that of Beethoven.

WHEN MEYERBEER WAS REALLY BORN.

Dans les dates inscrites aux bustes des compositeurs qui ornent la façade du nouvel Opéra, nous regrettons de voir se perpétuer une erreur souvent commise. La date de la naissance de Meyerbeer est le *5th Septembre*, 1791, nous l'avons déjà dit et nous pouvons l'affirmer de nouveau, d'après les documents les plus authentiques. Les biographies donnent généralement l'année 1794; ce renseignement est inexact, à quelque source qu'il ait été puisé *provînt-il de Meyerbeer lui-même.* Il n'est point de grand homme qui n'ait sa coquetterie: celle de l'auteur des *Huguenots* était de se rajeunir. Il se disait même quelquefois né en 1796.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale.*

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Mr Mapleson advertises the opening of her Majesty's Opera (Drury Lane) for the 10th prox. His prospectus is not yet issued, but that a conspicuous feature will be Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with Tietjens, Nilsson, and Campanini as Ortrud, Elsa and Lohengrin, may be taken for granted. The engagement of the Italian tragedian Salvini for a series of representations has, of course, nothing to do with the operatic business.

It is now arranged that Verdi's *Requiem* for Alessandro Manzoni is to be performed at Albert Hall, early in May, under the immediate direction of its composer. The four solo singers are to be Mesdames Stolz and Waldman, Signors Macini and Medini (the originals at Milan). Verdi is composing a Funeral Symphony, with choruses, to be played when the remains of Donizetti are removed from the cemetery in the neighbourhood of Bergamo to the new resting place prepared for him in the Cathedral of his native town.

The projected Festival at Rouen, to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Boieldieu, is assuming large proportions, and, it is anticipated, will appeal to amateurs far and wide. Specimens from many of Boieldieu's most esteemed compositions are included in the programme—even from *Athalie* and *Télémaque*, written when he was attached to the Russian Court, and hitherto unknown to the majority of his compatriots. Boieldieu was born on the 16th of December, 1775; but it is deemed expedient to hold the festival in the summer, and the dates now fixed are the 12th, 13th, and 14th of June.

At the last concert of the Paris Conservatoire, Beethoven's Choral Symphony and fragments of Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide* were performed, the conductor being M. Lamoureux, Handel's untiring apostle among Parisians. At the Cirque d'Hiver the "Popular Concerts" continue in favour. M. Pasdeloup has taken recently to patronize struggling French musicians, for which he deserves credit. His latest programme contained an overture to an opera called *Sigurd*, by M. Reyer, and a fragment from the *Marie Magdalene* of M. Massenet. Both made an impression, even side by side with the *Jupiter* symphony of Mozart, the symphony in D of Beethoven, and Mendelssohn's music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Something, no doubt, must be allowed to the account of patriotic feeling; but MM. Rever and Massenet, apart from prejudice, have done enough to entitle them to consideration.

In an article on the strange exhibition of Messrs Moody and Sankey, the *Spectator* writes:—

"Mr Sankey's main power is in his solo-singing, which is full of sweetness and genuine tenderness of tone. On Tuesday night, his singing of the hymn 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by,' and on Wednesday, at Exeter Hall, of that on 'The Lost Sheep,' especially the feeling with which he sang, 'Out in the desert He heard its cry, sick and helpless and ready to die,' were distinguished by a delicacy and serenity of expression hardly to be too much admired."

The *Saturday Review* says of the same performance:—

"The quality of Mr Sankey's voice and his style of singing are questions of taste on which there will be great difference of opinion. There can be no doubt, however, that his art is of a tricky kind, and aims at producing effect by sudden alterations between high and low. His favourite note is one in the back of his throat, with which he pours forth a prolonged and hollow O! O! O! something between a howl and a wail, which makes one think of a melodious costermonger crying his cabbages. Whether it is pure art or not, it appears to be agreeable to the majority of the audience, and it may be thought that that is enough."

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

There has been a great deal of pianoforte-playing during the past week; and the piano—nuisance as it is when persistently hammered at by one's nearest neighbours—is the only instrument on which an idea can be given of the grandest and most elaborate orchestral composition, and on which the great majority of orchestral works can be faithfully reproduced: necessarily in a compact form, but without loss of any of the main features of the original. An ingenious French writer, in defending the unfortunate man who a few months ago burned down Herz's pianoforte manufactory, pointed out that he might have done so in a moment of justifiable indignation. In Paris the practice of living in flats (not altogether unknown in London) is carried out in a very literal sense; and a lodger may and generally does find himself, in virtue of that arrangement, with pianos above him, pianos beneath him, pianos in front of him, pianos all round him. It has been suggested that, hearing on one side the waltz from *La Jolie Parfumeuse*; on another, the quadrille from *Madame Angot*; upstairs, the serenade from *La Timbale d'Argent*; downstairs, the drinking song from *Giroflé-Girofla*, the poor victim might at last have said to himself that this could be endured no longer; and, determined to strike the evil in its root, had hurried, matchbox in hand, to the nearest pianoforte manufactory. To have ended heroically, he should have perished in the conflagration he had himself caused, when succeeding generations would have called him "the Erostratus of music." As it is, the misguided man—who, we believe, was found guilty "with extenuating circumstances"—will be sent to a place where he will have no pianos, and where silence will from time to time be broken only by the voice of the gaoler. He deserves his fate. There are certain wrongs to which we must all submit. Philosophy, like Thalberg's "art of singing," must be "applied to the piano;" and young ladies in thousands and tens of thousands must be allowed, under pretext of playing their scales, to practise for hours together a sort of musical file-firing ("the art of war applied to the piano," this may be called) in order that here and there from among the countless host may arise a genuine artist.

—o— Shaver Filter.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mdme Greiffenhagen's *soirée musicale*, given at her residence, Upper Bedford Place, attracted a large number of her friends and pupils. A new cantata, *The Maid of Gascony*, composed by Mr J. H. Gordon, a young and clever musical student, was produced on the occasion. The solos were entrusted to the Misses Helen Muir, Brincken, Clark, and Henley, Messrs Stanley Smith and Kenningham. The cantata pleased much, and was conducted by the composer, who also presided at the pianoforte. The second part of the programme consisted of a solo on the pianoforte, played by Mr Gordon, and several popular songs and duets, sung by the pupils of Mdme Greiffenhagen.

Soiree of Mdlle de Bono, the Neapolitan Violinist.—Lady Prescott opened her beautiful saloons on Monday evening for the concert of this young artist. Mdlle de Bono played several new compositions, to the evident delight of her audience. The vocalists who "assisted" Mdlle de Bono were Mdlle Holmberg, Mrs Talbot Cherer, Signor Adelman, Signor Danieli, and Mr George Perren. The conductors were Herren Ganz and Lehmeyer.

—o—

REVIEWS.

Duff & Stewart.

I. *Over the Mountain.* Ballad. Words, by permission, from *All the Year Round.* Music by J. L. Hatton.

II. *The Moon comes forth in Splendour.* Song. Translated from the German of Giebel by Beatrice Abercrombie. Music composed by George Frederick Hatton.

We have put these works together because it is not often we have the privilege of so treating the productions of father and son. All idea of comparison must, of course, be dismissed, seeing that, howsoever able the son may be, his youth could have little chance against the recognized powers and great experience of the father. But we may say that the veteran has no reason to be ashamed of the recruit. Young Hatton writes, not only in the style, but with much of the fluency and skill of Hatton *père*; whose good name he will worthily represent in time to come. With regard to the songs before us, no more need be said than that they are very good ones, adapted for general use, and have our hearty commendation.

The performances of sacred music during Passion week, under Mr Barnby's direction, which have now become an established feature at the Royal Albert Hall, are to be given this year on Monday, Wednesday, Good Friday and Saturday next week. On the first three days Bach's *Passion* according to St Matthew will be performed, and the series will conclude, as usual, with the *Messiah*. The list of artists announced for the various performances includes Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Corani, Mdlle Johanna Levier, Madame Patey, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Cummings, Mr Lloyd, Mr Thurley Beale, and Signor Foli. Mr Randegger and Dr Stainer will preside respectively at the pianoforte and organ, and the choruses and chorals will be sung by the members of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society.

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The Allmanyuka.

(From "Another World.")

"Improve Nature's gifts, and with her elements form new compounds . . . .

"Were man's faculties given that they should slumber?"

On examining the Allmanyuka (for so we called this fruit-vegetable, meaning that it combined every valuable quality), and observing its effects, the doctors pronounced it very wholesome, nutritious, and admirably suited to persons of dyspeptic habit, inasmuch as it dispelled all symptoms of flatulency and, by its tonic and digestive qualities, gave a feeling of lightness to the senses.

The people wondered, and were loud in their manifestations of gratitude, but my joy was greater than theirs; for I had accomplished a lasting good for the subjects I loved.

Accompanied by my harp, I sang praises, with all the fervour of my soul, to Him who had inspired me with the thought, and had endowed me with patience and strength for its consummation.

Fruits had often been increased in size, or improved in quality and productiveness, by grafting one tree upon another; but no new fruit had previously been created. There were instances where trees of different kinds, the one grafted on the other, had borne two kinds of fruit. This, however, was the first instance where other means, besides grafting, were employed, and an entirely new fruit had been brought into existence.

The Allmanyuka grows like a tree, and its stem is supported by sticks. The fruit, which hangs from its branches, is in shape, but in shape only, not unlike your vegetable-marrow, being covered with little circular divisions, each containing others still more minute. Its colour, when raw, is of the brightest violet, which through the culinary process becomes a beautiful red; though I should observe that the first compound vegetable in the seeds of which I inserted the spice particles was yellow.

It may not be uninteresting to know that the Allmanyuka is cooked in a vessel over steam. Indeed, everything with us is cooked by steam, this being especially serviceable, on account of the steadiness of its action. There are machines to regulate the force and action of the steam, and the attendant has only to obey mechanically the simplest instructions.

The Allmanyuka is used in some sick rooms as a fumigator. For this purpose it is cut into slices, and the exuded juice which it bleeds is accompanied with an aromatic odour.

The fruit possesses many other valuable properties. After its discovery my people were never more afflicted with the maladies for the prevention of which it had been created. It was sometimes called by the name given by me,—often by a term signifying, "Inspiration of the Father of the World." *

Hermes (*Communicator.*)

* Although it may appear incongruous to refer to a philosopher of this earth as illustrating the work of a philosopher of another planet, the Editor cannot help quoting a passage from a man possessed of wondrous prescience, who, to use his own words, "held up a lamp in the obscurity of philosophy that would be seen ages after he was dead." It will also in a measure convey the difference between the process of grafting and the course pursued by the Tootmanyoso in the creation of the Allmanyuka.

The inspired philosopher says: "The compounding or mixing of kinds in plants is not found out, which, nevertheless, if it be possible, is more at command than that of living creatures, for that their lust requireth a voluntary motion; wherefore it were one of the most noble experiments touching plants to find it out; for so you may have great variety of new fruits and flowers yet unknown. Grafting doth it not; it mendeth the fruit or doubleth the flowers, etc.; but it hath not the power to make a new kind. For the scion ever over-ruleth the stock."—*Bacon's 'Sylva Sylvarum.'*

PROVINCIAL.

MAIDSTONE.—The last of the winter course of the Literary and Mechanics' Institution entertainments has taken place. Sir Michael Costa's *Eli* was given by Mr Henniker's choir, to a large audience, in the Corn Exchange. Of the performance we cannot speak in terms of unqualified praise—writes the *Maidstone and Kent County Standard*. The soloists executed the task entrusted to them with credit; the band was also fairly up to its work, but the chorus was far from being what we could have desired. Miss Matilda Scott sang the music allotted to her with expression and care, the florid air, "I will extol Thee, O Lord," rousing the somewhat tame audience to enthusiasm, a repetition being necessitated. The contralto recitations and airs were entrusted to Miss A. Newton; the air, "Lord, from my bed," was redemanded. Mr W. Crowe was effective in the tenor music, while Messrs Rhodes and Christian were heard to advantage in the bass recitatives and airs. Mr Dutnall presided at the harmonium, and Mr Henniker conducted.

GLASGOW.—*Il Talismano* ("The Knight of the Leopard,") which attracted so much attention some months ago, was presented again last week. It was mounted with consummate art, as is usually the case when spectacular displays are placed upon the stage of the Theatre Royal. Mdlle Tietjens once more asserted her claim to rank as a queen of song, singing the music and acting the part with the truthfulness and energy to which we are accustomed. Signor Catalani, as Nectabanus, and Signor Galassi, as the "lion-hearted" King, were worthy of commendation. The finale to the third act, one of the best written numbers in the opera, was exceedingly well sung. Mdlle Risarelli was compelled to give the second verse of her *chanson* over again. The customary effect was produced by the martial sequel to the duet for soprano and tenor near the end of the third act, and Mdlle Tietjens and Signor Paladini were compelled to repeat the movement; and the well-known "Rose Song" received a fair measure of justice from Signor Paladini. The subordinate parts were sustained by Signori Rinaldini, Casaboni, and Costa.

BIRKENHEAD.—We read in the Liverpool *Daily Post* that the Birkenhead Musical Society gave a concert in the Queen's Hall, Claughton Road, Birkenhead, on Thursday evening, under the conductorship of Mr W. Ignatius Argent. The music consisted of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, and a miscellaneous selection for the second part, and the forces comprised the amateur members of the society, who have been rehearsing all the winter, under Mr Argent's superintendence, and a band of some thirty-five performers. J. F. Barnett's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and one or two other pieces in the second part, were nicely played, and the tone of the band was good, but the accompaniments, especially to Handel's cantata, were rough and inaccurate to a degree which it is difficult to account for, unless from the utter absence of rehearsal. The chorus appeared to know their work, and sang with considerable spirit. The solos were assigned to Mrs Billinie Porter, Messrs C. Wilson, J. Trainor, and Signor Olano (the last named taking the place of Mr Alfred Brown, who was unable to attend). Mr Wilson's singing of "Love in her eyes," and "Love sounds the alarm," more especially the latter, was very nice.

DUBLIN.—Professor Glover's oratorio, *St Patrick at Tara*, was given with great success in the large concert-hall of the Exhibition Palace The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with a large and fashionable audience, were present. The oratorio was given for the first time in its "entirety," and formed one of the greatest musical successes of the season. There was a find band, led by Mr R. M. Levey, supplemented by a military band. Mr Horan presided at the organ, and Mrs Mackey played the *obbligato* accompaniments for the harp. The principal vocalists were Miss Bessie Craig, Miss Taylor, Mr Barton M'Guckin, Mr Grattan Kelly, Mr R. Smith, and Mr Williams, members of the Dublin Glee and Madrigal Union, who were all in excellent voice, and executed the parts allotted to them *con amore*. The choruses throughout were sung capitally, and the orchestral organ and harp accompaniments were equally effective. Professor Glover may be congratulated on the success of the performance, and it is to be hoped that before long we may have another opportunity of hearing a composition so full of merit from beginning to end.—Sir Robert P. Stewart delivered the first of his series of lectures upon keyed instruments of music, in the examination hall of Trinity College, which was filled with the *élite* of Dublin, who evidently heartily enjoyed one of the most interesting lectures ever given by Sir Robert Stewart, which want of space prevents our giving here. The illustrations on the pianoforte, zither, and Indian dulcimer, pleased excessively. A young lady, pupil of Dr F. Hiller, of Cologne, was the pianist, and delighted everyone. The zither is quite a novelty in Dublin.

STETTIN.—The members of the Stettin Vocal Association have given *König Otto*, a "lay-oratorio" by their director, Dr Lorenz. The interest of the work is centred in the choruses.

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MAD. CHRISTINE NILSSON'S FRENCH TOUR.

Mad. Nilsson continues her successful career. After singing at Rouen, she proceeded to Nantes, where her reception was no less cordial. The local press are loud in her praise. We may take as a specimen some observations by M. Evariste Mangin, in the *Phare de la Loire* :—

"Nearly all the numbered places were taken beforehand. In order to reserve a few for late comers on the night of the concert itself, it was necessary to stop the sale of tickets in the forenoon of the previous day. When the performance began there was not a vacant space. . . . Had the eminent artist been informed that she was about to sing before three thousand persons? We cannot say, but we felt convinced that she suspected it as soon as she appeared. Every glass was directed towards her. 'That is she! There she is!' Jules Janin would have said. Yes, it was, indeed, Christine Nilsson, tall and blonde, with features suited for the photographer and the sculptor, and with physiognomy alike expressive and *mobile*. There is certainly something strange and sympathetic about her."

After describing her dress, and the jewels she wore, M. Mangin goes on :—

"But she had pearls in her throat also — the essential point; and the audience perceived, in the first notes of the air from *La Traviata*, that she was decidedly in the fullest possession of her admirable vocal powers."

Twice recalled, Mad. Nilsson volunteered a piece not set down in the programme—Mignon's Romance—followed by loud and enduring plaudits. She next sang something in quite a different style—M. Gounod's "Ave Maria"—with breadth of style, amplitude of tone, and true religious fervour.

After the air from *Lucia*, the great artist gave two of those Swedish melodies with which her admirers are so well acquainted. Alluding to these, M. Mangin observes :—

"This fair Swede, though adopted by France, loves her cold native land, and the melodies which, perhaps, she once sang under the blue vault of heaven. These she adorns with an exceptional charm; and if it be true that she has to thank them for her first success, she has amply paid the debt."

In reply to a hint that she preferred to sing in opera, Mad. Nilsson was informed that next winter her wish might be gratified, as at that epoch there would be an operatic company at Nantes, with chorus and orchestra complete.

From the banks of the Loire to the country watered by the Garonne is but a short distance. We next find Mad. Nilsson at Bordeaux, where she appeared at the principal theatre.

"The whole evening"—says a writer in *La Province*—"was one series of ovations. Scarcely had she commenced the *andante* from *La Traviata*, which she gives with such charm and truth of expression, than the enthusiasm knew no bounds. After the *finale*, the audience seemed as though they would never tire of recalling her. In reply to this warm reception, Mad. Nilsson gave the *romance* from *Mignon*. . . . . In Gounod's "Ave Maria" she was unanimously encored, and gracefully acceded to the wish of her admiring audience."

The writers in the *Loire* and the *Journal de Bordeaux* are equally lavish in their praises. According to the latter, on the morning of the concert, 18,000 francs had been taken at the box office, while in the course of the day the price of a stall went up to 75 francs. "Nilsson," winds up the eloquent critic, "surpassed herself"—which is saying no little.

Boston (America)—*Feb.* 17.—The first appearance this season of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, in *The Bohemian Girl*, filled the Globe Theatre to its utmost capacity last evening. An apology was made for Miss Kellogg, and the statement made that she was suffering from fatigue. Nevertheless, the purity of her voice was not seriously marred by the hoarseness under which she laboured. Mr Maas was Thaddeus, and sang with marked refinement. Mr Maas's voice has gained in richness and in sympathetic qualities since he was last here. Mr Carleton was Count Arnheim; Mr Peakes, Devilshoof; Mr Morgan, Florestein; and Miss Flora Davidson made her first appearance here as the Gipsy Queen. This evening, Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon* will be given here for the first time in English, with the following cast:—Mignon, Miss Kellogg; Filina, Mrs Van Zandt; Frederic, Miss Beaumont; Lothario, Mr Peakes; Laertes, Mr Morgan; Giarno, Mr Cayla; Antonio, Mr Howard; and Wilhelm, Mr Castle.

THE LUTE AND THE MANDOLINE,

With some Remarks on Sig. Giovanni Vailati in connection with them.*

Those learned in musical archæology and organography assure us that the *Mandoline* is the son of the *Cither* and the nephew of the *Lute*; the said instrument (still according to the learned in such matters) comes from the *eoud* of the Arabs, which the Turks called *laouthah*; the Spaniards, *laoudo*; the Provençals, *laut* and *lahut*; the Italians, *lauto*, *leuto*, and *liuto*; and the French, *leut* and *luth*. From *luth*, the French have formed *luthier*, a word still signifying a maker of stringed musical instruments.

Some persons, however, think the word *liuto* may very well come from the Latin *lituus*, the fact of the *lituus* being a wind instrument, neither more nor less than a trumpet, presenting, according to them, no difficulty, because among the stringed instruments employed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there was one called the *marine trumpet*.

From the commencement of the sixteenth, down to the end of the first half of the eighteenth, century, the lute was the most widely spread of all musical instruments in Europe. As is the case with the piano at the present day, it was the instrument of every one. The oldest lutists of whom we know anything were two Italians: Francesco Spinaccio and Ambrogio Bala of Milan.

Among the performers of extraordinary skill we may mention: Alberto of Milan; Alberto of Mantua; Annibale of Padua; the composer, Alessandro Striggio; Davide Rizzio; Prince Filippo Caraffa; Marc' Antonio Pordenone, nephew of the celebrated painter; Maudit; Monbuisson; Heckell; Reussner; Strobel; etc., etc. It would appear, however, that the most skilful of all, the Paganini of the Lute, so to speak, was Leopold Weiss, born at Breslau in 1680. He challenged organists to play fugues with him, and was unrivalled as an extemporiser. He was, also, highly esteemed as a composer. The lute was the favourite instrument of Edward IV. of England, of Mary Tudor, of Francis I., of Mary Stuart, etc.

From the lute came the *arch-lute*, larger in size and furnished with a greater number of strings; the *theorbe*, an instrument invented by the Florentine, Bardella, and preferred by Caccini to any other instrument for accompanying vocal pieces; the *theorbina*, for which Kapsberger composed some very beautiful things; the *pandora*, with metal chords; the *cittern*, the *mandoline*, and the *colachon*, or Italian lute.

In the musical art of our ancestors, all these instruments were of great importance, being preferred to any others for executing chamber music, and especially for accompanying madrigals, "vilanelles," dancing and drinking songs. During the whole of the seventeenth century, lutes, arch-lutes, or great lutes, and theorbes formed component parts of orchestras in the theatre as well as the church. But, little by little, they fell into disuse. They disappeared to make way for violins and violoncellos, and now, of all the above family of instruments, the only ones left alive (if alive they can be called) are the mandoline and the colachon.

During a certain period, the mandoline was distinguished as the Neapolitan and the Milanese. The Neapolitan had four strings, on the same system as the violin. The Milanese had five or even six, generally tuned thus: G, B, E, A, D, G. The chords of the mandoline were of copper or steel, sometimes twisted and sometimes not. With the occasional exception of the treble chord, they are always double, but tuned in unison. The chords are sounded with a sort of plectrum, called in Italian a *penno*.

There have been performers on the mandoline who have left a celebrated name in the annals of art. Among these may be mentioned Felix Hungersburgh a captain of Charles V.'s. Durero, in his *Travels in Holland*, speaks of him as a wonder; and Fridzeri, about whom, both as a man and a musician, a few lines will not be thrown away.

Alessandro Fridzeri was born at Rome, the 16th January, 1741. When a year old, he was attacked by the small pox, and entirely lost his sight in consequence. But, while still a boy, he showed that he had received from Nature a most rare mind, and was gifted with extraordinary aptitude for mechanics and music. At the age of nine, he was a good violinist; at the age of eleven, he made himself a mandoline; this became eventually his favourite

* From *La Gazetta Musicale di Milano.*

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instrument, and he achieved singular proficiency on it. At the age of eighteen he was an admirable organist. As a performer on the mandoline he was highly praised and applauded in the principal cities of Germany, Belgium, and France. At Strassburgh, he determined to make an essay on the stage, and wrote a one-act comic opera entitled *Les deux Miliciens*, which was very successful; the melody was spontaneous, elegant, and completely Italian; the harmony simple, but treated with a sure hand and good taste; the instrumentation, lively; and the whole full of a feeling for the stage. In Paris, he conceived and carried out a most ingenious *typographic table*, to render the process of writing music possible and easy for the blind. With this, he afterwards wrote, in a very short space of time, two other operas: *Les Souliers mordorés*, and *Lucette*, of which the former only was favourably received. He then resumed his mandoline and his life of a concert-giver. He founded at Nantes a Philharmonic Academy; but the terrible dramas of the war in La Vendée obliged him to abandon that city and fly to Paris. In Paris, he established another Philharmonic Academy in the Magazines of the Opera, as they were called, but he was doomed to be perpetually the butt of misfortune. The Magazines fell a prey to the flames, in consequence of the explosion of the Infernal Machine, December 3rd, 1801, and poor Fridzeri was left with nothing in the world. Though advanced in age, he again betook himself to travelling about, giving concerts. At last, he fixed himself at Antwerp, where his lessons furnished him with the means of a quiet existence. He died in 1819, leaving unfinished the manuscript of another opera: *Le Termopile*.

At the commencement of the present century, Pietro Vimercati enjoyed the reputation of being a most accomplished mandoline-player. He died at a good old age at Genoa, in 1850.

And now we have Giovanni Vailati, who is equally accomplished and, like Vimercati, designated the Paganini of the Mandoline.

Giovanni Vailati, unless we are incorrectly informed, was born at Santa Maria della Croce, near Crema, about 1815.

The son, as he was, of a poor family, and blind, he would have passed a wretched life, had Providence not caused him to meet with a good-hearted man and excellent musician, Pietro Bottesini, father of the celebrated double-bass player. Bottesini gave him musical instruction, and enriched his memory with a large number of musical compositions. For Vailati, the mandoline no longer presents any difficulties. As an executant, he is always sure and always most correct. In runs and variations, on the fifth string, he excites the wonder of everyone. But he prefers plain melody, and in this there are really very few instrumentalists like him. His mode of phrasing is all feeling and soul; every accent is full of life and passion. In a word, Vailati is an artist.

The *Gazetta Musicale* of Milan wrote, some years ago, as follows: Bellini is the favourite composer of the Blind Musician of Crema; in fact, he causes his mandoline literally to sing the moving melodies from *Norma*, *Beatrice*, and *La Sonnambula*.

This sympathy for Bellini does not, however, prevent Vailati from esteeming and admiring all the great men who have shed lustre on musical Italy. We heard him relate, in his simple language, and with manifest emotion, how, being at Busseto, the native place of Verdi, and, giving a concert there, he was indescribably mortified and grieved that the celebrated composer was not present, but simply sent his excuses and a sum of money. Vailati sent back word that he was extremely grateful, but, at the same time, begged his messenger to state that the presence of such a composer would have been far more highly prized by him, and far more flattering to his self-love than any gift of money. At his second concert, his desire was gratified. Verdi came. He heard him, warmly applauded him, and, begging the gentleman who accompanied to get up, himself took his place.

Vailati, like all men of merit, is most modest; hence, at Florence, his concerts passed off nearly un-noticed. All, however, who heard him at the Pagliano, or at the Alfieri, applauded him heartily, and all with one voice pronounced him to be a performer of really singular merit, and worthy of the reputation which has caused him to be called the Paganini of the mandoline.

G. A. BIAGGI.*

* Though the instrument is entirely out of fashion, the house of Ricordi published last year at Milan a *Metodo per Mandolino*, a well planned work, well carried out, by Sig. Carmine De-Laurentiis.

WAIFS.

Mdme Arabella Goddard has already given three concerts at San Francisco, with brilliant success. Three more are announced. Mdme Goddard will not go to New York till October next.

Signor Foli has arrived in London, from Moscow.

Spring song (to the trees)—"How can I leaf thee?"

"Sourrilous pamphlet" is what the *American Israelite* calls Wagner's "Judaism in Music."

M. Diaz de Soria has been winning great honours at Marseilles and Bourdeaux. He will soon arrive in London for the season.

Gruff door-tenders and unaccommodating ushers do more harm to a place of amusement than the worst kind of stormy weather.

The police of Paris have absolutely forbidden smoking within the walls of theatres—not a useless, nor, in England, a novel precaution.

It is said that Manager Strakosch lost $75,000 during the season of Italian opera so abruptly brought to a close by the flitting of Albani.

Mr W. G. Cusins has been appointed Professor of Instrumental Music at Queen's College, a position held by the late Sir Sterndale Bennett.

Rubinstein is said to play thirty or forty pieces at each of his Berlin recitals. "Quel estomac, ces Prussiens," exclaims a wondering Frenchman.

A musical festival for Schleswig-Holstein is fixed to take place at Kiel on the fourth and fifth of July, under the direction of Herr Joachim.

The *fête* given at the New Opera for the poor of Paris brought in 72,822 francs, which sum M. Halanzier has forwarded to Madame MacMahon.

It is troubling the *impressarii* just now to find a system of mathematics, by which a salary of $2,000 per night can be deducted from $1,900 receipts, and leave a balance sufficient to pay travelling expenses.

Mr Ch. J. Bishenden, we are informed, has been awarded the first prize by the New York (America) Society of Arts, for his paper on "Vocal Studies."

Miss Julia Wigan, the clever pupil of Madame Sainton-Doby, made a successful appearance at the Albert Hall on Tuesday night, when she sang three Irish songs.

Miss Edwards, the esteemed pianist and composer, has returned to London, after visiting Rome, Milan, and Venice, where her musical acquirements were highly appreciated.

M. Achard will assist Madame Nilsson during her short season in Brussels. "Toute la Belgique," writes the enthusiastic *Ménestrel*, "s'inscrit au Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie."

It is dawning upon the minds of the *impressarii* that singers at from one to two thousand dollars a night are too costly to carry around the country during a season of reflection and common-sense.

A clergyman has discovered that Bishop Heber's familiar hymn,

"By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows,"

is a topographical and botanic falsehood. No shady rill is there, and no lily grows in its neighbourhood!

Miss Gwilt, whose personation of Amaranthe, in *La Fille de Mdme Angot*, has been the "talk" of the provinces, is now winning eulogies from the northern press by her capital acting, as Mrs Cregan, in *The Colleen Bawn*; Mrs Willoughby, in *The Ticket of Leave Man*; and Cornelia Carlyle, in *East Lynn*.

Miss Emily Tate, the youthful pianist, made her *début* at the Crystal Palace Concert on Monday last, "and"—a correspondent writes us word—"was warmly received, and called forward at the conclusion of her performance." With persevering study, this young artist will in time make a name in her profession, for she possesses undoubted talent.

Mendelssohn's *St Paul* was the oratorio announced for last night by the Sacred Harmonic Society. This great work, now in its fortieth year, is gaining wider and wider acceptance. That the directors of the Albert Hall Concerts are not unmindful of Passion Week may be gathered from the fact that performances of Bach's sublime *St Matthew* are promised for Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, with Handel's *Messiah* on Saturday, as a worthy climax.

Ferdinand Hiller's Symphony in E minor (Op. 67), with the motto, "Still the spring must come," was played at the Sixth Peabody Concert, at Baltimore, on Feb. 6. A local journal, *The Sun*, writes:—This work is filled with fine poetic thoughts; and some of the movements, especially the *scherzo*, are exceedingly beautiful. It was received with great applause. At the same concert, Mr R. Hoffmann, of New York, played Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, and was received in the most flattering manner, and the fourth act of an opera (by the conductor, Mr Asger Hamerik), entitled *Tovelille*, and Berlioz's "Hungarian March," were given. The vocalist was Miss Emma Thursby, of New York, who sang the grand air in the first act of Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico*, and an air with variations by Proch.

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The *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas, with Mdme Miolan-Carvalho, *vice* Mdme Nilsson, as Ophelia, will shortly add variety to the attractions at the New Grand Opera, which has been trading too persistently upon *Guillaume Tell*, *La Favorite*, and *La Juive*. The part of Hamlet will devolve upon M. Faure, its original representative at the late theatre in the Rue Lepelletier.

The committee of the forthcoming Cincinnati May Musical Festival has decided that the following works and selections shall be performed:—*Triumphal Hymn*, Brahms; Symphony (Op. 92) in A, Beethoven; *Prometheus*, Liszt; *Elijah*, Mendelssohn; *Magnificat* in D, Bach; Ninth Symphony, Beethoven; Symphony in C, Schubert; *Lohengrin*, Wagner; and a number of smaller pieces of great merit and interest, by various composers.

The poor lunatic who asked an artist, while painting a cow, "why he didn't paint her voice," was not so far out of the way after all. A new scientific achievement has been reached through the joint efforts of Prof. I. Graham Bell and Dr Blake, of Boston; and though not yet perfected, marks an advance in science. Recently, at the Essex Institute, Salem, Prof. Bell, assisted by Rev. E. C. Bolles, "displayed upon a large camera the very air ripples or sound waves produced in sounding various words and letters as registered upon a glass surface treated with a coating of lamp-black, by means of a pencil operated by the reverberating ear drum. . . . The sound wave was also shown, as proceeding from the living mouth, by articulating in a speaking-tube, the end of which was in proximity to a gas flame, which, through a drum-head membrane, was set in vibration by the sound uttered. This flame being reflected upon a mirror, exhibited features characteristic of each succeeding sound.

There is scarcely a substance in Nature out of which some kind of music has not been evoked. Metals, wood, air, water, have all, through the agency of human intelligence, been made subservient to musical tones. Even stones and hills of sand, we are told by travellers, have been known to emit sounds resembling an instrument being played at a distance. Thus, we see Nature, unassisted by art or ingenuity, furnishes for us music—sometimes grand and awful, again soft, soothing, until at last it hushes into silence. Even in silence there is a kind of music, as every musician well understands. And in every composition do we not see Nature's music mirrored? There is the rush of the torrent in grand crescendos, the moaning and shrieking of the winds, the dashing of the pelting rain, then the gradual dying away of the storm in graceful diminuendos, until all is hushed to silence. Then comes the rest. We all know the beautiful effect of the rest in music, which is the symbol of the music of silence. There is majesty in absolute silence, often grand, awe-inspiring, more than is produced by the loftiest strains or richest harmonies. When we are told by the writer of the Revelations that there was silence in heaven for the space of half-an-hour, what a magnificent idea it conjures up in the mind! Thousands of thousands and tens of thousands of bright and glorious angels, who swell the choir of heaven, lay down their harps with one accord for the sublime rest in the mighty song.—*Musical Visitor.*

The death was announced on Wednesday morning of Mr Richard Limpus, organist and director of the choir at St Michael's, Cornhill, and honorary secretary and founder of the College of Organists. Mr Limpus, who died on Monday, at the early age of fifty, was a brother of the Rev. H. F. Limpus, vicar of Twickenham, who is also well known as a musician of considerable attainments. Mr Limpus, from his early training and long practice, had obtained a high reputation as a choirmaster no less than as an organist, and the choral services at St Michael's had, under his direction, became known for their excellence. It was, however, as the founder of the College of Organists that Mr Limpus had acquired his reputation among his professional brethren, and his death will be a great loss to the institution, to the interests of which he had devoted himself with the utmost earnestness. The arrangements for the festival service in aid of the College Benevolent Fund, held at St Paul's Cathedral a few months since, were made by Mr Limpus; but shortly after, his health began to fail, and his illness, which was largely due to overwork, has now terminated fatally. In the direction of musical societies in London and the suburbs, Mr Limpus was largely engaged, and he was also an effective vocalist. Mr Limpus had published several sacred works and songs. In his private life Mr Limpus was distinguished by great geniality and benevolence. The post of organist at St Michael's is one of the most valuable appointments of its kind in the city of London.

LEIPSIC.—Kiel's oratorio, *Christus*, has been performed with success in St Thomas's by the Riedel Association.

MAGDEBURG.—The members of Rebling's Association display laudable activity. Not long since they gave Brahms' *Requiem*, and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Mdlle Breidenstein as solo vocalist, and now they announce Bach's *Matthäus-Passion* for Palm Sunday. Mdlle Breidenstein has been appointed chamber-singer to Prince Günther II. of Schwarzburg-Sonderhausen.

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31. *The distant bell..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
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44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
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83. *While the days are bright *Bordese.*
84. *Sweet Bird of Heaven.. *Wallace.*

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG,
"THOU ART WEARY,"
WORDS BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.
MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
SUNG BY
MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING
AT THE
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

"The singer was Miss Antoinette Sterling, who, always heartily admired in those German ballads, for which she exhibits so marked a sympathy, introduced in a group four of Schumann's most graceful contributions to the *Lieder* repertory, and, later in the evening, a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Thou art weary' (set to words by Adelaide Proctor)—one of the most charming recent emanations from the pen of our gifted compatriot."—*The Times, Nov.* 10.

"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard, Nov.* 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov.* 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG,
"TENDER AND TRUE,"
SUNG BY
MISS EDITH WYNNE
AT THE
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"The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang a new song, 'Tender and True,' by Arthur Sullivan, the beauty of which, aided by a most tasteful rendering, elicited an encore."—*Daily Telegraph*, January 13.

"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored, and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

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VOL. 53—No. 13. SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture, *St John the Baptist* (Macfarren); Sacred Cantata, "My Spirit was in Heaviness" (Bach), first time in England; Die Allmacht (Schubert), adapted for tenor, chorus of tenors and basses, and full orchestra, by Liszt; Overture, *Athalie* (Mendelssohn). Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Bessie Palmer; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Whitney. The Crystal Palace Choir. Violoncello—Signor Piatti. Organist—Dr Stainer. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY, ST JAMES'S HALL. Patron—H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBURGH. SECOND CONCERT, March 31. Vocalist — Lemmens-Sherrington. Pianoforte — Arthur Wilford. Violins — Carrodus, Amor, T. Watson, and Betjemann. Band of 75. Conductor—GEO. MOUNT. Tickets—at the usual Agents—7s., 5s., 3s., and One Shilling.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. NINTH SEASON, 1875.—The SECOND CONCERT will take place on the 31st March. The Concerts of the Society afford an excellent opportunity for rising Artists to make their first appearance in public. Full particulars and prospectus may be had on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

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The 137th ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will take place on SATURDAY, April 10, at WILLIS'S ROOMS. President of the day—The Right Hon. the Earl BEAUCHAMP.
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Couvrir dix fois de leur feuillage
Les vieux saules de nos étangs,
Que, sans pitié pour mon jeune âge,
Dieu m'a ravi le guide aimé
Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé!
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

Ainsi parlait, en gémissant,
Une orpheline désolée;
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
"Ne pleure plus et sois ma sœur
Ma mère sera notre mère,
Et tu verras que du bonheur
Il en est encor sur la terre!"

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SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

The Saturday afternoon concerts in St James's Hall, originally an offshoot from the Monday evening entertainments, long firmly established, are now inseparable from the parent institution. Their immediate object was the convenience of amateurs residing in the suburbs—many, indeed in the country—to whom a journey late at night, even after a rich musical treat, was a heavy task, and occasionally one of no small difficulty. They have, moreover, proved of inestimable benefit to schools where "early to bed and early to rise" is an indispensable rule, affording opportunities for lessons by example hardly to be obtained elsewhere, lessons which nothing in the shape of precept could endow with the persuasive force calculated to promote emulation and kindle a desire for study and improvement. The success of the Saturday Popular Concerts has been commensurate with the excellent intentions that led to their establishment. The same artists who appear on Monday evenings appear also on Saturday afternoons, the only difference being that on Saturdays, for evident reasons, the programmes are somewhat shorter.

The afternoon concert of the day before yesterday was as favourable a specimen of its kind as could be wished. Being the last for the present season, the selection was more varied than on ordinary occasions, and thus, inevitably, somewhat longer than usual. No one complained, however, of a programme so attractive as the one of which we subjoin a brief outline :—

Quartet, in C major, Op. 76, No. 3 (strings) ...	Haydn.
Song, "Tre giorni son che Nina"	Pergolesi.
Capriccio, in E major, Op. 33 (pianoforte) ...	Mendelssohn.
Ritornello, Siciliana, and Gavotte (violoncello)	Veracini and Geminiani.
Song, "O, swallow, swallow"	Piatti.
Polonaise, in C major, Op. 89 (pianoforte) ...	Beethoven.
Trio, in B flat, Op. 37 (pianoforte and strings)	Beethoven.
Song, "The Erl King"	Schubert.
Introduction and Polonaise Brillante (pianoforte and violoncello)	Chopin.

The hall was crowded; and among the audience was her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who has frequently honoured these Saturday "afternoons" with her presence. The performance from first to last more than carried out expectation. That Haydn's quartet—at one time one of the most popular, if not absolutely the most popular, in the unprecedentedly large catalogue of such works contributed to art by the famous old master—was perfectly executed by MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, may be taken for granted. The early vogue of this quartet, it is affirmed, was mainly attributable to the graceful and ingenious variations upon the Austrian National Hymn, "God save the Emperor," forming the second movement. This is probably true; but just as in the case of the "Surprise" Symphony, which earned both title and popularity from a movement similarly contrived, the quartet in C has much more to say for itself, each movement, the *finale* especially, deserving close attention. The next instrumental piece—second of three "capriccios" composed at different periods by Mendelssohn, but published in a series dedicated to his intimate friend, Karl Klingemann—is the one preferred by Schumann, who said that it carried the initials, "F. M. B." on every page, comparing it further on (*Gesammelte Schriften*) with "one of Walt's summer flights into the country in Jean Paul Richter's *Flegel Jahre*." This "capriccio" has always been a favourite with Mr Charles Hallé; and nobody gives it with greater delicacy and finesse. It is precisely suited to the refined style and accurate manipulation invariably distinguishing this gentleman's playing. The three pieces for violoncello—two by Veracini (from a sonata) and one by Geminiani—exhibited Signor Piatti in his very best mood as an exponent of the old Italian masters. Veracini and Geminiani—the latter contemporary of Corelli, with whom he studied, the former contemporary and rival of Tartini—were among the greatest violinists of a country which, later, gave birth to Viotti and Paganini. It is more than probable that the three movements executed with such consummate taste and skill on Saturday were originally composed for violin; they suit the violoncello, however, just as well, and, with the pianoforte accompaniment added by Signor Piatti himself (entrusted to Mr Hallé), are remarkably effective. The audience shared this opinion, as might be easily gathered from the applause elicited by the great artist who has held the post of leading violoncello, with rare intermission, ever since the 14th of February, 1859, when the first of the "Popular Concerts" was given by Mr S. Arthur Chappell, their originator and still indefatigable director. There was another pianist on this special occasion—Mdlle Marie Krebs, who is taking firmer and firmer hold on the public. At this no one who has watched her career can feel surprised. The repertory of Mdlle Krebs seems to be unlimited, and her memory never fails. The piece chosen for her solo display on Saturday—a Polonaise composed by Beethoven in 1814, dedicated to the Empress of Russia—had not been introduced before at the "Popular Concerts;" but, if we may judge by the cordial manner in which it was welcomed, it is likely to be heard of very soon again. It was rendered with a vigour and rhythmical precision which the composer himself would have approved; but, despite no less than three calls to the platform, Mdlle Krebs had the good sense respectfully to decline the "encore." She doubtless bore in mind that the greatest and longest of Beethoven's six trios for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello was to come immediately after; and for such artistic self-denial she merits high commendation. The trio—among the most famous tributes paid by the illustrious composer to his friend and patron, Archduke Rodolphe—was, in fact, the conspicuous feature of the programme. Here is one of those inspired pieces in which, by the agency of some potent charm of which he alone has the secret, Beethoven can make people travel with him for an indefinite period, and leave them at the end of his story, not, like the unwilling guest in the *Ancient Mariner*, wearied, listless, and down-hearted, but the livelier and happier for what they have heard. To signal out only one of the four movements—who could ever feel tired of those fanciful variations on one of the most expressive and melodious of themes? The breaking off, unexpectedly, through a sudden transition, leading to the *finale*, in another key, however disappointing to the majority of listeners who would like to hear more and more of the same strain, is a true stroke of genius. No composer ever knew better when he had developed a melody to its fullest extent than Beethoven. How the B flat trio was performed, after stating that the executants were Hallé, Joachim, and Piatti, may be left to the imagination. Better interpreted it could not possibly have been. The brilliant Polonaise of Chopin, with its short introduction (last instrumental "number" in the programme), was confided to Mdlle Krebs and Signor Piatti—competent hands, it need scarcely be added. Some might have felt disposed to complain that the same programme comprised two Polonaises in the same key; but, as there is very little in common—the mere rhythmical turn allowed for—between the Polonaise of Beethoven and that of Chopin, there was less cause to grumble. Only one singer took part in this concert; but that singer was Mr Santley, a host in himself. In an air by Pergolesi, Signor Piatti's charming song, "O, Swallow, Swallow" (with violoncello *obbligato* by the composer), and Schubert's "Erl King," Mr Santley, not for the first time by many, showed himself a practised adept in three wholly different styles, delighting the audience in each. The accompanist at the piano was Sir Julius Benedict. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales remained to the very end of the performance.

On Monday evening, the "Director's Night," when Herr Joachim, Herr Straus, Signor Piatti, Madame Norman-Néruda, Mdlle Marie Krebs, Dr Hans von Bülow, Mr Charles Hallé, and other artists appeared, brought the 17th season and 517th "Popular Concert" to an end, with one of J. S. Bach's concertos for three pianofortes, in which the above-mentioned pianists took part, Herr Joachim leading the orchestral accompaniments. More of this in our next.

VIENNA.—*Cagliostro in Wien*, the last operetta from the pen of Herr Johann Strauss, has been successfully produced at the Theater an der Wien, with Mdlle Geistinger in the principal female character.

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IN MEMORY OF A GERMAN COMPOSER.*

It was 25 years, a few weeks ago, namely on the 14th December, 1874, since Conradin Kreutzer, the composer, died at Riga, far from the land of his birth. In his day he was one of the most celebrated men in Germany, and one of her most highly esteemed artists; and he is still, on account of the genuine nationality of his compositions, a favourite with Germans. At a time when no vocal festival took place, nay, when hardly a choral performance was given, at which his songs did not constitute the principal attraction of the programme, the famous composer was passing the last years of his life at Riga in quiet retirement and modest, or almost necessitous, circumstances. People in other lands sang and exulted in his splendid melodies, without knowing where the composer of them was, or how he was situated.

It was in the autumn of the year 1848 that Kreutzer went to Riga, without any of the public there having the slightest notion that he was coming. His arrival was first made more generally known one evening, during an operatic performance at the theatre, by a unanimous movement among the members of the orchestra, who kept looking at one of the boxes. The object of their curiosity was the famous composer, who had not long arrived, and who had visited the Town Theatre for the first time.

It is to his modesty, and, also, to the secret pride combined with it, that we must attribute the fact that, at Riga, as well as at other places where he previously resided, he was, up to the last, in what may be called straitened circumstances, without anyone's having an opportunity of rendering his existence more easy. In his unpretentiousness, in his horror of everything approaching, in the remotest degree, puffery, he bore a strong resemblance to Franz Schubert.

He did not go to the northern city, as incorrectly asserted in nearly all the biographical notices respecting him, in consequence of his engagement as a conductor. He went there with his daughter who was engaged at the Town Theatre, and, though enjoying a fair reputation abroad, was still his pupil. He wanted to make her what he considered as perfect and ideal a vocalist as possible. It was one of his many bitter disappointments that her voice soon lost its beauty. Already incapable of regular and severe exertion, Kreutzer lived with his wife and daughter on the latter's salary and the little he gained by giving singing lessons. On one occasion only did he appear as conductor at Riga, and this was in the theatre on the 16th February, 1849, when *Das Nachtlager in Granada* was performed for his daughter's benefit. With this exceptional direction of his own opera, his career as a conductor terminated for ever. The public took advantage of the occasion especially to distinguish so famous a composer. He was overwhelmed with all possible demonstrations of approbation and respect. His career as a composer ended, like Lortzing's, to which it bears a strong resemblance, with a song in couplets: "Mädchen und Blumen." He composed it for Herr Butterweck, with whom he was on friendly terms, and who was then engaged at the Riga Theatre as low comedian. Herr Butterweck, himself the author of the words, introduced and sang the song in the comic picture of popular life entitled, *Der Unbedeutende*. It was subsequently published. It bears the character of an unpretending occasional piece, and exhibits no trace of Kreutzer's once rich melody.

Partly no doubt from the weakness of age, and partly from the oppressive feeling that he was no longer capable of intellectual productivity he had, even before he went to Riga, fallen a prey to apathy, which rendered him quite different to what he had once been, artistically and socially. From this feeling he recovered only momentarily now and then. Although he was of not more than middling height, there had always been, a few years previously, something imposing about his appearance. His bearing had been stately and erect, and the expression of his countenance, its mildness notwithstanding, clear, decided, and ingenuous. All this was now changed. His bodily vigour had almost degenerated into corpulency, in which, without doubt, lay the cause of his death, the germ of the apoplectic stroke which carried him off the following year. Good music, or animated conversation respecting it, would sometimes make the old flame of his enthusiasm for art blaze up again, like fire from dying embers. This was, for instance, the case at the vocal meetings of the Riga Liedertafel, and at the musical parties got up by art-loving private persons, when chamber music was performed in a small circle of professional musicians and amateurs. On such occasions, he always manifested the most obliging readiness to play pianoforte pieces, and, when he extemporised, his former genius is said frequently to have peered out from the keys in a pleasing and attractive manner, and sometimes exactly as though it wanted sadly to take leave of the old master; for the latter, only too often, directly he had finished playing, was again silent and plunged within himself. On the 14th December, 1849, a few weeks after he had kept his sixty-seventh birthday, an apoplectic fit delivered him from a life in which he no longer found much enjoyment. As, moreover, her engagement at the theatre had expired and not been renewed, his daughter found herself with her mother in the greatest need. The proceeds of a concert got up by the Liedertafel for the benefit of the two beings thus left behind, together with other assistance from the same society, saved them for the moment from the extremes of want. The daughter is said shortly afterwards to have become the wife of a merchant abroad. The Liedertafel had the deceased composer buried with fitting solemnity, and is, at the present day, the guardian and keeper of his lonely grave.

Thus, when the memory of him had already to a certain extent died away in the scenes of his former triumphs, ended an artist who for many years had been honoured in Germany as very few other artists had been honoured, and who was a favourite with the people. With the innumerable laurel wreaths which he won first as a pianist, and then as the composer of unsurpassed choral pieces, melodious songs, popular operas and melodramas, sterling specimens of chamber music, and sacred productions, the gifts of fortune were by no means combined. He had nearly always to struggle with pecuniary difficulties. The helplessness in practical matters, so often accompanying geniality, was the cause of this as well as of the fact that he could never gain a firm footing by means of a professional appointment.

As already hinted above, no different was the fate of another favourite of the German people, Albert Lortzing, who 14 years later, ended in Berlin a no less melancholy artistic existence. Our *Echo*, in its first annual series (1851) consecrated some impressive articles from the pen of its then editor, E. Kossak, to the catastrophe, and we take this opportunity of directing attention to them. In the one case as in the other, with Lortzing as with Kreutzer, there was an unsuccessful struggle for existence; in the one case as in the other, an apoplectic stroke brought a life of trouble to an easy end, and to neither composer was wanting the melancholy termination which surmounts the earthly pilgrimage of so many artists with a crown of martyrdom.

* From the Berlin *Echo*.

Dancing Days.

The band strikes up a lively air,
That sets young toes a-prancing;
I steal away and take a chair
To watch the others **Dancing**.
I once could shake a nimble toe—
It's lost its spring (you know, *Ver Non semper viret*)—be it so!
My **Dancing** days are over!

I still can watch while others skip,
And think how erst I hopped it,
Ere gouty toe, rheumatic hip,
And feeble ankle stopped it.
What need to envy lad or lass
Because they live in clover,
While I am munching chaff and grass—
My **Dancing** days are over!

Let happy youth enjoy its spring—
It will not last for ever!
In vain to its delights we cling,
Time forces us to sever.
So let them laugh while laugh they can!
Who wishes them at—Dover,
Or farther—is a soured old man,
Whose **Dancing** days are over!

But I am growing grey and old,
And looking-on is dreary;—
I feel I'm getting tired and cold,
And find the fun is weary.
From slippers and an easy chair,
Ah, why was I a rover; [there!—
Would I were now at home, for,
My **Dancing** days are over!

I envy not the merry lot,
Who gaily skip and caper;—
But, oh, I miss my pipe and pot,
My fire, and evening paper.
Good night! I'm off! Nor will again
From my fire-side, by Jove, err.
Let others **Dance**. To me it's plain,
My **Dancing Days** are over!

Fun.

Bussetto.—The roof of the Teatro Comunale lately fell in, on account of the mass of snow accumulated on it. The damage is estimated at above 15,000 lire. Fortunately the Theatre is never open.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

It was natural and right for the Philharmonic Society to make some public sign of regard for the genius and memory of Sterndale Bennett. In a letter of condolence to the children of our dead master, the directors said, "The Philharmonic Society claim the proud distinction of having discovered and fostered Sir Sterndale Bennett's genius from the very first." "This bond of union," they added, "will become a matter of history, and not only the existing but future members will be proud of their connection with the society of which he was also for many years so true and faithful a member, as well as the conductor of its concerts." By way of practical comment upon these very proper expressions, the directors gave up the first part of the opening programme to works from the pen of the late *chef d'orchestre*. We could find no fault, if ever so disposed to be captious, with the manner in which this was done on Thursday night. For the time, St James's Hall became the temple of Bennett's fame. A bust of the deceased master, modelled by Signor Trentanove, from a cast taken after death, faced the audience, and in front of the gallery was hung Millais's fine portrait. Best of all, Sterndale Bennett's genius was illustrated by works not included in the limited repertory from which other memorial performances have had their materials drawn. This time the G minor symphony, the F minor concerto, the *Naiades* and *Paradise and the Peri* overtures were passed by in favour of selections which, if not greater as music, were less familiar and better adapted to strengthen the public estimate of the composer's gifts. The concert began with all that Bennett completed of the incidental music to Sophocles's *Ajax*. Having in mind, perhaps, what Mendelssohn achieved for *Antigone* and *Œdipus*, the composer intended to do the same for *Ajax*, and many amateurs will remember how, nearly three years ago, their hopes were raised by the production of an orchestral prelude to that tragedy at a Philharmonic Concert. The expectations thus formed were, however, doomed to be disappointed. Apart from some sketches for the last chorus, Bennett wrote only a Funeral March, which, after a repetition of the Prelude, was played for the first time on Thursday. We are thankful to have heard it, and also that the Prelude has had another chance of revealing its mingled strength and delicacy. Here is no common music, apart from the fact that, like everything Bennett wrote, it is polished to the last degree. The dramatic significance of the movement cannot be overlooked, but even upon this we do not insist so much as upon those qualities, hard to define though irresistible in their action, which constitute the impress of genius. In every passage a master speaks; and therefore those who have ears for a master's language cannot choose but hear. This is even more obviously the case in the Funeral March.

> "But come all ye who would attend
> The last departure of a friend,
> Hither in solemn procession strong,
> Bearing the solemn bier along,
> Following the dead for a little way,
> Out of the light of the glaring day."

The lines suggest a recent scene in Westminster Abbey, of which he who illustrated them had no prevision when composing his last work. None the less striking, however, is the coincidence, and with none the less interest was the music heard by those among a strangely cold audience who leavened the gathering with a little sympathy. The March is, anyhow considered, a noteworthy production. It is so in its masterful grasp of resources and command of expression, and equally so in its wide divergence from the composer's general style. Bennett's muse loved tenderness and gentle grace, but here it is noble and grand —masculine in force, and marked by no more of softness than just so much as is needed to complete an heroic character. The work, therefore, came as a surprise, and, if possible, heightened our regret that he who achieved it lies where there is neither "knowledge nor device." But we have the consolation of knowing that his swan's song is worthy of his fame, and not a memorial of exhausted fancy and decaying power. Following the march came *The Woman of Samaria*—that strangely neglected, though altogether beautiful work, the day of which has yet to dawn. Some one said of Bach that he wrote not for his own century, but for the next; and if Bennett's cantata has been treated with neglect it is because the music is literally "music of the future." The time will come when its uncompromizing adherence to the highest behests of art, its utter disdain of clap-trap, its solid yet graceful structure, its grave though tender sentiment, and its musicianly skill, will meet with acknowledgment. That time may never be ours, in which case so much the worse for us, because we cannot share the credit of it; but, at all events, we are happy to believe that justice will sooner or later reward a noble creation of art. The Philharmonic Society did good service by producing the cantata—so much good service that we will not be severe upon the many shortcomings of the performance.

The second part of the concert was distinguished by Herr Joachim's splendid execution of Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr Cummings, and Mr Santley were the solo vocalists; Mr Cusins, as usual, occupying the conductor's seat.

—o—

MR H. L. BATEMAN.

Few deaths could cause such general and profound regret among the best class of English playgoers as that of Mr H. L. Bateman, which, as already announced, occurred on Monday night. A native of Maryland, he became equally celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic, and his biography, which is worthy to be written, would tell the story of an admirable energy and a sound judgment employed on as high a purpose as lay within the sphere of his activity. He has appeared in three capacities. First, he was known as the father of the "Bateman Children," who were famed for the display of histrionic talent at a very early age. Infant Roscii commonly balance the precocity of their youth with an inglorious maturity, but while the younger "child" has long retired into private life, the elder (now Mrs Crowe) remains with us, and retains all her popularity. It was as the father of Miss Bateman and the director of her performances that Mr Bateman appeared in his second capacity. In the third, which dates from the autumn of 1871, when he became manager of the Lyceum Theatre, he stood gallantly forward as the promoter of an intellectual and morally irreproachable drama at a day when the theatrical world was threatened with a deluge of vice and frivolity. The marvellously-successful revival of *Hamlet* was the crowning triumph of the "old Colonel," as he was familiarly called in theatrical circles, and this had reached its height when he almost suddenly expired.

A correspondent sends to the *Times* the following particulars respecting Mr Bateman's sudden death.

"On Sunday last Mr Henry Irving gave a dinner to a large number of theatrical friends, of whom Mr Bateman was one, at the Pall Mall Restaurant. Mr Irving's hospitality having been prolonged somewhat beyond the legal hour for closing licensed houses, about half-past 11 o'clock he was surprised by the appearance of a posse of police constables, headed by their superior officer, who rather unceremoniously required that the company should at once separate. Mr Bateman, who was sitting upon Mr Irving's right hand, being of a somewhat excitable temperament, protested in good set terms, at the same time offering his address-card and those of several other gentlemen present to the chief officer, who is stated to have peremptorily replied that he wanted no cards, but that what he requred was the immediate dispersal of the party. Mr Bateman was excessively indignant, and, having given expression to his feelings, presently withdrew to the Westminster Club, of which he and several of the gentlemen present were members. At the Club the incident narrated formed the subject of animated discussion up to an advanced hour, when the company separated, Mr Bateman returning to his residence at Rutland Gate. Rising at an early hour on Monday morning he was in the act of dressing, when he complained of an unusual pain in the region of the heart, and, complying with the advice of his family, he lay down upon his bed, where he remained throughout the day. In the evening Miss Isabel Bateman left her father's house to enact her *rôle* of Ophelia at the Lyceum Theatre, without the smallest apprehension of the serious nature of her father's illness. At 7 o'clock Mr Bateman appeared to be in a calm sleep. Shortly after 9 o'clock he was discovered to be dead, and the medical man summoned on the instant pronounced that death must have occurred fully two hours previously. Intelligence of the sad event reached the theatre about 10 o'clock, but it was prudently considered desirable not to interrupt the performance, and Miss Bateman, while passionately declaiming upon the death of her fictitious parent Polonius, was happily ignorant of the death at the same moment of her own father."

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DEATH.

On the 18th March, Mr William Mann, professor of the clarionet—well known and much respected.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Limnander.—The work is not one to be criticized seriously. Judging by its contents, and the manner of their arrangement, it may be compared with a huckster's store, or the warehouse of a rag and bottle merchant. Mistakes as to fact are the rule, not the exception. Grammar equivocal; English ostracized (where not gallicized); criticism, which is not criticism at all. In his preface the author owns his obligations to divers pundits; but the worth of these obligations it would be difficult to weigh. There is a continued obtrusion of personality, at the expense of impersonality, although the author hides his name (and light) under a bushel of bushels.

NOTICE.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1875.

THE twenty-fifth Monday Popular Concert of the season 1874-75 was one of more than average interest. The programme was nicely balanced between the old school and the new, aptly illustrating the gradual progress, step by step, from one to the other. There was, for instance, Haydn—"Papa Haydn," so-called, although his musical utterances sound younger and fresher than those of a vast number of his progeny; then Beethoven, who, as Schumann said of Schubert, "flashed like a fiery meteor in the skies;" then Schumann, Beethoven's most zealous champion and disciple; and, lastly, Brahms, Schumann's hope, when yet in ripe maturity the elder master was himself no longer productive. The instrumental part was drawn from these fertile sources. We have one objection to urge, however, against the manner in which the programme was laid out. Instead of Brahms coming first, and Haydn last, it would strike most amateurs that Haydn should come first, and Brahms last—unless Mr Chappell may have had it in his head to give the old master the final word, and thus allow him, in his own familiar way, to protest, or nod approval, as to the manner in which the art had been progressing since he ceased to contribute to its treasures. It is not very likely that Haydn's verdict would have been unfavourable, admitting that the examples of modern music here submitted to his judgment represent the absolute *status quo*. True, the opening movement of his own quartet in D minor (so closely akin to Mozart's in the same key), one of the six, by the way, dedicated to Haydn, begins rather gloomily; but, as the work proceeds, the mists disperse, and long before the end of the *rondo* all is sunshine. None knew better than Haydn that art must move on. He was himself an innovator, and a pioneer of progress.

Each of the concerted pieces was led by Herr Joachim, who stands, if possible, still higher than before in public favour. He is playing more magnificently than ever, unfolding the beauties and interpreting the meaning of the greatest masters, from J. S. Bach—to Mendelssohn (we need not fill up the hiatus with other well-known names), in his own incomparable manner, occasionally introducing some of those extraordinary compositions of earlier writers for the violin, chiefly Italian, which may be said to have led gradually up to Paganini, who, with consummate ability, put them all to their proper uses, and blended them into one style—which style became his own. With these we need scarcely say that Herr Joachim is as conversant as with the sonatas of Bach, the quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and Schubert. On the occasion to which we now refer no display piece of the kind, however, was set down for the magnanimous "*virtuoso*," whose exertions were limited to the concerted music which formed a conspicuous feature in the programme. For Brahms Herr Joachim has always entertained a special predilection. To him we owe the introduction (1867) of the sextet (first of two works in the same form), which headed the programme in question; and, indeed, Herr Joachim has done more than anyone else to encourage and promote a taste in this country for the music of Germany's "rising star." He plays it *con amore*, with an intense earnestness and warmth of expression that cannot fail to enlist sympathy, and, as it were, by force compel hearers into feeling as he himself feels. This, the fourth performance of the sextet in B flat, is not very likely to be the last. Meanwhile what becomes of the sextet in G?

CONCERTS are becoming more and more numerous as the Spring advances. True, there is no longer that broad line of distinction which at one time, in the matter of musical entertainment, used to separate winter from summer; but there are still many amateurs who can only understand the London musical "season" as virtually beginning somewhere about the period when Italian singers, or, as may now be said, singers of all nationalities, come from abroad, to enchant the patrons of what, through force of habit, continues to be accepted as "Italian" opera. That glad period is close at hand, and upon it follows the temporary interruption of certain special undertakings which, at St James's Hall, Exeter Hall, the Royal Albert Hall, St George's Hall, the Crystal Palace, &c., for six months and more, have provided largely for the taste of the great musical public. We must shape our course accordingly. Indeed, there is no alternative to speak of—none, at any rate, worth an hour's consideration.

JEANIE.*

You've forgotten me now, Jeanie,
And your evenings by the sea,
When the silvered mist of twilight
Crept upon us silently.

And we heeded not the twilight,
Nor the shadows as they fell,
While you listened to the story
I had longed, yet feared, to tell.

You've forgotten how we loitered
Homewards by the churchyard stile;
Talking of the days you'd brighten,
Building castles all the while.

And I thought you true and tender,
And the world so fair and bright,
As your sweet smile gleamed upon me
Thro' the starry veil of night.

And I never told you, Jeanie,
How I toiled the long nights through
For the little store I gathered,
And the home I made for you.

And when all my hopes seemed brightest,
From my life its sunshine fled,
For you changed and left me, Jeanie,
And the old sweet love was dead.

Louisa Gray.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

ALEXANDRA THEATRE.—Last Saturday was the evening appointed for Mr Pede's benefit (the able and persevering manager). The programme was varied, and consisted of the American drama, *Under the Gaslight*; the waterfall scene from Mr Pede's very pretty opera *The Magic Pearl* (in which Miss Beresford made her *début*); a characteristic Ballet divertisement; and M. Charles Lecocq's opera, *Eighteen Years in one Hour*, (*Le Rajah de Mysore*). The entertainment gave evident satisfaction, and Mr Pede, we hope, was satisfied in a pecuniary, as he must have been in an artistic, point of view.—F. A. JEWSON.

HERR SCHUBERTH, founder and director of the Schuberth Society, gave a concert at St Peter's Hall, Underhill Road, Dulwich, on Tuesday evening last, assisted by Miss Violet Grandville, Miss Kate Sullivan, and Herr Warrenrath, as vocalists; and Miss Florence Sanders, Herr Schuberth, Herr Wedemeyer, Mr E. Downs (of Underhill Road), Mr George Webb, and Mr E. Deane, as instrumentalists. The concert commenced with Haydn's Quartet in C major, played by Herr Wedemeyer and his pupil, Mr E. Downs, Mr E. Deane, and Herr Schuberth, and concluded with Mozart's Quintet in A major—Op. 108, for two violins, tenor, violoncello, and clarionet, played by the same artists, and Mr George Webb (clarionet). Sullivan's songs, "Will he come?" and "Orpheus with his lute" were sung by Miss Kate Sullivan. A clarionet solo was played by Mr George Webb; a pianoforte solo on *Les Huguenots* (Prudent), was played by Miss Florence Sanders; a song by M. Odoardo Barri, a serenata (violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Schuberth), by Braga, and a *scena* from *Faust*, were sung by Miss Violet Grandville; a Danish song (encored), and one by M. Gounod was given by Herr Warrenrath; a violoncello solo—"Intermezzo" (Tours), by Herr Schuberth; and a trio in C major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, by Haydn, was played by Mr E. Deane, Mr E. Downs, and Herr Schuberth. The concert altogether satisfied a very appreciative audience.

PROVINCIAL.

SCARBOROUGH.—An interesting event took place on March 16th, at Mr Hunt's, Prince of Wales' Hotel, South Cliff, viz., the presentation of a massive silver salver, and a silver mounted *bâton* to Dr Sloman, as a testimonial from the members of the Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society—a society which he established, and which he has successfully conducted, during the past five years. Dr Sloman being about to leave Scarborough, the members of the above-named society, and other friends, determined to present him with some material expression of their appreciation of his ability as a musician, and of the gentlemanly courtesy and kindness he has so unvaryingly manifested during the course of his professional and personal intercourse with them. The presentation was made by W. H. Smyth, Esq., who made a suitable speech, and Dr Sloman then eloquently and feelingly returned thanks. At the close of the proceedings the salver was handed round for the inspection of the company. Its massive character and chaste pattern were equally admired. It bore in the centre the following inscription:—"Presented to R. Sloman, Esq., Mus. Doc., by the members of the Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society, as a token of esteem, and in recognition of his gratuitous services as Conductor of the Society during the past five years.—Scarborough, 17th March, 1875." The *bâton* was also much admired.

HERR JOACHIM has left London for the Continent.

MDLLE MARIE KREBS and Dr Hans von Bülow will, we are informed, spend a portion of the summer season in London.

THE illness of the Marquis de Caux, in St Petersburgh, was, though sharp, happily not of long duration. Madame Patti is now in Vienna, where she will be rejoined in a few days by her husband, then, it is hoped, completely restored to health. Mdme Patti's representations at the Opera, Vienna, will, therefore, take place as announced.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—About Mr Mapleson's prospectus, just issued for the approaching season, we must defer speaking until our next number. Enough, at present, that it is full of promise, and that its not least interesting feature is the absolute pledge to produce Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with a cast as things go that could scarcely be made stronger.

FOR Easter Monday two concerts are announced in the Royal Albert Hall. Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli, will sing popular songs and ballads at both, and Dr Stainer play solos on the great organ. Glees will be sung at the afternoon concert by the Glee Party, under Mr Montem Smith's direction, and, in the evening, part-songs by the Part-Song Choir of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society.

Paper.

". . . A handmaid and messenger of Memory.
A recorder of the aspirations of Genius."

(*From "Another World."*)

There is a peculiarity in the leaf of the Allmanyuka which I will now mention; but, to make myself intelligible, I must give you some few facts about our paper, of which we have an unlimited supply, and which is made from the leaves of nearly every kind of tree, gathered just before they begin to fade, but whilst still green. Dead leaves are used for other purposes.

The leaves of some trees make finer paper than others, and, though every kind of leaf is available, one kind only at a time is used to make paper of the finest quality. Mixed leaves are used to make paper of a common and coarser kind.

All papers, when dried in the sun, have a glossy surface, and none can be torn, or ignited by the application of fire; the paper will smoulder, but not burst into flame. Our paper is transparent, and is besides so very light, soft, and pliable, that in warm weather it is used for children's dresses. Very pretty it is to see the graceful movements of the little creatures' limbs through the pellucid costumes, which are made complete without a seam, the material being most beautifully fine, like one of the silk gauzes of your India.

In our world it was well known that paper could be made from rags, but this material was not as plentiful as leaves, and we discovered, moreover, that it was injurious to the workmen, whilst the manufacture from leaves not only produces a paper far superior to that made with rags, but is a most healthful occupation.

Our trees are, I believe, more numerous than yours; but you have many trees even in Europe from the leaves of which excellent paper of a kind similar to ours could be made, as for instance, the horse-chestnut and oak. The horse-chestnut leaf makes some of the best paper; the leaves of the lilac-tree and of the apple-tree are also excellent; but perhaps the best leaf of all for very fine paper is the vine leaf, which has less moisture and gives less trouble in the preparation.

In the manufacture of paper the leaves are subjected to a great pressure, and the fragrance emitted from the crushed leaves is delicious, and considered very wholesome, so much so indeed that young children are often sent to reside near the place where the leaves are being crushed to inhale the fragrance.

The original moisture is removed by a substance, chiefly consisting of a very fine sand, beautifully compounded with other materials, and spread over a hard pliant stuff. This laid on the pressed pulp sucks out all the original moisture. The fine sand material, though possessing quite a smooth surface, is like a sponge in its power of suction, and, when used, is unrolled and pressed over the pulp by a machine.

This done, the plate containing the paper is moved to an adjourning part of the building, which is roofless, and is there exposed to the rays of the sun, which finishes the drying process and gives a beautiful glaze or polish to the paper. Nothing so well dries the paper as the sun, as we have proved by frequent experiments. After the sun, fire is the most efficacious agent; but this gives the paper a dead and chill appearance.

Our paper is as good as yours, though not better to write upon. I have already informed you of some of the points of difference between them. Paper can be made to almost any size, and without any seam. One other peculiarity is that our paper makes no more noise when doubled up than a piece of linen.

Hermes (*Communicator.*)

(*To be continued.*)

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MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

The performance of *Joseph en Egypte*, at the Royal Operahouse, was preceded recently by the finale of Mendelssohn's uncompleted opera of *Lorely*. Mad. Voggenhuber sang the soprano part. The fragment was received with much applause, and there is no doubt that it gains from being given on the stage, with all the scenic and other accessories appertaining thereto.

Mad. Dreyschock has given, for a charitable purpose, a performance in the Singacademie, of Robert Schumann's *Pilgerfahrt der Rose*, the choruses being sung by her pupils, male and female, assisted by experienced amateurs. Among the solo vocalists were Mesdlles Schubert, Lammert, and Herr Herrlich. Mad. Dreyschock herself conducted, and Herr Constantin Sternberg accompanied on the piano.—Writing in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, Herr Richard Wüerst says:

"Herr Hofmann, who introduced the Swedish ladies to our notice during the course of the winter, hit upon the unfortunate idea of selecting the first act of Richard Wagner's *Walküre* as the programme of a concert. It is true that, to carry it out, he selected very excellent vocalists, namely, Mdlle Schefsky, from Munich, Herr Gross, the heroic tenor, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Herr Hertzsch, bass, from Liepsic, together with two pianists, Mr Jeffery, from Plymouth, and Herr Fietz, from Gotha. The last two gentlemen know not only how to play, but, also, how to accompany. The venture, based upon the attraction exerted by the famous name of the composer, and by the much talked of work, was, however, a failure. We believe that a spirit of speculation, and not zeal for the "master," or the good cause at Bayreuth, animated the concert-giver in what he did. Whoever means well to Wagner and Bayreuth does not produce in a concert-room a fragment of *Die Walküre*, bereft of orchestra and scenery. With Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, Weber, and others, there would be some sense in giving an act of an unknown opera with the piano in a concert-room, for with them the principal thing is the music, and the great feature in that the vocal parts, which, with the orchestral accompaniment, constitute well-rounded and sharply defined compositions. With Wagner, all this is reversed. The orchestra plays, and is accompanied by declamatorially treated vocal parts, the principal thing being no one separate element, such as the drama, the scenery, the orchestra, or the vocal music, but the *entire* art-work of the Future. Anyone getting up such maimed performances causes people, in a certain degree, to form an *erroneous* opinion."

The direction of the concert was confided to Herr Mühldörfer, of Leipsic. A second concert, for the benefit of the Bayreuth Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre was given a short time after the first, but the room presented a beggarly account of empty benches.

WHO WOULD NOT BE A BOY AGAIN?

(Copyright.)

'Mid life's dull cares, when mem'ry turns
To some long vanished joy,
Who has not thought—who ne'er has felt—
Once more were I a boy?
What gentle dreams were wont to fill
Our peaceful slumbers then!
Oh! happy dreams, that never come
In after years again!
Who would not be a boy again—
A frank, light-hearted boy—
Without a grief, without a care,
To cloud the present joy?

With bounding heart at break of dawn,
To wake to new delight;
Glad heralds of the opening day,
Sweet visions through the night.
To live again with young heart's glee
The giddy hours of play;
To conjure back the cherished hopes
Rude time hath swept away.
Oh! I would be a boy again—
A frank, light-hearted boy—
With no cold sense of wasted years
To still the pulse of joy.

ADA LESTER.

SIGNOR SCHIRA AT VENICE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Directors of the Fenice have addressed the following letter to Sig. Schira:—

DIRECTION OF THE TEATRO DELLA FENICE,
No. 368. *Venice, 24th February.*

The brilliant success obtained at this theatre by your opera, *Selvaggia*, has confirmed the reputation which you deservedly enjoy among musical composers. The Direction, admiring the talent for which you are distinguished, are delighted that continued applause should have recompensed, as was but just, your fine work, and trust that ere long they will be present at the production, on the same stage, of some other score of yours, being certain that they will be present at a fresh triumph. With the greatest consideration,

The Direction:—GIOVANNI LAZZARI,
GIUSEPPE CONTIN,
DR GIUSEPPE ZANRINI.
G. BRENNA, *Secretary.*

To the CAVALIERE FRANCESCO SCHIRA,
Maestro di Musica.

It is affirmed that, in consequence of the great success achieved by *Selvaggia*, another opera, *Lia*, by the same genial composer, will be produced next Carnival.

A Nautical Song.

(For Music.)

To sail the seas is my delight,
And bend a bowline on a bight,
To fish the cro'jack yard, and haul
On topsail lifts, true bliss I call.
I'd fling mynabblin's to the crowds
To scale the giddy futtock shrouds.
So yeo heave ho!
Stand by! Let go! [below.
While skulks and lubbers sneak

An everlasting joy pursues [clews,
The sheets, the buntlines, and the
Amid the rattlins gaily strays,
And keeps on sliding down the stays,
And through the deadeyes and the sheaves
Unending bliss for ever reeves.
Spite rain or fog
Let's heave the log,
And toast her in three-water grog!

The cockroach on the giddy truck
Shall note us, envious of our luck,
Shall grovel on the lower deck
And whip a lanyard round his neck,
Or with a Matthew Walker knot
Shall end his most unhappy lot.
So haul away!
Cast loose! Belay!
(For that's the sort of thing to say).

Hurrah! till cruel Fate forbids
I'll dwell 'mid marlinespikes and fids,
And dissipate all thoughts of gloom
With bobstays or a stunsail boom.
If life with sorrow crowns my cup,
I'll send the mizen-topsail up,
And with a sneer
The chafing gear
I'll calmly bid to disappear!

Fun.

MILAN.—Ponchielli's opera, *I Lituani*, revised and augmented, has been produced at the Scala. The principal artists, Signora Mariani, Signori Maini, Bolis, and Pantaleoni, were good; the chorus and orchestra efficient. The next opera will be *La Lega*, by Sig. Yosse.—M. Adolphe Adam's *Postillon de Longjumeau* is announced at the Teatro Santa Radegonda.—The company at the Teatro Carcano have been playing *La Forza del Destino*, *Ione*, and *Il Guarany*.

BERLIN.—At the Reichshallen Concert, on March 10th, under the direction of Professor Julius Stern, the programme contained the following pieces:—Unfinished Symphony, B Minor—Schubert; Concerto for piano—Liszt (played by Herr Ratzenberger); the "Liederkeis" of Beethoven (sung by Mdlle Conradi); Loreley, a Legend for Orchestra, with harp *obbligato*, by C. Oberthür (the harp part played by Herr W. Posse, of the Royal Operahouse); Overture to *Tannhäuser*, and Fantasia for the harp on airs from *Oberon*—Parish-Alvars (played by Herr W. Posse).

PRAGUE.—The *Bohemia* of March 9th, in its report of the fourth concert of the Conservatorium, says that there was a particular interest in the programme in consequence of Herr Oberthür, first professor of the harp at the London Academy of Music, and honorary member of the Prague Conservatorium, being announced to play. We had the opportunity, six years ago, of hearing this renowned artist at a concert of the Conservatorium. Without making comparisons with the former "Liszt of the harp," we may state that Herr Oberthür again proved himself the first performer on the "royal" instrument of our days. He played Parish-Alvars' Concerto (with orchestra) in E, showing a complete mastery over all its difficulties; also a Fantasia of his own composition, "Souvenir de Londres," with equally charming effect. Herr Oberthür was cordially received, recalled after every piece, and compelled to play another solo.

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BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

In consequence of the indisposition of MM. Warot and Devoyod, the production of *La Reine de Chypre*, at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, has had again to be postponed. M. Devoyod's place will be temporarily filled by M. Rougé, who has consented to play the part of Lusignan, to extricate M. Compocasso from an embarrassing position—the public growing impatient. *La Reine de Chypre*, by MM. Saint-Georges and Halévy, was brought out in Paris on the 22nd December, 1841, and in this capital on the 21st August, 1844. With the title *Catarina Cornaro, Königin von Cypern*, M. de Saint-Georges' libretto was translated into German, for the Theatre Royal at Munich, where it was represented with music by F. Lachner, on the 3rd December, 1841—that is to say, nineteen days before Halévy's work was produced at the Grand Opera, Paris.

M. Edmond Vander Straeten has made an interesting discovery in the Belgian Archive Office, concerning the death of Jean Tinctoris, to whom the town of Nivelles will shortly erect a bronze statute. The greatest musical theorist of the 15th century died in 1511. This date, hitherto unknown, confirms two other facts: the return of Tinctoris to the low countries, and his appointment to a canonry in the collegial church of Nivelles. The following is a literal translation of the document (which is in Flemish), found by M. Vander Straeten:—"Of a petition for Pierre de Coninck to enter into possession of a prebend at Nivelles, vacant by the death of the late Maître Jean Tinctoris, and this in virtue of certain apostolic bulls, etc., of the date of the 12th October, 1511; (signed): HANE DEN VIJ S. VJ."

Tines for Music.

SPRING.

(Copyright.)

How the old earth brightens
At the touch of Spring!
And her dark face lightens
With rare blossoming!
Snowdrops, lilies, "lady-smocks,
All silver white," appear;
White thorn, primroses in flocks,
And May-bloom—sweetest there.
How the old earth brightens
At the touch of Spring!
And her dark face whitens
With rare blossoming!

Robes of velvet greenness
Newly deck her form;
Winter's blight and meanness
Gone with Winter's storm.
The daisies on her breast awake;
And streams, with chattering glee,
Bright glancing in the sunshine, make
Her garments' broiderie.
How the old earth brightens, &c.

O, thou sweet new-comer!
Welcome to our eyes,
More than regal summer,
With her gorgeous skies.
Thou wakener of bird-voices
In every budding tree,
Each grateful heart rejoices
To hail and welcome thee.
How the old earth brightens, &c.

March, 1875. MARIA THANETTA WILLIAMS.

PAU.—Mdlle de Belloca has been singing here with great success in *Il Barbiere*.

CAIRO.—Both *Dinorah* and Verdi's *Mass* are in rehearsal at the Vice-Regal Theatre.

BARCELONA.—M. Ambroise Thomas' *Mignon* has proved a great success at the Teatro del Liceo.

TRIESTE.—Verdi's *Aïda* and *Requiem Mass* for Manzoni will be performed at the Teatro Comunale next autumn.

LIÉGE.—*La Statue*, by M. Ernest Reyer, has just been performed at the Théâtre Royal, M. Monjauze singing the principal part, which he "created" at the Théâtre-Lyrique, Paris, in 1861.

WAIFS.

Dr Robert Sloman has been presented with a handsome testimonial from the Scarborough Amateur Vocal and Instrumental Society.

Mdlle Ida Corani, according to a telegram received from Catania, by the Italian journal, *Il Trovatore*, made a *furore* in *Lucia*, at the Italian Opera in that city, and was "recalled" several times in the course of the evening.

The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress entertained a select circle of guests at a semi-private banquet on Tuesday evening, in celebration of the Golden Wedding of Mr and Mrs Ransford. A large number of his friends and admirers took advantage of the opportunity to testify their esteem for the veteran by subscribing to a very handsome service of plate, which was presented to him by his Lordship.

It is with much regret that we announce the death of Mr H. L. Bateman, the well-known manager of the Lyceum Theatre. Up to Sunday evening the deceased gentleman was supposed to be in the enjoyment of perfect health. On Monday morning, however, he was taken suddenly ill, and in the evening, while the play of *Hamlet* was proceeding, quietly passed away in his sleep at home, the exact moment being unknown. It is believed that Mr Bateman was suffering from disease of the heart. In consequence of this melancholy occurrence the performances at the theatre are suspended till Monday.

The third concert of the Royal Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society was given on Saturday evening. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh took his accustomed seat in the orchestra, and at half-past eight the performance commenced with Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. In the overture to *La Gazza Ladra* the band played with a confidence rare in an amateur orchestra. The introduction to the 3rd act of *Lohengrin* was repeated by "request." The band accompanied the Clarionet *obbligato*, from Mozart's Clarionet Quintett, played by Mr Leonard Beddome, an amateur possessing ability. Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*, overture brought the concert to an end. The vocalists appeared to be suffering from the colds more or less epidemic during the last month. Between the parts of the concert, Mr W. S. Bambridge gave a composition of his own and Henry Smart's *Allegro Pomposo* on the great organ. The Princess of Wales and Duchess of Edinburgh honoured the performance with their presence. The hall was well filled, and the result will undoubtedly prove acceptable to the Middlesex Hospital, for whose benefit the concert was given. The next is fixed for the 24th of April, when an endeavour will be made to give some choral and orchestral compositions, in which the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society may co-operate with the Amateur Orchestral Society.

ROME.—*Aïda* continues very attractive at the Teatro Apollo.

ST PETERSBURGH.—Four new and original operas by Russian composers are to be produced in this capital, Moscow, and Kiew, respectively, during the coming season. They are *Angelo*, by Cæsar Kui; *Wakula, the Smith*, by Tschaikoffsky and Mussorsky; *Chowansky's Partisans*, by Mussorsky; and *St Mary's Grove*, by Galler.

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5. *The Bee ..... *Barnett.*
6. *Song of the Water ..... *Smart.*

BOOK II.
7. *Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
8. *Village bride ..... *Costa.*
9. *Pilgrim's evening..... *Wagner.*
10. *Music of the night ..... *Hatton.*
11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.
13. *Now lightly we..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark; o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. *Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.
19. *The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. *Hark! the Gondolier.... *Riccardi.*
21. *Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. *When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. *The sun has been..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.
25. *Merry minstrels are..... *Wagner.*
26. *Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. *Hark! the merry..... *Flotow.*
28. *With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. *Happy as the day..... *Wallace.*
30. *The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.
31. *The distant bell..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. *Who'll follow..... *Paggi.*
34. *Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. *O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. *O hear ye not..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.
37. *Sea flowers..... *Barnett.*
38. *Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. *Warbler of the forest.... *Benedict.*
40. *Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. *Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.
43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.
49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53. *Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.
55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.
61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.
67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm..... *Richards.*
69. *Lightly, softly..... *Flotow.*
70. *Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72. *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.
73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley.. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.
79. *Our Vesper Hymn..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Curschman.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Curschman.*
82. *Hark the Pilot ..... *Bishop.*
83. *While the days are bright *Bordese.*
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"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard, Nov.* 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov.* 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

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TEN CLASSICAL PIECES FOR THE PIANOFORTE (Boosey's Musical Cabinet, No. 165), including Hiller's "Guitarre," Henselt's "Berceuse" and "Love Song," Rubenstein's "Barcarolle," Von Bülow's "Carnival of Milan," "Les Deux Alouettes," Raff's "Abend," Gluck's "Gavotte," "The Harmonious Blacksmith," &c.

Published This Day, price 1s. 6d.

FIFTY FINGERED EXERCISES FOR THE VIOLIN, selected and Edited by HUBERT RIES. Dedicated to Herr Joachim, who thus writes of the work to the editor:—

"I was very happy to become acquainted with your 'Fingered Exercises,' which, through your ingenious manner of distinguishing the fingers that are to be elevated, and held down, offer an essential help in imparting to scholars an easy position to the hand and an exact knowledge of fingering. I accept, therefore, the dedication of your work thankfully, and will gladly assist in disseminating it."

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

MR MAPLESON HAS THE HONOUR TO INFORM THE PATRONS OF HER MAJESTY'S OPERA THAT THE SEASON WILL BEGIN ON

SATURDAY, APRIL 10th.

The performances will again be given in the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, pending the completion of the Grand National Operahouse, now in course of erection on the Victoria Embankment. Mr Mapleson is much gratified in having secured such an eligible site for the new Operahouse. No better situation could be possibly found in London, on account of its ready access from the fashionable quarters. It is contemplated that the new theatre shall be kept open during nearly the whole year; in summer, for the purpose of giving performances of Italian Opera, and in winter for the production of works by native composers. Mr Mapleson cannot allow this opportunity to pass without thanking Mr F. B. Chatterton, who so readily placed the magnificent theatre at his disposal on the destruction of Her Majesty's Theatre, notwithstanding the many adantageous offers received from other quarters.

The Director, anxious to distinguish his last season at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, has arranged to produce, for the first time in this country, Herr RICHARD WAGNER'S renowned *chef d'œuvre*, "LOHENGRIN," for which new scenery is being prepared by Mr William Beverly. The *mise-en-scene* and decorations will be of the most elaborate description. The Director refers with pleasure to the cast of this work, feeling confident that it is one of the greatest ever presented. The whole will be under the immediate superintendence of Sir Michael Costa. CHERUBINI'S grand tragic Opera, "MEDEA," will be revived, with new scenery and decorations, Mdlle Tietjens resuming her celebrated character of Medea—a part so eminently qualified to display her genius alike as a singer and an actress. The immense success which attended the production of BALFE'S posthumous work, "IL TALISMANO," must be fresh in the minds of all; but, in consequence of the late period of the season when it was first represented, this opera may be fairly regarded as still a *quasi* novelty. Madame Nilsson will resume her original character of Edith Plantagenet. "MIGNON" will be performed, for the first time these two years, with an efficient cast, Madame Christine Nilsson again appearing as Mignon.

It is the intention of the Director, in order to meet the increasing taste for works of the highest artistic value, to devote an evening in each week, as an experiment, to the representation of an opera by one of the great classical composers. Mr Mapleson feels assured that by making such an appeal to amateurs, on purely musical grounds, his efforts must obtain their support.

The company will comprise the following artists :—

Mdme CHRISTINE NILSSON.
Mdlle ELENA VARESI (her first appearance).
Mdlle LOUISE SINGELLI.
Mdme MARIE ROZE.
Mdlle CARLOTTA GROSSI (her first appearance these two years).
Mdlle FELICITA PERNINI (her first appearance).

Mdlle RISARELLI.
Mdlle BAUERMEISTER.
Mdme DEMERIC LABLACHE.
Mdme TREBELLI-BETTINI.
Mdlle TIETJENS.

M. CAPOUL.
Signor GILLANDI.
Signor FANCELLI.

Signor BIGNARDI (his first appearance).
Signor PANZETTA (his first appearance).
Signor BRIGNOLI (his first appearance at Her Majesty's Opera).
Signor PALADINI.
Signor RINALDINI.
Signor GRAZZI.
Signor CAMPANINI.

Signor ROTA.
Signor DE RESCHI.
Signor CASTELMARY.
Signor CATALANI.
Signor GALASSI.
Signor COSTA.
Signor ZOBOLI.
Signor CASABONI.
Herr BEHRENS.

DIRECTOR OF THE MUSIC AND CONDUCTOR .. .. .. SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

The following novelties will be produced during the season :—

"**LOHENGRIN.**" A grand romantic Opera, in three acts. The words and music by RICHARD WAGNER. The Italian translated from the original text by Salvatore Marchesi. The new scenery by Mr William Beverly. Elsa, Madame Christine Nilsson; Lohengrin, Signor Campanini; Enrico, Herr Behrens; Telramondo, Signor Galassi; Araldo del Ré, Signor Costa; and Ortruda, Mdlle Tietjens. The plot is laid at Antwerp, A.D. 943.

"**MIGNON**" (THOMAS). Guglielmo, M. Capoul; Lotario, Signor Castelmary; Laerte, Signor Rinaldini; Giorno, Signor Costa; Frederico, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Filina, Mdlle Louise Singelli, and also by Mdlle Carlotta Grossi; and Mignon, Madame Christine Nilsson.

"**MEDEA**" (CHERUBINI). Jason, Signor Bignardi; Creonto, Herr Behrens; Neris, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Dirce, Mdlle Carlotta Grossi; Lamia, Mdlle Risarelli; Clytie, Mdlle Bauermeister; and Medea, Mdlle Tietjens.

"**IL TALISMANO**" (BALFE). Sir Kenneth, Signor Campanini; Richard Cœur de Lion, Signor Rota; Nectabanus, Signor Catalani; Berengaria, Mdlle Marie Roze; and Edith Plantagenet, Madame Christine Nilsson.

It is also intended to produce a new and original Opera, in four acts, entitled, "**GLI AMANTI DI VERONA.**" Music by the Marquis D'IVRY. Juliette, Madame Christine Nilsson.

"**FAUST**" (GOUNOD). Faust, M. Capoul, also by Signor Italo Campanini; Mephistopheles, Signor Castelmary, also by Signor Rota; Valentine, Signor De Reschi; Siebel, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Martha, Madame Demeric-Lablache; and Marguerite, Madame Christine Nilsson.

"**LA CATERINA**" (*Les Diamans de la Couronne*) (AUBER). Don Enrico di Sandoval, M. Capoul; Diana, Mdlle Risarelli; and La Caterina, Mdlle Louise Singelli.

"**LA FAVORITA**" (DONIZETTI). Fernando, Signor Gillandi: Alfonso XI., Signor De Reschi; Baldassare, Signor Castlemary; and Leonora, Mdlle Tietjens.

"**FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO**" (DONIZETTI). Tonio, Signor Fancelli; Sulpizio, Signor Castelmary; and Maria, Mdlle Louise Singelli, also by Mdlle Pernini.

"**LA SONNAMBULA**" (BELLINI). Elvino, M. Capoul, also by Signor Italo Campanini: Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Castelmary; and Amina, Mdlle Elena Varesi.

"**FIDELIO**" (BEETHOVEN). Florestano, Signor Bignardi; Jacquino, Signor Rinaldini; Pizarro, Signor Galassi; Il Ministro, Signor Costa; Rocco, Herr Behrens; Marcellina, Mdlle Bauermeister; and Leonora, Mdlle Tietjens.

"**MARTHA**" (FLOTOW). Lionello, M. Capoul, also by Signor Italo Campanini; Plumketto, Herr Behrens; Nancy, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; and Martha, Madame Christine Nilsson, also by Mdlle Elena Varesi.

"**DER FREISCHUTZ**" (WEBER). Max, Signor Bignardi; Caspar, Herr Behrens; Oremita, Signor Costa; Ottaker, Signor Rinaldini; Annetta, Mdlle Bauermeister; and Agata, Mdlle Tietjens.

"**LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR**" (DONIZETTI). Edgardo, Signor Campanini; Aston, Signor Galassi; and Lucia, Mdme Christine Nilsson, also by Mdlle Elena Varesi; &c., &c.

"**UN BALLO IN MASCHERA**" (VERDI). Riccardo, Signor Campanini; Renato, Signor Rota; Samuel, Signor Castelmary; Tommaso, Herr Behrens; Ulrica, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Oscar, Mdlle Carlotta Grossi, also by Mdlle Risarelli; and Amalia, Mdlle Tietjens; &c., &c.

"**LA TRAVIATA**" (VERDI). Alfredo, M. Capoul; Germont, Signor Galassi; and Violetta, Mdme Christine Nilsson, also by Mdlle Elena Varesi; &c., &c.

"**LUCREZIA BORGIA**" (DONIZETTI). Gennaro, Signor Campanini, also by Signor Gillandi; Duc Alfonso, Herr Behrens; Maffio Orsini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle Tietjens.

"**LES HUGUENOTS**" (MEYERBEER). Raoul de Nangis, Signor Fancelli, also by Signor Campanini; Nevers, Signor Galassi; St Bris, Signor Castelmary; Marcel, Herr Behrens; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Margarita di Valois, Mdlle Carlotta Grossi, also by Mdlle Pernini; and Valentine, Mdlle Tietjens, also by Madame Christine Nilsson; &c., &c.

"**SEMIRAMIDE**" (ROSSINI). Assur, Signor Galassi; Oroe, Herr Behrens; Idreno, Signor Rinaldini; L'Ombra, Signor Costa; Arsace, Mdlle Trebelli-Bettini; and Semiramide, Mdlle Tietjens.

"**RIGOLETTO**" (VERDI). Il Duca, Signor Gillandi; Rigoletto, Signor Galassi; Sparafucile, Signor Castelmary; Monterone, Signor Costa; Maddalena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Gilda, Mdlle Elena Varesi.

"**LE NOZZE DI FIGARO**" (MOZART). Cherubino, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, also by Mdlle Elena Varesi; Il Conte, Signor De Reschi; Figaro, Signor Galassi; Don Bartolo, Signor Zoboli; Susannah, Mdlle Pernini; and La Contessa, Mdlle Tietjens.

"**IL FLAUTO MAGICO**" (MOZART). Tamino, Signor Paladini; Papageno, Signor Catalani; Sarastro, Herr Behrens; Astriffammante, Mdlle Carlotta Grossi, also by Mdlle Louise Singelli; Papagena, Mdlle Risarelli; I tre Geni, Mdlle Bauermeister, Madame Marie Roze, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Pamina, Mdlle Tietjens.

"**OTELLO**" (ROSSINI). Otello, Signor Fancelli; Desdemona, Madame Christine Nilsson.

"**DON GIOVANNI**" (MOZART). Donna Elvira, Mdme Christine Nilsson; Don Ottavio, Signor Gillandi; Don Giovanni, Signor De Reschi; Leporello, Herr Behrens; Il Commendatore, Signor Costa; Masetto, Signor Zoboli; Zerlina, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, also by Mdlle Elena Varesi; and Donna Anna, Mdlle Tietjens.

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Stage Manager	Mr EDWARD STIRLING
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For the Ballet Divertissements	Mdlle ROSINA VALE and Mdlle BLANCHE RICOIS
Ballet Master	Mr J. CORMACK

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Terms for the Thirty-Five Nights.—Boxes on the Second Tier (for four persons), 80 guineas; Ditto, First Tier, ditto, 180 guineas; Ditto, Grand Tier, ditto, 220 guineas; Ditto, Pit Tier, ditto, 200 guineas: Orchestra Stalls (each), 30 guineas; Dress Circle Seats (reserved). 15 guineas. *All Subscriptions to be paid in advance.*

Subscribers are respectfully informed that the dates subscribed for will be strictly adhered to, and no nights given in lieu of subscription nights, except by request. Arrangements for special subscriptions may be entered into on application to Mr BAILEY, at the Box Office, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which is open daily from 10 till 4; also of Mr MITCHELL, Mr BUBB, Messrs LACON & OLLIER, Messrs CHAPPELL, Bond Street; Mr A. HAYS, Royal Exchange Buildings; Messrs KEITH & PROWSE, Cheapside; Mr OLLIVIER, Old Bond Street; and at Mr S. HAYES, 201, Regent Street.

Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, March, 1875.

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VOL. 53—No. 14. SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 3rd, "UN BALLO IN MASCHERA." Amelia, Mdlle D'Angeri; and Il Duca, Signor De Sanctis (his first appearance in England). Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On MONDAY next, April 5th, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Alice, Madame Vilda; and Roberto, Signor Marini. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On TUESDAY next, April 6th, "NORMA." Norma, Madame Vilda; Adalgisa, Mdlle Smeroschi; and Pollione, Signor Pavani. Conductor—Signor Bevignani.

On THURSDAY next, April 8th, "L'AFRICAINE." Selika, Mdlle D'Angeri; Nelusko, Signor Graziani; and Vasco di Gama, Signor Naudin. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On SATURDAY, April 10th, "DON GIOVANNI." Zerlina, Mdlle Zaré Thalberg (her first appearance on any stage); and Don Giovanni, M. Maurel. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture, *Don Giovanni* (Mozart); Concerto for violin (Macfarren), first time at these Concerts; Concert Overture, "The Hebrides" (Mendelssohn); Symphony, No. 5, in C minor (Beethoven). Vocalists—Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr Vernon Rigby. Violin Solo—Mr Carrodus. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

FRIDAY NEXT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY next, April 9, HANDEL'S "ISRAEL IN EGYPT." Madame Corani, Mrs Suter, Madame Patey; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr M. Smith, Signor Foli, Mr Lewis Thomas. Tickets, 3s., 5s., 10s. 6d., at 6, Exeter Hall.

DR HANS VON BÜLOW will give TWO FAREWELL PIANOFORTE RECITALS (previous to his departure for America), at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Afternoons, April 7 and 14, 1875, to commence at Three o'clock precisely each day. Programme of First Recital (Wednesday Afternoon next, April 7, 1875), from the works of Frederic Chopin: Troisième Grande Sonate in B minor, Op. 58; Variations Brillantes, Op. 12; Notturno, Op. 37, No. 2 (by desire); Ballade in G minor, Op. 23; Prelude (No. 13), from Op. 28; Impromptu in F sharp, Op. 36 (by desire); Scherzo (No. 4) in E, Op. 54; Trois Valses, Op. 84; Allegro de Concert, Op. 46; Trois Mazourkas, Op. 59; Tarentella, Op. 43; Berceuse, Op. 57 (by desire); Polonaise, Op. 53. Sofa stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall, Piccadilly; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

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Her Royal Highness the Duchess of TECK.
His Serene Highness the Duke of TECK.
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His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

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Principal—Professor MACFARREN.

The next PUBLIC REHEARSAL, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY Morning, the 8th inst., at Two o'clock.

The Programme will be selected from the Works of the late Sir STERNDALE BENNETT, and include the Sacred Cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, the Symphony in G minor, and portions of the Pianoforte Concertos in C minor and F minor. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

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THE Nobility, Gentry, and Patrons of the Opera are informed that the SEASON of 1875 will Commence on SATURDAY next, April 10. Applications for the Prospectus of the arrangements for the Season, also for Subscriptions, to be made to Mr Mitchell, Mr Bubb, Mr Ollivier, Messrs Lacon & Ollier, and Messrs Chappell, Bond Street; Mr A. Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; Messrs Harrison, St James's Street; Messrs Keith and Prowse, Cheapside; Mr S. Hayes, 199, Regent Street; and to Mr Bailey, at the Box Office of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane (under the portico of the Theatre in Brydges Street).

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MR FOGDEN will sing Mr WILFORD MORGAN'S popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at Mrs Francis Howell's Grand Evening Concert, at Westerham, on Thursday next.

MISS PURDY has made arrangements to visit Brighton, professionally, every Saturday. For Concerts, Engagements, Evening Parties, or for Lessons in Singing, address to Miss PURDY'S residence, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

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4. TROUT FISHING. By ARCHIBALD BANKS.
5. RICHARD WAGNER AND HIS "RING OF THE NIBLUNG." By F. HUEFFER.
6. ONLY AN EPISODE. A Tale. By Mrs CASHEL HOEY, Author of "The Blossoming of an Aloe," &c.
7. THE MORAL AND LEGAL ASPECTS OF VIVISECTION, By FRANCES POWER COBBE.
8. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. By ROBERT BUCHANAN, Author of "White Rose and Red," &c.

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HERR CONRAD BEHRENS.—All applications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorios and Concerts, to be addressed to Mr BROADBELT, 1, Pall Mall, S.W., London.

MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Basso) begs to announce his Return to Town; and requests that all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed, 5, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, W.

"SERAPHAEL" (Master HENRY WALKER), the celebrated Boy Pianist—Bronze and Silver Medallist, Royal Academy of Music, London—will return from America early in April. All communications to be addressed—15, White Rock, Hastings.

ON VIEW.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE

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Les vieux saules de nos étangs,
Que, sans pitié pour mon jeune âge,
Dieu m'a ravi le guide aimé
Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé!
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

Ainsi parlait, en gémissant,
Une orpheline désolée;
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
"Ne pleure plus et sois ma sœur
Ma mère sera notre mère,
Et tu verras que du bonheur
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ANTONIO SALEIRI.

(*Continued from page* 195.)

Let us now return, after this digression, to our interrupted narrative. In February, 1786, Mozart and Salieri actually confronted each other as rivals. The Emperor had ordered two short musical pieces (*Singspiele*), for a party he intended giving at Schönbrunn to the Governor of the Netherlands. Mozart had to set the German piece *Der Schauspieldirector*, while the Italian piece, *Prima la Musica*, was assigned to Salieri. The text of the latter work is witty and full of little genial traits, written by the clever Abbate Casti: Mozart's libretto, by an unknown author, is frightfully vapid. A dispute between two singers, each of whom asserts herself better than the other, constitutes its whole purport. Yet this little work, consisting of only four numbers, is, even at the present day, acknowledged to be a charming score, while Salieri's *Prima la Musica* has long been consigned to oblivion. Salieri, indeed, was probably indebted for most of his brilliant successes to the partiality of Joseph II., with whom he was a decided favourite, while Mozart had to rely entirely on himself, and could only make his way slowly and with difficulty, though, when he did so, it was for ever.

In the same year, Mozart again entered the lists against Salieri, to whom there was now added a Spaniard, Martini. Salieri appeared with his *Grotta di Trofonio* (words by Casti), already performed in 1785; Martini with his *Cosa rara*, an unutterably shallow creation of which Da Ponte wrote the words; and, on the other side, Mozart with his immortal *Figaro*. *La Grotta* and the *Cosa rara* were extolled *alle stelle*, while, on the first night, *Figaro* was a complete failure. And here Salieri's injurious influence is no longer to be denied—for which reason Herr von Mosel passes the whole of the sad story over in silence.

Before the performance, Mozart, Sen., writing to his daughter says: "On the 28th April, *Le Nozze di Figaro* will be played for the first time. There is a great chance of its not succeeding, for I know that it has surprising cabals to fight against. Salieri with his whole party will again attempt to move heaven and earth. Duscheck said to me recently that your brother was the object of so many cabals, because he was held in such great esteem on account of his especial talent and skilfulness."

And so it was. Salieri patronised the unimportant, but supple and flexible Martini, who could never become dangerous to him. But of Mozart he was afraid. He then thought what, after Mozart's early death, he undisguisedly said: "It is good, perhaps that it has so happened—had he" (Mozart) "lived longer, he would have brought us all into discredit."

As Salieri thought, so thought, also, his subordinates; so thought singers and members of the orchestra. To this must be added the fact that Martini's music was easy and catching, so that people could whistle and hum it if they chose as they went home—which, as we know, is not the case with *Le Nozze*. Thus, when Mozart confided his work to the company, who were emphatically hostile to him, from the director-in-chief down to the last member of the chorus, he was delivering himself up into the hands of his executioners. What could not help happening did happen. Despite a sharp reprimand from the Emperor, the piece was so shamefully performed that it necessarily failed. And it was a long time before it recovered from this failure. In Prague, on the contrary, it excited a *furore* from the very outset, as did subsequently *Don Juan* in a still higher degree.

With regard, however, to *La Grotta di Trofonio*, it is unconditionally the best of Salieri's comic operas, though what Herr von Mosel says about it strikes us as another piece of exaggeration. He names it not only Salieri's best, but one of the first operas of its kind—in fact, he considers it simply classical. Let us rather hear the opinion Da Ponte pronounces on it. His views and impartial praise are the more deserving of respect, because, as we have seen, he by no means belonged to Salieri's friends and unconditional admirers. "At this time he" (Casti) "wrote *La Grotta di Trofonio*, the second act of which left much to be desired as far as regards art, since it is merely a repetition of the first, and thus completely nullifies the effect. The music (by Salieri) was very fine."

We mentioned above *Don Juan*. This opera of operas had in Vienna to contend with far greater difficulties than even *Le Nozze*. The latter saw arrayed against it only a couple of weak musical trifles, whose worthlessness was in time made manifest—but there was, at least momentarily, danger for *Don Juan*, with its baroque libretto, in contending against Salieri's acknowledged masterpiece, *Axur, King of Ormus*. *Axur* was Joseph II.'s favourite opera. Of *Don Juan* the Emperor said: "That is no morsel for my Viennese." Besides, according to a remark addressed to Da Ponte, he considered that Mozart was by no means a composer of vocal music. And so it was unavoidable that though, when properly performed, it excited in Prague the greatest enthusiasm, *Don Juan*, badly put upon the stage, and still worse sung and acted, should be completely thrown in the shade by Salieri's *Axur*, which was founded upon an admirable libretto.

Axur, like *Le Nozze*, taken from a drama by Beaumarchais, was first set to French words, under the title of *Tarare*, and produced at the Grand Opera. On his return from Paris, Salieri received the commands of the Emperor to arrange *Tarare* for the Italian company at Vienna. Hence arose the opera of *Axur*, which differs in the text, and still more in the music, from the French *Tarare*. Concerning the mode of the transformation Salieri himself speaks as follows in his diary: "At first we" (Da Ponte and he) "intended to make, in obedience to the commands I had received, merely a translation to be fitted to the existing music. With this object we met, therefore, every morning for three or four days, and worked together. We did so without much pleasure, since we could not feel convinced of obtaining a good result for our pains. The music, written for French singing actors, was too poor in song for Italian play-acting singers. Moreover, when the poet was contented with his verses, the music—to speak like Gluck—tasted a great deal too much of translation. And when, to satisfy my ear, the words were fitted to the existing music, Da Ponte was displeased with his lines. Fearing, therefore, that we both might labour in vain, I determined rather to compose new music to the given subject. I begged the poet, consequently, to sketch out, upon the basis of the French original, a new plot of the story, adapted to the Italian Opera Company, and to distribute, in conjunction with me, the vocal pieces, but otherwise to write the verses as he pleased, I charging myself with the rest of the business."

JOSEPH SEILER.

(*To be continued.*)

WAGNER AND LISZT AT PESTH.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The Liszt-Wagner Concert has taken place. The large hall of the Redoute was crowded, with the exception of the first circle, the public considering that, in these times, twenty florins was rather too much for a seat. The hall wore a festive appearance. The conductor's desk in front of the platform looked as though growing out of a thicket of laurels. After the opening piece ("Die Glocken von Strassburg"), the said thicket was in danger of being stript of its foliage, for the lady members of the Liszt Association each rushed up to carry away some leaves as a souvenir. Wagner, however, on appearing at the desk, had some amends made him in the shape of a laurel wreath, presented, with a brief address, by Herr Edmund Mihailovitz, in the name of the Wagner Association. His three pieces—*Schmiedelieder*, *Siegfried's Tod*, *Wotan's Abschied und Feuerzauber*—did not strike the general public forcibly, being applauded by the "Wagner Party" alone. The Liszt Association loaded their hero—who played also Beethoven's E flat Concerto—with greater marks of honour than anyone else. Herr Richter conducted the pianoforte concerto; played violin during the *Schmiedelieder*, and drums in *Siegfried's Tod*. Wagner left the same evening—in a bad humour, it is said, declining to attend a banquet which was to have been given in his honour.

BRUSSELS.—The event, to which the patrons of the Théâtre de la Monnaie have so anxiously looked forward, has at last come off. *La Reine de Chypre* has been produced, with a *mise-en-scene* which surprised everyone; but then the city of Brussels paid the bill. Mdlle Salla, Catarina; M. Devoyod, Lusignan; M. Warot, Gérard de Courcy; M. Echetto, Andrea; and M. Laurent, Moncenigo, acquitted themselves creditably, as did also the orchestra and chorus. M. Campocasso's season is fast waning, and *Le Nozze* is no longer underlined.—Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* has been performed, a short time since, under the direction of M. Gevaert, most of the solo singers being pupils of the Royal Conservatory.

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Wagner.

Neither the doings of Herr Wagner nor the sayings of his disciples have of late been of a kind to inspire confidence in the movement of which he is the most recent instigator. We say the most recent, because no better illustration of the proverb, "There is no new thing under the sun," could be presented than this same movement which has been made four several times during the short lifetime of modern music. The Florentine Academy in the first years of the seventeenth century, Lully and his disciples towards the end of it, Glück about the middle of the last century, and Meyerbeer in our own time, were all actuated by the same intent, namely, to limit the office of music, in the drama, at least, to the giving point to words and meaning to action. And with one exception they were ready to attain this end by an entire sacrifice of musical form and a general disregard of the principles of musical science, so far as they were acquainted with them. The one exception was Meyerbeer, a man having too thorough an acquaintance with his art as well as with human nature to believe that any permanent hold on the latter could be attained by a partial or imperfect use of the former. Like Wagner, Meyerbeer was a *doctrinaire*, but he never allowed himself to be overruled by his doctrines; he was able as well as willing to temper their administration by expediency.

Of the musical science of Herr Wagner it is difficult to form anything like an accurate estimate. His claims to the admiration of his disciples, possibly more Wagnerian than himself, avowedly consist in a remorseless sacrifice of melody, form, and development to the exigences of dramatic action. The object of art is not, with the Wagnerians, idealization, nor are its means selection or arrangement. It consists in the presentation of things, if not in the higgledy-piggledy way in which they happen—for so they would be unintelligible as well as unlovely—with no more organization than is absolutely necessary to their being understood. Whether Herr Wagner exercises in his works a self-denial of which there is no precedent in history, and voluntarily eschews the means by which the few musicians whom the world has yet accepted as great have achieved greatness; whether he has ascertained by experiment that musical ideas pure and original do not come at every man's bidding; or whether he has never undergone the training without which no musical idea can be followed out to its utmost consequences, we know not, probably never shall know. We have assisted at more than one performance of two of Herr Wagner's earlier operas, and we thought we recognized in them evidences of musical power which, developed through a well-directed course of exercise, might have made him at least an interesting operatic composer. But the mention of these works, we found, was interdicted by his followers. They received our praises with sickly smiles, indicative of contempt not merely for our judgment—which was to be expected—but for the works themselves, which was not. They were nursery lispings, we were informed, attempts at peregrination in a go-cart, &c., &c. It has never been our good fortune to assist at an adequate presentation of one of Herr Wagner's later operas; indeed, we have our doubts whether one that would quite satisfy his disciples is possible on this planet. We have been told in respect to some, on which we believed every mundane resource had been brought to bear by graduates in the Wagnerian mysteries, that the moral consciousness of the tenor was unequal to the embodiment of the Wagnerian idea; that the psychological affinities of the third and fourth horns were not sufficiently close; or—which was better adapted to our comprehension—that one of the second violins had stopped out of tune in an important passage; or that the artist entrusted with the *grosse caisse* was suffering from a strain in the wrist brought on by over-exertion at rehearsal. But with two of Herr Wagner's later works we have made personal acquaintance through the only means available to us—the study of his scores. We do not question the possibility, or the fact—for it rests on irrefragable evidence—that the notes which fill page after page of *Lohengrin* and the *Meistersinger* set off to great advantage the words and the action of a drama interesting to any cultivated audience and most interesting to a native one. But to regard these notes, save in rare instances, as making anything that musicians—and with them mankind in general—have hitherto agreed to call music, is impossible. Shrieks, groans, sobs, huzzas, cheers, cachinnations, and the like, are "of the nature of" poetry, for they direct emanations from the human heart, but they are not of themselves poetry, nor do they constitute more than a small and insignificant element of it. So abrupt transitions, phrases the tonality in which changes with every progression, sudden changes of intensity, abnormal uses of particular instruments, are "of the nature of," but do not constitute music. If it could be shown that dramatic effect was *only* attainable through an entire sacrifice of musical form, even that sacrifice, enormous as it would be, might be worthy of consideration; so noble are the ends and aims of dramatic effect. But we deny that anything of the sort has been shown. Three operas were there (Cherubini's, of course), none others existent—*Don Giovanni*, *Medea*, and *Fidelio*—are standing proofs to the contrary. All that has been proved yet is, that Herr Wagner has not succeeded in combining in a dramatic or other work all those elements, the combination of which so eminently characterises the masterpieces of Mozart, Cherubini, and Beethoven.

Meanwhile the latest movement, or "move," of Herr Wagner and his disciples is the dedication of a temple to himself.

J. F.

—o—

BERLIN.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The Italian operatic company, under the management of Mad. Artôt, have brought their engagement to a close with a repetition of *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. Their visit has not been very successful.

The Intendant-General, Herr von Hülsen, has accepted a new opera, *Das goldene Kreuz*, by Herr Ignaz Brüll, of Vienna.

No less than three Vocal Associations announced Graun's *Der Tod Jesu*, for Passion Week.

Mdlle Fanny Warburg, a pianist just eighteen, produced a favourable impression at the third Subscription Concert of the Ladies' Association for the benefit of the Gustavus Adolphus Foundation.

Handel's *Semele* (first time here) was the attraction at the second concert of the St Cecilia Association. The performance was decidedly successful, and reflected credit on solo singers, chorus, orchestra, and, last not least, conductor, Herr Holländer.

Wagner intends giving a concert, at some date to be hereafter fixed, the programme to consist of fragments from his *Götterdämmerung*. The prices of admission are low, so that the "people," also, may be able to contribute their contingent towards the "National" enterprise at Bayreuth.

—o—

J. S. BACH AT ST ANNE'S.

Later in the day (Good Friday) a most interesting service, attended by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, took place in St Anne's, Soho—a church long famous on account of bold attempts to extend the resources and improve the character of worship music. Few will require to be told that the organist and choir-master of St Anne's is Mr Barnby, or that, under his direction, for several years past, a Bach *Passion* has been performed during Lent, with soloists, band, and chorus. This year Mr Barnby's choice fell upon another work by the old German composer, one of his very numerous sacred cantatas. In that known as "God's time is the best," the genius of Bach shines strongly, and Mr Barnby could have made no better selection, nor one more fitted to awaken interest on religious and artistic grounds. The conditions of performance have been throughout Lent, and were yesterday (when the anthem included a copious selection from the *Passion* of *St John*), everything that a fastidious taste could desire. Efficient soloists, a numerous and well-trained choir, with an adequate force of instruments, rendered the old master's music admirably—Mr Barnby directing, and Mr J. Coward presiding at the organ. Much might be said about the repeated attempts at St Anne's to give Church music the highest æsthetic importance; but at present it is enough to point to the crowds who attend the Lenten services, and yesterday might have filled the church twice over. That no good is done by such consecration of highest genius to highest purpose few will venture to assert; and it is beyond all question that the Good Friday services at St Anne's were exceeded in interest by none.—*Daily Telegraph*, *March* 27.

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MR GYE'S PROSPECTUS FOR 1875.

(From the "Times.")

Mr Gye's prospectus describes, with scarcely a word of comment, his arrangements for the season, the operas which, circumstances allowing, he is desirious of presenting, and the artists engaged to support them. He simply indicates the repertory of no less than forty-seven works—three by Mozart, five by Rossini, seven by Donizetti, three by Bellini, six by Meyerbeer, seven by Verdi, four by Auber, two by Gounod, and one each by Cimarosa, Gluck, Beethoven, Weber, Ambroise Thomas, Flotow, Ricci, Campana, Gomez, and Poniatowski—all of which are ready for immediate use, and from which, as a matter of course, he will have to select freely. Added to these, four others are named, "three at least" among which are positively promised. Two of them—*Romeo e Giulietta* and *Semiramide*—are not exactly "novelties," both being found in the catalogue of the standard "forty-seven." The revival of M. Gounod's poetical work, after six or seven years' lying by, will afford unanimous satisfaction, both on account of its abstract merits and those of Madame Adelina Patti's Giulietta—an impersonation not easy to forget. Signor Nicolini, too, it is thought, may prove as acceptable a Romeo as just now could easily be met with. *Semiramide*, which has not been witnessed at the Royal Italian Opera for a lengthened period, is, we may venture to guess, chosen for the sole purpose of providing Madame Vilda with a fresh character adapted to her voice and peculiar idiosyncrasy. The cast is to be strengthened by the co-operation of M. Faure, upon whom devolves the part of Assur, the florid music of which, it might be thought, would hardly suit the vocal means of that popular and cultivated artist. The other operas to which paragraphs apart are awarded cannot fail to excite general interest. *Le Pré aux Clercs*, the last finished work of the French musician, Hérold (1832), is by no means so familiar among us as *Zampa*, its predecessor by a year—the vogue of which, nevertheless, in the composer's native country, it equalled, if not surpassed. The *Pré aux Clercs* was made known to London in the olden time through the medium of an English version, under the title of *The Challenge*, and years subsequently through the French original—but never before in Italian. The distribution of characters at Covent Garden, we are informed, "is not yet determined on;" so that admirers of French lyric drama after the *opéra comique* type must refrain from being over-sanguine about its actually appearing this year. Still, as an Italian adaptation, with the necessary accompanied recitatives, &c., is in existence, and has been used on the further side of the Alps, difficulties may be smoothed away. The feature, however, of the Covent Garden prospectus which provokes the most wide-spread curiosity is neither *Romeo* nor the *Pré aux Clercs*, but unquestionably the more than once promised *Lohengrin*, about the production of which this time there cannot be a reasonable doubt, so explicit are the terms of the announcement. The opera of Wagner "has been a considerable time in preparation," and will be given, "with new scenery, costumes, and decorations, early in the season." It does, indeed, seem strange to many that, while *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* are heard frequently, not alone in the chief cities of the country in which their composer first saw the light, but (to say nothing of Paris, where both *Tannhäuser* and *Rienzi* have been given, with what success is beside the question) in the United States, and even Italy, neither the one nor the other should ever have been introduced to the English public—a public which, if nothing else, is always open to be attracted by what is original and new. The *Fliegende Holländer*, produced at Drury Lane Theatre during the well-remembered management of Mr George Wood, under the direction of Signor Arditi, with Mdlle Ilma di Murska and Mr Santley in the leading parts, though too late in the season for the usual opera-going public, made so lively an impression as to cause general regret that it had not been brought out earlier. The "cast" of *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden—unlike that of Hérold's opera, already "determined on"—includes Mdlle Albani (Elsa), Mdlle d'Angeri (Ortrud), Signor Nicolini (Lohengrin), Mdlle Proch, M. Maurel, Signor Bagagiolo, &c. So that, if anticipation is not balked, instead of being announced at two Italian Operas and given at neither, *Lohengrin* will this year, in all probability, have not only been announced, but actually given, at both. Some enthusiastic admirers of Wagner would have preferred hearing *Tannhäuser* at one house and *Lohengrin* at the other; but the millenium must not be looked for in a day.

In Mr Gye's list of engagements we meet with the names of nearly all the favourites of recent years—some of whom have been referred to as taking various parts in the proposed "novelties." The others, as they successively come forward, will doubtless be welcome as of old. The company is strong in every department; and if the advertised new-comers, all or any of them, equal expectation, it will be so much more to the good. There has been a great deal of talk about Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, who is very young, and will make her first appearance on the stage. If she does credit to the name she bears, none will have reason to complain. Mdlle Proch, a daughter, we understand, of the well-known German composer of that name, Signor Tamigno, a tenor who has been lately playing at Venice in Signor Schira's successful opera, *Selvaggia*, Signor de Sanctis, and Herr Seidemann, are the other strangers.

MR GYE'S FIRST NIGHT.

The season at this house was opened with the customary simple formality of the National Anthem, preceding a performance of *Guillaume Tell*. Mr Gye has bestowed more than usual care upon his noble theatre in anticipation of a fresh campaign. Not only have the interior and its approaches been made to look their best, as always on first nights, but candelabras are placed around the front of the boxes alternately with the familiar and, to those who sit over them, unpleasant gas jets. The result is increased brilliancy without added glare; and, if the change be simply an experiment, we hope its success may lead to the entire supercession of gas, especially as the present mixture produces an incongruous effect. No doubt the somewhat heavy interior of the theatre requires much light, but that is best obtained in the manner towards which a very decided step has now been taken. With Mr Gye's choice of an opera for his opening performance we should be the last to quarrel. Rossini's grandest work is welcome come when it may, as, indeed, is anything which shows us the lyric drama elevated above the miserable object of displaying a prima donna. Amateurs, moreover, would be very glad to see in the selection of *Guillaume Tell* a proof that such examples of operatic art are more in favour than once they were with the classes by whom our lyric theatres are in the main supported. Unfortunately for this view of the case, it has become a fashion with the favourites of the public to postpone their *rentrée* till the season has advanced a little. On no account, probably, would a "first lady" condescend to sing on the opening night of a season. The order to be observed is that of a Royal procession, and happy she who can contrive to bring up the rear. But this arrangement is a trying one for the manager, unless, as at Covent Garden, he commands resources that enable him to start with operas existing more for their own sake than for the behoof of their interpreters. Should such be the reason why *Guillaume Tell* was played, we get through it a most disagreeable revelation of the present state of the lyric stage in this country. —*Daily Telegraph.*

THE LATE MR BATEMAN.

(To the Editor of "The Times.")

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent's remarks about the sudden death of Mr Bateman, I beg to state that Mr Irving and myself were the last to leave the dining-room; that I never saw a police-officer until I reached the outer street door. Afterwards I met Mr Bateman at the Westminster Club, and he never mentioned having any altercation with the police-officers. When he left me for his residence, he appeared to be in as good health and cheerful spirits as I have known him to enjoy during the last twelve years. I trust you will publish this statement in justice to the memory of one who was an affectionate husband, a kind father, and a genial friend.

THOMAS SWINBOURNE (Lyceum Theatre).

(To the Editor of the "Daily Telegraph.")

SIR,—As some erroneous statements of the sad death of Mr H. L. Bateman have been published, will you kindly allow me—an old friend, and his doctor for some years—space for a short account of his illness? For some days Mr Bateman complained of a severe pang of pain at the heart. In other respects he was in his accustomed health. On the evening before his death he returned home apparently in good health. He slept soundly during the night. On rising next day, at about ten, he was seized with an agonizing pain over the heart—so severe that, though a strong and resolute man, he was compelled to cry out loudly. I was sent for, and found him still suffering most severely. The pain continued with slight and very temporary remissions till twelve, when it greatly subsided. He remained almost free from pain, and at about four fell into a calm sleep. At half-past six the members of the family who were obliged to go to the theatre left him sleeping calmly and comfortably. His two daughters and son-in-law, who were taking care of him, became alarmed about ten o'clock at the long continuance of his sleep, and, endeavouring to awaken him, discovered that he was dead. The symptoms were those of an unusually severe and prolonged attack of that terrible malady, angina pectoris. The attack was in no way due to excitement, or any other emotional disturbance; but was, probably, immediately caused by the effort of dressing. SYDNEY RINGER.

15, *Cavendish Place, March* 25.

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TRIAL BY JURY.

The joint production of Messrs W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, *Trial by Jury* is a pleasant addition to the bill of fare at Madame Selina Dolaro's pretty theatre in Soho. Its success on the first night, when Mr Sullivan himself directed the orchestra, and both he and his colleague were summoned at the descent of the curtain, was thoroughly genuine. None could feel surprise at such a result. *Trial by Jury* has the qualities necessary to win acceptance for what professes to be no more than a humorous bagatelle. Its first and not least valuable recommendation is brevity—the whole occupying less than an hour in performance; and this, coupled with the popularity attaching to the names of the authors, is likely to keep a good majority of the audience to the end, although two pieces, one of them *La Périchole*, with Madame Dolaro as the heroine, precede it in the order of the entertainment. Many, doubtless, were curious to know what kind of impression a brief extravaganza, the united effort of two Englishman, would create immediately after one of the productions, so much in vogue, of M. Offenbach and his literary coadjutors. To judge by the unceasing and almost boisterous hilarity which formed a sort of running commentary on the part of the audience, *Trial by Jury* suffered nothing whatever from so dangerous a juxtaposition. On the contrary, it may fairly be said to have borne away the palm. Two more expert practitioners than Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan could hardly, it is true, have been invited to combine in the manufacture of so odd a piece of work—the designation of which, by the way, as "a novel and original dramatic cantata" is as strange as anything else belonging to it. About the ingenuity with which Mr Gilbert can turn to excellent purpose whatever may suggest itself to his quaintly individual fancy, those who have perused the *Bab Ballads* need not be reminded. On the other hand, *Cox and Box* and the *Contrabandista*, in the production of which Mr Sullivan was associated with Mr Burnand, proved his ability to cope with the most admired French composers of burlesque, while, at the same time, better provided in a strictly musical sense than any of them. A description of Mr Gilbert's piece would answer little purpose, inasmuch as it defies analysis. It is a harmless "skit" upon the adjudicature of a case for "breach of promise," in the course of which the twelve members of the Jury and the enlightened Judge himself become so fascinated with the personal attractions of the Plaintiff Angelina, that all chance for Defendant is gone at the very instant the fair deceived one makes her appearance. The upshot is that, at a crisis when the jury are unable to come to an understanding, the Judge, impatient, suddenly descending from the bench, cuts the matter short by embracing Plaintiff (Angelina nothing loth) and declaring he will marry her himself. The music of Mr Sullivan, without reference to purely artistic merits which can hardly fail to strike connoisseurs, is precisely what, under the circumstances, it should be. Composed of slighter material than that of *Cox and Box*, and more particularly of the *Contrabandista*, it is, in its way, just as good and just as effective as either. No situation has been overlooked in which the music can be made comically subservient to the dramatic purport. Mr Sullivan, in fact, has accomplished his part in the extravaganza, so happily that—to ascend some steps higher towards the Empyrean—it seems, as in the great Wagnerian operas, as though poem and music had proceeded simultaneously from one and the same brain. There is genuine humour—as for instance, in the unison chorus of the jurymen, and the clever parody on one of the most renowned finales of modern Italian Opera; and there is also melody both fluent and catching—here and there, moreover, set off by little touches in the orchestral accompaniments which reveal the experienced hand.

The performance of *Trial by Jury*, at the Royalty, if exhibiting occasional shortcomings which closer familiarity may help to set right, is generally good. The orchestra, however numerically limited, is for the most part efficient; while the chief characters on the stage are carefully represented. Miss Nellie Bromley is a Plaintiff engaging enough to account for the predilection of Judge and Jury in her favour; Mr F. Sullivan's impersonation of the learned and impressionable Judge deserves a special word of praise for its quiet and natural humour; Messrs W. Fisher, Hollingsworth, and Pepper doing their best as Defendant, Plaintiff's Counsellor, and Usher of the Jury. It should be added that the various costumes are exact, without caricature, and that—the appearance of the Plaintiff with a troop of bridesmaids, in bridesmaids' attire, excepted—everything is precisely what might be witnessed on such an occasion in the court at Westminster.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The opera season began on Tuesday night at Covent Garden with *Guillaume Tell*, which, now that more or less competent representatives of the trying part of Arnold have been cropping up, seems once more destined to become a stock piece at Mr Gye's theatre. No amateur can be otherwise than pleased with this, for *Guillaume Tell*, despite its comparatively weak libretto, is, in the serious style—*Moise* not forgotten—Rossini's dramatic masterpiece. To enter, however, into any new details about a work so universally known and universally admired would be superfluous. As usual when *Guillaume Tell* is announced, the theatre was crowded; and perhaps no opera likelier to enhance the attractions of a first night could be selected. The "encore," which, in accordance with long accepted tradition, followed a very spirited performance of the familiar overture, was responded to by a repetition of the martial movement that forms its brilliant climax. Signor Vianesi, who again shares with Signor Bevignani the position of musical director, was at the conductor's desk, and our excellent violinist, Mr Carrodus, as before, at that of the "*chef d'attaque*." The distribution of the leading characters on the stage differed very little from the cast of recent occasions—M. Maurel impersonating the Swiss hero, Signor Marini appearing as Arnold, and Signor Bagagiolo as Walter. The combination of three such powerful voices—barytone, tenor, and bass—was of infinite importance to the concerted music in which Rossini's great work is abundantly rich, and above all gave rare effect to the magnificent trio (Act 2), when the confederates, Tell and Walter, by informing Arnold of his father's death at the command of Gessler, persuade that vacillating patriot, now no longer influenced by his love for the Austrian Mathilde, to join the cause. Perhaps M. Maurel's most successful performance—after the duet with Arnold (Act 1), in which he gave valuable support to Signor Marini—was the pathetic address to Jemmy (Mdlle Cottini) just before Tell, in obedience to the cruel mandate of Gessler (Signor Tagliafico) is about to shoot the apple from the head of his son. Here, by his tremulous accents and real feeling, M. Maurel occasionally reminded us of his accomplished countryman and type, M. Faure. Signor Marini, by power of voice and strenuous vigour of declamation, more than once conjured up reminiscences of the late Mongini, who in certain things (not altogether wisely, perhaps) he would seem to have adopted as a model. The new feature in the cast was the Mathilde of Mdlle Bianchi, who hitherto has only appeared in more or less subordinate characters, notwithstanding the good impression she created as Oscar, the Page, in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. That Mdlle Bianchi, though very young, is already equal to more responsible duties, was convincingly shown on Tuesday night, in this her latest and most ambitious attempt. Both in the well-known soliloquy, "Selva opaca" (Act 2), and the fine duet with Arnold, which directly follows, she exhibited genuine intelligence and feeling. Her voice is a soprano of agreeable quality, which will doubtless acquire additional strength with time and experience. Enough for the present, that the impression created by Mdlle Bianchi was in the highest degree favourable. The other small parts were allotted to Mdlle Scalchi (Eduige); Signor Sabater (the Fisherman), &c. The Tyrolienne, as always, was a pleasing incident of the third Act. About the grand choral effects, which culminate in the wonderfully dramatic scene of the meeting of the four Cantons, as about the scenery and other accessories connected with the efficient representation of this grand work, it is only necessary to add, that they were what the public have been long accustomed to at the Royal Italian Opera. The curtain descended for the last time immediately after the famous air, "Corriam" ("Suivez moi"), declaimed with appropriate energy and force by Signor Marini.

The opera on Thursday was *Der Freischütz*, for the first appearance of Mdlle D'Angeri; that for to-night is *Un Ballo in Maschera*, with a new tenor, Signor de Sanctis, as the Duke, Mdlle D'Angeri as Amelia, and Signor Graziani as Renato. More about these in our next impression. *En attendant*, we may state that every one was struck with the marked improvement of Mdlle D'Angeri.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Passion-week and Easter-tide were alike well celebrated in the great edifice at Kensington-gore; the one by a series of performances of sacred music, the other by concerts devoted to songs and glees. When first Messrs Novello and Co. made the experiment of giving Bach's *Matthew Passion*, every evening during the week most suitable for its use, doubts were not unreasonably entertained as to the result. Experience has shown, however, that the managers did not reason from false premises. Year after year the *Passion* concerts have been repeated, till now their success is hardly a matter of question. The series just brought to an end was equally well patronised with any that went before; three performances of Bach's great work, and one of the *Messiah*, drawing large audiences, by whom the noble and seasonable music appeared to be thoroughly enjoyed. Both oratorios were well given under Mr Barnby's direction, and much credit is due not only to the conductor, but to the soloists, Mesdames Sherrington, Levier, and Patey, Messrs Cummings and Foli.

The two concerts held on Easter Monday had a fair share of the patronage which holiday-makers are always ready to bestow upon worthy objects, that of the afternoon being particularly well attended. Yet, though both music and artists were popular, the daylight audience failed to reach the pitch of enthusiasm becoming a festive crowd. Out of twenty-two pieces only two were encored; the honour thus bestowed falling upon Mr Lloyd's delivery of "My own, my guiding star," and Diehl's spirited song, *The Mariner*, to which Signor Foli's noble voice did ample justice. The other items were allowed to pass with no more than conventional acknowledgment. Yet they presented no common merit. "The Ash Grove" (Miss Wynne), "The Meeting of the Waters" and "Caller Herrin'" (Miss Sterling), Barnby's graceful song, "My summertime," and "Good bye, sweetheart" (Mr Lloyd), Stainer's "Loyal Death" (Signor Foli), a selection of favourite part-songs admirably rendered by Messrs R. Barnby, Montem Smith, Carter, Horscroft, and Winn, and organ solos by Dr Stainer, were quite able to distinguish the concert. The evening performance, in which the same artists assisted, went off more satisfactorily, the encores being eight in number. Here, too, we were face to face with a surprise. As a rule, solos enjoy a greater amount of popular favour than concerted pieces, but out of the eight encores, four were for the glees and part songs of Mr R. Barnby and his companions. The honour was well deserved, but is rarely accorded so freely even when, as in this case, both the music and its execution take high rank. Among the successful solos were, "Come into the garden, Maud," and "My pretty Jane" (Mr Lloyd), Lemmens's "Bird of Love" (Mdme Sherrington), and Loder's "Diver" (Signor Foli). Applause was liberally bestowed upon others, as upon the organ solos of Dr Stainer, who knows well how to exhibit the resources of the huge Albert Hall instrument. With this concert ended, for the present, Messrs Novello and Co.'s spirited attempt to make the great hall popular as a place of musical resort. T. E.

Last week was recognized, as usual, at the Royal Albert Hall. There were three performances of the *Passion* music of Bach, under the direction of Mr Barnby, the solos on Monday evening being executed by Madame Johanna Levier, Madame Patey, Mr Cummings, Signor Foli, and Mr Thurley Beale. The performance of Wednesday, like that of Monday, was of unquestionable excellence. The attendance was large and brilliant, and the fine music of the great master was listened to with all the attention due to its religious importance and to the improved interest now taken in its technical peculiarities—thanks to the repeated hearings which the public have had the opportunity of enjoying. Since the foundation of the Bach Society by the late Sir William Sterndale Bennett, and its first performance at St Martin's Hall in 1858, the *St Matthew* section has been gradually, if slowly, growing in favour, and has now (thanks to Mr Joseph Barnby), become irrevocably identified with this special period of the year, and adopted more or less in its penitential services. The present Albert Hall version is the one prepared by Barnby himself. The necessary omissions have been made with care and judgment, so that the entire performance may be brought within reasonable limits. The choral singing on Wednesday night was all that could be wished. Seldom have the chorales been delivered with greater breadth, richness, and delicacy, and little need is their to say how impressive these magnificent apostrophes are when rendered by fitting numbers and in a devotional spirit. This is well understood, for it is in these congregational passages that the popularity of the *Passion* music chiefly lies. The whole of the choral parts were, however, nobly given, and the majestic force of those intervening bursts which represent the public voice in the sacred story, was felt in all its dramatic intensity, and realised to the utmost the momentous grandeur of the scene. The solo vocalists were not wholly those of Monday night. Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington replaced Mdlle Johanna Levier; and Miss Done, Mdme Patey. The first-mentioned lady sang, as is her wont, with consummate skill, while the second again gave proof of many commendable qualifications as a contralto. Mr W. H. Cummings's interpretation of the tenor recitatives was, in every respect, faultless. The simple narrative of the Evangelist could not possibly have been told with more graceful tenderness; while the delivery of the few words which describe the remorse of Peter was a perfect example of declamatory art. The two bass parts, as upon the former occasion, were allotted to Signor Foli and Mr Thurley Beale. The pianoforte accompaniment of the recitatives fell as usual into the all-sufficient hands of Mr Randegger; and the privilege of playing the violin *obbligato* in the contralto air "Have mercy upon me," was enjoyed by the accomplished Mr Pollitzer. Dr Stainer presided with his accustomed excellence at the organ.

D. H. H.

THE HASSKEUI MINSTRELS.

(*From the "Levant Herald" of March* 19.)

Want of space has prevented our noticing until to-day the performance of the Hasskeui Minstrels, given on Saturday evening in the great hall of the Teutonia Club, under the patronage of Sir Philip Francis, in aid of the Famine Fund. This amateur *troupe* consists of Mr Tucker, its organizer and director, and six other gentlemen—Messrs Watkins, Till, Blair, W. Blair, Wetherilt, and Beith. All are functionaries in the engineering department of the Arsenal, and on this occasion gave substantial proof of their charitable sentiments and deep interest in the misfortunes which afflict the country they serve. With infinite pains they got up an entertainment, not only highly creditable in an artistic point of view, but carried off with so much vivacity that the audience, who had paid close upon £150 to hear it, enjoyed it heartily. The room, spacious and well lighted, the use of which the Teutonia Club had gratuitously placed at the disposal of the performers, afforded them a fair field for the exhibition of their talents, and contributed in no small degree to their success. Among the audience were Lady Elliot and Miss Elliot, Lady Francis, the Hon. Mrs Hobart, Miss Foster, and other leading members of the British colony. The evident pains bestowed to render the entertainment complete in every detail reflected great credit on Mr Tucker and his worthy band. Amateur performances generally show weakness in detail, but the "Minstrels" were of opinion that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing *well*, and the concert bore the impress of that opinion.

CASSEL.—The Intendant of the Theatre Royal has received notification that the annual sum of 108,000 marks, paid out of the sequestrated estates of the late Elector, will continue until further notice. The grant from the Royal Privy purse, amounting in 1867 to hardly 25,000 marks, is estimated for 1875 at 93,000 marks, exclusive of sums for building and alterations. The expenses have doubled in the last seven years. For this year they exceed 465,000 marks.

PITTSBURG (America).—Mrs Scott Siddons has given one of her delightful "readings" at the Library Hall, which attracted a large audience. The "Maniac," "The Jackdaw of Rheims," and Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" were especially successful. Mrs Siddons was "assisted" by Master Henry Walker (known as *Seraphael*), who—says the *Pittsburg Gazette* of February 24—gave satisfactory evidence that for once, at least, a new sensation had not been overrated. The young pianist, who seems not to have lost the modesty of a child, plays with marvellous skill and beauty, and entirely from memory. The audience manifested their appreciation by rapturous "encores," and were not satisfied until he had played three pieces in succession.

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MARRIAGE.

On Easter Sunday, in the Savoy Chapel Royal, Mr JOHN MCKINLAY, of Perthshire and New York State, to Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INDAGATOR.—We have no room for the letter of our correspondent; but we can supply him with the information he asks for with regard to the pianoforte trios of Mozart. The order of their production was as follows:—No. 1, in B flat, composed at Salzburg (1776); No. 2, in D minor and major (1783); No. 3, in G major (1786—the year of *Le Nozze di Figaro*); No. 4, in E flat, at Vienna (1786); No. 5, in B flat, at Vienna (1786); No. 6, in E major, at Vienna (1788); No. 7, in C major, at Vienna (1788); and No. 8, in G major, at Vienna (1788). The No. 8, in G, had been composed earlier, for pianoforte *solus*.

LAVENDER PITT.—No; the composer has left it to the feeling and discretion of the performer. Gradation of tone is one of the principal charms of legitimate playing. Listen to "J. J." in the chaconne—what variety he imparts to it, and thus avoids monotony. The second theme (of a different character from the first)—

is a *cantabile;* and the tributary to the first should be *legato*. More "*nuances*" everywhere imperative.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

LOHENGRIN, &c.

Wiesbaden, the 30th March, 1875.

MR DUNCAN DAVISON
(*London*).

SIR,—Referring to my correspondents, Messrs Brandus and Co., Paris, I beg to invite you by the present to see Mr Wolf (Schott and Co., 159, Regent Street), in order to be instructed of my wishes concs. the performances of Richard Wagner's

"LOHENGRIN"

(and other works of the same composer), publically announced by Mr Mapleson and by Mr Gye, though none of these both has ever been authorized, the work itself *being registered* at Stationers' Hall.

You are, I suppose, acquainted with the two aforenamed managers, and might be able to fix the position by a "treaty," by which the assignee of Wagner (myself) is not forced to a legal proceeding of much expense, in want of recognition of his rights of performance. Meanwhile, I remain, your most obedient, CARL W. BAG.

—o—

THE part of Mr Mapleson's prospectus which will receive most attention is that wherein we are told something about the proposed new Opera House on the Thames Embankment. Enterprises of the kind have been so often projected, and talked about as certain to be carried through, without result, that Mr Mapleson's reference to the new theatre as "in course of construction" brings its own welcome. This is not exactly the place for speculation with regard to the affair. There will be time enough to discuss it in all its bearings; but, at any rate, we can express the sympathy with which most people look upon the efforts of Mr Mapleson to establish Her Majesty's Opera in its proper position.

Turning to promises for the season, which begins next Saturday with *Fidelio*, we find that, as regards additions to his repertory, Mr Mapleson intends keeping pace with Mr Gye. He, too, bids us look for *Lohengrin*, and talks of new dresses, scenery, and appointments, on a scale adequate to the requirements of that exacting work. Better still, he has "cast" the opera in such a way that it would be unreasonable to desire anything better. With Mdme Nilsson as Elsa, Mdlle Tietjens as Ortrud, and Signor Campanini as Lohengrin, the performance should be—cannot fail to be—one of rare interest. Wagner's masterpiece, as many style it, will, of course, be the great event of the season, and, should it turn out successful, we may dismiss the other promised novelties from consideration. In any case, it is not likely that the Marquis d'Ivry's *Amanti di Verona* will have a hearing at present. The production of two strange operas entails such an expenditure, and involves so serious a risk, that it would be unreasonable to expect any manager to set about the task. Balfe's *Talismano* will duly reappear after its round of the provinces, and many other works of interest are specified as likely to make their *rentrées*. But we are most concerned to note the experiment by which Mr Mapleson will test the real musical status of his patrons. He declares his intention to play one classic opera each week, and thus devote a quarter of the season to such masterpieces as *Fidelio*, *Medea*, and *Don Giovanni*. The proportion is not too much, having regard to the claims of the works; but it remains to be seen whether the public will make Mr Mapleson's enterprise remunerative. We hope, and are almost disposed to believe, that they will; but, at all events, none can say, in future, that classic opera has not been formally put upon its trial.

Mr Mapleson's new artists are to us names only, though report speaks in strong terms of Mdlle Varesi. This being so, it will be better to wait the result of their *début* than to indulge in speculations which might mislead. By death the manager has lost from the ranks of his "old guard" Mr Perkins and Signor Agnesi; but most of the others remain. He is again rich in the possession of Mdlle Tietjens and Mdme Nilsson—each a host in herself; Mdme Trebelli, Signor Campanini, and Herr Behrens will once more do excellent service; while, with such a band and chorus as that over which Sir M. Costa presides, the ensemble can hardly fail to give satisfaction. On the whole, the prospects of Her Majesty's Opera are encouraging, and inspire confidence as to the result.

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THE *Musical Times* has taken up, on public grounds, the question of doubtful musical degrees, and given insertion to a letter, in which Dr Stainer asks Mr Thomas Lloyd Fowle (Mus. Doc., M.A.) to explain whence and how he obtained the honours we have put in parenthesis. Mr Fowle replies in our contemporary's issue for the present month, not by answering the questions, but by catechising his catechist. Therein Mr Fowle, assuming him to have no cause for shame connected with his titles, does wrong. When one of a company is suspected, the innocent make no difficulty about investigation, but rather solicit that course, in justice to themselves. Mr Fowle objects to be examined for reasons strong enough to make the consequent suspicion a secondary matter. Doubtless, he knows the actual circumstances better than ourselves; but, to a looker on, his conduct appears, at least, injudicious. The matter of his reply to Dr Stainer is worth a few observations. In the first place, he will answer Dr Stainer's queries, provided Dr Stainer himself submits to a previous examination. Mr Fowle wants to know five things. First,—How did Dr Stainer obtain the organist's place at St Paul's without competition? Second,—Does Dr Stainer think it a proper act

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to exclude eminent men by non-competition? Third,—Does not Dr Stainer already know where Mr Fowle (Mus. Doc., M.A.) obtained his degrees, and is he not jealous? Fourth,—Does Dr Stainer think it professional and gentlemanly to ask such questions in a public manner? Fifth,—Has not Dr Stainer attacked Mr Fowle on the same subject at a former time, and anonymously; and has he not spoken or written to a printer who once libelled Mr Fowle, and was mulcted in damages? Having thus extended the area of a very simple inquiry, the writer turns upon the Editor of the *Musical Times*, and gives him a "bit of his mind," in the most undisguised fashion, winding up with a statement that he is profoundly indifferent about the printing of his letter in that journal, seeing it will be printed somehow, and somehow dispersed through all the "towns and villages of the United Kingdom." The fearful threat of having Stoke Pogis roused against him naturally led our contemporary's editor to resolve upon giving Mr Fowle's letter to the world; but Mr Fowle, who knew more about the value of his own bellicosity, fancied something stronger would be needed, and, therefore, hurried a P.S. after the chief missive. The P.S. said:—

"I think it well to caution you as to what you insert in your journal about my degrees, as undeniable proof can be given of their *bonâ fide* nature. A few years ago a contemporary only escaped an action for libel by printing an account of them *in extenso*, and I am determined if anything further is inserted that is false and libellous I will prosecute to the utmost rigour of the law. I therefore warn you to be careful what you insert. I can say much on the subject of degrees with which you and your readers do not appear to be familiar."

Need it be recorded that a postscript in so Erclesian a vein overshot its mark, and forced our contemporary to say that nothing save "straightforward replies" to Dr Stainer's questions would thereafter receive attention?

Meanwhile, Dr Stainer had read Mr Fowle's letter, and his rejoinder appears in company with it. The organist of St Paul's does not object to be catechised. He answers briefly, but sufficiently, the whole of the five queries addressed to him from Winchester, and, having done so, calls upon Mr Fowle to complete his share of an agreement which he (Mr Fowle) himself proposed. This, of course, will be done, and, next month, an expectant public will know from what University Dr Fowle, M.A., obtained his honours. With this information everybody will be satisfied; but Mr Fowle might have saved a great deal of bother by giving the needed particulars at once, and he has only himself to thank for the suspicions aroused. An honest man, who is stopped by a policeman when carrying home his own property at dead of night, does not, if he be also a wise man, ask the officer to show his baptismal certificate and whether he was not once seen talking to a cook down the "airy." Rather does he assure the nocturnal guardian of his distinguished consideration for so much vigilance. If Mr Fowle's degrees are *bonâ fide*—and he protests that they are—it is his interest to help others in putting down spurious ones, not to meet their efforts with abuse. Here we leave the matter, and await the Fowle revelation, due on May Day next.

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SIGNOR SALVINI, the greatest of living Italian tragedians, made his first appearance before an English audience on Thursday night. The play was *Othello*. Salvini was, of course, the hero; and we may say, without hesitation, that no such dramatic embodiment of Shakspere's magnificent creation has been witnessed in our time.

Paper.

". . . A handmaid and messenger of Memory.
A recorder of the aspirations of Genius."

(*From "Another World."*)

(*Concluded from page* 215.)

The colour principally in use is that of cream or a very light yellow; for, though we can produce a chalky white, we do not use it in our stuffs, except for linen.

There is a paper which we call "natural," because its green colour exceptionally resembles that of the leaf, although it is purely artificial, being produced by the use of a powder obtained from a particular fruit which hangs from a tree in the shape of small eggs, and contains a white powder of a sticky consistency. This powder is mixed with the leaves, and the paper thus prepared is very transparent. At first it has a kind of primrose tint, but, when subjected to heat, or to the sun, turns green. The egg called "Brulista Tavi," or "Lime Egg," follows a small blossom, but the fruit alone is used. The trees are plentiful, growing on marshy ground, a long distance from the city, for there are no marshes in its vicinity.

Golden-coloured Paper.

Some paper is of a pure gold-colour, the result of a property inherent in the leaf itself, and needing no extraneous application.

I have told you that the coarse paper is made with leaves of every description mixed together. On one occasion, some of the paper, when dried, became speckled with gold in different parts, presenting a beautiful appearance, which astonished the overseer and workmen. The paper was brought to me, and I directed the overseer to endeavour to detect in future processes the cause of these beautiful specks. Many trials were made, but he did not for months find any gold in the paper.

I meditated much on the subject, and one night I retired to rest with the singular phenomenon still in my mind. In my sleep I saw my tree, the Allmanyuka, all gold.

On awaking I immediately sent for the overseer, and, without relating what I had seen in my sleep, I told him that I was impressed with the belief that it was the leaf of my tree that produced the gold specks, and requested him to have some paper made entirely from the Allmanyuka leaf, and to use the most delicate machine for the experiment.

Though accustomed to obey my orders in implicit faith, the overseer confessed to me afterwards that for certain reasons he had great cause to doubt whether the experiment would succeed. It, however, was commenced without delay. The pulp, or jelly, after having passed through the process of boiling, was of a neutral tint, without the least appearance of gold, and all hope of the desired colour vanished in the thought of the workmen. It was, indeed, reported to me that no golden tint was apparent; but I did not yet despair.

When the pulp was spread out with the trowel, it remained still colourless, but after it had undergone the process of pressing, which generally took place immediately before sponging, it presented to the astonished workmen the appearance of one sheet of gold; and when it had been exposed to the sun it acquired the highest polish possible.

The material thus obtained is finer than cambric, and is used for beautiful scarfs, sun-turbans, neckties for ladies, slippers, covers, cushions, and various ornamental articles.

Hermes (*Communicator.*)

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

On the morning of Easter Sunday a marriage was solemnized in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, between Mr John McKinlay and Miss Antoinette Sterling. The wedding service was celebrated by the Rev. Henry White, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. The musical portions of the service were executed by the Savoy choir, and directed by Mr H. F. Frost, the organist. The bride was given away by Dr George Macdonald, at whose house the bridal party was subsequently entertained. The newly-married couple and their friends remained for the Holy Communion at the usual mid-day service.

We read the following in the *Ménestrel* of Paris:—

"As Paris does not possess a third lyric theatre, the new directors of the Monnaie, Brussels, MM. Stoumon and Calabrési, intend placing their theatre at the disposal of French musicians, for the production of untried operas. Moreover, French critics are to be invited to first performances (!). The idea is generous, and may be fertile in results. What we want in Paris is a theatre for *débuts*."

Professor Cesare Mires may lay claim to be considered a public benefactor. He has invented an instrument, similar in form to the violin, on which students of that instrument may practise without a sound being heard beyond the limits of their own room. This humanitarian invention will be largely purchased, even by those not desirous of becoming violinists themselves, as a present to any neighbour who is. Professor Mires may one day hit upon something of the kind applicable to the piano.

There has just died at Saint-Sever (Calvados), ignored by the world, an artist who once enjoyed popularity and even celebrity. This was Lemonnier, formerly tenor at the Opéra-Comique, who married Regnault, of the same theatre, rival of Duret-Saint-Aubin. Lemonnier, born in 1793, began his career as a mere "*enfant*," at the Théâtre des Jeunes Artistes. When this was shut, with others, in consequence of the Imperial decree of 1807, he was thrown out of employment. But at Rouen, and Brussels, he was afterwards engaged expressly for the "Colins." On the 5th May, 1817, he made his *début* at the Opéra-Comique, his "trial parts" being the Chevalier (*Jeannot et Colin*) and Paul (*Paul et Virginie*). His voice was small, but he was good-looking as well as young, and, moreover, an excellent actor. Lemonnier was the original of important characters in *Les deux Mousquetaires*, *Le Pré-aux-Clercs*, *Les deux Nuits*, and other operas. He retired about 1834, and resided at St Sever, where he died on the 4th March, aged eighty-two, having survived his wife four or five years. His son was Crown Jeweller, under the second Empire.

Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, Mr Gye's new *prima donna*, has arrived in London. She is, we understand, to make her *début* as Zerlina, in *Don Giovanni*.

The Sacred Harmonic Society give a performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* on Friday next, the 9th inst., with Madame Corani, Madame Patey, Mr Sims Reeves, Signor Foli, and Mr Lewis Thomas as principal vocalists. Sir Michael Costa will conduct.

Venice (*Extract from a Letter*).—"The season at the Fenice closed brilliantly, with an admirable performance of Signor Schira's *Selvaggia*, which has made quite a sensation here, and will cause the operatic session of 1875 to be remembered among us Venetians, who now but too seldom get anything which is not only *new*, but, at the same time, *good*. The part of Laudomia was sustained by Mdlle Proch (who, I am informed, is engaged for Covent Garden, by Mr Gye). She created a genuine effect, and was received with enthusiasm. '*Ebbe applausi quanto la De Steschi, facendole ripetere la sua canzone, e gettandole una quantità di maggi di fiori.*' I am told that, for the gala night, before the Emperor of Austria and the King of Italy, the director of the London Royal Italian Opera has given the services of the richly-endowed and charming Emma Albani, who is to appear as Lucia di Lammermoor on the memorable occasion. *Entre nous*—I think the Cavaliero Schira was ill advised in leaving Venice after the third performance of his *Selvaggia*. Had he remained until the end of the season he would have had a regular ovation. "A. L. P."

CONCERT.

Mr F. H. Bellew, the new baritone, gave an evening concert on Saturday, March 27, in St George's Hall, Langham Place, which proved a great success. Mr Bellew (who is a pupil of Ch. J. Bishenden) made his first appearance in public on this occasion, "previous to his departure on a tour with the Liston Opera Company." He succeeded in gaining two encores—for "The Rhine Wine," and for an air from *Les Prés St Gervais;* Miss Estelle Emrick sang "The Raft," and Gounod's "Quando a te liete," &c., with great taste Miss Kate Sullivan's songs were much admired, and Mr Bishenden was encored in "Hearts of Oak," and in "The Friar of Orders Grey," the audience being very enthusiastic. Mdlle De Lucie and Miss F. Sanders were the pianists; Herr Schuberth and Mr W. C. Levey accompanied the songs, and the former played two violoncello solos in his most brilliant style.

PROVINCIAL.

Malvern.—Dr Hans von Bülow, the celebrated pianist, gave a pianoforte recital at the Concert-room on Friday afternoon last. There was a crowded and fashionable attendance, many coming to hear the Doctor from Worcester, Ledbury, Malvern Wells, &c., and they had a rare musical treat. Dr von Bulow selects some of the most difficult classical music, which he plays with exquisite taste and expression with the greatest ease, and all without music before him. The Doctor's study of the works he undertakes is profound, and his energies are exclusively directed to the interpretation of the composer's ideas. The programme comprised selections from Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin, and Liszt. The pianoforte was a magnificent "iron concert grand," sent down expressly by Messrs John Broadwood and Sons. Dr von Bülow was warmly applauded at the conclusion of each performance, and the musical inhabitants should give their hearty support to Mr Haynes for inducing such highly talented musicians to visit Malvern.—*Malvern News, March 27.*

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

Last week Mr Mapleson's company appeared at the Queen's Theatre, and gave three performances; *Il Barbiere*, *Rigoletto*, and *Der Freischütz*, being the operas—selected, I was going to say—but, as *Il Barbiere* was given suddenly, instead of *Semiramide*, the word will scarcely be applicable. The cause of the withdrawal of *Semiramide* was the inability of Mdlle Tietjens to conquer a sudden hoarseness. Happily, the indisposition of this popular artist was only temporary, as she sang on Wednesday evening, the last night of the engagement of the company, in *Der Freischütz*, with her accustomed vigour, and, as usual, roused the audience to enthusiasm by her fine singing of "Softly sighs." In *Rigoletto*, on the Tuesday evening, two new singers appeared. Mdlle Pernini, the Gilda of the evening, has a soprano voice of considerable sweetness and purity, especially in the upper range; her lower notes are not very powerful, but she sings like an artist, and has apparently been accustomed to the stage. Of Signor Bignardi, the new tenor, I can say but little. He must, however, be very good-natured, or he would not have risked his reputation by singing when scarcely able to make himself heard. In *Der Freischütz*, however, though still very hoarse, he was heard to greater advantage, and gave the impression that he was an experienced singer and a musician. He acts well, and has a good stage presence. Signor Galassi, as *Rigoletto*, was remarkably successful; and Mdlle Bauermeister, as Annetta in *Der Freischütz*, surprised the audience by the admirable manner in which she sang the music of the part.

Last week, M. Rivière commenced his second series of Promenade Concerts at the Prince's Theatre. He has engaged an excellent orchestra, which includes several soloists of great ability. There is also choral music every night, and occasionally military music. The list of solo singers who have appeared, or will appear during the engagement, includes the names of Miss Blanche Cole, Miss Enriquez, Mdme Poole, Mr George Perren, Mr Wadmore, &c.—and also some singers whose names are new to Manchester. The programmes have been interesting and varied, and, as the arrangements in the theatre for promenading are admirable, M. Rivière has the right to expect a prosperous season.

Pesth.—A new opera—*The Boyard's Daughter*, by Madlle Ella Wajewsky—has been accepted at the Hungarian National Theatre.

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RICHARD WAGNER AND THE VIENNESE.

(Communicated.)

The Concert for the Benefit of the Bayreuth Stage-Festival-Play-House (we do not know whether the appellation is Wagnerially orthodox) has been repeated under the direction of the composer. The attendance was again exceedingly great, and the applause unusually lively after the passages comprehensible by human intelligence, and in keeping with human feeling for the Beautiful. The stilted and eccentrically artificial character of these musical fragments fatigues and irritates one, as do all Wagner's caprices; consequently, when a harmonious passage, after long brooding and wailing, at last succeeds in struggling forth out of the seething chaos, it is as refreshing as a draught of water after a toilsome ride through the hot sands of the desert. Sincere thanks and applause are then bestowed upon the composer, who has cleverly prepared and held in readiness such moments of deliverance. This was the case at the first and at the second Wagner concert; the unmeaning and noisy shouting, the frantic stamping and clapping, for a quarter of an hour at a time, till the master, moved by the manifestation, again appears, and again condescends to do us the favour of addressing us—all these turbulent ovations proceed, not from the great mass of the public, but from an organized clique, who have constantly dealt in the most ridiculous Wagner-enthusiasm, and, like satellites, hang on the famous composer, because, without him they would inevitably vegetate in wretched obscurity. Such is the view taken of the matter by an outsider, who, entirely free from prejudice, can reckon up the ecstatic raptures of these Wagnerites, and also see behind the scenes, whence come the astoundingly gigantic laurel wreaths. To drag these into the room, and shower them down at the conclusion of the concert, is something no ordinary lover of music would ever think of doing, because the concerts cost quite enough without any additional outlay, and because, after listening with painful effort and small enjoyment for two hours, people are glad to get out into the open air. The success may prove greater and more permanent when the opera is represented on the stage; yesterday it was what we have described it. We must mention, likewise, that, in a short concluding speech, Wagner expressed his thanks, and graciously half consented to come again. There is, in fact, a report that he will have the goodness to return here this very month, to carry off a further sum of from eight to ten thousand florins for his Stage-Festival-Play-House. With Mad. Materna and Herr Labatt, the vocalists, he was unusually amiable; after the first round of applause, he took them by the hand and led them to the front. **B.**

Vienna.

A Song.

(For Music.)

Wreathe red roses in my hair,
Strew their blossoms everywhere;
If you tell me 'tis too soon—
Roses do not blow till June;
Bring me onions, lettuce, rue—
Anything, in short, will do.

Let me bind your forehead thus
With the gay asparagus,
Let glad radishes combine
With the beetroot's crimson twine,
And let Brussels' sprouts outvie
Blossoms of the brocoli.

Add beside, at my request,
Dandelions to the rest;
Wreaths and garlands thus we bring
As the harbingers of spring.
And when we have done our ballad,
We can make them into salad.

Fun.

DARMSTADT.—At a recent sitting, the Second Chamber was asked by the Government to grant, towards rebuilding the Grand Ducal Theatre, 691,200 marks from the State funds, and 172,000 marks from other sources, besides a further sum of 160,878 marks towards erecting scene rooms and a residence for the master carpenter.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

At the monthly meeting held recently in the Beethoven Rooms—Dr Pole, F.R.S., in the chair—the following paper was read by Mr John Hullah:—I propose in this address to deal with certain names or terms and epithets in use among English musicians. Many of these it is certain have outlived the ideas or things for which they once stood; others now represent to all of us ideas and things different from those they once represented. The time seems to have arrived when we should come to an understanding as to our musical nomenclature. It will not, I think, be found necessary to make any addition to it; at any rate I have none to propose to you to-day. But I shall simply ask you to consider, and, if possible, to decide which, out of many names or terms representing, and epithets qualifying the same thing, it is desirable to adopt or recommend for adoption. Musical nomenclature has reference of necessity to time, to tune, and to expression. I will deal with its application to these separately. Under the head of time, let us first consider the duration names of musical notes. Those which at present concern us are breve, semibreve, minim, crotchet, quaver, semiquaver, and demisemiquaver. Of these names, the first three have altogether lost their significance; the fourth is no longer appropriate, the fifth, sixth, and seventh are arbitrary. The breve is no longer short, but unusually long; the minim is not now the least or shortest, but not unfrequently the greatest or longest; the crotchet has now no crotch or hook; and the quaver and the fractions might just as well be called the shiver, the half-shiver, and the quarter-shiver, or by any other names as fantastic or irrelative. The Germans call these notes, beginning from our semibreve, the whole-note, the half-note, the quarter-note, and so on. These appellations, so far as they express the proportion of the first note named to those which follow it, are convenient. They form of themselves a time-table, but it is an imperfect one, for they do not show, without further calculation any intermediate proportions. They shew at once that eight quavers equal one semibreve, but not at once that four quavers equal one minim. But I have a much more serious charge to bring against them. They assume what, if not always false, is, as it seems to me, not always true, that the semibreve is, or that any form of note can be, absolutely a whole note. What is or what should be regarded as a whole note? If I were sure that the word phrase represented to all of us the same idea as it does to me, I should answer unhesitatingly that a whole note was any note that could be divided into a phrase, or to be a little more precise, any note, divided or undivided, which would fill either an entire measure or require as many beats as would make one. This would give us practically four claimants to the title of whole note; the breve, the average whole note of the sixteenth century; the semibreve, the average whole note of our own time; the minim, and even the crotchet. For that movements innumerable of four times a beat in a measure, each of which is a quaver, exist I need not say, nor that the measure even of four semiquavers has been occasionally employed. It is certain that a sound lasting four beats may be expressed, and has been expressed, by six different forms—the maxim, the long, the breve, the semibreve, the minim, and the crotchet. Perhaps some musician of the future may think proper to express such a note by a quaver. Let us now consider the names used by the French, a people possessing in high perfection the power of clear exposition of what they themselves see clearly. As usual, they leave or throw on one side whatever they regard as uncertain or equivocal, or not commonly accepted, and proceed to deal with the undisputed and indisputable facts or portions of facts before them. And what are these in respect to the forms which express the relative durations of sound? First, that they are forms; and secondly, that they are different forms—that one is an oval or circle, that another is a circle with a stem, and another a circular spot, also with a stem; and that all other notes are opaque and have not only stems, but hooks varying in number. They call these notes or forms as they find them—round, white, black, hooked, twice hooked, and thrice hooked. I certainly prefer the German nomenclature—which, though raised on a false basis, is consistent—to our own, which is inconsistent as well as false; but I prefer the French to the German, because, not pretending to do so much, it does what it pretends to do perfectly.

On the pitch names of notes—A, B, Do, Re, or what not—I

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do not propose to speak to-day. Perhaps on some future occasion you will allow me to bring some considerations about them before you. I pass on at once to another matter relating to the second division of our subject—tune, the nomenclature not of sounds, but of the relations between them—the nomenclature of musical intervals, on which English theorists and practitioners are by no means agreed. I believe that the seconds and thirds, and their inversions, the sevenths and sixths, found in the so-called "natural" scale, and all scales made like it, are very generally called among us major and minor; and that six of the fourths and their inversions the fifths are as generally called perfect. Here, however, agreement ends. For the one exceptional fourth and the one exceptional fifth rejoice each in as many *aliases* as a swindler finally run down by the detective police. To the exceptional fourth, which, according to the old theorists' "diabolus est" I have heard and seen applied the name "tritone," and the epithets sharp, superfluous, redundant, and augmented; to the exceptional fifth, the epithets flat, false, imperfect, diminished, and equivocal. Others might possibly be added to this list. To the name "tritone," no objection is, I think, open. It expresses the contents of the interval—three tones; but it carries with it the disadvantage of there being no corresponding name for its inversion, the exceptional fifth. Augmented and diminished are no doubt autonyms, but both are epithets which, as I shall try to show, ought to be reserved exclusively for another class of intervals—the chromatic. Superfluous and redundant are, I think, clumsy epithets; but if either is to be applied to the exceptional fourth, its autonymal, scanty, or insufficient, should be applied to the exceptional fifth. If this last interval is to be called false, its inversion (the tritone) should be called true. Only one of these epithets seems to me quite unobjectionable—imperfect, as applied to the exceptional fifth. As an autonym to this, I have long used the epithet pluperfect, which has been very largely adopted.

(*To be continued.*)

Lines for Music.

THE SONG OF THE BIRD.

(*Copyright.*)

Up in the leafy wilderness
Of a tall and branching elm,
A bird trilled forth with tenderness
His soul in that verdant realm.
I listened, amid the pattering rain,
All his melody to hear,
'Till to mine ear the words seemed plain
That he carolled out so clear.

"Ah! who would not be
A bird like to me,
As I pipe my lay
So joyous and gay,
And float in the air—
Such a pastime rare;
Or, in circling chase,
With my comrades race,
By meadow and brook,
And in sunny nook;
Then chirrup and play
All the summer day,
'Till down in the west,
When the sun doth rest,
To our nests we flee
In the leafy tree,
And sing until night,
And the fading light,
In mantle of sleep
All the world shall keep.
For happy is earth,
With freedom and mirth;
With sunshine and flowers,
'Mid the sylvan bowers,
Where we hold our court,
All caring for naught,
But the joy of the passing hours."

FINLAY FINLAYSON.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(*From an Occasional Contributor.*)

The Philharmonic Society of London commenced its sixty-third season on the evening of the 18th inst., under circumstances of peculiar but melancholy interest. While the effects of tears so recently shed are continuing, one of the most important works of him whose rather unexpected death occasioned them (*The Woman of Samaria*), is performed, and in a manner scarcely open to criticism. The friends of a memory loved more than in an ordinary way assembled, at St James's Hall, to hear some of the greatest outpourings of the genius of one whom generations will regard as among the brightest to which England has given birth. Many a heart in the hall on this occasion throbbed with unusual beatings by reason of numberless associations conjured up in connection with the life of Sir Sterndale Bennett, now brought to a close. These beatings were augmented by a few circumstances. All the ladies in the orchestra who were to take part in the performance were clad in black, proclaiming how they felt England's loss; and each wore the red scarf, denoting that they all were students at the Royal Academy of Music, over which the great musician, and the good and gentle man presided. This sight alone engendered sadness. Facing the orchestra was the portrait (lent for the occasion by R. Case, Esq.), painted by Millais, of the composer wearing his Cambridge robes; and in the front of the orchestra, where on Philharmonic nights is placed usually the representation of the massive brow of the writer of the 9th Symphony, was Signor Trentanove's bust of the recently buried musician, by rendering homage to the memory of whom England now honours herself, and proclaims to the musical continent, not only that she can give birth to, but that she can duly appreciate, a great man—great in an art which till comparatively recently was almost ignored in this country, as being unworthy of national consideration. Many listeners had numerous circumstances of their life brought to their recollection, as not a few present were more or less associated with Sterndale Bennett when he was a student; not a few, when he was a player, charming with the extreme delicacy of his touch, and making the very chords of the listener's heart to vibrate, so sympathetic was the feeling he displayed; and not a few, when he returned from Germany with the laurel crown upon his head of the blessing of Schumann and Mendelssohn: and finally not a few, when England's chief Musical Society offered him its direction. To write the history of one great man is to bring to light much of the history, and many of the circumstances of others, and sometimes a portion of the life of the nation to which the one great man belonged. Thus, in having the salient points in the career of Sterndale Bennett brought to our recollection at this emotional concert, the gray-haired man thinks of times gone by, and the strong man in the prime of life looks through the vista of years and is a boy again, though, instead of the bright hope of those days being his now, the sorrows through which he has passed, resulting from disappointment or some other cause, make the retrospection one of sadness.

The first part of the programme comprised the orchestral prelude to Sophocles's *Ajax*, the funeral march for the burial of the Warrior (first time of performance), and the *Woman of Samaria*. The first two will certainly rank among the author's very finest productions. A better performance of the sacred Cantata, with hardly an exception, could not have been desired. The peculiar melodic inflexions of the recitatives, and even of some of the airs, tell the gifted man who thought them, and are in truth so many photographs (if the expression may be allowed), of some of his inner feelings; and, while it may be admitted they do not carry the hearer away at first, they win upon him in an insensible manner, their peculiar beauty insinuating itself until the most prepossessed listener in favour of other forms is compelled to bend beneath their fascinating power.

It may be almost assumed that the unaccompanied quartet, "God is a spirit," will ever be regarded as the gem of the work. Other numbers may be contrasted with specimens of like kinds, and judgment may be doubtful, for reasons not now to be adduced. But this quartet, compared with any example, cannot suffer: its peculiar lustre

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can never be dimmed. On this occasion it was rendered in a perfect manner, and was enthusiastically encored. No man who heard it, if he assisted at the funeral of the composer, could fail to remember its previous rendering in our grand Abbey, when its echoes, vibrating through the vaulted roof, whereby its delicate harmonies seemed etherealized, were as a voice from the skies, sent to instruct us mortals that he who composed it had been summoned to join the immortal choir, while all that remained of him was being tearfully and tenderly placed by the side of kindred spirits, long gone to their rest, whose glorious music rises daily from that ancient shrine like perfumed incense reaching unto heaven.—F. E. P.

19th March.

FUNERAL OF MR LIMPUS.

On Saturday the funeral of Mr R. D. Limpus, founder of the College Organists, organist and choirmaster of St Michael's, Cornhill, took place at Norwood Cemetery. A choral rendering of the first portion of the service, with special anthems, had been arranged by Dr Stainer and other members of the college at St Michael's, but at the last moment the churchwardens refused to allow the church to be used for this purpose; it was therefore given at St George, the Martyr, Queen Square, by the members of the college, with a choir of picked voices. The family of the Rev. T. W. Wrench, rector of St Michael's, testified respect by their presence at St George's, with many more of the congregation of St Michael's. The service at the grave was read by the Rev. W. Hunt, Sunday evening lecturer. Around the grave where assembled the Rev. Canon Limpus, vicar of Twickenham, chief mourner, Drs Stainer and Steggall, Messrs Edwards, Gilbert, C. E. Stevens, Miller, Turpin, Lott, Jordan, Webster, Westley, Wiggins, and many others of the College of Organists, together with Masonic and other friends, including the choir boys of St Michael's, Cornhill.

ITALIAN OPERA IN VIENNA.

The Italian season was opened at the Komische Oper with *Lucia*. Mad. Patti was received with a tempest of applause. Her voice has not lost a single ray of its fire and brilliancy, since we last heard it in Vienna. On the other hand, it seems to have gained in intensity. This, and her vocal skill, which we can never sufficiently admire, combined with the charm of her interesting personal appearance, obtained yesterday for the fair and celebrated singer an innumerable series of recalls and a long succession of triumphs. M. Gayarre, as Edgardo, was in good voice, while his singing and acting were full of vigour. Sig. Rota, barytone, was new to us; he sustained the part of Asthon. His voice is so high and clear that we can hardly fix the limit where the tenor ends and the bass begins. His style is sober and effective. The lively, energetic, and fiery Arditi again occupied the conductor's seat, and the orchestra went admirably. In obedience to a stormy outburst of applause, the sextet in the second act was repeated, and, after the mad scene in the third act, the public were simply worked up to a state of frenzy.—*Neue Wiener-Tageblatt.*

MILAN.—Sig. Ponchielli's opera, *I Lituani*, has proved a hit at the Scala.—*L'Africaine* is announced at the Teatro dal Verme; and the Teatro Castelli will ere long be opened with Cagnoni's *Duca di Tapigliano.*

VENICE.—*Der Freischütz* was performed lately at the Teatro Fenice, for the first time.—The Teatro Apollo is now called the Teatro Goldoni. The alteration was effected with great ceremony, and the receipts of the performance on the occasion were handed, without deduction of any kind, to the Committee for erecting a monument to the poet whose name the theatre now bears. A further sum of 6,000 lire has been subscribed by the general public.

STUTTGART.—The Bürger-Gesellschaft celebrated the King's birthday by a Festival Concert, under the direction of the Royal Chapelmaster, Herr J. Abert. The programme, which was rich and varied, contained Benedict's and De Beriot's duo "La Sonnambula," for piano and violin, played by Concertmaster Singer and Herr Winternitz; songs by Schubert, sung by Herr Albert Jäger; Frau Wahlmann declaiming two ballads—"Vom Haideknaben" and "Schön Hedwig—both with R. Schumann's dramatic piano accompaniments. The playing of our Kammer-Virtuose, Herr G. Krisger, was listened to with pleasure and satisfaction, and his performance on the harp of Oberthür's "Meditation," and "English Melodies of the Olden Time," &c., &c., was followed by unanimous applause. The concert concluded with Bach's Prelude, as arranged by Gounod, for harp, harmonium, and violin.

WAIFS.

At the sixth and last of the Bradford Subscription Concerts in St George's Hall, Mr Sullivan's oratorio, *The Light of the World*, was presented to a crowded and enthusiastic audience. Both the committee and Mr Sullivan may be fairly congratulated on a thorough success. The performance went off with the utmost spirit and *éclat*. Seldom has the hall been more crowded, and never do we remember the audience to have sat more patiently to the end. The principal vocalists were Mdme Sherrington, Mdme Patey, Messrs Vernon Rigby and Santley.—*Bradford Observer.*

The other day Mdlle Marie Dumas, who is well-known in London, gave an English concert in Paris. A sign of the times.

Mr John Forbes Robertson has just been appointed art editor of the *Pictorial World*. Mr Will Williams is the literary editor.

L'Art Musical says that Herr Strakosch will not manage the New York Opera next year. M. Cohn, it adds, will succeed him.

M. Consolo, violinist, former pupil of the Brussels Conservatory of Music here, has turned Mussulman and taken the name of Klamil. As such conversions are rare, it has created a sensation at Constantinople.

A Transatlantic writer thus criticises:—"The little miss who played the piano was the special blemish of the concert. She had no more idea of Chopin's Nocturne than a pullet can have of a family of fourteen chickens."

NEWS FROM PARIS.—"A rich London banker means to build a new opera-house in London, which will surpass in luxury that of Paris. When finished he will present the edifice to the English government." (!)

A band of praying-women gathered in front of what they supposed was a beer saloon the other day, and opened their batteries of song. Half an hour passed, and no effect was visible. They had wasted their efforts in front of a lawyer's office.

An American paper says that:—"Just about the worst, most horrible, flat, false, screamy, grunty, growly, bellowy, wheezy, jerky, whiny, inappropriate, ill-balanced, coarse, lop-sided, uncultivated, barbarous, and ear-distracting of all New York church-music is to be heard in its Ritualistic churches, and for the best of reasons."

A CHORAL SOCIETY has been recently formed at Parsonstown (King's County, Ireland), and the services of Mr Matthew Arnold are engaged as conductor. Weekly meetings are held in John's Hall. The works in immediate rehearsal are Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, Romberg's *Lay of the Bell*, Glees, &c. There are, we understand, over seventy members.

The *Art Musical* says:—Verdi's *Requiem Messe*, announced to be performed at the Opéra Comique in April, will attract an enormous crowd. The boxes are all taken up, and many amateurs have secured places for the whole of the performances. As the artists are bound to present themselves in London early in May, the Mass cannot be given more than a few times."

The budget of the opera at Brussels has recently assumed enormous proportions. Singers, orchestra, chorus, ballet, &c., cost fabulous sums, and matters threaten to grow worse. However great their contempt for money, the directors will in future be unable to make any outlay, except for novelties and works of great attraction; and, unless resigned to seeing the great stock pieces, with dingy scenery and costumes, the Corporation will be obliged to confer another grant, which, for the sake of real great works of art, cannot come too soon.—*Guide Musical.*

A great great nephew of Handel's, having presented a petition to the Emperor, begging that a street may be named after his relative, received a notification that a new quarter is going to be erected, in which all the streets will be named after celebrated musicians, on the principle already adopted for other artists in the Albrechts-Hof, and that the name of Handel will not be overlooked. The petitioner himself was born in 1803, at his father's house in the Wallstrasse, where he still resides. He is a constant and zealous attendant at the meetings of the Society for the History of Berlin.—*Berlin Echo.*

THE death of Mr J. C. Webster, late of the firm of Wilkie, Webster, and Allan, makes another break—writes the *Melbourne Argus*—in the chain connecting the present musical generation with the past. A period of nearly 40 years of service in the great London house of Broadwood and Sons brought him in contact with all the musical celebrities of the time, whether of the French, German, Italian, or English schools. A friend of Ries (the favourite pupil of Beethoven), he was also intimate in those circles wherein Smart and Stevenson were leaders. No man in this country was master of a greater fund of anecdote in connection with the musical world of his day than the late Mr Webster; and his conversation amongst his intimates on such subjects was always full of interest and entertainment. He died at his place at Moonee Ponds, on the 20th inst, aged 64 years.

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3. *Triumph of Oberon..... *Allen.*
4. *On the sea ..... *Gounod.*
5. *The Bee ..... *Barnett.*
6. *Song of the Water ..... *Smart.*

BOOK II.
7. *Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
8. *Village bride ..... *Costa.*
9. *Pilgrim's evening..... *Wagner.*
10. *Music of the night ..... *Hatton.*
11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.
13. *Now lightly we..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Benoldi.*
18. *Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.
19. *The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. *Hark! the Gondolier.... *Riccardi.*
21. *Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. *When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. *The sun has been..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.
25. *Merry minstrels are..... *Wagner.*
26. *Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. *Hark! the merry..... *Flotow.*
28. *With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. *Happy as the day..... *Wallace.*
30. *The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.
31. *The distant bell..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell ..... *Pinsuti.*
33. *Who'll follow..... *Paggi.*
34. *Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. *O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. *O hear ye not..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.
37. *Sea flowers..... *Barnett.*
38. *Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. *Warbler of the forest.... *Benedict.*
40. *Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. *Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.
43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.
49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Handley*
53. *Evening ..... *T. Handley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.
55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.
61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.
67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm..... *Richards.*
69. *Lightly, softly..... *Flotow.*
70. *Over woodland,over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72. *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.
73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley.. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.
79. *Our Vesper Hymn..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Curschman.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Curschman.*
82. *Hark the Pilot ..... *Bishop.*
83. *While the days are bright *Bordese.*
84. *Sweet Bird of Heaven.. *Wallace.*

* *These can be had in folio size, with Accompaniment.*

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG,
"THOU ART WEARY."
WORDS BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.
MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
SUNG BY
MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING
AT THE
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

"The singer was Miss Antoinette Sterling, who, always heartily admired in those German ballads, for which she exhibits so marked a sympathy, introduced in a group four of Schumann's most graceful contributions to the *Lieder* repertory, and, later in the evening, a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Thou art weary' (set to words by Adelaide Proctor)—one of the most charming recent emanations from the pen of our gifted compatriot."—*The Times, Nov.* 10.

"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph, Nov* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard, Nov.* 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov.* 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG,
"TENDER AND TRUE,"
SUNG BY
MISS EDITH WYNNE
AT THE
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

"The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang a new song, 'Tender and True,' by Arthur Sullivan, the beauty of which, aided by a most tasteful rendering, elicited an encore."—*Daily Telegraph*, January 13.

"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

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On *May* 1*st* will be issued the first number of *Concordia*, a Journal chiefly devoted to the interests of Music.

While holding definite opinions, *Concordia* will strive to make itself the organ of an enlightened eclecticism. Regarding every question without prejudice, and solely in the interest of Art, it will encourage in its contributors and correspondents that free expression of ideas which ultimately establishes truth. Above all, it will be actuated by a desire to recognise and promote whatever is good in the new developments which are inseparable from the progressive nature of Music.

A leading feature of *Concordia* will be the number and importance of its original Articles and Essays. Among the gentlemen who have already signified their willingness to contribute are:—

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JOSEPH BENNETT.	Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.	WALTER MACFARREN.	HENRY SMART.
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From week to week notices of subjects connected with the sister Arts of Poetry and Painting, the Drama, &c., will be contributed to *Concordia* by able writers.

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The department of Reviews will receive the care demanded by its importance, and prominence will be given, in this department, to the leading works published abroad.

Among other valuable features of *Concordia* will be, subject to the co-operation of the various publishers, a weekly list of new Music, and of Services, Anthems, &c., to be sung in the Cathedrals and chief Parish Churches on the Sunday following each issue.

It is believed that, in *Concordia*, the art-loving public will have a thoroughly readable Journal—one, that is to say, which interests the Amateur not less than the connoisseur. No pains will be spared in order to secure this desirable result.

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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Vol. 53—No. 17. SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA,
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

First Appearance of Mdlle Anna de Belocca.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 24th, will be performed ROSSINI'S Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Il Conte Almaviva, Signor Brignoli (his second appearance); Figaro, Signor Catalani; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Zoboli; Don Basilio, Signor Costa; Fiorello, Signor Rinaldini; Ufficiale, Signor Casaboni; Berta, Mdme Demeric-Lablache; and Rosina, Mdlle Anna de Belocca (her first appearance in England). Mdme Anna de Belocca will sing, in the Lesson scene (1) Air Russe (Solové); (2) Brindisi (*Lucrezia Borgia*). Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Tietjens—Trebelli-Bettini—Campanini—Behrens.

Extra Night.

On MONDAY next, April 26th (for the second time this season), DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCREZIA BORGIA." Gennaro, Signor Campanini; Il Duca Alfonso, Herr Behrens; Gubetta, Signor Costa; Rustighello, Signor Rinaldini; Astolfo, Signor Romani; Liverotto, Signor Grazzi; Gazella, Signor Zoboli; Petrucci, Signor Casaboni; Maffeo Orsini, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle Tietjens.

Third Appearance of Mdlle Elena Varesi.—First Appearance of Signor Fancelli.

ON TUESDAY next, April 27 (for the first time this season), DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Fancelli (his first appearance this season); and Lucia, Mdlle Elena Varesi (her first appearance in that character, and her third appearance in this country).

Extra Night.

THURSDAY, April 29, Second Appearance of Mdlle Anna de Belocca. "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Rosina, by Mdlle Anna de Belocca (her second appearance in this country).

Doors open at Eight o'clock. Commence at Half-past Eight. Stalls, £1 1s.; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; gallery 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Bailey, where subscriptions may be entered into and prospectuses of the season's arrangements obtained.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—MR MANNS' BENEFIT CONCERT. THIS DAY. Mr MANNS has the honour to announce that Mr Santley, Mr Lloyd, and Dr Hans von Bülow have most kindly offered him their valuable assistance for his Benefit. He has also secured the services of Madame Blanche Cole and Herr Jules de Swert (solo violoncellist to H.I.M. the Emperor of Germany). The Programme will contain the following pieces: Overture, *Fidelio* (Beethoven); Terzetto (*Fidelio*); Pianoforte Concerto in C minor (Raff), first time at these Concerts; "The Erl King" (Schubert); Orchestral Selection from *Lohengrin* (Wagner); Concert piece for 'cello (De Swert); "The Garland" (Mendelssohn); Scotch Symphony (Mendelssohn). Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown.

NEXT FRIDAY.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. FRIDAY next, April 30, at 7·30, COSTA'S Oratorio, "ELI." Madame L. Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr Santley, Mr Lewis Thomas. Organist—Mr Willing. Tickets—3s., 5s., 10s. 6d. —at 6, Exeter Hall.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. NINTH SEASON, 1875. The THIRD CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, April 28 (Brahms' and Spohr's Compositions forming the first part of Programme). Prospectus on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN'S EVENING CONCERT, at ST JAMES'S HALL, will take place on THURSDAY, April 29th, assisted by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Herr Straus, Herr Daubert. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 5s. each; admission, One Shilling; to be obtained of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; Mr Austin, 28, Piccadilly; and of Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, 13, Dorchester Place, Blandford Square, N.W.

MISS FLORENCE MAY'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St James's, on SATURDAY Afternoon, May 8th, at Three o'clock (under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh). Pianoforte—Miss Florence May. Violin—Signor Guido Papini. Vocalist—Miss Sophie Löwe. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini. Stalls (reserved), 5s.; unreserved seats, 3s.; may be obtained of Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; and of Messrs Chappell, 50, New Bond Street.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 24th, will be performed "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." Mdlle Marimon (her second appearance this season), Madame Anese; Signori Ciampi, Fallar, Raguer, Rossi, and Piazza. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On MONDAY next, April 26, "GUGLIELMO TELL." Mdlle Bianchi, Mdlle Ghiotti, Mdlle Cottino; M. Maurel, Signori Bagagiolo, Tagliafico, Fallar, Rossi, Raguer, Sabater, and Marini. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On TUESDAY next, April 27, "UN BALLO IN MASCHERA." Mdlle D'Angeri, Mdlle Scalchi, Mdlle Bianchi; Signori Graziani, Capponi, Tagliafico, Manfredi, Fallar, Rossi, and De Sanctis. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On THURSDAY next, April 29 (in lieu of the Subscription for Saturday, July 31), "DON GIOVANNI." Zerlina, Mdlle Zaré Thalberg (her fourth appearance on any stage), Madame Vilda, Mdlle D'Angeri; Signori Marini, Ciampi, Tagliafico, Capponi, and M. Maurel. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On FRIDAY next, April 30, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO." Mdlle D'Angeri, Mdlle Marimon (her third appearance this season), Mdlle Smeroschi, Madame Saar, Mdlle Proch, Mdlle Scalchi; M. Maurel, Signori Capponi, Bagagiolo, Tagliafico, and Pavani. Conductor—Signor Bevignani.

On SATURDAY, May 1, "RIGOLETTO." Mdlle Albani (her third appearance this season), Mdlle Scalchi; Signori Graziani, Tagliafico, and De Sanctis. Conductor—Signor Bevignani.

Floral Hall Concerts.

The FIRST FLORAL HALL CONCERT of the season will take place THIS AFTERNOON, April 24.

"GIROFLE-GIROFLA" on SATURDAY, MAY 1st.

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus. — Sole Proprietors and Responsible Managers, SPIERS & POND. — LAST FIVE NIGHTS. "LES PRES SAINT GERVAIS," new Comic Opera in English, by CHARLES LECOCQ. Adapted by R. REECE, and produced under the direction of Mrs W. H. LISTON. Conductor—Mr F. STANISLAUS. The Opera commences at Eight, and is over by Eleven o'clock. The Free List is suspended. Mesdames Pauline Rita, Florence Hunter, Lilian Adair, Emily Thorn, and Rose Keene. Messrs A. Brennir, Perrini, Loredan, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, J. Manning. Private boxes from £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes (bonnets allowed), 5s.; pit, 2s.; amphitheatre, 1s. To be obtained at the Box Office of the Criterion. Acting Manager—Mr EDWARD MURRAY.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will make her Third and Last Appearance this Season at the Athenæum, N.W., on Friday Evening, the 30th inst., when she will play the "TARENTELLE AND GRAND FINALE OF MASANIELLO" (by THALBERG) and TAUSIG'S "BRILLIANT TRANSCRIPTION OF THE CUJUS ANIMAM."

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MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new Ballad, "I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN," and his new Song, "COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE," at the Vestry Hall, Chelsea, at Miss Lester's Concert, April 30th.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his popular Song, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at the Athenæum, Camden Town, April 27th.

THE GUITAR.—MDME SIDNEY PRATTEN, Teacher of this elegant Instrument, is in Town for the Season. For LESSONS and Private CONCERTS, address to her residence, 22A, Dorset Street, Portman Square, W.

MR RICCARDI (the new Bass), who made so successful a *debut* at St James's Hall, March 12th, begs to announce his Return to London for the Season. All applications for ENGAGEMENTS to be addressed, Care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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TO AMATEUR MUSICIANS.—Will be sold, by order of the Executors of the late WM. EDWARDS, Esq., Coroner, Spalding, the following valuable Instruments, by

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The Music by HYPPOLITE VAN LANDEGHEM.

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SONG,

Words and Music by ERNEST HOUGHTON.

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BAYREUTH.*

(*Continued from page* 259.)

This introduction ought of itself to extort from every impartial person an appreciative: "Well roared, lion!" and enable him to form an adequate idea of the powerful pencil wielded by the critic who, though he has pulled out all his stops, seems not to be in the slightest degree exhausted, but, with undiminished strength, goes on swinging the censer as follows:

"So powerful a spell as that exercised at the present day by Wagner over the masses belongs to no other existing artist; a similar demoniacal influence can have appertained only to Liszt in the most brilliant days of his virtuosity."

This parallel, interesting, without a doubt, to Liszt *exaltados* and Wagner enthusiasts, is followed by the information that to-day—the 1st March, 1875—"the interest and excitement of the public are, as may well be imagined, increased ten-fold, since they are aroused not only by the individuality of the celebrated composer, but by new works of his with grand intentions"—are these intentions *realized*, we may ask—"works which he will produce, and of which, with the exception of some of his most intimate confidants, no mortal knows a single note."

When, in the notice, at which we at length arrive, of the concert itself, we find the "Kaisermarch," which is played by way of introduction, designated in one and the same breath a "thorough festive and, intellectually considered, grandly conceived, but, musically, not very important, occasional piece," we are unable quite to understand how a composition can be simultaneously "intellectually considered, grandly conceived," but, "musically, not very important." Can the writer allude to the important chasm which, in Wagner's case, is not seldom perceptible between intention and realization, between the will and the deed?

The description of the manner in which the public received the three Fragments, performed after the "Kaisermarch," from the *Götterdämmerung*, the fourth and last part of the grand Stage-Festival-Play, *Der Ring der Nibelungen*, is literally dripping with transcendentalism, and reminds us involuntarily of the battle-bulletins issued by the first Napoleon, and which, from their imposing and exceedingly mouth-filling lapidary style, have acquired a somewhat unenviably notoriety. "The reception of the pieces on the part of the public"—so runs the account word for word—"kept rising from one Fragment to another, until it reached enthusiasm, just as though Wagner's desk was, even at first, hung with laurel wreaths, after the 'Kaisermarch,' and each piece from the *Götterdämmerung* fresh specimens of these blooming 'offerings of immortality' keep cropping up, there having probably been on the whole above twenty of them." The culminating point of the enthusiasm, which, it must be confessed, the easily excitable Viennese public took down in by no means homœopathic doses, was the fact of Wagner's being called on at least twelve times, after which he felt a desire to say something, and—of course, "in a voice half choked with emotion"—heartily thanked the glorious public of Vienna, who had assisted him so considerably towards realizing the task of his life.† He added that he had now the more ground for hoping that his work would be carried out, because his audience had greeted, with such exceedingly lively and sympathetic interest, the Fragments, "which are so difficult of performance when isolated, so difficult to be understood, and so dependent upon scenic accessories."

It is here well to remark, and to bear in mind, firstly: that (characteristically for the consistency of his principles) Wagner, formerly the sworn enemy of all performances at *concerts* of his opera-dramas, when they must necessarily be presented in a fragmentary shape, has now, yielding to the most sensitive of all nerves—the *nervus rerum gerendarum*—come to adopt such performances; and, furthermore, that it is the "poet-composer" himself, who describes these fragments as "difficult to understand," and of such a nature that *scenic accessories are indispensably necessary to them*. The critic in question thinks that, in speaking of them thus, Wagner has characterised them in the best possible manner, and he extends his confession by a remark which appears too important as regards the characterization and right appreciation of the whole (Wagnerian) tendency to be withheld from the reader. The critic says then: "These pieces may have been for many a one among the audience, riddles not to be solved, if he did not know the connection between the different parts of the Trilogy, and did not keep in mind the fact that, *in his most recent music Wagner never writes a single bar for its own sake*, but writes everything to mean, explain, or illustrate something." Thus, then, Wagner's most recent music *of itself* means nothing, it is of itself meaningless, and receives all its meaning exclusively from the action which it serves to explain—or, in other words—illustrate.* With laudable frankness, the critic now remarks that: "For any one who is *unprepared beforehand*,† comprehension" (of the Fragments in question) "is the more difficult, because Wagner composed his *Nibelungen* as one great whole, and that hence the motives of one opera are transferred to another (for instance, from *Rheingold* to the *Walküre*), and with the motives invariably certain ideas (as, for instance, the recollection of Siegfried, the *hero* and *lover*; of Brunhilde; of the Daughters of the Rhine; of Alberich's curse; of Wotan's farewell; of the God, Loge, as the musical impersonification of fire, etc). These ideas the public immediately recollects when the corresponding musical thoughts crop up,‡ and they thus serve as guides in the otherwise obscure labyrinths of the *Nibelungen* scores." "Any one now"—the oracular notice goes on to say—"who has studied these *scores*, or even only the respective *pianoforte arrangements*, and consequently knows the import of the motives selected; and who, furthermore, has attentively followed the three *rehearsals* preceding the performance, besides bringing with him no prejudice against Wagnerian music, diverging, as it does from the classical track and striking out a previously untroden path"§—all being conditions the critic happens to combine in his own case—"must feel that in the Fragments from the *Götterdämmerung*, the peculiar dramatic power of expression belonging to the Wagnerian orchestra has reached its culminating point."‖ At the same time, however, the critic finds that "over certain portions of the pieces performed there is diffused a melodic charm, which brings them nearer the absolute musician, and is not often met with in Wagner." According to the view which the critic here very clearly enunciates, only those persons who, by a sufficient study of the *scores* or the *pianoforte arrangements*, have learnt how the land lies, and who have been able to attend the *rehearsals* preparatory to the performance, are in a position to arrive at a satisfactory comprehension of the Fragments. It is however, only musicians—and not all musicians in an equal degree—who understand scores and pianoforte arrangements; but not even musicians have always time and opportunity—besides not always being equally susceptible and well-disposed—for attending repeated rehearsals. Of course, on the principles laid down above, the general public would be shut out from all possibility of understanding these Fragments. Music, however, like every other art, exists not only for the artist and the connoisseur, but for every one; for which reason, any pretext of exclusiveness will

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† The net profit from the concert was devoted to the augmentation of the Bayreuth Festival-Play Fund.

* We are here informed, with a plainness leaving nothing to be desired, what is the essential difference between Richard Wagner and dramatic composers who have preceded him, and whose music even "of itself," when severed from the plot of the drama which it accompanies, had and still retains significancy.

† As if the preponderating portion of every public did not consist of persons *unprepared beforehand!*

‡ But suppose anyone should *not* recollect—as may very well be the case, should he happen to belong to the unhappy individuals who are "unprepared beforehand"—suppose he first requires to be reminded by some one else that this motive ought to remind him of Siegfried; that, of Brunhilde, etc.—What then! Then, in all probability, he would find himself in the exact position of the Scholar in *Faust*; he would be as confused with regard to all he was hearing and had heard, as though a mill-wheel were going round inside his head.

§ Should not this properly run thus: Everyone who considers Richard Wagner the only god of music, and alone possessing power to render us blessed, while he looks upon all his predecessors in the same domain as mere wretched bunglers in art, and their works as immature essays, fit for nothing save the lumber-room.

‖ We must here involuntarily ask ourselves: Who, then, really *sings*, *moves*, and *acts* in Wagner's opera-dramas; is it the orchestra, or is it not rather, wholly and solely, the *singer*?

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always indicate *confusion* as well as *weakness*, and every artist who shuts out the general public from the comprehension and enjoyment of his work must expect the said public to care nothing for him. That the critic should expressly refer to the melodic charm, which—in his opinion—is diffused over certain portions of the pieces performed, constitutes a confession, not to be undervalued, of the importance justly attributed by "absolute musicians" to *melody*, as the real soul of music,* just as the remark that melodic charm does not too frequently occur in Wagner, gives evidence of laudable discernment and ingenuousness.

CARL KOSSMALY.

(To be continued.)

EMMA ALBANI.

On Tuesday night the return of Mdlle Albani was welcomed by an audience as appreciative as it was numerous. The young Canadian songstress is an established favourite both at Covent Garden and elsewhere. This is not surprising, because she regards her profession from a serious point of view, and leaves nothing untried that may help in bringing her nearer to the goal. Her natural advantages, it is true, are exceptional. But, not satisfied with these, she has honestly laboured, and, with the aid of persevering study, become a genuine mistress of her art—thus verifying the opinion of amateurs who, when she first appeared among us, prophesied highly of her future. Each succeeding year has brought with it such marked improvement as could hardly escape the notice even of connoisseurs not quick in detecting early promise, and not over-sanguine in recognizing its fulfilment. The opera chosen for the present occasion was Bellini's perennial *Sonnambula*. It was in the character of Amina (April 2, 1872) that Mdlle Albani appealed for the first time to the sympathies of an English audience, and with what result is not forgotten. Her performance then exhibited gifts and qualities quite out of the ordinary way. Season after season, however, it has been advancing gradually towards the absolute excellence which it may be said in all fairness to have attained, both in the dramatic embodiment and its vocal illustration. In fact, the progress made by Mdlle Albani as an actress is hardly less remarkable than the progress she has made as a singer. Her portrayal of the innocent village maiden, who has only her heart to offer for dowry, is as interesting in its details as it is natural and charming in its general bearing. Her execution of the music, here simple and melodious, there florid and ornate, here so plaintive, there so joyous, is in each particular almost all that could be wished, leaving scarcely a point open to criticism. The cordial welcome that greeted her on Tuesday evening exercised, no doubt, a beneficial influence, and urged Mdlle Albani to strive her utmost to show that she was not undeserving of it. That she succeeded was proved by the strong impression she created, and the continued applause bestowed upon every one of her more striking efforts. The opening recitative, "Care compagne," and its pendent *cavatina*, "Come per me sereno," in which Amina dwells with subdued rapture on her approaching happiness, were heard with unanimous satisfaction; while the brilliant sequel, "Sovra il sen," profusely ornamented in accordance with traditional custom, was followed by the loudest demonstrations, renewed again and again after the expressive parting duet between Amina and Elvino at the end of the first act. The scene of the bed-room, which constitutes the whole of the second, was equally happy. Here the poignant accents and despairing gestures with which the wronged Amina tries vainly to persuade her lover of her innocence afforded Mdlle Albani opportunities for the exhibition of intense feeling, which she turned to the best account. The whole scene was admirable, and the hearty recognition of the effect it had produced upon the house required neither bouquets nor calls before the curtain to add to its significance. The last scene of all—the scene of the mill, the somnambulism, the faded flowers, the restoration of the ring, and the awakening once again to happiness—was of a piece with what had gone before. We need not go into details about a situation every incident of which is familiar. Enough that in the pathetic apostrophe to the flowers, "Ah! non credea mirarti," Mdlle Albani was enabled to exhibit not only deep feeling, but a command of *mezza voce* singing that increases, and acquires greater charm, with her years; while in the joyous sequel, "Ah non giunge," she, not for the first time, proved herself an equally accomplished mistress of the *bravura* style. The curtain fell amid loud and prolonged applause, accompanied with further bouquets and recalls. In short, a more complete success could not have been desired. Signor Piazza, as times and tenors go, a very acceptable Elvino, was particularly good in the duets with Amina, both in the first and second acts. Signor Bagagiolo, as the Count, showed excellent taste in the bedroom scene, and sang "Vi ravviso" so thoroughly to the liking of the audience that he was compelled to repeat it. The Lisa was Mdlle Cottini; the Teresa, Madame Anese. Signor Vianesi conducted.

* "Leben athme die bildende Kunst, Geist ford'r 'ich vom Dichter,
Aber die Seele spricht nur Polyhymnia aus." SCHILLER.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON IN BRUSSELS.

(From "L'Etoile Belge.")

THEATRES.—Les adieux de Mme Christine Nilsson ont valu hier soir à cette célèbre artiste l'ovation la plus enthousiaste qui, de mémoire d'abonné, ait eu lieu au théâtre royal de la Monnaie. Rappelée trois fois après le quatrième acte des *Huguenots*, Mme Nilsson a été acclamée par le public, sous une véritable pluie de fleurs. Cinq minutes durant, ce fut, à la lettre, une avalanche de bouquets lancés de tous les coins de la salle. La scène en était littéralement jonchée; on eût dit que l'on avait pillé toutes les serres de Bruxelles. Le quatrième acte de *Hamlet*, qui clôturait le spectacle et les représentations de la *diva*, qui a été suivi de nouvelles et chaleureuses ovations accompagnées encore et toujours de fleurs et de bouquets les plus splendides.

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZA F. MORRIS.

Alas! 'tis true that she is dead,
Who sweetly sang the "Angels' Song;"
So still and lifeless is that head,
Which rolled sweet harmony along.

Those beaming, intellectual eyes
Will heighten beauty here no more;
But, in the realms above the skies,
They'll shine far brighter than before.

Those hands, which swept the glowing lyre,
Are now, too, motionless and still;
That soul, which flashed celestial fire,
Has left us at its Maker's will.

Those ears, so exquisitely fine,
Caught up the music of the skies,
Submissive to the Power Divine,
Are closed to earthly sounds and ties.

That voice, which sang in accents clear,
Harmonious strains that ne'er will die,
Has now attained a higher sphere,
A glorious one above the sky.

Enrolled in Heaven's eternal choir,
She sings our great Redeemer's praise;
Where saints to loftier heights aspire,
And highest hallelujahs raise.

Yes, she, whose gentle spirit stirred
Our eyes to tears, while here below,
Is now where sighs are never heard,
And tributary tears ne'er flow.

Eternal are her pleasures now:
How different the joys of earth!
A crown of glory decks her brow,
The product of the second birth.

Her lyric gems can never die:
No, they'll be profitably read,
While ages yet unborn pass by,
And silently entomb their dead.

In honour of th' illustrious dead,
I pen this tributary lay;
And, long as reason rules this head,
The heart shall ready homage pay.

Gotherington. LYCURGUS.

VENICE.—Twelve thousand lire have been subscribed here towards the projected monument to be raised in honour of Goldoni.

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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

(*Concluded from page* 244.)

Beethoven especially we often hear of as a great "tone poet." I should say that if this terminology is to be accepted at all, it should be graduated or made more precise so as to express the rank of the poet to whom it is applied. If Beethoven be a tone poet, some of our contemporaries should be authorised to call J. S. Bach an augmented tone poet, and, *e converso*, Rossini a "semitone poet." What designation should be applied to the vast crowd of less successful aspirants to musical fame I know not. Perhaps they might be put off with some of those minute intervals, the excess or insufficiency of which disturbs the minds of those who still generously devote themselves to the search after that philosopher's stone of our art—perfect intonation. I pass on now to the consideration of expression, under which term we may class words and signs indicative of pace, intensity, and style. A growing disposition has been observable of late among the different musical people of Europe to use their own language as vehicles for these indications. I think this is to be regretted: (1) as inconvenient to foreigners among whom their music is likely to go. It seems hard on an English, French, Italian, Hungarian, or Bohemian musician that to understand a piece of music by any eminent modern German master he must not only be a musician but a linguist; that he should not merely be able to appreciate the musical sound of the notes in the score before him, but have also a vocabulary—practically unlimited—of German words. He opens, say, Schumann's overture to *Genoveva*. He sees, by the position of the stave headed by the C clef, and designated "Bratsche," what is the meaning of that word; he need not have much doubt about the stave similarly headed and holding three parts against which is written "Posaunen;" by the shapes of the passages intended for them he may construct ventilhorn in es, waldhorn, and pauken, and by the help of the metronome mark he may come at the meaning of *langsam*. But a little further on he encounters *leidenschaftlich bewegt*, which is harder upon him; and, a little further still, *sehr frisch*, which is really too bad. This example has lately found imitators among the Scandinavians, who expressed their musical intention in words which a German of philological tastes and pursuits could doubtless make out, but which to the average German must be as unintelligible as to the average Englishman. Strange to say, the French, who take it for granted that everybody understands their language, or ought to—have not sinned in this way so much as the Germans. It is true that the scores of their operas are covered with phrases like "avec chaleur," "très simplement," "à demi-voix," "avec ironie;" but these may be regarded as "stage directions," addressed to, and inevitably intelligible to, those who are to play the parts, as well as sing the music to which they refer. Otherwise French composers limit themselves in their scores to a few native words such as *détaché*, *doucement*, and the like. As for ourselves our modern musical publications would indicate, what certainly is the reverse of true, that we are the greatest linguists on earth. It is needless to present examples of what everybody is familiar with; we have all seen, and see daily, title pages, for instance, in which two, three, and even four languages are employed. (2) Irrespective of its practical inconvenience, which I do not wish to overrate, this practice takes from music its noblest characteristic—its catholicity. We musicians are able to discourse in a language touching to the hearts, if not always clear to the intelligences, of every people on the face of the globe; and we are furnished with an alphabet in which to write this language, which is not the invention of a single mind but of a thousand minds; a thing which has marched on to its present perfection *pari passu* beside music itself; an alphabet so clear—to him who knows how to read it—that a musical composition, no matter of what intricacy, composed, let us say, at Moscow, can, without any serious violation of the intentions of its author, and without his personal assistance, be performed within a few days, weeks, or months, in London, Paris, New York, or Melbourne, wherever there are artists to interpret it. Let us cherish this precious possession, and do what we can to prevent its acquiring a sectarian, provincial, or even national character, through the introduction of any peculiarities whatever. The directions of which I have spoken were, up to a comparatively recent time, made all the world over in one language—Italian. And even to this hour the most Teutonic of musical composers are still obliged to resort to that language. In the score of which I have just spoken, Schumann's *Genoveva* there are as many Italian words or abbreviations of Italian words as there are measures—very often more. The words "dolce," "sempre," "basso," "soli," "divisi," and the like are of frequent occurrence; and as for the contractions of "piano," "forte," "crescendo," "diminuendo," "sforzato," and the like, they may be counted by hundreds. Granted that Italy has not been observant of Andrew Marvel's caution—

> "The same arts that did attain
> A power must it maintain."

Granted that she has not held her own against such competitors as Germany during the last hundred years has brought into the field, are we to loose all veneration for the people whom the slightest aquaintance with musical history will show to have been the musical teachers of all the world? Are we to kick down the ladder by which we have risen to our present superiority, to turn a cold shoulder on old friends because we have become better off, and, it may be, wiser than he? Not, however, to throw more sentiment round this matter than it will bear, it does seem unwise to subject ourselves to the inconveniences of which I have spoken, when they can be avoided by the simple process of using only one vocabulary, and that not a new or unaccustomed one, but one with which every musical people is at least partially familiar.

An interesting discussion took place at the conclusion of the paper, in which Mr Bannister, Mr Stephens, Dr Stainer, and Mr Ellis took part.

SIGNOR SALVINI AND MR H. IRVING.

(*To the Editor of the "Times."*)

SIR,—I have reason to believe that a false impression exists concerning my conduct in regard to Signor Salvini's late morning performance, and, in consequence, I venture to trouble you with this letter.

Immediately after the first appearance of Signor Salvini I called on Messrs. Lacon and Ollier, and requested them to secure me a box for the first morning representation Signor Salvini might give. This was some days before any morning performance had been to my knowledge suggested.

At this time I was invited to meet Signor Salvini by a friend, who conveyed to me gracious expressions Signor Salvini had used concerning my representation of Hamlet. I was, unfortunately, prevented from accepting this invitation, and, hearing from our friend that Signor Salvini might be gratified at receiving direct expression of my great desire to see him act, I subsequently wrote and received from him a most courteous reply; and I am sure Signor Salvini (whom, after all, it alone concerns) would be the last to impute any paltry motive to the absence of my name to the round-robin circular.—I am, Sir, obediently yours,

Garrick Club, April 21. HENRY IRVING.

Bishenden's Wolf to the Editor of the Hornet 4 Mortimer Street Cavendish Square W Sir the letter signed S which appeared in the *Hornet* April 14th has doubtless been the cause of much amusement to your numerous readers as a professional singer I am not too sensitive to public criticism and I must confess the verses which have some literary merit would have possessed more had they been true had the effect of making me laugh now S says that the Wolf was introduced suggesting to the public mind the inference that the animal in question appeared upon the stage in *propriâ personâ* whereas the song of the Wolf was sung by me at the St George's Hall concert as a musical piece in the programme the version I sing of this famous old song was arranged to suit my voice and style by one of the most popular and able composers of the day I have sung the song many hundreds of times to the best of my ability and it has always given great satisfaction the copy I possess is in manuscript and the repeated applications I have received of late for copies may induce me to favourably entertain the idea of publishing my version of the Wolf at some future time I am Sir yours very truly Ch J Bishenden author of the Voice and How to Use It.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mdlle Zaré Thalberg's second appearance more than confirmed the highly flattering opinions created by her *début*. She again appeared as Zerlina, and was received with the same unanimous favour. We find no reason to modify in any way our first impressions of this very young lady, in whom the director of the Royal Italian Opera has, we feel convinced, discovered a real treasure. A wiser selection for her *début* than the character of the simple rustic maiden of Da Ponte and Mozart could not have been hit upon. That which Mdlle Thalberg is able to do in another line remains to be seen; but if credence may be given to all that was said and written about her during her sojourn in Paris last year, we are justified in believing that she has a very different kind of music at easy command. What will be the next task allotted to her at Covent Garden is at present a matter of conjecture. Meanwhile, to have charmed every hearer in such incomparable melodies as those that suggested themselves so readily to the composer of *Don Giovanni* is something of which any young aspirant might feel reasonably proud; and her having done this shows Mdlle Thalberg to be a worthy daughter of the man who proved that an instrument could be made to sing just like the human voice.

Although Mr Gye has hitherto offered to the public nothing absolutely new, he, in less than three weeks, produced eleven operas—the majority of them "grand" in the strictest acceptation of the term. To say nothing about *Guillaume Tell*, which "inaugurated" the season, we have had *Robert le Diable*, the *Africaine*, and the *Huguenots* of Meyerbeer, besides the *Favorita* of Donizetti. All these elaborate works were more or less efficiently presented. The only opera which, up to the actual time, has been brought forward more than once is *Don Giovanni*—and that for a reason easily understood. The re-engagement of Signor Naudin—one of the most useful and versatile tenors in Europe—has been of essential service in the *Africaine* and the *Huguenots*. That he was selected by Meyerbeer himself for the original representative of Vasco di Gama, our musical readers are aware; and that just now there are very few more intimately acquainted with the dramatic traditions or more able to meet the vocal requirements of such a part as that of Raoul de Nangis is equally well known. Madame Marie Vilda, though by no means an ideal Alice, or an ideal Valentine, possesses so fine a voice, and such considerable dramatic power, that in the absence of a younger singer, with resources physical and mental in proportion, she can hardly be regarded as unacceptable—which, indeed, the applause bestowed upon her efforts sufficed to show. Mdlle Scalchi, now recognized as one of the best contraltos on the Italian stage, has again proved her ability to undertake the character of Leonora, in the *Favorita*, originally written for Rosina Stoltz, the once famous mezzo-soprano of the Paris Grand Opera. The lighter operas in the repertory have also proved attractive, the *Elisir d'Amore* and the *Figlia del Reggimento* among them. In the first, Mdlle Smeroschi was as lively an Adina as before, acting with vivacity and executing the music with the same fluency. In the last, Mdlle Marimon, as Maria, exhibited all the brilliant qualities that have won her general admiration. As a vocalist of the school most congenial to the taste of those among whom she has passed her artistic career, Mdlle Marimon is, perhaps, without a rival. The *Vivandière* of Donizetti is one of her most spirited assumptions. She looks and acts the character to perfection, and sings the music precisely as it ought to be sung. That she can impart expression to a plaintive strain as well as brilliancy to one that demands mere executive fluency is amply proved by her delivery of "Convien partir," the pathetic "adieu" of Maria to the soldiers with whom she has so long been intimately associated. On Saturday night she was received with the utmost cordiality, encored in the apostrophe to the Regiment, "Ciascun lo dice" (Act I.), in the "Rataplan," with the Marchioness and Sulpizio (Act II.), and applauded with enthusiasm after her marvellously facile delivery of a "valse," composed by M. Maton, which it is her custom to introduce at the end of the opera. Signor Piazza, an excellent light tenor as times go, showed the same efficiency in the part of Tonio as he had already shown in that of Nemorino (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), with Mdlle Smeroschi. The sparkling music of Donizetti was heard with the accustomed pleasure. Signor Vianesi presided in the orchestra.

On Monday, Mdlle Thalberg made her third appearance, with increased success—the opera again being *Don Giovanni*. The *rentrée* of that general favourite, Mdlle Albani, came off on Tuesday, the part of her choice being, once more, Amina. On Thursday, *Lucia* was given, with Albani as the heroine, and the new tenor, Signor De Sanctis, as the hero. *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Mdme Vilda, was announced for last night; and for this evening we are promised the always welcome *Fra Diavolo*.

—o—

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON A BRUXELLES.

On dit dans *l'Echo du Nord* de Lille—"A Bruxelles au Théâtre de la Monnaie, les ovations du public ont atteint les dernières limites de l'enthousiasme. Une dépêche de M. Campocasso à l impresario, dépêche que nous avons sous les yeux, affirme en ces termes, et la satisfaction financière du directeur, et le triomphe de la grande artiste :—

"'*Bruxelles*, 1 *Avril*.

"'Salle archi-comble, succès immense et sans précédent à Bruxelles, scène litterallement couverte de fleurs, 12 rappels, ovation par la foule à la sortie du théâtre: merci mille fois pour cette brillante fin de saison.—CAMPOCASSO.'"

—o—

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

M. Rivière's season of Promenade Concerts terminated on Saturday last; and I regret to say that prosperity did not favour it. The orchestra was excellent, the programmes constantly and pleasantly varied, and the *auditorum* arrangement admirably adapted to the comfort and convenience of the audience. It was a mistake, however, to fix the price of admission to the promenade at more than a shilling, and the adoption of this price when the season was half over was too late to secure popularity; an initial success in concerts of this character certainly being specially valuable from a commercial point of view. The concerts would perhaps have been more attractive had the directors been able to secure one eminent singer for every concert; as it was, the several singers who appeared on the same evening were often, though artists of merit, comparatively unknown.

The last orchestral concert of the "Gentlemen's Concerts" was given on Monday evening. I enclose the programme :—

PART I.—Symphony in B flat—Schubert; Recit. ed Aria, "Ah! se tu dormi" (*Romeo e Giulietta*) (Miss Purdy)—Vaccaj; Recit. ed Aria, "Hai gai vinta" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) (Mr Santley)—Mozart; Recit. and Air, "I dreamt I was in heaven" (*Naaman*) (Mdme Patey)—Costa; Solo Pianoforte, Concerto in A minor (Mr Walter Bache)—Schumann. PART II.—Overture, (*Euryanthe*)—Weber; Couplets, "Se l'Arlesi son regine" (*Mirella*) (Mr Santley)—Gounod; Air, "L'Alleluia de Sinai" (transcript per M. Moret) (Miss Purdy)—Haydn; Air, "Nel lasciarti" (Mdme Patey)—Cimarosa; Solo Pianoforte, Rhapsodie Hongroise in A, No. 13 (Mr Walter Bache)—Liszt; Song, "Fair is my love" (Mr Santley)—Hatton; Song, "By the sad sea waves" (Mdme Patey)—Benedict; Overture (*Domino Noir*)—Auber.

Mr Walter Bache, who made his first appearance in Manchester, was very cordially received, and his playing was greatly admired.

Mdme Patey's voice was never in more superb condition, and, if she sang in Paris with anything like the finish and vocal power displayed here on Monday, the compliments and comparisons of the critics were certainly not extravagant. Miss Purdy had previously sung here, and then, as now, her good taste and the absence of affectation in her singing were generally appreciated. Mr Santley was also in splendid voice, and never sang with greater success. We, in Manchester, hear with mingled feelings of this great artist's engagement with Carl Rosa. Mr Santley's absence from the stage has involved the disappearance of some of the finest lyric impersonations of modern times, and every lover of the lyric drama will welcome his determination to assist the movement in favour of a national opera. But the concerts must suffer, especially the oratorios, if Mr Santley can only be heard on the stage.

The orchestral selections at Monday's concert were all admirably played, and Mr Halle was, as usual, the conductor.

Mr Sims Reeves, who is now in Manchester, will sing at a ballad concert, in the Free Trade Hall, to-morrow (Thursday) night.

April 21st, 1875.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The performance of *Rigoletto* on Saturday night was interesting, if only on account of a new singer of more than common ability being introduced to us, in the character of Gilda. To give a fair portrayal of this, perhaps the most charming of Verdi's heroines, natural gifts as well as artistic acquirement are indispensable. Mdlle Elena Varesi possesses both. Daughter of Varesi, for whom the part of the Court Jester was originally intended, and of Boccabadati, one of the most distinguished vocalists of her day, the *débutante* comes from a promising source. She is very young—in her twenty-first year, we understand—but already exhibits perfect ease on the boards, and is, in the truest sense, an actress, graceful in appearance, natural in her gestures, and able to express emotion in its varied phases, without a hint of exaggeration. What chiefly recommends Mdlle Varesi as a singer is the fact of her being mistress of the pure Italian style, which, the advantages she must have derived from early training borne in mind, is not surprising, even at her age. Her voice, a genuine soprano, some of its accents occasionally recalling those of the much-regretted Angiolina Bosio, appears to us somewhat deficient in power. Nevertheless, it is sweet and penetrating throughout its range. At the beginning of her first scene, Mdlle Varesi was, seemingly, too overcome with nervousness to exercise the complete control necessary to adequate vocal and dramatic expression. But, warmed up by the sympathetic encouragement of the audience, she gradually recovered her self-possession, and, in the duet between Gilda and her unknown lover, ending with the impassioned "Addio, addio," which immediately follows the interview with Rigoletto, this was favourably shown. The tuneful soliloquy, "Caro nome," was given in a manner so entirely to the satisfaction of the house, that a repetition was called for, to which Sir Michael Costa accorded ready assent. From this point similar marks of approval were unsparingly lavished upon the new comer—at the end of the duet which constitutes the *finale* to Act II., when Rigoletto has discovered his daughter in the palace of the Duke, and again at the last fall of the curtain. Enough has been said to describe the impression created by Mdlle Varesi on a more than usually impressionable house. Her success was indisputable; but that she has not yet displayed her full resources is, we think, equally beyond question. Her career will be watched with interest. The opera was generally well given. Signor Gilandi, as the Duke, and Signor Galassi, as the Jester, though both a little over-demonstrative, possess powerful voices, and succeeded in winning the hearty applause of the audience; while the Maddalena of Mdme Trebelli, it may be safely added, is the best on record, not excepting that of the late Nantier Didiée, among the earliest representatives of the character. That the orchestral accompaniments were all that could be wished, and that "La donna é mobile" (Signor Gilandi), as well as the famous quartet in the last act, received the customary encores, will be taken for granted. Sir Michael Costa never took more pains to ensure a good performance, or to support a young *débutante*.

The first representation of *Marta* brought back Mdlle Louise Singelli, who, in several characters, that of Lady Enrichetta among the number, created so agreeable an impression last season. Mdlle Singelli's sprightly and finished acting, to say nothing of her personal appearance, would always ensure for her a hearty welcome. To describe her portrayal of Flotow's heroine anew is unnecessary; enough that it has lost none of those attractions which made it acceptable from the first. She could hardly have rendered the familiar romance, "Qui sola, vergin rosa" (the "Last Rose of Summer"), in a manner more pleasing and unaffected, or have better deserved the *encore* it obtained. The Lionello was Signor Brignoli, who, though he has deserted us so long for foreign parts, and especially for the United States of America, was not the less cordially received. This artist's voice may not be what it used to be—and what voice can for ever retain its prime? But, on the other hand, his method of delivery and his style of phrasing are, as they have always been, legitimate, which enables him to give expression without undue force—a gift not so common now as it was wont to be. This was especially shown in the amorous soliloquy, "M'appari tutt' amor," which, as might have been expected, he had to sing twice. Herr Behrens was a Plumketto of the right calibre; Madame Trebelli a Nancy hardly now to be matched; and Signor Zoboli a by no means inefficient Lord Tristano;—after which, unless it be to record that Mdlle Rosa Viale was much and deservedly applauded in the ballet at the Statute Fair, what more can possibly be written about *Marta*?

That *Lucrezia Borgia* would be performed early in the season, with Mdlle Tietjens, the greatest existing representative of the tragic heroine of Victor Hugo and Donizetti, at command, was only to be expected. Signor Campanini, too, as Gennaro, the character in which he first became known to an English audience, to say nothing of Madame Trebelli, the Maffeo Orsini upon whose shoulders the mantle of Alboni, who first gave importance to a part till her time regarded as almost insignificant, has fallen, were in the cast. All three were received according to their merits, and obtained the accustomed applause. How Mdlle Tietjens sings "Com' è bello"; how Signor Campanini sings "Di pescatore ignobile," and how Madame Trebelli sings "Il segreto per esser felice," need not be said. The second and third of these, as well as the famous trio for Alphonso (Herr Behrens), Lucrezia, and Gennaro, "Guai se ti Sfugge un moto," were, as usual, encored. Here, too, we have an opera so well known and so often repeated, year after year, that to invent a new sentence about it, or about its general performance, always so effective at our London Opera-houses, would be difficult. That *Lucrezia Borgia* retains its popularity is not to be denied, even by those who would desire to see it, together with other works of the kind that might be named, supplanted—for a period at least—by something new, and who look with unconcealed anxiety for the promised *Lohengrin*.

Fidelio was repeated on Monday night; *Rigoletto* was given for the second time on Tuesday; the opera on Thursday was *Le Nozze di Figaro*, for the *début* of a new singer, Mdlle Pernini; and for to-night we are promised *Il Barbiere*, and the first appearance in this country of the new operatic "star," Mdlle Anna de Belocca.

MUSIC IN NEW ZEALAND.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

Mr G. B. Allen's English Opera company has been drawing good houses. It says much for a young country that it can maintain a large and expensive opera *troupe* for a year; but then New Zealand citizens are nearly all English, not long from home. Many of the recent arrivals express astonishment to find such performances taking place here, and agree with the criticisms in the *Evening Star*, that they bear comparison with those at home. Miss Alice May's progress through the country has been quite triumphal. All agree that none was ever seen like her before in New Zealand, and that when she returns to England she must take one of the highest positions among English *prime donne*. Her Marguerite and her Elenora are fine specimens of acting, while her sympathetic voice, which has that wonderful quality of "tears" in it, touches the heart at once. Her Martha, too, is excellent, although she lacks the flexibility of voice necessary to render perfectly the florid music belonging to M. Flotow's heroine, but she makes ample amends in the "Last Rose of Summer," which, probably, she sings as well as any artist living. The company leave on the 21st for Invercargill, *en route* for Melbourne. Miss May has received a large number of valuable presents on this her second visit to Dunedin. Certainly she will have good reason to remember her New Zealand tour, and must always look back with pleasure to the many kind friends and ardent admirers she has left there. Last night her farewell benefit took place, and the house was crowded in every part.

Miss Christian is in Auckland, where she failed commercially, like everyone else. The company that Madame Goddard left behind joined Miss Christian, and gave a week's concerts to empty benches. She returns shortly to Melbourne, where, fortunately, there are less "performing" amateurs and much more taste in matters musical.

Dunedin, Feb. 18.

Florence.—There has been found, among the papers of the late Carlo Romani, an opera, entitled, *Gianni di Nisida*. Owing to the brilliant success of *Selvaggia* at the Fenice, it is said that the firm of F. Lucca has commissioned Sig. Schira to write a new work.—The rehearsals of Crescimanno's *Filippo* have commenced at the Teatro della Pergola.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRADINO.—Alboni was first (1847), Albini next (1852), and Albani last (1872). Albini vanished before she had appeared.

DILETTANTE.—Signor Mario has entirely left the profession he so long adorned. He is at present in Rome, where he has a government appointment connected with antiquities and the fine arts.

BIRTH.

On April 21st, at 5, Bristol Gardens, Maida Hill, the wife of DESMOND L. RYAN, of a son.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1875.

WE read in the *Guide Musical*, of Brussels, an article, under the heading of An Instrumental Gem, well worth the pains of translating, as likely to interest so many of our readers. We give it *in extenso*:—

Towards the end of 1872, chance led to the discovery, in a very small Flemish village, of an old harpsichord, which, after it had been freed from the dust and cobwebs that covered it, its purchaser found was one of the most interesting and most perfect specimens ever sent out from the workshops of the celebrated Ruckers, of Antwerp.

Contrary to what is the case with certain harpsichords ornamented with exotic paintings, and mostly with little Japanese figures, the precious specimen in question alone bears the artistic stamp of our country. Who does not recognise a frankly Flemish work in the graceful gilt medallions which, surrounded by cartouches of coquettish tracery, and frames capriciously diversified, ornament the body and top of the instrument outside!

The inside of the top displays a landscape, severe and vigorous in colouring, of our Flemish school at its best period. The painter has represented a port in the north of Italy. Vessels and barks are sailing over a calm sea. Some are arriving, while the sails of others are visible in the distance. Sailors are playing at dice, while resting upon the beach. A beggar is importuning two Armenian merchants. A horseman is just disappearing at the end of a road, while a lighthouse, in a more or less ruinous condition, rises in the background. The picture is indeed the creation of a child of Antwerp, that queen of the Scheldt, whose commerce extended, thanks to navigation, then as now, all over the globe.

Above the landscape, in the left-hand corner, is an inscription in black letters, on a gold ground. It consists of the words: MVSICA DONVM DEI. The whole is surrounded by ornaments of the same colour.

The sounding-board, of incredibly thin deal, seems made of a single piece, so skilfully are the planks fitted to each other. Two centuries and a half have been unable to make them warp a hair's breadth. The board is covered with artistically painted flowers and fruit. To the left, a garland of roses, lilies, and other bright flowers surround the maker's trade-mark, a winged figure seated in profile. In has, however, its face turned full towards the spectator, and is playing the harp. On one side of it is a simple I, and, on the other, an R. It is of lead *repoussé* and gilt.

The keyboard is somewhat worn in the middle. The keys are ornamented in front with charming gilt carving, which reminds the spectator, at one and the same time, of the Renaissance, and, to some extent, of the three-lobed ornaments found in the rose-windows and window-shafts of the end of the XVth century.

The panels surrounding the keyboard are black, with gilt mosaic, in the style of the XVIIth century, and have a thin white line round them. Beneath the principal mosaic we read the following inscription, running, in black letters on a gilt ground, the entire length of the keyboard: JOANNES RVCKERS FECIT ANTVERPIÆ.

The date, 1627, is marked, in red Arabic figures, a little above the rose, on the sounding-board.

The *lanières*, pinked after the fashion of the time, are of copper, gilt. Two registers, acting upon two rows of jacks, project, by means of two keys, from near the lock, that is to say, from the exterior of the instrument, and to the right of the player. The front of these keys, also, is carved and gilt. The notes of the keyboard, fifty-three in number, form four octaves and a half, minus one note. The keyboard is not quite seventy-six centimetres in length.

The instrument rests upon an elegant leg, with charmingly delicate mouldings turned by the lathe. When the top is three quarters raised, the sight from a distance is something really marvellous. The spectator first perceives the delicious landscape with its gilt border. Then there is visible, in another tint, and surrounded by a gold band, the splendid sounding-board, which anyone might easily fancy was made of old leather, gilt and ornamented with flower-de-lis, such as was used for hangings in our Flemish residences and called Cordova Leather. Beneath this the cartouches, designed with such good taste, stand out upon a ground of red lake—the beautiful red *à la Leys*. Lastly, the slender supports lend the entire instrument a sort of diaphanous look, and cause it to appear as slim as the bird of which some one asserted that it seemed to have wings when it walked. Such a style of decoration is, in our opinion, better than a profuse and lavish display of carvings and incrustations.

Jean Ruckers must have made instruments larger in size, but he can never have manufactured any more charmingly elegant. Taking it all in all, the instrument in question is the harpsichord of some great lady, and is admirably adapted to a saloon containing principally furniture of a small and brilliant pattern.

One rare and, perhaps, unique fact is that the instrument has preserved unchanged its primitive form, for the reader is not ignorant that, as the range of the harpsichord was extended at the commencement of the XVIIIth century, those persons who possessed harpsichords of the old make, had them modified, adapting to them, in the higher parts, a whole supplementary compartment, which, by destroying the original outlines of the instruments, gave them an air of extreme heaviness and irregularity.

Such, in a word, is the magnificent harpsichord recently discovered in Flanders. A unique and complete specimen of the numerous instruments turned out by the Corporation of St Luke of Antwerp, it is undoubtedly destined to be a constant object of admiration for amateurs.* It will be photographed, and photographs of it will be published, together with an exhaustive notice of the Ruckers, firstly in the third volume of *La Musique aux Pays Bas*, now in the press, and then in the important work *Les Restes de Notre Art National*, issued, with such intelligent care, by M. Colinet. We must, however, say at once, that, despite the perfection to which the photographic art has attained, this reproduction will still be infinitely inferior to the original, which figures, by the side of a most curious clavichord, in the musicological collection of M. Edmond Vander Straeten.—*Guide Musical.*

The great house of Broadwood and Sons should immediately possess themselves of this treasure.

—o—

THE following anecdote is related concerning Boieldieu, whose centenary the city of Rouen is preparing to celebrate with great magnificence:—

"One day—when the future composer was seven years old, and a singing-boy in the choir—the organist of the Cathedral, whose name was Broche, called upon the father. 'My dear M. Boieldieu,' he said, 'your son possesses an extraordinary musical temperament.'—'Do you think so?'—'You are his father in the flesh; I want to be his father in art. Will you trust him to me?'—'Well, the fact is, we are not rich, and you charge highly for your lessons.'—'That is true as regards the rich, the ignorant, and fools, who study music as they study dancing and fencing,

* The lay-clerk to whom the harpsichord belonged informed us that he purchased it from an amateur at Antwerp, some fifty years ago. The said amateur had obtained it from another Antwerper. The genealogy of those who possessed the instrument does not extend further.

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but your son shall be my pupil without your being called upon for a *sou*. He shall pay me later by saying to those who admire his talent—Broche was my first master. Do you accept?' 'I do, and we thank you.'—'No thanks, please. Rouen is the birthplace of Pierre Corneille and other great men. A composer is still wanting to her glory. I wish to present her with one.'"

The result of M. Broche's offer is known to all. His pupil wrote *Jean de Paris*, and *La Dame Blanche*. Among the noted Russian composers of the present day, three rejoice respectively in the names of Afanasieff; Tslhailkowsky; and Asantscheffsky. Yet not one of the three has written a *Dame Blanche*.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

More than one dramatic work might be mentioned which admits of two different endings, or which has been played with two different endings, whether the variation be poetically admissible or not. In a version of *Romeo and Juliet* prepared with a view to tender-hearted audiences, Juliet comes to life just in time to prevent Romeo from committing suicide, and the happy lovers fall into one another's arms as the curtain comes down. We are assured, too, that a musical *Othello* exists, much older than Rossini's opera on the same subject, in which Othello is set right by Emilia immediately before instead of immediately after the point at which in Shakspere's tragedy he murders his wife. Thereupon he apologizes like a gentleman, embraces Desdemona, and joins her in a duet. Ambroise Thomas's opera of *Mignon*, however, is, as far as we know, the only stage work provided with no fewer than three endings. In the original, as presented to the French public, Mignon marries Wilhelm Meister. To Germans acquainted with Goethe's novel this *dénoûement* would, of course, have appeared absurd; so, for Germany, a new version was prepared, in which Mignon dies. It was interesting to see which of the two Mignons would be adopted by Mdme Nilsson in the triumphal tour which she has been making through Belgium—a country which occupies an intermediate position between France and Germany, and, according to circumstances, may have to count with either or with both. It appears from the Belgian newspapers, which during the last week have been lauding Mdme Nilsson in every possible key, that the Mignon thought most suitable to the Belgians and duly presented to them, is neither the original French nor the German version of the work, but a Belgian imitation of both, which may be seen with satisfaction alike by Germans and by Frenchmen. In the Belgian piece, Mignon, as the curtain falls, sinks into the arms of Wilhelm Meister, either to die, if the Germans present like to take that view of the incident; or to swoon away with a joy from which she will soon recover, if that be the French idea of what the *dénoûement* should be. Whichever the best of the three versions from a dramatic point of view, the Belgian version has hitherto met with most success; and the accounts in the Brussels papers of Mdme Nilsson's performance in the work, as neutralized for Belgium, are full of the most positive and enthusiastic praise.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

Dear Mr Editor,—Last night I witnessed the production of *Mdlle Dupare*, comedy in four Acts, by M. Denayrouze, a pupil and follower of Alexandre Dumas fils, who is certainly a long way behind his master in the art of dramatic construction. There is a want of life and naturalness about the characters in *Mdlle Dupare*—they are mere dummies, in fact; and, had the comedy not been well played, the results would have been *nil*. Mdlle Kelly acted very well, with exception, occasionally, of a little formality in her elocution, and a want of ease and freedom in her acting, which will, perhaps, disappear after further representations. Mdme Baitteg, as the injured wife, played remarkably well. Both ladies were several times recalled. The acting of Mr. James (as the old Marquis) and that of Messrs Monti and Montlouis, was excellent; but no amount of good acting can invest with life such skeletons as M. Denayrouze has drawn. The outlines are there, but the filling up is left to the imagination of the spectator. Next week we are promised some representations by Mdlle Laura Gerard. I am, dear Mr Editor, yours faithfully, Ignace Gibsone.

April 17th, 1875.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

The Aldermanbury Musical Society, founded only in February last, by a few city gentlemen, now numbers 200 voices. The first concert, which took place in the Cannon Street Hotel on Monday last, showed the rapid progress the society had made under the conductorship of Mr Edward Craig. The capital performance of the different choruses and glees proved the high musical intelligence of the members of the choir, and promises a good result for the future of the young society. The solo vocalists were Miss Marion Severn and Mr T. Ainsworth, and the pianist was Herr Lehmeyer, who played several pieces in excellent style.

Mr Aguilar's first performance of pianoforte music, for the present season, took place on Monday, when the following programme was gone through, to the evident satisfaction of the audience:—Caprice in D flat—Aguilar; Aréthuse (Melodie)—Aguilar; Allegro and Fugue (from Suite 2)—Handel; Sonata quasi Fantasia (Op. 27, No. 1) (Miss Kemball Cook, pupil of Mr Aguilar)—Beethoven; Abends Romance, Raff, and Etude in C—Rubinstein; "The stars are brightly beaming" (Transcription)—Aguilar; Sonata in E—Mendelssohn; Nachtstück and Novellette (in F) (Miss Kemball Cook)—Schumann; *Rigoletto* (Transcription)—Liszt; Two Melodies, Rêve and Aveu—Aguilar; Valse in A flat, Chopin, and Marche militaire—Aguilar.

The Musical Artists' Society held their fourth trial of new compositions on Saturday, April 17th, at the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square (by kind permission of the Committee of Management). We subjoin the programme:—

Sacred part-songs, "They whom we loved on earth,"—F. Westlake, "He giveth His beloved sleep"—Arthur O'Leary (sung by a select number of students of the Royal Academy of Music); Duo, in G, for pianoforte and violin (Mr Summers and Mr G. Palmer)—J. Lea Summers; Song, "Misfortune's dark unrest" (Miss Bessie Randal)—C. Gardner; Duet, "The sky is dark," and Trio, "Fear not, dearest" (from the MS. opera, *Pillow of Roses*) (The Misses Winnifred and Mr Hugh Arundel)—J. Parry Cole; Duo Concertante, for two pianofortes (Miss Ellen Day and Miss Bolton, pupil of Miss Day)—Charles E. Stephens; Part-song, "Look all around thee"—F. Westlake; Part-song, "Proud Maisie" (MS.)—Arthur O'Leary; Sonata, in F, for pianoforte and violin (Mr Thorne and Mr H. Holmes)—E. H. Thorne; Song, "There sits a bird on yonder tree" (Mr L. N. Parker)—Louis N. Parker; Duo, for pianoforte and violoncello (Miss Prescott and Mr Trust)—Oliveria Prescott (Student of the R. A. M.); Song, "I know my love loves me" (Miss Mary Davies, Welsh Choral Union scholar)—R. O'Leary Vinning; Part-song, "Under the maple tree"—H. Baumer.

Mr H. R. Eyers was the conductor, and the room was fully attended.

Mr Alfred Gilbert and Mdme Gilbert gave the first Chamber Concert of their present series at the Gallery of "The Society of British Artists," Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, on Monday evening, April 19th. The instrumentalists were—violin, Herr Straus; violoncello, Signor Pezze; pianoforte, Miss Ellen Day, Mr Charles E. Stephens, Mr Alfred Gilbert; and the vocalists, Mdme Gilbert, Mdme Osborne Williams, Mr Wilbye Cooper. The following programme, our readers may probably think, justifies Mr and Mdme Gilbert in "christening" their entertainment, "The Classics of the Pianoforte."

Trio in F (Op. 42), violin, violoncello, pianoforte (Herr Straus, Signor Pezze, Mr Alfred Gilbert)—Niels Gade; Duets, "In the Greenwood" and "The Gondola" (Mdme Gilbert and Mdme Osborne Williams)—H. Smart; Chaconne in G, Suite de pièces, pianoforte (Mr Alfred Gilbert)—Handel; Song, "O Beauteous Daughter of the Starry Race" (Mr Wilbye Cooper)—Beethoven; Aria, "Che vive amante," from the opera, *Poro* (Mdme Osborne Williams)—Handel; Preludium and Fuga in G minor, violin (Herr Straus)—J. S. Bach; Songs, "Lullaby" and "May Dew" (Mdme Gilbert)—Brahms and Sir Sterndale Bennett; Duo Brillante in E (Op. 19), pianoforte (Miss Ellen Day and Mr C. E. Stephens)—Charles E. Stephens; Trio, "Mi lasci o madre" (Mdme Gilbert, Mdme Osborne Williams, and Mr Wilbye Cooper)—Winter; Solo, Largo ed Allegro in F, and Gavotte, violoncello (Signor Pezze)—Benedetto Marcello and Geminiani; Song (by desire), "Oh ma charmante" (Mr Wilbye Cooper)—Sullivan; Grand Trio in B flat (Op. 99)—Schubert.

Hamburgh.—St Michael's Church was lately the scene of a grand performance of Bach's *Passion Music*. Herr Berunth presided over an efficient orchestra and choir, Herr Osterhold was at the organ, and Dr Bieber had his choir of boys. The solo parts were in the hands of Mdme Otto-Alvsleben, Mdlle Fides Keller, Herr Lederer, and Herr Hill. The local press bestow great praise upon the performance, especially the singing of Herr Hill and Mdme Otto-Alvsleben. The *Fremdenblatt* says:—"Mdme Otto Alvsleben is still fresh in the remembrance of our public. The artistic conception of the music allotted to her which this artist manifests on all occasions, leads us to place her among the first oratorio singers in Germany."

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PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—At the Gaiety Theatre *Faust* has been given by the Carl Rosa Company, to a very full house. Mr Fred. C. Packard made an excellent impression. Miss Rose Hersee looked charmingly as Marguerite, and both her singing and acting were artistic. In the spinning-wheel scene she was loudly applauded. The Mephistopheles of Mr Celli, and the Valentine of Mr A. Cook were especially good. Miss Annie Goodall did good service as Siebel, and Mrs. A. Cook as Martha.—The University Choral Society lately gave a concert in the Examination Hall of the College, in the presence of a crowded and distinguished audience.—*Freeman's Journal.*

MAIDENHEAD.—A correspondent writes us that the first concert of the Maidenhead Philharmonic Society took place on Thursday, April the 8th, under the conductorship of its founder, Herr Schultz. The programme began with Rossini's overture to *La Gazza Ladra*, and finished with Romberg's music (for solo, chorus, and orchestra) to Schiller's "Lay of the Bell." The performance, as a whole, was not unworthy of the composition nor incommensurate with the expense and trouble devoted to it. Herr Schultz had a select though a small orchestra at his disposal, well led by Herr Rosenthal, from Her Majesty's Opera, who, during the evening, played a violin solo, for which he was enthusiastically applauded.

STRATFORD.—A concert was given in the Town Hall on Monday evening, by the Lothbury Choral Society, under the direction of Mr Josiah Chippingdale, who, as well as the choir, gave his services in aid of the Library Fund for the Church of England Association. Part-songs and glees by Mendelssohn, Henry Leslie, Henry Smart, Fesca, T. Cooke, J. L. Hatton, G. A. and Walter Macfarren were sung in perfection. Miss Henman and Mrs Baynes gave in excellent style the two-part song, "I would that my love," and Miss Mackway, in Bishop's "Should he upbraid," pleased very much. Mr F. G. Haig, who possesses a good bass voice, sang "The Wolf." One of the attractions of the evening was the pianoforte playing of Mrs Josiah Chippingdale, of the Royal Academy of Music, who gave Sir Julius Benedict's Fantasia on Welsh Melodies, Stephen Heller's *La Truite*, and a *Tarentelle* by W. Macfarren (encored). The performance of Mrs Chippingdale was rewarded with warm and deserved applause. Mr J. Chippingdale conducted in musicianly style.

DUBLIN.—Sir Robert Stewart has delivered his concluding lecture of the series on "keyed string instruments." The Examination Hall was crowded to the very doors, and the lecture and musical illustrations were listened to with the greatest attention and manifest interest. An interesting portion of the proceedings was the performance of Miss Adeline Wheeler, the young pianist whose playing at the "College Choral Society's Concert" was so highly spoken of. The orchestral work with which the lecture concluded was Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor (composed for Birmingham in 1837), Miss Wheeler taking the pianoforte part. Sir Robert Stewart and the Academy of Music—says the *Irish Times*—may well be complimented on having given to art so talented and promising a student. Miss Wheeler, though scarcely more than a child in years, has passed the age when she might be talked of as a "prodigy"—infant prodigies seem going out of fashion, by the way. She is an earnest, intelligent, hard-working girl, has excellent opportunities, and the best possible instruction, and there can be little doubt that a highly successful career is before her.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr Carl Rosa's Company began a week's engagement at the Alexandra Theatre on Monday evening. This company—writes the *Daily Post*—is the only one which pretends to give an adequate representation of English opera; and with what success their efforts have been crowned these columns have more than once borne witness. Mr Rosa has displayed an enterprise which is only now beginning to have its reward. Selecting the best talent to be found, he has organized a company which has presented English opera in a manner which leaves little to be desired; and hitherto, on each succeeding visit, the company has risen in popular favour. *Martha* was chosen for the opening night, for the appearance of a new tenor in the part of Lionello, Mr Fred. C. Packard, who, if we may judge from the warm, almost enthusiastic, applause which he received on Monday evening, will be a most valuable acquisition to the *troupe*. Besides possessing a good and well-cultivated voice, Mr Packard both sings and acts like a true artist. In Miss Rose Hersee, who appeared as Martha, an old favourite was welcomed. Her voice was as sweet and fresh as ever; her acting more finished and sprightly, and her phrasing very perfect. She rendered "The Last Rose of Summer" with exquisite taste and sweetness, and had to repeat it. Miss Annie Goodall achieved a great success as Nancy. Mr Celli was Plumkett, and Mr Aynsley Cooke Sir Tristram. The choruses went well, and the orchestra could scarcely have been surpassed. At the end of the fourth act the principal singers were called before the curtain.

CRANBROOK.—The last concert for the season in connection with the Literary Institution took place at the Parochial Hall. The gem of the evening was a pianoforte solo, *Andante and Rondo Capriccioso* (Mendelssohn), played by Miss Borrough, who received an ovation of applause. The Misses Relf sang "The Elfin Call," and were encored. The Rev. C. Crowden, M.A., proposed a vote of thanks "to the ladies and gentlemen who have assisted at the entertainments during the winter, especially to Mr Langley and Mrs Joyce, who had done so much to promote a taste for good music in the parish." This was cheerfully accorded, and "God save the Queen" concluded the programme. Mr Langley conducted, and Mrs Joyce played the accompaniments.

BRENTWOOD (ESSEX).—A concert was given, in aid of St George's New Infant School Fund, by Mr J. Henry Pollard's Choral Society, at the Granville Hall, on Wednesday evening, April 7. The principal vocalists were Miss Mary Duval, Miss Richardson, and Mr Henry Guy, of the Royal Academy of Music. The instrumentalists were Mr Henry Morley (violin solo and leader), of the Italian Opera and Sacred Harmonic Society, and the following amateurs: George G. Brown, Esq. (second violin); Gilderoy Scott, Esq. (viola); George Foster Cooke, Esq. (violoncello); and Pullam E. Evans, Esq. (contra basso). The first part of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's cantata, *Hymn of Praise*. The second part was miscellaneous, and included a Grand Trio by Beethoven, for violin, violoncello, and piano (Messrs H. Morley, George Foster Cooke, and J. H. Pollard); "Réponse à la Méditation de Gounod," for violin, violoncello, and piano (Messrs Morley, Cooke, and Pollard)—Berthold Tours; a violin solo, "Fantasia on Scotch airs" (Mr Henry Morley)—Sainton; and several popular vocal pieces, all of which were listened to with evident pleasure by the audience.

WESTERHAM.—Among the many numerous efforts which have been made of late years by well-intentioned people to improve the tastes for healthy amusement—writes the *Sussex Express*—and at the same time to draw the bond of union between the inhabitants a little closer, by furnishing them with the opportunity of spending an evening together occasionally, upon mutual terms of peace and goodwill, none, perhaps, have deserved greater recognition from their neighbours than the members of the Westerham Harmonic Society; and no one is, probably, better acquainted with the requirements of a mixed audience than Mr Francis Howell, the society's able conductor. At the last concert given in the Public Hall, a selection from *Judas Maccabæus* formed the first part of the programme, and a miscellaneous selection followed. The choruses in the oratorio went very satisfactorily, thanks to the judicious training of Mr Howell. The principal airs were carefully rendered; Mrs Dumaresq in "Pious orgies," Mr Horace Buck in "Arm, arm ye brave," and Miss S. Lockyer in "O liberty," calling forth the applause of the audience. The band, under the leadership of Mr J. Stannard, were on their "best behaviour," and the selection altogether pleased greatly. There were so many pieces in the second part of the programme that we cannot find space to enumerate them; but we must not omit a word of commendation, for the way in which Mr F. Ogden sang Mr Wilford Morgan's "My sweetheart when a boy," nor for the style in which Mr Henry Taylor (pupil of Mr Howell) played a flute solo, and Mr T. Chapman gave the song, "Speed my bark" (all three encored).

CORK.—Miss Bella M'Carty's concert came off in the Munster Hall, and was a great success. Every part of the house was well filled by a discriminating audience. As a musical entertainment—says the *Daily Herald*—nothing like it has been heard in the Munster Hall for some years. All we had said of Miss M'Carty's musical abilities was more than justified by her performance. Her first appearance was in a piece by Mendelssohn, which she rendered with delicacy and expression. In reply to a warm encore the fair *débutante* played Thalberg's arrangement of "Home, sweet home." In her execution of this piece she quite enraptured the audience, who accorded her an ovation her great talents richly merited. The young lady improved in her subsequent performances, and those who heard her could not withhold the opinion that she was destined to fill a leading part in the world of music. With Miss M'Carty were associated two other instrumentalists, Mdlle Vailliant (violinist), and Herr Elsner (violoncellist). The vocalists were Miss Duval, who sang, "Only for One," and was warmly encored; the "Little Maid of Arcadee" (Sullivan), was also a great success, and, in reply to a peremptory encore, she gave "The Meeting of the Waters;" Mr Pearson, who gave "Once again," and, in reply to a warm encore, "Alice, where art thou?" and our townsman, Mr J. Sullivan, who was never in better voice. He sang Handel's "Revenge, Timotheus cries," and in response to a warm call gave "Honour and Arms." We cannot conclude without expressing our admiration of the manner in which Mr John W. M'Carty conducted the performance, which, in a musical sense, left nothing to be desired, and gave the utmost satisfaction.

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MAD. PATTI IN VIENNA.

"*La Patti nous est revenue plus Patti que jamais!*" Such was the greeting lately pronounced by W. von Lenz, the ever young Nestor of Patti-enthusiasts, on the arrival of the lady in St Petersburgh. These specimens of stylistic millinery, of which the French *feuilletonistes* have so large a supply at command, scarcely lend themselves to translation. A Viennese critic who sees Mad. Patti at the beginning of every spring, experiences, despite the joy in his heart, a feeling of embarrassment in his pen. What can be said new about Patti?—what is more sterile for the critic than perfection? It would be different were we to see her in new characters. The most familiar individuality becomes new for us in each new part. But, this season, as previously, only Mad. Patti's old and long familiar repertory has been repeated. The monopoly of the Imperial Operahouse on the one hand, and the narrow limits of a star-engagement, with only a small company, on the other, prevent the performance, at our Komische Oper, of those more important lyric dramas for which Mad. Patti has of late manifested an especial partiality. On the other hand, such operas as *La Gazza Ladra*, *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, &c., cannot be got up in Vienna, which is to be regretted, because every new part sustained by Mad. Patti must be welcome. So, we have *Lucia*, *La Sonnambula*, &c. These operas have been played again and again, till we are tired of them. But are we less charmed with Mad. Patti than we were two, or three, or twelve years ago? No; and for a renewal of an old pleasure fresh gratitude is due. We ought not to tire of extolling such a combination of natural gifts with artistic culture.

If Adelina Patti always sings the same, why should we not always write the same—if only because nothing new can be written? Her almost childlike appearance; the silvery tone of her voice; the effortless ease of her *bravura*, are still hers, untouched by time. But what, side by side with these qualities, invariably captivates anew is her innate sense of beauty. It is not always that virtuosity springs from a truly musical nature, and the virtuoso who has hastened, for more than a decennium, from triumph to triumph, loses, as a rule, the simplicity of musical sentiment, becoming more subtle and artificial, in the endeavour to make up for that sense of the Beautiful which is lost. With Patti there is no trace of such an influence. She does nothing without a reason. Even in moments of the greatest passion she never oversteps the strict line of the Musically Beautiful? She always sings in tune and in time; respects the text of the composer; indulges in no *tremolo;* and never exaggerates. Her acting retains its charming truthfulness to nature; the feeling of satiety with old parts never driving her to the system of the "clever and novel" at any price.

The two most successful performances were those of *La Traviata* and *Don Pasquale*. *Don Pasquale*, with its abundance of joyous melody, was a genuine treat. Patti's Norina is so marked by grace and sprightliness, that we cannot be angry with the fascinating coquet. In the scene where Pasquale deplores the humiliation to which he has been exposed, the compassionate look with which, unremarked, Norina glances towards her victim, is an exquisite touch. For a moment, ashamed, and sorry for Pasquale; but her ruling object is to call Ernesto her own, and she recovers herself with a smile, which can only signify—"*Crepa!*"

E. H.

Milan.—The Teatro Dal Verme has been opened with *L'Africaine*. The performance on the first night was a quasi-failure, owing to the want of sufficient rehearsal.—The statement in certain papers, that Verdi is writing a new work for next season at the Scala, is devoid of truth. An opera by Josse, *La Lega*, which was to have been produced last season, and another by Gomez, may be considered as certain; as also one by a composer from Trieste, whose name has not transpired.

Brussels.—The deep impression produced by Christine Nilsson has grown deeper with every performance. Public and critics are equally delighted. The *Guide Musical*, speaking of her performance in *Faust*, says: "From the second half of Act II. it is nothing but one long triumph, and we can applaud without reserve. "The enthusiasm was great, and it was only right that it should be so. What Mad. Nilsson offers us is art in all its truth and all its sincerity." The society for the Encotragement of Philological Science has just presented M. Gevaert with a medal of honour for his book on the History and Theory the Music of Antiquity.

MR FREDERIC SULLIVAN IN *TRIAL BY JURY*.

"Mr F. Sullivan's impersonation of the learned and impressionable Judge deserves a special word of praise for its quiet and natural humour."—*Times*.

"But the greatest 'hit' was made by Mr F. Sullivan, whose blending of official dignity, condescension, and, at the right moment, extravagant humour, made the character of the Judge stand out with all requisite prominence, and added much to the interest of the piece."—*Telegraph*.

"The hits of the piece are Mr Fred. Sullivan's Judge, 'with a song' (and such a song! Easy-going music and first-rate words, of which Mr Frederic Sullivan does not allow the audience to miss a single syllable in four or five verses.) . . ."—*Punch*.

"Mr F. Sullivan is the Judge, and he is admirable. His attitude and manner are life-like, and his get-up is unexceptionable. The contrast between his grave bearing and the absurdity of his situation is a treat."—*Hour*.

"Mr F. Sullivan was the amorous Judge, and, in the words of the piece, 'a good judge too.'"—*Post*.

"Mr F. Sullivan played the Judge with real and unexaggerated humour."—*Standard*.

"It is well done throughout, and Mr Sullivan was especially good as the Judge."—*Advertiser*.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Dear Sir,—The opening of the operatic campaign leads me back to the last season, when I had the privilege of addressing you a letter, acknowledged in your impression of the 18th July, with the intimation that it had reached too late for insertion that week. The unostentatious prospectus issued by the Covent Garden management, will, I am sure, have created a good impression. This year, contrary to usual precedent (save last year), the season was announced to be ushered in with a "*chef-d'œuvre*," quickly followed, at present, by four more; and it is to be hoped, for the sake of our musical taste, that no comments will again be made in respect of the first masterpiece announced for next week, such as led me to address you in the letter referred to above. On perusing the list of performers in the magnificent posthumous work of Meyerbeer, I observe the trio is again as complete as it can possibly be, considering that the original Covent Garden heroine has left its boards. It is a most agreeable surprise to see the great maestro's chosen "Vasco" again up and doing, that worthy representative not having been even included in the prospectus, much to my regret. Whatever has caused this change, matters little, since a benefit is derived from the present arrangement. To give this work twice or thrice this season, as is the rule every year, is the best means of getting it dismissed altogether. Frequent performances will rank it with the *Huguenots*, besides impressing listening minds with that noble harmony peculiar to the composer in this opera. It is also satisfactory that at last we are to be favoured with some of Wagner's productions, though I fear the verdict of the public. If Meyerbeer's operas are styled ponderous, and delusively said to depend chiefly on scenic effects, what will be the fate of Wagner's works? I am, dear Sir, your obedient servant,

O. L.

London, 3rd April, 1875.

FAIR LILY OF THE DALE.

(*Copyright.*)

Fair lily of the valley, nearly hid in leaves of green,
Why dost thou hide thy beauty, wouldst thou rather be unseen?
Dost thou fear to meet rude gazers that thou lookest on the ground
While thy sister flowers are smiling in sunshine all around?
Were it not for the sweet perfume thou breathed on the gale
We scarce should heed thy presence, fair lily of the dale.

Sweet lily of the valley, give heed now while I tell,
How, with a charming gracefulness, thou droop'st thy snowy bell.
Thy form has perfect beauty, thou art simple yet refined,
And Art with all its science can but imitate thy kind—
But cannot match thy symmetry. We know the story goes
That e'en the wisest king was not arrayed like one of those.

My lily of the valley, even yet we will not part,
For I will gently gather thee, and place thee near my heart;
And while thou yieldest up thy life, sweet lily, teach me how
To live a life of usefulness, and die beloved as thou.
So may thy silent teaching make me heed the present hour,
And let me learn true wisdom from a sweet and gentle flower.

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BELGIAN MUSICIANS IN ITALY.*

Brussels, 23rd December, 1874.

SIR,—In rendering you an account of the mission to Italy with which I was charged by you, I by no means propose writing a musicological dissertation. My object is simply to add to the dates and facts already acquired for History the contingent of my new discoveries. History is formed of successive aggregations. No one can flatter himself with having said the last word concerning so vast and so complicated a science. The light must burst forth insensibly from the clouds which obscure it. A multitude of precious archives in the Peninsula having been destroyed or scattered by the revolutions of the XVth century, patient seekers are obliged to have recourse to indirect proofs—to inductive documents. It was precisely the epoch when our valiant Flemings went to take possession of all the positions which skilful Italian masters did not dare dispute with them. They implanted in the country, under very varied conditions, their profound experience and their vast knowledge. Tinctoris, for example, did not direct, as people have hitherto believed, the musical chapel of the King of Naples. The greatest theorist of the XVth century was nothing more than an humble lay-clerk, or singing man; and, among the twenty-one artists, not including the soprani, who formed the vocal staff of the chapel, his name occupies only the twelfth place. Impartial history demands this rectification founded on the most irrefutable documents. I visited Italy to seek the truth. As singing canon, Tinctoris enjoyed aparently some lucrative prebends. I endeavoured to discover what were the favours with which, if we are to believe him, the sovereign so generously gratified him. I found only a cloth costume, given him in 1479, according to an ancient usage, followed, also, in the Netherlands. I was enabled to take a copy of the original letter in which Ferdinand of Arragon charged him with enlisting lay-clerks in Flanders and elsewhere.

Although he held a professorship of belles-lettres, *erat in humanis*, Tinctoris was so distrustful of his own capabilities that he sometimes commissioned his friends to carefully revise his writings. The celebrated didactician, Gafori, boasts of having enjoyed this honour, and takes advantage of it to exalt his own merit. So great was the learning of Tinctoris that many writers of the Peninsula, and, among others, Pittoni, do not hesitate claiming for themselves our glorious fellow-countryman, and making of him a Neapolitan musician. I will prove elsewhere that he was of Flemish origin, and that his Latinized name corresponded exactly to that of *De Verver*. He learned, moreover, his art from a Fleming, Goedendach, alias *Bonadies*. The list of lay-clerks attached to the Royal chapel of Naples comprises, also, the name of another illustrious Belgian, Bernard Ycart, who is named eleventh, and received, like his learned colleague, a cloth costume, in 1479.

On seeing artists of such value banished, so to speak, to the background in a musical institution of repute, we ask ourselves what must have been the talent of those who fulfilled more important functions. Well, not one of these persons has left the faintest trace in musical annals, a proof, in my opinion, that distinctions were due to favour rather than to merit. Or, perhaps, they were due, also, to length of service. After Tinctoris and Ycart, the Fleming Jean de Maque (*De Maeq?*), in his character of chapelmaster to the Viceroy Medina-Celi, sustained at Naples the musical reputation of Belgium. His works caused Cerone, who was a good judge, to call him "the best instrumentalist and composer in the city."

The celebrated composer Gaspard, whose family name was Van Weerbeke, shone at Milan in the XVth century. Baini designated him a *musico famoso*, an appellation fully justified by his works, manuscript and printed. He enjoyed, at the refined court of the Sforzi, an amount of esteem, so to speak, unlimited, and, from simple lay-clerk, rose to the important functions of chapelmaster, after fulfilling a confidential mission entrusted to him, in 1498, by Duke Luigi Sforza. The object of the mission was the partial reconstitution of the Duke's musical chapel by the aid of artists borrowed from the churches of the Low Countries. Flemish lay-clerks were preferred on account of the solidity of their voice and the extent of their musical knowledge. I found some unpublished compositions of Gaspard's, which possess very great interest. They formed part of a precious manuscript of the commencement of the XVIth century. In it are some unknown works of nine other illustrious Flemish masters. I have written a detailed account of this superb collection. Gaspard had under his orders at Milan a prodigiously talented fellow-countryman, from Bruges, who has left, however, only insignificant vestiges in musical annals. This was Jean Cordier, called *Gallicus*. He drew, says the official historian of the Court, two hundred ducats a month. The lay-clerks of St Mark's, Venice, received only fifty. In addition to this, Cordier enjoyed every year a six months' leave of absence to visit his family. This great favour was granted him in 1496.

About the same time there appeared at the sumptuous court of Ferrara a musician of an imposing figure and of an agreeable physiognomy: *di statura longa e uomo bello*. He sang bass, and came from the cathedral of Antwerp. This modest artist was no other than Josquin Deprès, proclaimed unanimously the most clever composer of his time. Some ten years ago I had the happiness to find an attractive portrait of him engraved after his bust, which stood, previous to the period of the iconoclasts, in the church of Sainte Gudule at Brussels. The reigning Princes of Italy inspired between their respective musical establishments a noble and lively emulation, by which the art profited. Each strove to possess as his lay-clerks the most eminently talented musicians.—I discovered in a series of documents of the highest value some curious lines, establishing a sort of parallel between the illustrious Josquin and a famous German composer, attached, like him, to the Court of Ferrara. "The latter," it is said in them, "besides revealing a more sociable nature, produces more frequently new things; the former composes infinitely better, but applies himself to work as it suits his caprice, instead of doing so when the sovereign requests him."

Now we have the installation, totally unexpected, of the celebrated Antoine Brumel as Ducal chapelmaster. This great artist, who long passed as the emulator of Josquin, previously boasted of no other biography than the mention of his name in Guillaume Crétin's *Déploration* on the death of Okeghem. Among other conditions of his engagement figure a gratuity of two hundred ducats, a salary of one hundred ducats, and free lodgings. The same year, he printed at Venice a collection of motets which must have enchanted the Court of Ferrara, for his works are the object of the highest encomiums on the part of his contemporaries. Even to-day they are highly vaunted. Ambros does not hesitate to say that he admires in them enchanting clearness and ideal beauty. The Duke of Ferrara appointed Brumel for life. But the versatile humour of the artist soon rendered this stipulation illusory.

We see every moment lay-clerks setting out from the Court of the Dukes d'Este for Flanders, not only to seek there musical compositions emanating from the great masters of that privileged country, but to enlist fresh and trained voices. The catalogue, drawn up by a certain Barthélemi de Flandre, of the artists at liberty in the Netherlands at the end of the XVth century is a most precious document with reference to the state of musical matters in our nation.

There arrived, one after the other, at Ferrara, to become acclimatized there, the eminent musicians named: Gisbert Batenberg, Pierre de Bruxelles, Jean Havic, François de Louvain, Jean Abbié, Pierre Bréda, and Jean-Marie Maryc, the last two being qualified as "great composers," and charged with arranging in the chapel books the counterpoint at sight, a proof that the Italians were then incapable of extemporizing properly the harmonic parts. A short time subsequent to this enlistment of recruits, Pierre Maron, one of the most expert lay-clerks of the day, brought, *da Brusselles in Fiandra*, five supplementary musicians, namely: two soprani, a contralto, a tenor, and a bass. We meet, also, at the same court, Cyprien de Rore, of whom I shall speak presently, and Orland de Lassus, who went there as a visitor, in 1585, surrounded by all the honours due to his enormous celebrity. Both he and his master, William of Bavaria, displayed, as we learn from two interesting letters, considerable enthusiasm for the

* The above report is addressed to the Belgian Minister of the Interior by M. Edmond Vander Straeten, of the Administration of the General Archives of Belgium.

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music of the Ferrara chapel generally, and for the productions of his countryman, *Il Divino Rore*, more particularly.

At Venice, a Fleming, Pierre de Fossà, probably Vander Gracht, was summoned, about the end of the XVth century, to fill the functions of director of the *maîtrise* at St Mark's. He began by shining there as a lay-clerk. His reputation as a clever composer then increased to such an extent, that he was placed in the first rank. An author of the time names him, metaphorically, "A disciple of Apollo, and a favourite of the Muses."

(To be continued.)

ZARÉ THALBERG.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

Very seldom has a *debûtante* secured a more emphatic success than did Mdlle Zaré Thalberg on Saturday night. The opera selected was *Don Giovanni*, and the character chosen for the young artist to make her first appearance upon the stage was that most engaging of rustic maidens, Zerlina. From first to last Mdlle Thalberg had it all her own way, since, after the first few notes had fallen from her lips, the success of the young singer was assured. Mdlle Thalberg confronted her judges with an amount of self-possession rarely witnessed in one so young, and her acting neither showed symptoms of awkwardness, nor want of training. Stagey the young *prima donna* most decidedly is not, and the admixture of timidity and confidence in her demeanour, belonging essentially to herself, lent an additional attribute of grace and spontaneity to the assumption. In fact, in seeing Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, we beheld the ideal Zerlina of Mozart. As with her acting, so with her singing, Mdlle Thalberg was careful to make no undue effort for the sake of effect, contenting herself rather with singing in an easy unaffected manner, with a nice discrimination between the ostentation of simplicity and that of self-reliance. Mdlle Thalberg possesses a pure *soprano* voice, round and velvety as to tone, and of equal *timbre* throughout the entire register. From such faults as the tremolo or vibrato, the singer is perfectly free, and, indeed, her entire performance may be epitomised as being natural, artless, and captivating. The *duet* and the two airs were unanimously encored, and repeated with increased effect.

Christine Nilsson and Charity.

La Société protectrice de l'Enfance ayant sollicité le concours de Mdme Nilsson pour un concert de bienfaisance vient de recevoir de cette éminente artiste la lettre suivante :—

"*Permettez-moi de m'inscrire pour la somme de cinq cents francs sur la liste des protecteurs de votre œuvre, dont le but est aussi moral que charitable, et croyez aux regrets que j'éprouve de ne pouvoir donner un concert pour venir plus efficacement en aide à votre société. Agréez, etc.*

"*Signé* : CHRISTINE NILSSON-ROUZAUD."

En têmoignage de sa reconnaissance, le comité des dames patronnesses s'est empressé de faire parvenir à la grande artiste un magnifique bouquet en même temps que le conseil d'administration la nommait, par acclamation, membre protecteur de l'œuvre.—*Indépendance Belge.*

GOTHA.—August Langert's opera, *Des Sängers Fluch*, has been revived under the personal direction of the composer. It was very successful.

NAPLES.—The manager of the Teatro Mercadante has made Signora Cosmelli a present of a gold medal ornamented with pearls, in recognition of her services during the past season.

BERLIN.—Rubinstein's new opera, *Die Maccabäer*, is to be produced immediately at the Royal Operahouse. The composer is himself to direct the last rehearsals and the first performance; after which Eckert will resume the conductor's *bâton*.—The principal feature at the last concert of the Berlin Sinfoniecapelle, under the direction of Herr von Brenner, was a new Symphony in A by Herr Noskowski.

WAIFS.

Mdlle Thalberg made her second appearance as Zerlina on Tuesday night, and achieved another unqualified success. We are glad to see that a proper course is being followed in the management of this very promising *débutante*. She has charmed everybody in a part which suits her to perfection, and there is no reason why for some time longer she should not go on playing it. The "prospective arrangements" show that Mr Gye is alive to this fact, and will take advantage of it by guiding the young lady's further course with a caution proportioned to the interests at stake.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Il n'y a pas que les heureux et les riches quê le passage de Mme Nilsson aura réjouis.—Les déshérités de la fortune se souviendront aussi de son nom : Mme Nilsson vient de faire parvenir à M. Nélis, président de la *Société protectrice de l'Enfance*, un don de cinq cents francs.—*Chronique de Bruxelles.*

The death is announced of Madame Schott, the widow of Her Franz Philipp Schott, late mayor of the city of Mayence, and head of the great firm of Schott frères, of that city. Madame Schott was in her 54th year.

The military band of the Scots Fusilier Guards are engaged for a fortnight's *tour* in Ireland, next month, under the direction of Mr J. P. Clarke. If their corps of Highland Pipers were to appear, they would "astonish the natives."

The Sacred Harmonic Society announces two extra performances to take place after the termination of the Subscription Season. The oratorios selected for the two occasions are *St Paul* and *Israel in Egypt*, which are becoming more and more attractive.

The first and second numbers of a new compilation, bearing the title of *The Australian Musical Magazine*, has been published at Melbourne by the new firm of Nicholson and Ascherberg. Each number contains fourteen pieces for voice and piano, of varied interest, from original sources. The price for Australia is low, viz., 1s. 6d. a number. A third edition of the first issue is already in print.

The death is announced, in Paris, of M. Alphonse Royer, formerly director of the French Opera, at the age of seventy-two. Early in life, under the Restoration, he turned his attention to literature, and finally adopted the drama. He was first manager of the Odéon, and afterwards of the Opera. In 1862 he gave up that position and became Inspector-General of the Fine Arts. At the fall of the Empire he was deprived of his post. He published several books, comedies, and French versions of Italian Operas, for the Theatre in the Rue Lepelletier.

ADELINA PATTI.—Our Vienna correspondent writes that this distinguished artist has appeared at the Opéra Comique in *Luisa Miller*, *La Sonnambula*, and *La Traviata*, with all the *éclat* that usually attends upon her *rentrée* in that city. On Easter Sunday she was engaged to sing at a concert in Pesth, when the receipts were upwards of a thousand pounds. Before leaving St Petersburg the accomplished *prima donna* was presented by the Emperor with a magnificent bracelet, composed of large sapphires and diamonds, made expressly to match with the splendid diadem presented to her by the opera subscribers on the occasion of her benefit.

Some 30 or 40 years ago a playbill announcing the performance of three or even four pieces, slight in construction, but with a powerful cast, was deemed a sign of very fair entertainment. Englishmen then adapted from the French as readily, or even more so, than they do now; though the exact source of their plots was less frequently discovered, or even inquired after, than in those days, when our theatrical world has its eyes as steadily fixed on the stage of Paris as on that of London. Thirty years ago the Haymarket, save when some piece of exceptional weight was brought out, did not inaptly reflect the Gymnase, as it flourished under its old name, the Théâtre de Madame, with the late M. Eugène Scribe as its principal author. Something approaching to the old programmes may still be found in Paris, while in London they seem to have vanished without leaving a trace. This week, however, we are reminded of their existence by the publication of a playbill of the old-fashioned stamp at the Princess's Theatre.

SHAKSPERE MEMORIAL THEATRE.—A meeting was held yesterday at Mr Graves' Fine Art Gallery, Pall Mall, in aid of the movement to build a theatre to the memory of Shakspere at Stratford-on-Avon. The chair was taken by Mr D. Swinbourne, who explained the origin of the movement, and stated that it was proposed to have a performance at Drury Lane Theatre, in aid of the Fund, of "As You Like It," with an exceptionally strong cast. Mr Gruneisen said that a few years ago a committee was formed to collect subscriptions for erecting a statue to Shakspere, but the whole thing had collapsed. However, the sum of £1,200 had been collected, and, after expenses had been deducted, between £400 and £500 remained in hand. He had no doubt that if application were made to Mr Cousins, the trustee of that fund, his consent would be obtained to the application of that money to the purposes of this memorial. It was accordingly decided that such application should be made, and the meeting then proceeded to discuss some details of the Drury Lane performance.

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Mdlle Zarg Thalberg, has been presented by Mr Gye, with a splendid gold watch and chain.

Herr Schuberth has returned from the continent, after fulfilling his engagements in Hamburgh and elsewhere, where he met with his accustomed success.

We have received from the well-known firm of D. B. James and Co. a very admirable photograph of the late regretted Mr Limpus, Principal and founder of the London College of Organists.

The first pianist who played the late Sterndale Bennett's *Maid of Orleans* publicly in the "New World," was Master Henry Walker, a pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson's, in our Royal Academy of Music.

Music Copyrights.—The sale of Music Plates and Copyrights of Messrs. Cramer and Co., the eminent publishers of Regent Street which has just taken place, under the direction of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, included many popular compositions. We append a few of the more important lots, together with the prices, which in some cases were much higher than was anticipated. Lot 103. Cooper's Introduction to the Organ, £234 (A. Mills). 111. Sullivan's "Light of the World," £271 (Ditto). 170. Blumenthal's "When we are parted," £87 (Metzler). 279. Lelle's La Desolazione, £43 (Lamborn Cock). 320. Glover's "Soft fell the Dews," £38 (Jefferys). 476. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh's Galatea Waltz, £40 (Metzler). 485. Godfrey's Wind-up Galop, £37 (Ashdown & Parry). 496. Jullien's English Quadrilles, £31 (Hutchings & Romer). 565. Barnett's *Mountain Sylph*, £172 18s. (C. Boosey). 569. Sir John Goss's Harmony and Thorough Bass, £451 (A. Mills); Macfarren's Harmony, £159 16s. (Ditto). 571. Richter's Harmony and Counterpoint, £333 (Ditto). 671. Levy's "Baby Mine," £33 (Ashdown & Parry). 771 to 775. Cramer's Chamber Trios for Female Voices, £1040 (Lamborn Cock). 832. John Thomas's Songs of Wales, £145 (Mills). 833. Twelve Welsh Melodies, £150 (Purday). 955. Farnie's Nemesis, £62 (Scrutton). 974. Pinsuti's "Morning smiled," £27 12s. (Ditto). 1049. Smart's "Beside the old corn mill," £41 (J. Williams). 1059. Smith's (Alice Mary) West Wind, £40 (Ditto). 1078. Sullivan's "O ma Charmante," £525 (Mills). 1079. Ditto, "Guinevere," £303 (Ashdown & Parry). 1080. Ditto, Sailor's Grave, £97 (Ditto). 1081. "Little Maid of Arcadee," £288 (Ditto). 1083. Ditto, The Young Mother, £105 (Metzler). 1084. Ditto, "There sits a bird," £102 (J. Williams). 1122. Cramer's Vocal Gems, £1489 (Metzler). 1229. Rendano's Chant du Paysan, £280 (Ashdown & Parry). 1570. McLeod's Scotland Yet, £49 10s. (Blockley). 1616. Henry Leslie's Arrangement of the Lass of Richmond Hill, £87 (Hutchings & Romer). Total, £13,000.

International Copyrights.—The annual dinner of the Société des Gens de Lettres was held in Paris on the 19th inst., M. Paul Féval, President, in the chair. In proposing the health of the guest of the evening, Mr Blanchard Jerrold, representative of the English Association to Protect the Rights of Authors, the chairman said the Gens de Lettres received Mr Jerrold with open arms, and that he might rely on their cordial co-operation for the adjustment of international copyright laws as proposed by the Association. The Société des Gens de Lettres had formed a committee to examine the English propositions; and they had unanimously reported in their favour, and recommended the society to act unreservedly in concert with Mr Jerrold, as the delegate of the English authors. He hoped the time was not very distant when there would be close and complete brotherhood of literary men all over the world, in which each would jealously guard the rights of his neighbours. In conclusion, he begged to propose, with fraternal cordiality, the health of their guest, Mr Blanchard Jerrold. Mr Jerrold, who spoke in French, replied that he could hardly venture to return thanks in that brilliant language, the masters of which were around him. He begged, however, to thank them for the enthusiastic reception with which he had met in his representative character, as delegate of the Association to Protect the Rights of Authors. He hoped that the measure of justice, he might say of reparation, towards French men of letters, which the English Association had in hand, would promote an *entente cordiale* between the *gens de lettres* of the two countries (*très bien, très bien*)!—an *entente* that would, he believed, be more fruitful of good results, and more important to the prosperity of the two nations and to the interests of true civilization than any merely political *entente*. (*Bravo!*) Mr Thomas, ex-President of the society, agreed as to the high value of a close friendship between the literary men of France and England. A commission was now busy about a tunnel under the Channel; but he had a greater faith in the union between the two countries which their guest had suggested—a union, the messages of which would not be carried under the sea, or through a tunnel, but that would span the ocean like a rainbow, that would be a union of mind, a union of winged thoughts and sympathies. He concluded by proposing the health of M. Dentu, a man who was not only a publisher but a friend. Other toasts from MM. Chamfleury, Hector Malon, Adolphe Belon, &c., followed.

Rome.—Rossi's *Contessa di Mons* has been produced with success at the Teatro Apollo. The *finale* of the third act was encored. The principal character was sustained by Mdlle Pozzoni. At a recent sitting, the Municipal Council resolved to cut off the grant of 270,000 lire to the above theatre next season. In consequence of this both Mdlle Stolz and Signor Nicolini have signed engagements for St Petersburgh.

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5. *The Bee ..... *Barnett.*
6. *Song of the Water ..... *Smart.*

BOOK II.
7. *Oh, boatman, row ..... *Donizetti.*
8. *Village bride ..... *Costa.*
9. *Pilgrim's evening..... *Wagner.*
10. *Music of the night ..... *Halton.*
11. *I love my love ..... *Allen.*
12. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Wallace.*

BOOK III.
13. *Now lightly we..... *Balfe.*
14. *Hark! o'er the ..... *Balfe.*
15. *A psalm of life ..... *Pinsuti.*
16. *Araby's daughter..... *Oberthur.*
17. *Come o'er the waters .... *Bonoldi.*
18. *Where the fairies ..... *Balfe.*

BOOK IV.
19. *The skylark ..... *Gilbert.*
20. *Hark! the Gondolier.... *Riccardi.*
21. *Too late ..... *Barnett.*
22. *When the moon is ..... *Bishop.*
23. *The sun has been..... *Bishop.*
24. Bridal Chorus ..... *Barnett.*

BOOK V.
25. *Merry minstrels are..... *Wagner.*
26. *Good morning ..... *Lillo.*
27. *Hark! the merry..... *Flotow.*
28. *With song of bird ..... *Flotow.*
29. *Happy as the day..... *Wallace.*
30. *The red cross banner .... *Badia.*

BOOK VI.
31. *The distant bell..... *Badia.*
32. *The sunset bell..... *Pinsuti.*
33. *Who'll follow..... *Paggi.*
34. *Sleep on ..... *Balfe.*
35. *O the summer night .... *Prentice.*
36. *O hear ye not..... *Smart.*

BOOK VII.
37. *Sea flowers..... *Barnett.*
38. *Forest home ..... *Benedict.*
39. *Warbler of the forest.... *Benedict.*
40. *Thoughts of home ..... *Benedict.*
41. *Welcome Spring ..... *Philp.*
42. *The noisy mill ..... *Paggi.*

BOOK VIII.
43. *Faith ..... *Rossini.*
44. *Hope ..... *Rossini.*
45. *Charity ..... *Rossini.*
46. *Fairy Isle ..... *Campana.*
47. *Autumn leaves ..... *Balfe.*
48. *Let us haste to the .... *Bishop.*

BOOK IX.
49. *The Village Church .... *Becker.*
50. *Come, sisters, come .... *Gordigiani.*
51. *The Zingari..... *Balfe.*
52. *Morning ..... *T. Hendley*
53. *Evening ..... *T. Hendley*
54. *Sleep, gentle lady ..... *Bishop.*

BOOK X.
55. *The Rhine Boat ..... *Arditi.*
56. *Angels that around .... *Wallace.*
57. *Happy Wanderer ..... *Abt.*
58. *Through the grassy .... *Balfe.*
59. *Our happy valley ..... *Bordese.*
60. *Blessed be the Home .. *Benedict.*

BOOK XI.
61. *Happy, smiling faces .. *Gomes.*
62. *Fairest flowers ..... *Pinsuti.*
63. *Goddess of the dawn .. *Smart.*
64. *At our spinning wheel .. *Wagner.*
65. *How can we sing ..... *Verdi.*
66. The standard waves .... *Bishop.*

BOOK XII.
67. *A spring sun peepeth out *Richards.*
68. *The storm..... *Richards.*
69. *Lightly, softly..... *Flotow.*
70. *Over woodland, over plain *Pinsuti.*
71. *Flow softly, flow ..... *Costa.*
72. *Rowing bravely ..... *Campana.*

BOOK XIII.
73. *Buzzing ..... *Randegger*
74. *Softly now ..... *Duggan.*
75. *The Sleigh Bells..... *Anderton.*
76. *Dancing Sunbeams .... *Rossini.*
77. *Fair and fertile valley.. *Guglielmo.*
78. *Friendship ..... *Allen.*

BOOK XIV.
79. *Our Vesper Hymn..... *Ricci.*
80. *Our last farewell ..... *Oursehman.*
81. *Flower Greeting ..... *Oursehman.*
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"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard, Nov.* 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov.* 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

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Extra Night.

Mdlle Tietjens—Mdme Trebelli-Bettini—Second Appearance of Mdlle Pernini.

MONDAY next, May 3, MOZART'S Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Il Conte Almaviva, Signor De Reschi; Figaro, Signor Galassi; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Costa; Basilio, Signor Rinaldini; Don Curzio, Signor Grazzi; Cherubino, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Susanna, Mdlle Pernini (her second appearance); Marcellina, Madame Demeric-Lablache; and La Contessa, Mdlle Tietjens.

First Appearance this Season of Mdme Christine Nilsson.

On TUESDAY next, May 4, will be performed (for the first time this season) "IL TALISMANO." Music by M. W. BALFE. Sir Kenneth, Signor Campanini; Richard Cœur de Lion, Signor Galassi; Nectabanus, Signor Catalani; Il Rè di Francia, Signor Costa; Il Duca d'Austria, Signor Casaboni; Il Barone de Vaux, Signor Rinaldini; L'Emiro, Signor Grazzi; Queen Berengaria, Mdlle Risarelli (her first appearance this season); and Edith Plantagenet, Madame Christine Nilsson (her first appearance this season). Nobles, Ladies of the Court, Soldiers, Archers, Pages, Saracens, &c.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 1st, will be performed "RIGOLETTO." Mdlle Albani (her third appearance this season), Mdlle Scalchi; Signori Graziani, Tagliafico, and De Sanctis.

On MONDAY next, May 3, "LES HUGUENOTS." Mesdames Vilda, Marimon, Scalchi; Signori Capponi, Bagagiolo, Maurel, Sabater, and Nicolini (his first appearance this season). Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On TUESDAY next, May 4, "DER FREISCHUTZ." Mdlle D'Angeri, Mdlle Smeroschi; Signori Bagagiolo, Tagliafico, Capponi, and Marini.

On THURSDAY next, May 6, "DON GIOVANNI." Mesdames Zaré Thalberg (her fifth appearance on any stage), Vilda, D'Angeri; Signori Marini, Ciampi, Tagliafico, Capponi, and M. Maurel.

On FRIDAY next, May 7 (first time these three years), DONIZETTI'S Opera "DON PASQUALE." Mdlle Marimon; Signori Cotogni (his first appearance this season), Ciampi, and Piazza.

On SATURDAY, May 8, will be produced WAGNER'S celebrated romantic Opera, entitled, "LOHENGRIN."

Floral Hall Concerts.

The SECOND FLORAL HALL CONCERT of the season will take place on SATURDAY, May 15.

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"GIROFLE-GIROFLA," THIS EVENING.

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus. — Sole Proprietors and Responsible Managers, SPIERS & POND. — "GIROFLE-GIROFLA," new Comic Opera in English, by CHARLES LECOCQ. Adapted by CAMPBELL CLARKE, and produced under the direction of Mrs W. H. LISTON. Conductor—Mr F. STANISLAUS. The Opera commences at Eight, and is over by Eleven o'clock. Mesdames Pauline Rita, Emily Thorne, Rose Keene, and Alice Hamilton; Messrs A. Brennir, Perrini, Loredan. Private boxes from £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes (bonnets allowed), 5s.; pit, 2s.; amphitheatre, 1s. To be obtained at the Box Office of the Criterion. Acting Manager—Mr EDWARD MURRAY.

MR RIDLEY PRENTICE has the honour to announce that his PIANOFORTE RECITAL will take place at ST GEORGE'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Morning, May 5th, at Three o'clock. Vocalist—Miss Georgina Maudsley. Violin—Herr Straus. Stalls, 7s.; family ticket (to admit three), 15s.; area or balcony, 3s.; may be obtained at the Hall; or of Mr RIDLEY PRENTICE, 30A, Wimpole Street, W.

MISS FLORENCE MAY'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St James's, on SATURDAY Afternoon, May 8th, at Three o'clock (under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh). Pianoforte — Miss Florence May. Violin—Signor Papini. Vocalist — Mdlle Sophie Löwe. Accompanist — Mr Zerbini. Stalls (reserved), 5s.; unreserved, 3s.; may be obtained of Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; and of Messrs Chappell, 50, New Bond Street.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL. Programme of the SECOND CONCERT, SATURDAY Morning, May 8th, 1875: Overture, "Hebrides" (Mendelssohn); Concerto in C minor, for two pianofortes (Bach)—Mrs Beesley (her first appearance in London) and Dr Hans von Bülow; Aria, "Pur dicesti" (Lotti)—Mdlle Thekla Friedländer (from Leipzig—her first appearance in England); Symphony in C minor, No. 5 (Beethoven); Aria, "Io lo sento" (*Flauto Magico*) (Mozart)—Mdlle Thekla Friedländer; Concerto in E flat, for pianoforte (Liszt)—Mrs Beesley; Lieder, (*a*) "Warum willst Du andre fragen" (Schumann), (*b*) "Gretchen am Spinnrad" (Schubert)—Mdlle Thekla Friedländer; Andante, with variations, in B flat, Op. 46, for two pianofortes (Schumann)—Mrs Beesley and Dr Hans von Bülow; Overture, *Le Domino Noir* (Auber). Conductors—Dr WYLDE and Mr GANZ.

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"I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN."

MR WILFORD MORGAN will sing his new Ballad, "I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN," and his new Song, "COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE," at the Vestry Hall, Chelsea, at Miss Lester's Concert, April 30th.

"MEDEA."

MISS JESSIE JONES (Student and Silver Medallist of the Royal Academy of Music) will sing RANDEGGER'S Grand Scena, "MEDEA," at the Concert of the British Orchestral Society, on Wednesday Evening, May 19.

F. B. JEWSON'S Two New Pianoforte Compositions, "DASHING SPRAY" and "THE MOUNTAIN STREAM," will be performed by his pupil, Miss ELLEN EDRIDGE, at Mr Walmsley Little's Concert, on Monday, the 3rd of May.—STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & CO., 84, New Bond Street.

MISS FLORENCE SANDERS (Pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes) (Pianoforte) will play Sir STERNDALE BENNETT'S Sonata, "THE MAID OF ORLEANS," at her forthcoming Concert, at which she will be assisted by eminent Artists. Full particulars will be duly announced. Address, 197, Ladbroke Grove Road, Notting Hill.

THE GUITAR.—MDME SIDNEY PRATTEN, Teacher of this elegant Instrument, is in Town for the Season. For LESSONS and Private CONCERTS, address to her residence, 22A, Dorset Street, Portman Square, W.

MR RICCARDI (the new Bass), who made so successful a *début* at St James's Hall, March 12th, begs to announce his Return to London for the Season. All applications for ENGAGEMENTS to be addressed, Care of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

MDME PATEY.—CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The third performance of *Don Giovanni* on Monday night was another success for Mdlle Thalberg, whose next assumption is looked forward to with natural interest. Susanna, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, is spoken of; and, should that be the choice, there will be no reason to complain. Nothing could be more advantageous to the youthful *prima donna* than a second proof of her ability to shine as one of the vocal heroines of Mozart. About the result there can, we think, be very little doubt.

Lucia di Lammermoor followed almost immediately upon the *Sonnambula*, with Mdlle Albani as Lucia, a character in which (1872) she at once obtained general acceptance, and which is in every way suited to her idiosyncracy. A fresh description of her performance, scene after scene, is not required. Each succeeding year, however, brings with it proofs of what study and perseverance can effect; and it is nothing beyond the truth to say that the Lucia of Mdlle Albani may now take high rank among the existing Lucias on the stage—which, when we remember that it is a character adopted by the very greatest artists, is saying no little. There are certain characteristics in the Lucia of Mdlle Albani convincingly proving that she has not only studied accepted models with advantage, but that she can also think for herself and proclaim her own individuality. There is a peculiar gentleness in her conception of the character that endows it with a charm apart; while she discards, wherever it may suit her, the generally stereotyped readings of certain among the most salient vocal points, interpreting them after a manner of her own imagining. This is especially to be remarked not only in the great scene of the Contract and the "Malediction," but in the preceding duet, where Enrico, through the instrumentality of the forged letter, convinces Lucia that her lover has proved false. In the scene of the madness, Mdlle Albani, now perfect mistress of her resources, gives fuller play to the emotions she wishes to portray than she ever did before; and the effect is all the greater. Her vocalization here was always distinguished, not merely by executive facility, but by varied and appropriate sentiment; and she now adds dramatic to vocal expression, the thrilling interest of the situation being thus proportionately enhanced. The assistance she receives here from the flute (Mr Radcliff) in the "*cadenza a due*," where the instrument follows the voice, phrase by phrase, cannot be over-estimated. The whole display, however, ending with the melodious peroration, "Spargi di qualche pianto," is admirable. The impression produced on the house was so vivid, that at the end the singer was honoured with a triple "recall," as unanimous as it had been well earned. Signor Pavani, though an accomplished artist, is hardly equal to the trying music of Edgardo. His best points were made in the concerted piece, "Chi mi frena in tal momento" (encored as usual), and in the "Maladetto," when Edgardo is made aware that Lucia has signed the fatal document that must disunite them for ever. Here he showed real feeling, and even power. That the part of Enrico could hardly, at the present time, meet with a more competent representative than Signor Graziani need scarcely be said. Signor Capponi was Raimondo, and Signor Sabater Arturo. On the whole, the performance of Donizetti's too familiar opera was highly efficient. Signor Vianesi was in the orchestra.

Fra Diavolo has been produced, with Mdlle Smeroschi as Zerlina, a part in all respects well suited to her; Signor Naudin as Fra Diavolo, Signor Ciampi as Lord Coburg, Mdlle Scalchi as Lady Coburg, and Signors Tagliafico and Capponi as Beppo and Giacomo—the two incomparable briganda. Auber's sparkling and characteristic music charms as much as ever, and, indeed, would seem to be as perennial as the immortal *Barbiere* itself. Signor Bevignani conducted. On Saturday *La Figlia del Reggimento* was repeated, with Mdlle Marimon as the Vivandière.

During the present week we have had repetitions of *Guillaume Tell*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *Don Giovanni*. *Il Flauto Magico* was to be given last night, and *Rigoletto*, with Mdlle Albani as Gilda, is promised for this evening. Meanwhile, the arrival of Madame Adelina Patti and the production of Wagner's *Lohengrin* are close at hand. With these phenomena the opera will have attained its culminating point.

STUTTGART.—A "new and revised" edition of Abert's opera, *Enzio von Hohenstaufen*, has been produced with success.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The first performance of the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, on Saturday night, introduced to the English public a new Rosina in the person of Mdlle Anna de Belocca. This lady, a Russian by birth, has but recently appeared with great success at the Théâtre Ventadour in Paris, where, although so very young (in her 21st year), and though it was her first appearance on any stage, she surprised amateurs by her proficiency in the Italian operatic style, and her facile pronunciation of the Italian language. During the term of her engagement she sang in three operas—*Il Barbiere*, *La Cenerentola*, and *Semiramide*. In the last named work the part assigned to her was Arsace—from which it will naturally be assumed that her voice is a contralto. That it is a contralto in some respects is unquestionable; but, considered in all its bearings, it may more strictly be regarded as a mezzo-soprano. In either case, however, we have a voice full of charm, calculated to please all hearers. There is something fresh and original in its *timbre*, exceptional and peculiarly attractive. The comic masterpiece of Rossini was wisely chosen for the *début* of Mdlle Belocca, who possesses the requirements indispensable to an adequate portrayal of the piquant and lively heroine. To look the character, in its appropriate Spanish costume, more bewitchingly and to the life than does Mdlle Belocca would be scarcely possible; and her first appearance at the window of Dr Bartolo's house predisposed the entire audience in her favour. But she was evidently nervous in her response to the cadences of Almaviva's serenade; and also, later on, in the opening of the soliloquy, "Una voce poco fa." Nor had she entirely recovered self-possession until the *cabaletta*, "Io sono docile," was approaching its conclusion. Still Mdlle Belocca had done quite enough to persuade her hearers that no common artist was before them, and her few shortcomings were allowed to be atoned for by "extenuating circumstances." It is a fact often denied, but not the less admitted by foreign aspirants, that, with all the talk about the "baptism of Paris," the most trying ordeal to pass with success is a first essay before one of our London Italian Opera audiences. This was clearly felt by Mdlle de Belocca, and influenced her accordingly at the outset. Encouraged, nevertheless, by the unmistakably expressed sympathy of the house, the young Russian songstress soon won heart, and in the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son," now fully mistress of herself, exhibited powers, both as singer and actress, which left the question of her ultimate success beyond the possibility of doubt. She was equally good in the following scene, where, while listening to the angry reproaches of Dr Bartolo, her byplay was excellent. In the great *finale* to the first act, moreover—the only parallel in comic opera to that of the first act, of Mozart's *Figaro*—she showed herself equally alive to the "business," both musical and dramatic. It was in the next act, however, that Mdlle Belocca set all fears at rest and completed her success. The "Lesson Scene" won the sympathies of the whole assembly of connoisseurs. The first song was a Russian melody ("Solovei"), by Alabieff (known in England as the "Nightingale"), of plaintive character, which must have somewhat astonished Dr Bartolo, being sung in Russian language; but it was tuneful and expressive enough to enlist general and hearty sympathy. What followed was the *brindisi*, "Il segreto per esser felice" (*Lucrezia Borgia*) which, rendered in a characteristic and emphatic way, roused general enthusiasm, and was loudly encored. By this time the general conviction was that a new "star" had appeared in the operatic horizon. Such gifts as Mdlle Belocca is endowed with, such rare personal attractions, and such evident aptitude for the profession of her choice, were well worth cultivating. The impression created on Saturday night will cause every amateur to watch with interest the future career of the interesting young Russian. In Signor Brignoli Mdlle Belocca was associated with an Almaviva of the genuine Italian type, thoroughly versed in the Rossinian style of music, managing his voice with so much skill and address as often to make us wish, and as often to believe, that it was twenty years younger. In the duet with Figaro (Signor Catalani), "All idea di quel metallo," which won a recall for both performers, this was especially remarkable. The parts of Dr Bartolo, Basilio, and Fiorello were carefully sustained by Signors Zoboli, Costa, and Rinaldini; while Berta, with her quaint soliloquy, "Il vecchietto cerca moglie," was admirably impersonated by Madame Demeric-Lablache. About the overture

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and orchestral accompaniments to *Il Barbiere*, with Sir Michael Costa in the orchestra, it is unnecessary to say a word.

During the week there were repetitions of *Fidelio* and *Rigoletto*. In the last of these Mdlle Varesi justified the good opinions elicited on the evening of her *début*. We have also had the *Nozze di Figaro*, with a new soprano, Mdlle Pernini, as Susanna, about whose qualifications we should like to have another opportunity of speaking. She is clearly an artist in the true sense of the word; and this was shown from the beginning to the end of her performance. The Countess was Mdlle Tietjens—a Countess not to be surpassed, whether in her delivery of the music or in her impersonation of the character. Madame Trebelli was the Cherubino—which, though the music was intended for a soprano, is equivalent to saying that here there was nothing to criticise. The parts of the Count and Figaro were allotted to Signors De Reschi and Galassi; that of Marcellina fell to Madame Demeric-Lablache; Signors Costa, Rinaldini, and Grazzi doing duty as Bartolo, Basilio, and Don Curzio; so that, without entering into particulars about a thing so well known, and often described, it may be readily believed that the performance was in almost every respect efficient. The orchestra, it need scarcely be added, was everything that could be wished, from the overture to the last *finale*. The imperishable music of Mozart was listened to with the accustomed satisfaction, and the encores stereotyped by tradition were in every instance observed. The frequent appearances, in recent years, of this masterpiece says no little for the improving taste of our operatic audiences.

Lucrezia Borgia was repeated on Monday. *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Mdlle Varesi as the heroine, was given on Tuesday, and *en attendant* further particulars, we may say that a brilliant success was achieved by the new Italian *prima donna*. On Thursday Mdlle Belocca made her second appearance as Rosina in the *Barbiere*. To-night a second performance of the *Lucia*, with Mdlle Varesi, is promised. Mdme Nilsson is to make her first appearance on Tuesday, as Edith Plantagenet in Balfe's *Talismano*.

—o—

ENGLISH COMPOSER AND ENGLISH PERFORMER.

(From the "Sunday Times," April 11th.)

Mr Macfarren's new violin concerto is a work in every way calculated to maintain the fame of the popular composer of *St John the Baptist*, and to show his facility in instrumental composition. The present concerto (in G minor and major), is comparatively new, having been written during the early spring of 1873 for M. Straus, and played by that estimable performer at the Philharmonic Concert of the 12th May subsequent. The form of the work is according to recognized rule, and contains little or no material which seeks to bring about renovation in the accepted form of the concerto. When a musician of Mr Macfarren's age, knowledge, and experience, finds it safer to move in the groove of conventionality and follow on the track to success, rather than attempt a novel cut across country, he sets an example which our younger musicians will do well to follow. When it is proved that they have full command over all styles and forms of tonal expression, we shall be glad to perceive tokens of originality in treatment: but, until the old method of construction is mastered, reckless innovation is of about as much practical value to art as would be a statue hewn straight from the rough by a young sculptor ignorant of anatomy. But this, by the way. Mr Macfarren's violin concerto, then, is a model of form; and, that it should be in no wise incomplete, the author has supplied the long and elaborate *cadenza*, instead of leaving it to the whim or caprice of the performer. Originality, however, is not wanting, witness the very striking commencement by the solo violin, unaccompanied, with a quasi-recitative passage, and witness also the manner in which the three separate movements are connected. The instrumentation is exceedingly choice, and the harmonies are rich and colourable. The oft-abused trombones are this time conspicuous—by their absence. It is in the writing for the solo instrument, however, that Mr Macfarren displays his technical mastery to the full, the part abounding in brilliant passages, telling phrases, and striking contrasts. It is all very well to call a work such as this a "show piece," but in reality it is a composition as much entitled to be termed "classical," as anything that has been written in the last half century. The melody of the *larghetto* is a lovely song without words, a pure *cantabile* subject, which is sure to test the "singing" qualities of the soloist, and the final *allegretto scherzando* is a dashing spirited movement of great attraction and skilful development. Mr Carrodus was exactly the man to give a competent reading of the work—not so particularly because he is an Englishman, like the composer—but that his style is so peculiarly adapted to the idiosyncrasies of the composition. Mr Carrodus's bowing is splendid, his tone broad and full, and his intonation, even in the most intricate passages, certain to a degree. The long experience which Mr Carrodus has had as an orchestral leader inclines him less to the *tempo rubato* than most solo violinists, and gives him that rare power of playing *with* the orchestra, instead of *against* it, as many less practised artists are wont to do. The whole performance was more than creditable, it was absolutely fine, and Mr Carrodus received a hearty compliment from the audience, who insisted upon his returning to the platform. Verily it was an occasion for English musicians to feel proud—author and executant alike displaying such great ability. We should not quit the subject without alluding to the graceful manner in which "G.," in a note appended to an analysis of the concerto, alludes to the paramount claims of Mr Macfarren to the high honours to which he has lately been elected. "G." says nothing without saying it well; hence the programme books are always as edifying as they are attractive.

[The foregoing relates to one of the most interesting features of a recent Saturday concert, under the direction of Herr Manns, at the Crystal Palace.—Ed. *M. W.*]

—o—

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

At the fourth concert of this society the programme offered many points of interest, and the performance, as a whole, exhibited improvement. The symphony was the C minor of Beethoven, the orchestral prelude and "postlude," the *Melusine* of Mendelssohn, and the *Deux Journées* of Cherubini; all of unsurpassed excellence, yet differing in character as widely as works so admirable could do. The interest of the orchestral parts of the concert was not, however, exhausted in these works. Two others were heard—one certainly, the other probably—for the first time by the majority of the audience; the former an *intermezzo* and *scherzo* by Mr Henry Gadsby, the latter a *concerto di bravura* for violin, composed and played by Mr Henry Holmes. We have had occasion to report on the performance—especially at the Crystal Palace—of several compositions by Mr Gadsby, in terms of very high praise. They have one and all struck us as exhibiting science and taste, the results of good training and intelligent observation. This is much. But they exhibit more than this—originality and a power of inventing topics, which culture sometimes enables a musician to conceal the want of, but cannot give. Mr Gadsby's composition was quite up to the standard by which we have been accustomed, and shall continue, to measure his productions. It abounds with fresh and beautiful ideas—ideas, which, without jostling one another, treated as they are, keep the attention of the listener from beginning to end. Mr Gadsby's orchestration is hardly less striking than his music. Drawing always from his symphonists a pleasant *timbre*, he not unfrequently presents us with combinations as novel as they are beautiful. The *intermezzo* and *scherzo* are, or will become, it may be hoped, a portion of an entire symphony, to the completion of which we look forward with much interest. Mr Henry Holmes has been longer before the world, and seen a good deal more than Mr Gadsby. A citizen of the world, he has found and delighted audiences, both as composer and executant; and there are few living musicians to whom his countrymen can point, whether for merit or reputation, with such thorough satisfaction. The *concertino* of Mr Holmes was first played by the author at Prague, some eighteen years since, and shortly afterwards at Vienna, where its dedication was accepted by the eminent *virtuoso*, Joseph Mayseder. As a composition, it is at once varied and coherent; as a vehicle for the display of executive skill it is equally remarkable. The composer's consummate mastery over his instrument was hardly less clearly manifested in the invention of the difficult and effective passages with which the work abounds than in the ease and certainty with which he executed them. The singers were Miss Julia Elton and Mr Edward Lloyd. The former did more than justice to a song by Balfe; and the latter revived a charming song from Loder's *Night Dancers*, which we hope he will let us hear again. In the dearth of good duets for contralto and tenor—voices difficult to combine efficiently—Signor Randegger's "Mille Volte" proved an unexpected pleasure.

The orchestra of this society probably contains more good and fewer mediocre symphonists than any orchestra in the world. In intelligence, practical skill and knowledge of music, they are certainly, as a body, unsurpassed; in *timbre* they are probably unequalled. Some shortcomings in the matter of delicacy were noticable in Mr Holmes's *concertino*, and Mr Gadsby's *intermezzo* would have borne more rehearsal. But the performance of Cherubini's overture was admirable, and that of Beethoven's symphony at once one of the broadest and most refined we have heard.—*Globe*.

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THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

This society, under the direction of Dr Wylde and Mr Wilhelm Ganz, gave the first of its present series of concerts on Saturday afternoon last. A very attractive programme was presented to its subscribers on the occasion. We propose to offer a few comments with respect to the chief instrumental pieces, and in the order in which these occurred in the programme. Sterndale Bennett's overture, *The Wood Nymphs*—a well-selected specimen of our lamented countryman—commenced the concert. Fortunately, but little need in this case be written, the majority of the listeners present being more or less familiar with it from beginning to end. One of the best of our author's orchestral productions, it expresses in vivid pictures all the emotions which his imagination, so fertile in its pastoral suggestions, had aroused in his breast. It was played with an evident appreciation of its manifold beauties. All the points had been mastered by Mr Ganz, who conducted its performance, and he had the happy facility of being able to communicate what his mind had fully realised to all the gentlemen under his sway—an excellent band. In these days of "Programme Music," it may not be inappropriate to insist that if this overture has not a basis of sentiment, where are we to look for the expression of emotion by means of the language of music, whose ultimate perfection, it is asserted by some persons, will not be reached until it can speak clearly with no further aid than is required by a fine painting?

The next piece was the *Lenore* symphony. The name of Joachim Raff is in Germany a great power. Master of every style and variety of musical work, Raff did not begin music very early in life. Nor was he without a certain amount of family opposition in its pursuit. Mendelssohn's ready appreciation of some of his earliest efforts was the first genuine encouragement he had received external to himself, and with what earnestness and indefatigable labour he has persevered, may be inferred from the number and the extent of his compositions. He has a legitimate claim to speak out and to be heard. The Old Philharmonic Society did an act of justice to musical art in performing one of his symphonies (*Im Walde*) at its concert on the 12th inst. Raff's name carrying with it, as we have said, so much weight in Germany, where Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and our own Sterndale Bennett found their readiest appreciators, should have its *raison d'être* presented to Englishmen, that they might have an opportunity of judging how far the greatness of the name is really due to its possessor. From a first hearing of *Im Walde*, the third of Raff's symphonies, it must have been apparent to all present, that art, through Raff, has made great strides from the position it occupied at the time of Beethoven's decease. But whether every step forward is a real gain, is, in the opinion of some persons, open to question. Unusual combinations of sounds, progressions, abrupt changes of key, and a disregard of the customary manner in which the selection of keys is made, are among some of the novelties in the writings of Raff. But even these must not be lightly considered. Nor should judgment, with respect to them, be pronounced hastily. The author's meaning should be first ascertained. This seems to be especially requisite in such a work as "*Im Walde*" or "*Lenore*," which is the expression of varied emotions to which the author is solicitous to give utterance in the best of all languages, but which, alas, is so little understood. The explanation of his meaning Raff gives us in his programme. Next, it is necessary to satisfy ourselves whether the rules of "form" which have been laid down for ordinary students are perfect, and must never be departed from—whether "finality" is to be written with respect to them. Art existed prior to rules, even as language preceded grammar and rhetoric. As language progressed rules were framed, and, in course of time, these rules had to be modified and added to; and, as great authorities arise, further deviations from previous rules become requisite. So it is with music. As the art advances, rules need modification. In like manner the rules, with regard to poetry and dramatic writing, which had been accepted before Shakspere's time, had to be revised when the light of that stupendous genius had diffused itself. "Symphonies" are constructed upon rules of art, and not according to laws of Nature, which are unalterable; else they would be scientific in place of artistic. And if Raff produces great musical effects by not following the student's track, who is to say that the rules of music now obtaining, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, must on no account and never be altered? Most of the symphonies of Raff are the carrying out of a programme. How far all great symphonies are in reality the same depends, it may naturally be thought, upon what their authors have to say. And has any very great work of the kind been written whose composer has not had something he wished to unburthen himself of—some feelings to communicate, apart from the ideas of mere sound? Music, as we have hinted, is a language in which composers seek to express their inward emotions. These feelings or sentiments are the basis of a symphony, whether the author furnish a programme or not. The greatest symphonies, it is here suggested, represent emotions resulting from some state of circumstances, and not the circumstances themselves. Thus, all such works intended to convey any meaning, must be musical representations of moral ideas, as distinguished from mere physical imitations, though the difficulty of pourtraying the effect of a cause without representing the cause itself is admitted. Speaking of the two symphonies of Raff in the abstract (*Im Walde* and *Lenore*), it cannot be denied that there is much grandeur, if not always sublimity, and that there is splendour of orchestration, and no lack of the nobility of musical sentiment. The ideas are prolific, if not always great, and they admit of and receive free development. The *Lenore*, at the concert we are speaking of, was received with great favour, the third movement, the march, being encored and repeated. Dr Wylde conducted the symphony, and that he had made himself thoroughly familiar with the intricacies of the score was manifest by the result, an admirable performance of the entire work.

Mdlle Marie Krebs, the pianist at this concert, is emphatically a classical performer. Her very appearance almost argues (so great is the power of imagination) the sort of presentation that may be expected. She invariably conceives rightly the author she is about to interpret. With purity of expression, chasteness, delicacy, force where requisite, she presents to her audience the work she undertakes to explain. Her object is not the exhibition of her own extensive memory or perfect manipulation; it is to give as clear an exhibition as possible of a series of musical pictures in which she takes delight. Her performance of Beethoven's Concerto in G major, as well as of the ornate cadenzas she introduced, and subsequently of Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor evinced all this. In the absence of Madame Arabella Goddard, no better representative of the embodiment of all the essentials for classical pianoforte playing could be desired. Mdlle Krebs was received with every cordial demonstration of approbation.

Mdlle Johanna Levier was the vocalist, and it can hardly be disputed that she is more happy in the *Lieder* of Schubert and Brahms than in the dramatic songs of Mozart. A spirited performance of Rossini's ever fresh overture, *La Gazza Ladra*, conducted by Mr Ganz, brought this interesting concert to a close.

FREDERIC PENNA.

[It is with pleasure that we find space in our columns for the foregoing, which is from the pen of an old and valued contributor. At the same time, we are unable to endorse certain of his opinions.—ED. *M. W.*]

Singers, Beware.

A musical society at Leeds engaged Mdme Corani, Miss Sinclair, Mr Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli to sing in that town very recently. When the artists had fulfilled their engagement, they retired to the Queen's Hotel, expecting the secretary or treasurer of the society "to call and settle;" but no official appeared; and, after fruitless enquiries, the singers departed for London, *minus* their honorarium. Several applications to the conductor and secretary brought an intimation that the society could not pay the full amount agreed upon, but only a fraction thereof. Let this be a caution to artists when they go to Yorkshire. Leeds is a wealthy and important town, and far too proud to tolerate repudiation within its circuit.

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TIMES GONE BYE.*

The recent performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony brought back vividly to my mind his *Missa Solemnis*, the most difficult work, perhaps, in the whole range of church-music. Portions of this gigantic Opus were performed in Vienna in 1824, three years before the composer's death. Three numbers were selected for his benefit-concert, and, among the notabilities whose services were secured for the occasion, was the celebrated Ungher-Sabatier, to whom was confided the soprano solos. But, despite this brilliant beginning, it was not till the 27th May, 1844, on the second day of the 26th Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine, that, after remaining almost totally neglected for twenty years, the work was performed for the first time in its entirety. The artists who took part in it under my direction were four solo-singers (Herr and Mad. Diez, from Munich, Mdlle Sophie Schloss, of Cologne, and Herr Böttcher, "Royal Singer," from Berlin), 417 chorus-singers (113 sopranos, 89 contraltos, 96 tenors, and 119 basses), and 167 instrumental performers (1 organ, 65 violins, 18 double-basses, etc.), making a total of 590 persons. There had been no lack of due preparation; no lack of ability in the artists, and, certainly, no lack of zeal on the part of the conductor. At length the day of the general rehearsal arrived. Opposite the orchestra I had had a half-length portrait, life-size, of Beethoven, hung up on the middle pillar of the Gürzenich hall. After I had animated my army by a few words referring to this portrait, the mighty waves of tone rolled forth almost uninterruptedly, and—as I thought—in the most effective manner. "But with the powers of Fate," etc. The "Benedictus" had just been concluded, and, after the violin-solo, in G major, 12-8, I paused a short time to rest. Suddenly, a gaunt, dark man, with a broad white neck-tie, came rushing over the benches from the back, and posted himself, out of breath, against the orchestra railing and opposite to me. It was Anton Schindler, from Aix-la-Chapelle. We had never been introduced to each other, but I recognized him from the descriptions I had heard of him. He had for years been travelling in the Rhine Provinces, attending all concerts of any importance. On these he used to write notices, which were mostly very unfavourable. As we know, he had for years been Beethoven's amanuensis, and thought that his services in that capacity—services, by the way, of an entirely subordinate character—entitled him to claim an exclusive comprehension of the master. His vanity went so far that he introduced himself on his cards, in Paris, as: "Antoine Schindler, ami de Beethoven," though we in Germany had long been aware in what a contemptuous tone the master had repeatedly expressed himself, both in writing and by word of mouth, concerning his servant. The difference between the high opinion which Schindler entertained of himself, and the small modicum of respect paid him by the musical public, had rendered him so cantankerous that he condemned every performance which did not agree entirely with his views, and as he considered that, especially *in puncto* Beethoven, he was infallible, all the conductors of the Rhenish Winter and Whitsuntide Concerts, who dared not omit the hero's works from their programme, were constantly opposed to this critic's attacks. Ries and Mendelssohn had sometimes found favour in his eyes, but Spohr, Reissiger, and Kreutzer, to say nothing of the *minorum gentium Dii*, were regularly treated to the most pitiable censure. Suddenly, he stood before me, and addressed me as follows: "Dorn! the entire *tempo* is a mistake—it is a great deal too slow—this is what it ought to be" (he here beat time in crotchets with his hand). "I am Schindler—go over the number again—we owe Beethoven thus much, at any rate." I was so incensed at such an act of effrontery on the part of one of the audience at a general rehearsal (and I should have been so even with a man of far greater importance), in presuming to teach the conductor before all the executants, that, not to prolong the scene, I took no notice of him, but, with apparent composure, turned over the leaves of the score. Rendered bolder by my silence, Schindler leaned over the platform, and called out to the leader: "Hartmann, tell the orchestra—." Here, however, I interrupted him, and, striking the desk with my conducting-stick, replied, in a firm voice: "Sir, no one has anything to say in this place except myself." Hereupon Schindler resumed his place very hastily among the audience, but was immediately afterwards, by order of a member of the Committee, turned out of the hall for unbecoming behaviour. It seemed self-evident what sort of a criticism he would write on the entire Festival—for the first day of which Handel's *Joshua* was selected. Our expectations were realized in the 5th and the 6th Part of Hermann Herschbach's *Musical Repertory*, Leipsic, for 1844. The principal accusation was—because, through the fault of the publishers, the new time was not marked over the G major, 12-8 *tempo*—that I had taken as my standard the "*Sostenuto*" of the prelude. This, he said, did not suit the joyous childlike piety of the number, and he knew for a certainty that Beethoven had required an *Andante con Moto*. The researches at Schott's, in Mayence, with regard to this point, had, he added, unfortunately, led to no result.—Here, as far as I was concerned, the matter ended, for any posthumous dispute about a wrong *tempo* must necessarily be useless. During my stay in Cologne, however, I conducted the "Benedictus" at two concerts, when I believe I retained the same time as on the first occasion.

Up to this point the whole affair—though, perhaps, interesting—possesses no kind of artistic importance, for different opinions will exist as to the proper *tempo* as long as music is played; the phlegmatic man counts by a different beat of the pulse to that followed by a man of sanguine temperament. When, therefore, an Allegro is not manifestly distorted into an Adagio, or an Adagio into an Allegro, let every one do battle for his own views, and seek to convince his opponents; it is only the fact of its taking place in such a manner during the Festival itself that raises the above incident out of the usual category. But now comes an appendix possessing a real musical value, namely:—nine years later, in October, 1853, the *Niederrheinische Musikzeitung* (edited by the late Professor Bischoff) published a shriek of triumph from Schindler, who wrote to say that the zealous researches of Professor Otto Jahn had succeeded in discovering a letter (of the 26th January, 1825) from Beethoven to his publisher, Schott, of Mayence, wherein were contained the words: "The *tempo* of the 'Benedictus,' also—*Andante molto cantabile, e non troppo mosso*—is, perhaps, not marked." And with this direction of the careful composer, intent upon guarding by *molto cantabile* the staid pace of an Andante from aught like haste, and who, still not satisfied, adds *e non troppo mosso*, by no means too quick—with this direction does Schindler come forward, after the lapse of nine years, producing it as evidence that he was quite right when he asserted in Cologne that the *tempo* of the "Benedictus" must be—*Andante con moto!*—the exact contrary of Beethoven's *Andante molto cantabile, e non troppo mosso!* This was in times gone bye; now-a-days such things are impossible.

HEINRICH DORN.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

A Lament.

Oh, I feel that I'm a poet, but I want the world to know it,
For I lack the reputation which should be my talent's due
I've the feeling which enhances all the poet's airy fancies,
But I haven't got the power of conveying them to you.

In my visions Castles Spanish raise their cloud-capped heights and vanish,
Creatures fair in form and feature float about my heated brain:
Gallant thoughts, from regions golden, tell me legends grim and olden,
But I lack the words that properly those legends would explain.

Oft I think a touching story, that would crown my name with glory,
And be read by eager thousands where the English tongue is known;
But when down I sit to write it, long I suck my pen and bite it,
And I very soon discover that my touching story's flown.

Dramas, poems, and romances, visit me in noonday trances,
Till my mind with glowing pictures I should like to sketch at sight:
But, alas! though I'm a poet, ne'er my fellow-men can know it,
For a cruel fate denies me the ability to write.—Punch.

BERGAMO.—Dr Michelangelo Galli, who has long devoted himself to collecting documents and other objects connected with the life and death of Gaetano Donizetti, lately received from Constantinople two coloured photographic portraits, one of the composer and one of his wife. They were presented to the Corporation of this city, in view of the festival shortly to be celebrated in the master's honour, the donor being Sig. Salvatori, who married the widow of Andrea Donizetti.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

One of the rules of the Amateur Orchestral Society is that the proceeds of its public concerts shall be applied to objects of charity. The three concerts which have taken place this season have thus been of pecuniary service to certain benevolent institutions; and, upon the occasion of the fourth, on Saturday evening last, the attendance being, as hitherto, large and fashionable, it may be presumed that the Royal Albert Orphan Asylum, the chosen recipient of what might accrue, will be as fortunate as the others. Much of the *prestige* of these concerts is due to the active interest the Duke of Edinburgh takes in their maintenance and welfare; and as he is not only one of the managers, but also one of the players, and in both capacities sedulously attentive to his duties, his example has borne good fruit, and the amateur body prospers accordingly. Of this there was pleasant proof at the recent meeting. The instrumental pieces—namely, Weber's overture, *The Ruler of the Spirits*, the second movement from Schubert's 'unfinished symphony in B minor, Suppé's overture, *Poet and Peasant*, Rossini's overture to *Semiramide*, and Meyerbeer's Coronation March — were, in most instances, rendered with a highly commendable precision; while there was an equally creditable obedience to the indications of the conductor, Mr George Mount, in the observance of the points of contrast and expression. The orchestral playing of the Society is, in short, much above the average work of such associations, and is honestly entitled to praise. Miss Robertson, who sang at one of the former concerts, it will be remembered, with marked success, was present at this, and in Benedict's song, "The bird that came in spring," and Tito Mattei's waltz, "Che gioja," again revealed that surprising altitude of voice, and dexterous facility in using it, which so easily accounts for the celebrity she has attained in amateur circles. Her bright and sparkling singing in the songs mentioned pleased the audience thoroughly, and in each case she was encored by general consent. It may be observed that Sir Julius Benedict acted as accompanist in the first song, and Mr Randegger—whose pupil Miss Robertson is said to be—in the second. Mr C. E. M'Cheane is another amateur who has made a name at these meetings; and his contributions on Saturday night consisted of Arthur Sullivan's song, "The sailor's grave," in which he was accompanied by the composer, and Beethoven's "Adelaida"—the pianoforte part of which was charmingly played by Mr Randegger—besides joining Miss Robertson in Pinsuti's duet, "Souvenir." In addition to the above, a violoncello solo was performed with unexpected skill by Mr Foster Cooke, and, between the parts, a pair of organ pieces by Mr W. S. Bambridge.

D. H. H.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

The event so long anxiously expected, namely the first production of M. Anton Rubinstein's new opera, *Die Maccabäer*, has come off at the Royal Operahouse with great success. The libretto, founded upon a well-known drama, by Herr Ludwig, is from the pen of Dr Mosenthal. It is ably written, dramatic, and well adapted for music. The name of one of the principal characters is Leah, the name of the piece—also by Dr Mosenthal—which Miss Bateman's acting rendered famous through the length and breadth of England and of the United States. The cast is as follows: Noemi, Mdlle Lehmann; Leah, Mdlle Brandt; Cleopatra, Mdlle Grossi; Judah, Herr Betz; Eleazar, Herr Ernst; Antiochus, Herr Salomon; Gorgies, Herr Schmidt; Jojakim, Herr Fricke; Amri, Herr Schleich; Simei, Herr Oberhauser; Boas, Herr Barth; Joarim and Benjamin, Mdlles Lammert and Horina. The house, which was densely crowded, lavished applause with a liberal hand. The composer, who conducted his own work, was called on several times after each act, besides having repeatedly to turn and bow from his seat in the orchestra during the performance. The next day, the Emperor conferred on him the Order of the Crown, Third Class.

To celebrate the 25th anniversary of the Friedrichsgymnasium, founded in 1850, the more advanced students lately gave a performance, in the original Greek, of Sophocles' *Œdipus Tyrannus*, with the choruses set to music by Herr H. Bellermann. Among the well-known professors and scholars present was Dr Falk, Minister of State. The fair sex was numerously represented, a German translation of the piece having been printed for their behoof.

The title of *Musik-Director* has been conferred upon Herr von Brenner, conductor of the Berlin Sinfonie-Capelle.

Faust in Vienna.

(*From a long-red-bearded correspondent.*)

In order to appreciate the charm exercised at the Komische Oper by Gounod's Margarethe in her Italian dress of yesterday, we must first snap all the threads, even to the very last one, by which we feel ourselves bound to Goethe's poem. The Germans are far too conscientious. They would fain spare their great poet, and this they cannot do without damaging the French composer. One of the two, Goethe or Gounod, must be sacrificed, and an Italian singer does not hesitate long which it shall be. No reverential scruple fetters his unsuspecting mind, and he presents us with something in which the names of Faust and Margarethe fall on our ears like the echoes of some forgotten story of our youth. Such was the case yesterday at the Komische Oper. A material, sensual feeling pervaded the entire performance. The opera appeared under a new light, less noble, but truer, than our German mode of looking at it. For this we have especially to thank M. Capoul, who steeps Faust in the most glowing passion. That rare exotic, the Garden Scene, had, in our opinion, justice done it for the first time. The stage was filled with a sultry air in which one could scarcely breathe, and the spectator absolutely inhaled the perfume of jasmine from out the music. Yet, if we except a few trifling details, Capoul could not be accused of exaggeration. He sang admirably, showing more strength and greater lasting power than we had been led to expect from his previous efforts. In the Garden Scene Mad. Patti did not come up to his fiery intensity. She was here neither the German Gretchen nor the French Marguérite. She was deficient in that sentiment of longing which constitutes the ignoble soul of this music. Something like suppressed virtuosity had a rather disturbing effect, and the Waltz suggested a Dinorah restored to reason. Before the "Mater dolorosa," and in the prison, Mad. Patti acted appropriately and movingly, while, musically speaking, she was the best of all the Marguérites we ever heard. Sig. Rota decked his Mephisto out in a superabundance of coarse details. He was a devil as ill-behaved as dull; to cite a saying of Voltaire's, he was half tiger, half ape. Clothed from the crown of his head to the tip of his toes in the colour of the regions below, he sinned so far against good taste, moreover, as, in the Cathedral scene, to envelope himself in a red cloak. While he might previously have been mistaken for a stick of sealing wax, he then looked like a man actually transformed to scarlet. Signora Bernardi, as Siebel, sang much of her music very happily. The rest of the performers, especially Herr Berger as Valentine, were satisfactory. But the hero of the evening was really Arditi. He has worked wonders with chorus and orchestra. The Italian version of the opera was in some places lengthened, and in others curtailed, in comparison with the version usually adopted here. We warn everyone against the prolongations; the cuts we recommend to the management of the Imperial Operahouse.

Ole Strangersheet.

Vienna, April 21.

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The Emperor of Austria has appointed Herr Jauner manager of the Imperial Opera for ten years, with a salary of 12,000 florins, and retiring pension. He also allows him to retain the management of the Carltheater. Jauner has taken Herr Knaak as partner in the management of the Carltheater, and will signalize his entry by giving, at the most, five performances a week, and by reducing the ballet. He has already despatched Herr Gustav Lewy, theatrical agent, to Paris, Brussels, and London, in search of novelties. Mad. Pauline Lucca is, it is said, engaged for the autumn, and negotiations are pending with Sig. Merelli for a short Italian season in the spring. Goldmark's *Königin von Saba* is to be revived, with Mdlle Lieder as Sulamith.

Otto Dessoff took leave of the Imperial Opera by conducting the *Mignon* of Ambroise Thomas, and also of the Society of the Friends of Music. After the concert the representatives of the two institutions presented him with addresses, albums, and a purse of 10,000 florins. Speeches were made by Herren Herbeck and Beck. On leaving Vienna for Karlsruhe, Dessoff was escorted to the railway station by the artists of the Opera. Hans Richter, of Pesth, the Wagnerite, is to succeed him.

Johannes Brahms has ceased to be director of the Society of the Friends of Music. His place will be filled by Herbeck.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRADINO.—Mdlle Varesi is the Persiani of the period—only she *always* sings in tune. She would be also the Bosio of the period, had she but the voice. In any case she is an artist *hors ligne*.

A SPOILED OPERA-GOER.—Go to Her Majesty's Opera, and hear Mdlle Varesi execute chromatic scales, ascending and descending; and then you will know what chromatic scale-singing means. Mdlle Varesi has been educated in the very highest school of legitimate Italian art. This, in *Rigoletto*, was not at once convincingly made apparent; but *Lucia di Lammermoor* placed the matter beyond a doubt. A more consummate mistress of the genuine art of vocalization than Mdlle Varesi it would be difficult, at the present time, to name.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1875.

RAFF'S "*LENORE*."

THE following interesting remarks *apropos* of the first performance of this singular composition in London, at the New Philharmonic Concert of Saturday afternoon, under the direction of Dr Wylde, appeared in Monday's issue of *The Daily Telegraph*:—

"When this remarkable work was produced at Sydenham a little while ago, we expressed opinions about it which a second hearing has greatly strengthened. In the first three movements there is, beyond question, much of a high order; the *andante* and march especially being distinguished by not a few elements of greatness. If called upon to place these movements in order of merit, we should prefer the *andante* without hesitation, moved to do so by its melodic grace, tender expression, and rich colouring. No doubt the march is better adapted for popularity—it was encored on Saturday—but, however bright and stirring, the themes have not much nobility of character. Respecting the first *allegro*, with its peculiar form and daring harmonies, we only desire now to protest against hasty condemnation simply because of that form and those harmonies. It may be—we will not dispute the matter—that certain processes of composition are truer to nature, that is to say more agreeable to our innate feeling of propriety, than others, but the test this fact supplies is too indefinite to be relied upon; and after all, just as language existed before grammar, music existed before rules. No composer should be debarred, even by the accumulated wisdom of the generations preceding him, from dealing at pleasure with those materials of his art which have come to him, not as a trust handed down by them, but as a free gift from heaven. He is at liberty to do as he pleases, and, of course must take the consequences—whether opprobrium for blundering folly or praise for inventive genius. Let no amateur, therefore, be affected in his judgment by any outcry respecting broken rules. Every man who has advanced the art has been a sinner in this respect, and, though it is true that many have sinned and wrought mischief, music knows how to take care of itself while punishing them. We cannot in any way champion the final movement of Raff's symphony, which depicts the horrible death-ride of Lenore and her spectral lover. Here, judging by results, the composer goes out of the proper domain of music, taking with him the machinery of his art, but not its spirit, which refuses to follow. Music, as such, will have nothing to do with Bürger's monstrous imaginings, because it is powerless to give them expression—however well it might help their effect, if, as in *Der Freischütz*, they were represented to the eye. Hence the movement in question becomes mere noise of a very unpleasant sort, to the production of which from orchestral instruments Raff need not have confined himself. In view of the object sought, he might have used fire-irons, marrow-bones and cleavers, or any other noise-making machines not recognised by composers of music. Here is the lesson of the symphony—the sublime and the ridiculous are not far apart. Beethoven is sublime in the storm of the *Pastoral*; but when Lenore's horse goes thundering past gibbets from which the skeletons descend to rattle along in pursuit, Raff is ridiculous."

Thus should questions of the sort invariably be discussed. Language existed before grammar, it is true; but the primitive utterances of a child can no more be regarded as art-work than the incoherent gibberish of a talking parrot. Art and nature are by no means one and the same. By the way, has our contemporary ever heard the *Lenore* of Professor G. A. Macfarren? That also includes a spectral night-ride.

O. B.

FRIEDERICH WIECK.

FRIEDERICH WIECK, father of the renowned Mdme Clara Schumann-Wieck, and one of the earliest artistic advisers of Robert Schumann himself, must be naturally an object of interest, if only on that account, alike to musicians and amateurs. An article which has recently appeared from the pen of Herr Dorn, many years joint-conductor with the well-known composer, Herr Taubert, at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, has recently appeared in the pages of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, which is so full of interesting details that we venture to submit to the attention of our readers a translation *in extenso*:—

Almost simultaneously with the second edition, identical with the first, of that much read book, already translated into English: *Clavier und Gesang, Didaktisches und Polemisches*, Leipsic, Leuckart, there were published by Matthes, Leipsic, under the title: "*Ein Familiendenkmal* von A. v. Meichsner" ("*A Family Monument*, by A. von Meichsner,") some biographical notices of its much esteemed author, and his two daughters, Clara (now Mad. Schumann) and Marie. Twenty years have elapsed since Fr. Wieck gave the first mentioned work to the world, and a notice carping at and criticizing everything in it would be rather late now, when he has gone to his rest. Besides this, the work is one of those which by their originality do not allow of our making extracts, if we would not misunderstand the books them-

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selves. May, therefore, the still attractive collection including the annexed 19 chapters, find numerous and attentive readers: On Elementary Instruction in Pianoforte Playing; An Evening's Entertainment and Supper at Herr Zach's; A Visit to Mad. N.'s; Secrets; Operatic Goings-On; On the Pedal; The Feeling of Procrastination; Many Learners of the Pianoforte and no Players; Something rhapsodical about Singing; Hans Eilig; Aphorisms on Pianoforte-Playing; the Wunderdoctor; Mad. Grund and four Lessons; Vocal and Pianoforte Abuses; Art has always fallen only through Artists; Miscellaneous; On the Pianoforte; Conclusion. That Fr. Wieck did not hesitate to call a spade a spade, he proved in these 133 pages as well as elsewhere. They have vividly recalled to my mind the picture of this original individual, of this physically feeble old man, who, however, in his 88th year, was intellectually unaltered, the same as he was when I first knew him, hale, hearty, and some forty years of age, at Leipsic in 1829. The so-called *Familiendenkmal* does not contain much towards enabling us to understand so exceptional a disposition,† for we find in it absolutely nothing new about old "Papa." On the other hand, it is interesting on account of the minute details it supplies concerning the artistic doings of his two talented daughters, Clara and Marie, as well as on account of a welcome addition in the shape of sundry hitherto unpublished letters from H. von Bülow, C. Czerny, R. Schumann, and C. M. von Weber. Of course, with only such limited materials, augmented by notices out of old papers and ephemeral publications, mostly from unknown pens, no one could produce a regular biography, or an accurate character-sketch of the Deceased. Any one, however, not looking for these, will certainly be quite satisfied with the unpretending collection of miscellaneous facts concerning the three persons whose portraits, happily hit-off, are added to the title-page. That a man so extraordinary in many respects should as yet have met with no biographer, is a circumstance for which we must seek an explanation in the modesty of the members of his family, who have never thought of availing themselves of the best sources for a memoir which should treat the Deceased psychologically as well as otherwise. I refer to his letters, and, moreover, not those which he received, but those which he himself wrote. What manner of correspondent Friedrich Wieck was, let the subjoined specimen testify. That the reader may the better understand it, I may observe that it was addressed to myself from Dresden, on the 5th January, 1869, that is, four days after my article entitled "Abwehr" had appeared in the *Vossische Zeitung*—an article in which I had endeavoured to enlighten the Berlin public concerning the sudden removal of two Royal Capellmeister. Wieck's letter runs thus:—

"Highly esteemed *Capellmeister*, well-tried Vocal Colleague, after a *Capellmeister* with a moral conscience has been exerting himself for years in the training of voices, he cannot well avoid arriving at the painful conviction that singers, male and female, are still *human beings* never able to melt themselves down into Wagnerian cyclopses, and sing for life and death—I might say—*do battle* in the operas of *Tristan* the *Meistersinger*, the *Nibelungen*, and, partly, *Lohengrin*. People were beginning, at least in Berlin and Dresden, again to employ the human voice in a manner conformable to nature, when there was a Wagnerian outburst to lay a good solid foundation for singing again run wild, since, instead of a tube that can be repaired for a few thalers, Wagner continues to employ the human voice in fancy creations, which, from a vocal point of view—I leave anything like musical considerations out of the question—must lead to the most revolting excesses, and which cause so many foolish and giddy young persons of talent to sacrifice their voices and health to unedifying efforts. Could not you have let something of the kind appear in your 'Abwehr?' I read it plainly between the lines; but only few persons, Intendants never, and even musicians seldom, can read, vocally speaking, as *I* can. Well, it cannot have been practicable, at least, not in this instance; you know that better than anyone else. We shall see, however, what will be the result of fostering Wagner worship in Berlin, Dresden, Munich, etc. How will Mozart's operas, how will *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere*, sound afterwards? With voices squandered in riotous declamation! With hoarse, sung-out throats! With companies utterly exhausted by continuous rehearsals! True that, for our orchestras, in which manual dexterity has made such tremendous progress, it is more entertaining to execute Wagnerian music than to accompany *Norma*; but it is a pity that the poor lung-labouring wind-instrumentalists do not receive additional pay, so that in the summer they might go to Nice, and recruit themselves by smoking a cigar on the sea beach! In my essay "On the utter Decadence of Vocal Art in Europe" (sixth volume of Lobe's *Fly-leaves for Music*), I gave the Intendants, several years ago, the answer befitting such vocal doings, and my only hope is that more artists of talent, taught by bitter experience, will refrain from sacrificing their life, like Schnorr von Carolsfeld, and that thus an end may be put to this increased worship of extravagant declamation. Then you—like Taubert—will have received satisfaction for more noble principles of humanity. My preface to the second Etude meets with much appreciation, both privately and publicly. It is announced in Leipsic as 'the Voice in the Desert,' and homage is paid to this humble individual. My pupil, Marie Chmelik, meets with extraordinary success among the public, even though she may not be able to overcome and sing Proch's Grand Variations. Do not judge from what is said by certain critics, who always slash about them and find fault whenever any one of unusual talent appears, and who require a lion's voice in addition to a good school. 'All in which we have hitherto been deficient are the Meyerberian Frédéric's d'or à la Jenny Lind,' who dared not come out at the Dresden Opera for want of voice. That is what the delicate ear of the Intendant rightly detected. Yet she appeared under Meyerbeer in the far larger Theater an der Wien fifteen times successively in the *Sonnambula*, and 20 times as Vielka; hundreds had to be turned back every evening from the pay-place.—Here there are already nearly every day orchestral rehearsals of the *Meistersinger*. Mitterwurzer must fall a sacrifice, and what the Peasant says in my *Tagebuch eines alten Musikmachers* will shortly be exemplified in Dresden: 'Sing, scream, roar, crackle, That's the real Wagner rattle!'—You ought now to found a Conservatory for Singing, for there is no longer one in Germany. The attempts in ours are not worth much, though a few pupils of talent pull themselves together, find out the right path by themselves, and then go on a short time as half naturalists.—If God shall graciously permit me to live and work so long, I trust we shall see each other again at Loschwitz. Overwhelmed as I am with work, which now is so trying to me in winter, I have written very hurriedly; but Chap.-Mstr. D. always takes the will for the deed, and so I greet you and your family with all my heart. Yours, Fr. Wieck."

I do not suppose the above letter from this original man requires a commentary, though I may, perhaps, add that I agree with all the views contained in it. H. DORN.

Friederich Wieck, who died as lately as the 6th October, two years since, was born on the 18th August, 1785. His influence on art, though more or less indirect, and made felt through channels other than his own, was for a long period very considerable; and this was unanimously and heartily recognized when the veteran master, at the ripe age of 88, quitted the sphere of his earthly labours. His gifted daughter, and his still more gifted son-in-law, have done more than enough to perpetuate his name. O. B.

A TELEGRAM came here from Paris yesterday, informing us that four more performances of Verdi's *Requiem* are to be given, and that the renowned *maestro* has been made a Commander of the Legion of Honour.

ST PETERSBURGH.—M. De Gedeonow has been relieved by the Emperor—in what appears a rather summary fashion—of his duties as Chief Intendant of the Imperial Theatres of St Petersburgh and Moscow, an office which had been in the De Gedeonow family for three generations. The cause of his dismissal is the deficit, constantly increasing, of late years. M. De Gedeonow's dismissal does not excite much sympathy in the artistic world.

BRUSSELS.—Mad. Christine Nilsson concluded her engagement at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie by a mixed entertainment, comprising the last act of *Mignon*, the fourth act of *Hamlet*, and the great duet from *Les Huguenots*. The audience were in raptures. The *Guide Musical* observes:—

"Mdlle Nilsson ought to be pleased with the manner in which the Brussels public, generally so cold and reserved, took leave of her. A shower of flowers, amid enthusiastic applause and recalls, greeted her departure, and must have demonstrated how welcome had been her presence in our capital."

Le Nozze di Figaro has been given, with Meedles Hamakers, Priols, Reiner; MM. Petit and Dauphin.

† Old Rhinelanders would be reminded by Wieck of the late Herr Anschütz, Chief-Procurator at Coblentz, and a man of thoroughly musical tastes.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

At Mr Aguilar's performance of pianoforte music, on Monday last, the following pieces were given:—Sonata in A minor—Aguilar; Nocturne in F sharp—Aguilar; Prelude and Fugue in C sharp—J. S. Bach; Grande Polonaise brillante, Op. 22 (Miss Ellen Harston, pupil of Mr Aguilar)—Chopin; (*a*) Lurline—Seeling; (*b*) Waves (Caprice Etude)—Aguilar; Sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*—Bennett; Lieder ohne Wörte (Miss Ellen Hartson)—Mendelssohn; Weber's Last Waltz (Transcription)—Aguilar; (*a*) Romance, Op. 28, No. 2 (*b*) Traumeswirren—Schumann; (*a*) Last look (Romance) (*b*) Couleur de Rose (Galop brillant)—Aguilar.

The Lothbury Choral Society gave, under the direction of Mr Josiah Clippendale, a concert, on Tuesday evening in the Town Hall, Poplar, for the benefit of a church fund, which brought together a numerous assemblage. Part songs by Fesca, H. Leslie, F. Cowen, W. Macfarren, J. G. Callcott, Mendelssohn, &c., were effectively sung, and several had to be repeated. Henry Smart's canon, for six ladies' voices, was given to perfection, and was much applauded. Miss Henman and Mrs Baynes gave Mendelssohn's two part song, "I would that my love," and Mrs Hamilton Mackenzie, "Home, Sweet Home," extremely well. Mr Frank Peach was "recalled" after "My Sweetheart when a boy." Mrs Josiah Clippendale, in Sir Julius Benedict's brilliant fantasia on the airs in *Der Freischütz*, proved herself an able executant, and pleased every one by the neatness of her execution. She also played W. Macfarren's *Tarantella* with equal effect. The concert was a success, and the directors deserve every credit for their exertions.

Mr John C. Ward and Mr J. G. Callcott, two artists long and favourably known in connection with Mr Henry Leslie's choir, gave an evening concert, under distinguished patronage, at St James's Hall, on Friday the 22nd of April, when the hall was filled by their friends and supporters. The concert-givers were "assisted" by the following vocalists: the Misses Eva Leslie and Bolingbroke, Mr G. Cosby, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Santley, and the members of Mr Leslie's choir. The latter sang madrigals and part songs by Morley, Weekes, Ward, Leslie, Stevens, and Callcott. The two part songs, "Love wakes and weeps," and "Returning Spring," by Mr Callcott, were loudly encored. They were sung in perfect style by the choir. Miss Eva Leslie gave "Robert toi que j'aime," and an Irish melody, both of which were much applauded; Miss Bolingbroke, Randegger's "Cradle Song," accompanied by the composer; and Mr Edward Lloyd, Schubert's "Regret," which was encored. Mr Santley, in Schumann's "Thy lovely face," and "Thou art my love," had the same compliment paid him. He also sang "The Vicar of Bray," to the delight of all present, and in conjunction with Miss Leslie and Mr Lloyd, John Barnett's trio, "This magic wove Scarf," which we have seldom heard given with more effect. Mr George Cosby, one of the choir, came out as soloist, with a new song by Mr Roeckel. Mr John C. Ward appeared in various capacities, viz., as a singer, composer, concertina player, and conductor, in all of which he acquitted himself well. His performances of Regondi's Serenade for concertina alone, and, with Mr Callcott, of Blagrove's and Sidney Smith's Duo Concertante, for concertina and piano, on Airs from *Zampa*, were greatly admired. Mr Ward's vocal efforts were shown to advantage in a song by Mr Plumpton, and in Mr Leslie's trio, "O Memory," with Misses Leslie and Bolingbroke. The concert was altogether successful.

PROVINCIAL.

Norwich.—We learn from a local journal, that the second concert, given by the Norwich Musical Union, took place on Wednesday evening, April 21st in St Andrew's Hall, under the distinguished patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, who honoured the performance with his presence. The first part of the concert was devoted to Mr Cowen's cantata, *The Rose Maiden*. The second part was miscellaneous. Miss Bessie Hill, Miss Case (a pupil of Dr Bunnett's), and Messrs Minns and Smith, undertook the solos. This was the first time the *Rose Maiden* has been performed in Norwich with a band accompaniment. Among the best numbers, we may mention the duet for soprano and tenor, "I knew a rose-bud shining," well sung by Mr Minns and Miss Hill, and the chorus, "O earth-born sorrow." The second part opened with a very good performance of Mendelssohn's overture to *Son and Stranger*. This charming work was very well played by the band under Dr Bunnett's guidance. Mr A. Bunnett played "La Marche d'Alexandre," by Moscheles, with orchestra, in very good style—by no means an easy feat. We must not bring our notice to an end without referring to the two numbers from Dr Bunnett's unpublished cantata, *Lora*, performed for the first time. If these are to be taken as specimens of the work, we can safely predict that it will be a great success, and hope that it will not be long before we have an opportunity of hearing the whole. Could not the Committee, or whoever decides such questions for that august body, be induced to select parts of this work for performance at one of the evening concerts at the next Festival? It would be adding an object of interest, and paying a compliment fully deserved to the ability of Dr Bunnett. At the end of the concert the Duke of Connaught signified to Dr Bunnett his satisfaction, especially commending Mr A. Bunnett's piano solo.

Brighton.—A second series of "opera recitals" began at the Aquarium on Saturday. *Faust* and *Il Trovatore* were selected. Mdme Isidore de Solla, Miss Helen Standish, Messrs Perren and Fox were the "interpreters." Mdme Sterling is to be the vocalist to-day. The *Two Orphans* has been so successful at the theatre that Mr Nye Chart continues the performance another week.

Huddersfield.—The Choral Society of this town gave their last concert on April the 16th, when *St Paul* was the oratorio. The vocalists were Mrs Hodgson, of London, Miss Crossland, of Huddersfield, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Mr H. Rickard, member of the Schubert Society in London, and pupil of Mr W. R. Eckersley, of Halifax, about whose singing the *Huddersfield Chronicle* says:—"Of Mr Rickard too much cannot be said; he is a talented and fully-accomplished bass singer, and, we believe, under favourable circumstances, destined to the foremost rank among performers of oratorio music. Every additional appearance gains him new friends, and makes him a greater favourite."

Leicester.—The indefatigable lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal has commenced a short opera season, with Mr Charles Durand's company. The operas selected are those likely to attract the public. Mr Galer deserves every encouragement. Leicester is a large and wealthy town, with an increasing population, and it is to the *interest* of well-to-do employers that some healthy recreation should be provided for the working classes. It makes them better workmen and better citizens. With such excellent entertainments as Mr Galer gives, Leicester is likely to become one of our leading theatrical towns. Mr Elliot Galer and his wife (Miss Fanny Reeves) worked very hard some seasons ago to raise the performances at the Royalty to the high state of perfection they attained. Unfortunately the theatre was obliged to be closed for want of adequate support. Up to the present time the people of Leicester thoroughly appreciate the efforts of the manager, judging by the patronage they bestow on the theatre.—R. C.

Reading.—We read in the *Reading Observer*, of April 17, that—The first concert of the revived Choral Society was held at the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, the 7th instant, under the leadership of Mr John Old. In establishing the new Choral Society, Mr Old, it appears, has had considerable difficulties to contend against, but, assisted by an energetic committee, he has succeeded in showing that his performing members are fully up to the mark, and deserving of support and encouragement, fresh promises of which have been given since the concert. Mr Old was applauded on making his appearance, and the band at once gave the overture to *Fra Diavolo*, at the conclusion of which there was hearty applause. The conductor throughout faced the audience after the style of the old Italian musicians, and on this occasion the position was unattended with any drawbacks. Several madrigals, glees, &c., were given by the members of the society and Madame Goodbrand. Mr Thomas Hunt, of the Chapel Royal, sang various attractive pieces, to the evident pleasure of the audience. A dramatic chorus, entitled "The Battle," composed by Mr Old, was well executed, both by vocalists and orchestra, and was obliged to be repeated. It is a very effective piece, and does credit to the imagination and the musical ability of Mr Old. The National Anthem concluded this very interesting concert.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Dear Mr Editor,—The comedy of *Mdlle Dupare* has been withdrawn, and has been replaced by *La Comtesse de Sommerive*, by M. Barrière and Madame Prebois, the part of Alix personated by Mdlle Gerard, that of the Comtesse by Madame Baittig. The former is an actress of talent and impulse, occasionally a little too much of the latter, and, on the whole, her impersonation of the unhappy daughter of the Counters was a fine one. What can be said of the Countess herself?—Nothing but the able acting of Madame Baittig saves the character from becoming contemptible. A woman who has left her husband; has born an illegitimate child; is brought face to face with her legitimate daughter; is condemned to see them both in love with the same man, and to meet the reproaches of her outraged husband, can receive but little sympathy; and the applause of the audience is due more to the excellent acting of Madame Baittig than to sympathy with the woes of the Countess. The acting of Madame Wilhem, as the sympathetic Marquise, was particularly good; and Monti, as the eccentric Duke, was simply perfect. The house was crowded, and there were numerous recalls.—

April 23, 1875. Ignace Gregoir.

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"*LE NOZZE*" AT HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

The performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro* was one of the best that has been given for years past. There is no occasion to tell anybody who knows Mozart's beautiful opera how much it exacts. *Le Nozze* is not one of those works which permit a single character to obscure, or even outshine all the rest. The *ensemble* must be good for even a tolerable representation, and we repeat that it is long since the conditions of success were more fully met than at Drury Lane. True, the performance came short of perfection. There were times when the principals were a little at fault, and when the singing of the chorus was not quite as true as it might have been. But these shortcomings were no more than spots on the sun in view of a general efficiency nothing short of remarkable. We shall hardly be taken to task by amateurs for choosing to praise the orchestra first of all. The accompaniments to *Le Nozze* are a marvel of beauty and skill—so much a marvel that one might confine attention wholly to them and spend an evening of rare enjoyment. But they want a great deal of playing. There must be no lack of precision, of careful balance of expression, or of delicacy. To speak truth, every man engaged upon them needs the skill and feeling of an artist. The condition was met last Thursday, and a delightful stream of orchestration flowed on from beginning to end of the opera, perfect in all essentials, a rare example of what can be done when zeal and capacity work with fitting means. We sometimes hear about the excellence of foreign bands; but if there exist anywhere in the world a body of instrumentalists able to play Mozart better than the Drury Lane orchestra, we——but why waste space upon such an obvious improbability? Some of the characters were sustained in a familiar manner, and need only be mentioned to secure appreciation. Mdlle Tietjens once more represented the Countess, embodying that lady's gentle melancholy to the life, and singing "Dove sono," as well as her share of the important duets with Almaviva and Susanna, in her customary pure and thoroughly Mozartian style. The great artist might have accepted an encore for the air, but was content with agreeing to repeat "Sull' aria" in response to an imperative demand. Madame Trebelli's "Cherubino," like the Countess of her long tried associate, presented excellences which are too well-known for description. The vivacity with which she endowed the Page's character could no more be questioned than the beauty and finish of her singing could be exceeded. "Voi che sapete" was encored as a matter of course, and, indeed, might have been heard over and over again without weariness. The Don Basilio of Signor Rinaldini and the Antonio of Signor Casaboni were other familiar features of the performance; but the special interest of the occasion arose rather from what was new than what was old. Madame Lablache was a new Marcellina, and invested the character with much more dramatic importance than is common to it, as well as generally illustrating the fact that small parts filled by experienced artists are small no longer. Signor Costa was a new and passably good Dr Bartolo, Signor Galassi an excellent Figaro, singing the music well and embodying the character with a rare combination of vivacity and good taste; while in Signor de Reschi the Count had a representative able to do justice to all the music of the part. As a vocalist Signor de Reschi must take a more than respectable rank, and he is still young enough to acquire the confidence and tact necessary to make him a fair actor. The part of Susanna introduced to the English stage a young lady, Mdlle Pernini, whom, if first experience may be trusted, we shall not willingly lose. No curiosity was excited with respect to this *débutante*, nor was her reception better than conventional, but she had not sung many bars before the least discerning among the audience felt that here was an artist worthy of the name. Mdlle Pernini has a pure soprano voice, somewhat weak in its lower register, but agreeable throughout, and of sympathetic quality. She sings, moreover, like a mistress of the art. Her method is excellent, her phrasing is never at fault, and she is almost wholly free from any desire to achieve *tours de force* at the expense of the composer. The delicacy and grace of her singing were really remarkable at all times, but particularly in "Crudel perchè" (encored), "Sull' aria" (encored), and "Deh vieni," which the new soprano declined to repeat. Further, Mdlle Pernini is an actress—true to nature—in small things as well as great; and those who watched her narrowly observed many an evidence of the thorough intelligence with which her work was done. We look upon this lady as a valuable acquisition to the Drury Lane company, and await her re-appearance with more than common interest. The performance of *Le Nozze* was conducted by Sir Michael Costa, who had every reason to be proud of it.

—o—

BAYREUTH.*

(*Continued from page* 268.)

When, speaking of *Siegfried's Tod*, that of the three Fragments which, "scored with consummate art," produced the deepest, and, indeed, the most important impression on him, the critic says that he knows nothing of the kind more solemn in the whole range of dramatic music, he quietly utters, of a truth, a grave assertion, but at the same time exposes himself to the suspicion of knowing exceedingly little of the said whole range of dramatic music, on which account a kindly feeling prompts us to advise him to atone as soon as possible for lost time, and make himself acquainted with the first class composers of Germany, Italy, and France. The statement that, "When Siegfried has closed his eyes, the *orchestra* intones a highly remarkable funereal *chorus*," is certainly calculated somewhat to astonish many other persons besides myself; for, up to the present time, people were under the impression that *choruses*, whether of *rejoicing* or of *grief* were *sung*. In this funereal chorus which is, therefore, not sung, but *played*, and which (according to the stage explanation added by Wagner to the text), "at one and the same time, celebrates and bewails the origin and magnificence, as well as the fate of the hero who was looked on as divine, the tone-poet causes all the motives in the Trilogy referring to him to pass, as a grandly imagined retrospective glance, like vapoury pictures before the mental *eye* of the *auditor* (the mental *eye* of the *auditor* has to *see* the various motives which have been addressed to his *ear*). "Even the partially Initiated cannot fail to perceive that he has here *Programme Music of the purest water*, and he will only be further confirmed in this view on subsequently finding that, between the various tone pictures, as they crop up one after the other, the rhythms *drag themselves painfully along*, and that the wind-instruments *fiercely* accentuate the weak part of the bar, while the weird-like *wind* and *lightnings* reign among the violins." Further on we read:—"In this funereal movement, the new tubas altered by Wagner, take a powerful part, and thus is brought to utterance a feeling as though we *were on the eve of a small destruction of the world*." Who would not wish a closer acquaintance with this *Marcia funebre* rather than expose himself to such an experience!

The fact that the lovers of the old kind of melody will perhaps (as the critic promises) be better pleased with the other two Fragments, almost hints at some retracing of his steps on Wagner's part—at the conversion of a musical Saul, pursuing melody with fire and sword, into a Paul, tenderly loving and cherishing it. The said lovers of the old kind of melody, who are, at the same time, lovers of the old, approved *operatic forms*, will, probably, be less edified by the *duet* contained in the first Fragment, in which duet (after the Wagnerian fashion) the personages sing alternately, and not *together*, and where, as usual, the melodic centre of gravity again lies in the *orchestra*, to which the vocal portion is subordinated. In fact, the piece is, properly speaking, rather a duet for the *orchestra*, with *vocal* accompaniment. In this Fragment, which is headed, "Grand scenic Prelude," the orchestra illustrates—as the critic informs us—a night-scene upon a rocky height. The three *Nornen* (that is to say: the three old Germanic Fates), are spinning and weaving the rope of fate. "It snaps. The Norns wind the ends of it round their bodies and sink through the earth. Morning-grey. Dawn. To all this Wagner has composed highly characteristic, and *gloomily brooding* music. The snapping of the rope is expressed in an especially astonishing manner."†

CARL KOSSMALY.

(*To be continued.*)

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† Without wishing for a single moment to doubt this, we think the safer course would, perhaps, be to mention in the verbal explanation that the music expresses the snapping of the rope; for, though it is true, music expresses the same thing to every body, one person, as we know, gathers from, or hears in, it, one thing, and another another, we might easily fancy that something else to be described by the music in question.

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MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

Last week we were fortunate enough to hear Mr Sims Reeves, who sang at two concerts in the Free Trade Hall, given by Mr Pyatt. When I say that Mr Reeves had entirely recovered from his recent indisposition, and that he was in splendid voice, you will scarcely require to be told that we were favoured by hearing such singing as is seldom heard now-a-days. I have often heard him sing "Deeper and deeper still," and the air "Waft her, angels," but I believe he never delivered them with greater refinement and more eloquent pathos than last Thursday. How the popular tenor gave "Tom Bowling," "Come into the garden, Maud," "Then you'll remember me," and "My pretty Jane," may perhaps be imagined by those who have heard him—and I certainly would not attempt to convey an idea of the charm of Mr Reeves' singing to those unfamiliar with it.

Signor Foli, who has always been a great favourite here, was also exceedingly well received; he was never in finer voice, and if it were good English to say he was "immensely successful with his audience," I would adopt the phrase.

Miss Bertha Brousil greatly delighted the audience by her violin solos; and Miss D'Alton and Mdme Thaddeus Wells contributed pleasant variety to the concert. Mr Nicholson gave several flute solos, and Mr Sydney Naylor was, in every respect, a competent and admirable conductor.

Mr Alfred Cellier's pretty opera *The Sultan of Mocha* has again been revived at the Prince's Theatre, and will have reached its fiftieth night on Saturday. There must be something sterling in a work that proves so attractive, especially as its popularity is not due to any report of its success elsewhere. The opera has not indeed been given anywhere else, but arrangements have been made for its production in London and in Vienna.

April 28th, 1875.

WAIFS.

Mdme Christine Nilsson arrived in London on Monday.

Rubinstein is in Paris, superintending the production of his oratorio, *La Tour de Babel*.

M. and Mdme Jaël have given their annual concert in Erard's Rooms, at Paris, with their accustomed success.

We believe it is settled that Mdlle Zaré Thalberg's second character will be Susanna, in the *Nozze di Figaro*.

The arrival of M. Faure, to fulfil his engagement with Mr Gye at the Royal Italian Opera, is shortly expected.

Verdi is expected in England early in May, to superintend the production of the *Requiem* at the Royal Albert Hall.

The celebrated organ builder, M. Cavaillé-Coll, has just finished a large concert organ for the Palace of Industry at Amsterdam.

Miss Alice Sydney Burvett, a young pianist from Australia, in high favour with the Parisians during the past season, has arrived here.

Lohengrin will speedily be put into rehearsal at Her Majesty's Opera. It is said that Wagner has left to the discretion of Sir Michael Costa the necessary curtailments to be made in his great opera.

At the Berlin Imperial Opera, the success of Rubinstein's *Maccabées* is confirmed by all the German papers. The Académie des Beaux-Arts of France has made Rubinstein an honorary member.

Mr Ridley Prentice announces his Pianoforte Recital, to take place at St George's Hall, on Wednesday morning next, at Three o'clock, when he will be assisted by Herr Straus and Miss Georgina Maudsley.

The preparations for the celebration, at Rouen, of the centenary of the famous composer, Boieldieu, are assuming large proportions, and the festival promises to be one of the most generally interesting ever held in a French cathedral town.

English Opera—or rather, opera in English—is to be shortly resumed at the Crystal Palace, with Herr Manns as conductor. Among the most welcome engagements is that of our accomplished and popular young soprano, Miss Rose Hersée.

PROPOSED TESTIMONIAL TO SEÑOR MANUEL GARCIA.—A committee, comprising, among others, the following gentlemen, has been formed with a view of presenting a testimonial to Señor Manuel Garcia, the inventor of the Laryngoscope: Lord Coleridge, chairman; Mr George Critchett, 21, Harley Street, treasurer; Sir Julius Benedict, Mr W. Bowman, F.R.S., the Earl of Dunmore, the Marquis of Ely, the Bishop of Exeter, the Rev. Dr Farrar, F.R.S., Sir William Fergusson, Bart., F.R.S., Monsieur Charles Gounod, Rev. H. R. Haweis, Mr Henry Irving, Mr Rudolf Lehmann, Professor Owen, F.R.S., Mr Arthur Sullivan, Mons. Ambroise Thomas, Professor Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S., and Dr Morell Mackenzie, 13, Weymouth Street, Portland Place, hon. secretary. Subscriptions will be received by the treasurer or hon. secretary.

Messrs Maurice and Max Strakosch, the "enterprising *impresarios*," both of the old world and the new, have been in London during the last week or ten days.

Mrs Beesley, whose fame as a pianist has travelled from Liverpool to London, is to play, at the next New Philharmonic Concert, Liszt's Concerto in E flat, and two duets with her master, Dr Hans von Bülow.

M. Couderc, the well-known French tenor of the Opéra Comique, whose death was announced last week, was buried in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, almost at the same time that the obsequies of Caroline Duprez were being solemnized at Pau.

Miss Emma Abbott, a young American soprano, has been engaged by Mr Mapleson, and will make her first appearance (on any stage, I believe) at Her Majesty's Opera in June. Miss Abbott's history is very similar to that of Madame Christine Nilsson. She was born in Chicago in 1850, and, like the Swedish lady whose talents have raised her to her present high position, she a few years ago used, shoeless and stockingless, to sing about the streets (of Milwaukee) for the coppers which were tossed to her by the passers-by. Mr Emil Haas, the well-known merchant of New York, however, proved Miss Abbott's "Tornerhjelm." He brought her to New York, where she was heard by Miss Kellogg, and the two got up a subscription to send her to Europe. There she was introduced to the Baroness de Rothschild, a lady who understands the meaning of the word "charity" in its truest and broadest sense, and who has been her warmest friend ever since. Miss Emma Abbott came to Mr Mapleson backed by the powerful recommendation of the Baroness de Rothschild, Madame Jenny Lind, Madame Adelina Patti, and Mr Washburne. She was immediately engaged, and, as I have said, will be submitted to the judgment of the public early in June next. Miss Abbott is not the only artist who has been materially assisted by the Baroness Lionel de Rothschild. Endowed on her marriage with an enormous fortune (I believe a million sterling), the Baroness resolved to spend nearly the whole of it in charity. There are, I need hardly say, two sorts of charity. There is the charity which gives a shilling to a street beggar, which is, perhaps, hardly charity at all. The other sort of charity is that which takes young men or young women whose humble circumstances do not permit the development of their talents, which educates them and fits them for the business of life and for gaining their bread in a manner useful to themselves and to the community. It is not for me to lift the veil which conceals the secrets of private life, nor does the truly noble lady care to publish her charity to the world. But I happen to know of more than one case in which young artists are, at the present moment, studying their profession at the sole expense of the Baroness de Rothschild, who thus performs in secret an act of which she will most certainly reap the richest reward.—*Figaro*.

The inventors of new styles and instruments of music are ever hailed with delight by a certain class of theatrical managers in Paris, and the ingenuity of the human brain has already been taxed beyond all reasonable limits to supply the caprice of these patrons. At one time carillons were the rage; thin glasses filled with all sorts of liquids and liqueurs were pressed into the service. Another novelty was the instrument made entirely of little slips of wood (Xylophone) upon which a boy performed years ago in London at certain promenade concerts. Even fire was taught to play its part by means of the "pyro-melodic" apparatus. For a time these wonders were discarded at Paris for a new fashion. The inventive genius not having sufficed for the production of new instruments, enterprising musicians resorted to new agencies for playing on the old ones, and the most successful attempt in this direction seems to have been that of a learned Spaniard, who persuaded a tame fox to dress up in suitable costume and execute airs on the pianoforte. This gentleman may now consider himself outdone. The last inventor is a Pole, whose scheme is at once more original and more sensational. It includes an entirely new and semi-animate instrument—a box something like a piano in shape, filled inside with separate compartments like the stalls in a cow-shed, only on a very small scale. In each compartment is located a cat, the tail of which protrudes from an aperture facing the pianist. To each tail is attached a cord communicating with the keys on the key-board. Each note struck by the executant elicits a short note of protest from the animal affected; and it is asserted by the inventor that the tone of the cry elicited from each several cat is invariably the same. Of course the position of the cats is arranged in accordance with the tone of voice natural to each, and thus a piece of music is produced, not very melodious perhaps, but perfectly correct in tune. The tone of voice is ascertained, by preliminary experiments, as also the amount of violence required in each case to provoke a suitable response. If the pull were too mild no sound would be returned, whereas if so strong as to cause anything more than a temporary feeling of annoyance, the protesting note would degenerate into a howl or caterwaul. The "melomaniac cats," if they actually appear with their master at the Folies Bergères, ought to astonish the nerves even of people so *blasés* with novelties as the frequenters of that temple of absurdity.

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The *troupe* of Her Majesty's Opera comprises five natives of Germany, four of France, one of Russia, one of Spain, one of Poland, fifteen of Italy and none of England. The *troupe* of the Royal Italian Opera consists of eight natives of Germany, four of France, two of Spain, one of Canada, one of Poland, sixteen of Italy, and none of England.—CHERUBINO.

The Grand Organ, consisting of four manuals and seventy-five registers, built by Messrs Gray and Davison for the Yorkshire Exhibition, held at Leeds, will be inaugurated with two special performances by Dr Spark, on Friday, May 14th, on which occasion several novelties will be given, including a Triumphal March by Dr Spark.

ADDRESS TO MISS ALICE MAY,

On the occasion of her Benefit at Dunedin (New Zealand).

In every nation, and 'mongst every race,
That in the van of progress claims a place,
The lyric Muse, with magic power intense,
Exerts a soft, refining influence.
For music is the mainspring of the heart,
Which regulates our nature's better part—
The source from whence the soul has power to rise
Above the earth, unto its mother skies.
Therefore, my friends, 'tis meet that we should show
Our homage to the power which sets aglow
Our finer feelings with celestial fire;
And thus we've met to deck the British lyre
With wreaths of smiles! The queen, who wakes its strings,
Draws inspiration from the lyric kings—
Ethereal minstrel-spirits, who rejoice
In each rich echo of her mellow voice.
Fair Maritana, kneeling at the shrine,
Uplifts our souls with melody divine.
The charming Duchess claims us as her own;
We offer our allegiance to her throne;
And when her willing subjects we become,
We envy Fritz and pity poor old Boom.
With faithful Leonora we are sad;
With Martha—merry Martha—we are glad.
The choristers of Paradise are mute
When Satanella's voice, like fairy lute,
In tender cadence floats to Heaven above,
O'er vanquished demons, with the "Power of Love."
Elvira weaves a soft, bewitching spell
Around our senses from her "Convent Cell."
And when she triumphs o'er the traitor's spleen,
We lose the actress, and behold the Queen.
Concealing Art in Nature's form at will
Is the perfection of artistic skill;
In this, the lady whom we honour here,
Unrivalled stands alone, without a peer.
Your plaudits are the dues her talents claim,
As, marching upward on the road to fame,
She halts to charm us, ere she speeds along
To win fresh laurels at the Shrine of Song,
Where she, High Priestess, shall hold sovereign sway,
Till even Britain boasts of ALICE MAY.

THOMAS BRACKEN.

MAYENCE.—Herr Theodore Wachtel has been playing here in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* and *Les Huguenots*.—Sig. Verdi's *Aïda* continues to draw good houses.

LEIPSIC.—Robert Schumann's monument was unveiled on the 8th April. It is erected in the public gardens, close to the Burgher School, and consists of an obelisk of polished grey syenite, in which is inserted a bronze medallion portrait of the composer, with the simple inscription—R. Schumann.

WEIMAR.—Grötz's new opera, *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung* (*The Taming of the Shrew*), produced originally in Vienna, was brought out here on the birthday of the Grand-Duchess. The next novelty will be *Golo*, by Scholz; to be followed by Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, in which Herr and Mad. Vogel, from Munich, sustain the principal parts. Liszt has been making a short stay in this small capital.

MUNICH.—Large audiences have been attracted lately to the Theatre Royal by Mad. Pauline Lucca. Her first part was that of Gretchen, in Gounod's *Faust*. Mad. Malinger is shortly expected here. Liszt is also coming, to superintend the production of his oratorio, *Christus*.—At the fourth Subscription Concert of the Musical Academy, Herr Rheinberger's new Symphony, written for the Società Orchestrale of Florence, was performed, under the direction of the composer. Another work by the same composer—*Ritter Toggenburg*, a "cycle of romances," for soloists and chorus—has been performed by the Oratorio Association.

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"THOU ART WEARY."

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MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

SUNG BY

MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING

AT THE

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

"The singer was Miss Antoinette Sterling, who, always heartily admired in those German ballads, for which she exhibits so marked a sympathy, introduced in a group four of Schumann's most graceful contributions to the *Lieder* repertory, and, later in the evening, a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Thou art weary' (set to words by Adelaide Proctor)—one of the most charming recent emanations from the pen of our gifted compatriot."—*The Times, Nov.* 10.

"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard, Nov.* 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov.* 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG,

"TENDER AND TRUE,"

SUNG BY

MISS EDITH WYNNE

AT THE

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"The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang a new song, 'Tender and True,' by Arthur Sullivan, the beauty of which, aided by a most tasteful rendering, elicited an encore."—*Daily Telegraph*, January 13.

"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 53—No. 19. SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Second Appearance of Mdme Christine Nilsson.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 8th, will be performed (for the first time this season), VERDI'S Opera, "IL TROVATORE." Manrico, Signor Campanini; Il Conte di Luna, Signor Galassi; Ferrando, Signor Costa; Ruiz, Signor Rinaldini; Un Zingaro, Signor Casaboni; Azucena, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Inez, Mdlle Bauermeister; and Leonora, Mdme Christine Nilsson. Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Third Appearance of Madame Christine Nilsson.

Extra Night.—"Il Talismano."

On MONDAY Evening next, May 10, will be performed (for the second time this season) BALFE'S Grand Opera, "IL TALISMANO." Sir Kenneth, Signor Campanini; Richard Cœur de Lion, Signor Galassi; Nectabanus, Signor Catalani: Il Re di Francia, Signor Costa; Il Duca d'Austria, Signor Casaboni; Il Barone de Vaux, Signor Rinaldini; L'Emiro, Signor Grazzi; Queen Berengaria, Mdlle Risarelli; and Edith Plantagenet, Madame Christine Nilsson (her third appearance this season).

Mdlle Tietjens.

On TUESDAY evening next, May 11, will be performed, for the second time this season, "LES HUGUENOTS."

On THURSDAY next, May 13, Subscription Night (being the third of the six Subscription Thursdays announced in the prospectus). Fourth appearance of Madame Christine Nilsson.

Fifth Appearance of Mdlle Elena Varesi.

On SATURDAY, May 15, will be presented, for the first time this season, BELLINI'S Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Amina, Mdlle Elena Varesi (her fifth appearance this season).

Doors open at Eight o'clock. Commence at Half-past Eight. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Bailey.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor—Mr W. G. CUSINS. FOURTH CONCERT, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on MONDAY, May 10th, at Eight o'clock. Symphony in D, No. 43, Köchel (Mozart); Aria, "Cangio d'aspetto" (Handel)—Mdlle Enriquez; Chorus, "Gipsy Life" (Schumann); Scena (*Robin Hood*) (G. A. Macfarren)—Mdme Blanche Cole; Concerto for pianoforte in E flat (Liszt)—Signor Lodovico Breitner (his first appearance in England); Choral Symphony, No, 9, composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society (Beethoven)—principal parts by Mdme Blanche Cole, Mdlle Enriquez, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Wadmore. Stalls, sofa or balcony, 10s. 6d.; balcony, reserved, 7s.; unreserved, 5s.; admission, 2s. 6d. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street, W.; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 8th, will be produced RICHARD WAGNER'S celebrated Romantic Opera, entitled "LOHENGRIN." Elsa di Brabante, Mdlle Albani; Ortruda, Mdlle D'Angeri; Federico di Telramondo, M. Maurel; L'Araldo del Re, Signor Capponi; Enrico l'Uccellatore, Herr Seideman; 4 Cavalieri: Signori Rossi, Manfredi, Fallar, Raguet; 8 Paggi: Mdlles Parry, Pocchini, Estelle, Portaluppi; Ferrari, Vianello, Abraham, Martini; and Lohengrin, Signor Nicolini (his first appearance this season). Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On MONDAY next, May 10 (in lieu of the subscription for Tuesday, July 27), second performance of RICHARD WAGNER'S Romantic Opera, "LOHENGRIN."

On TUESDAY next, May 11, MEYERBEER'S Opera, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Madame Adelina Patti (her first appearance this season); Una Caprais, Mdlle Cottino; Un Capraio, Mdlle Scalchi; Corentino, Signor Marini; Un Cacciatore, Signor Capponi; Un Mietitore, Signor Sabater; and Hoel, Signor Graziani.

On THURSDAY next, May 13, ROSSINI'S Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; Bertha, Mdlle Pocchini; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; Basilio, Signor Bagagiolo; and Almaviva, Signor Piazza.

On FRIDAY next, May 14, "GUGLIELMO TELL." Mathilde, Mdlle Bianchi; Eduidge, Mdlle Ghiotti; Guglielmo Tell, M. Maurel; Walter, Signor Bagagiolo; Gessler, Signor Tagliafico; Un Pescatore, Signor Sabater; and Arnoldo, Signor Marini.

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MDLLE IDA HENRY begs to announce that her EVENING CONCERT will take place, on May 8th, at ST GEORGE'S HALL. Vocalists—Mdlle Levier and Mr Cummings. Violin—Herr L. Ries. Violoncello—Herr Daubert. Piano—Mdlle Ida Henry. Conductor—Mr THOULESS. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; and of Mdlle IDA HENRY, 19, Elm Road.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL. Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA. Special Extra Performances of "ST PAUL" and "ISRAEL IN EGYPT," on FRIDAYS, May 14 and 21, at 7:30. Principal Vocalists—Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs Suter, and Madame Patey; Messrs Edward Lloyd, Hilton, Chaplin Henry, and Santley. Organist—Mr Willing. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d., now ready. Note.—A larger space than usual for 3s. and 5s. tickets will be available for these occasions, but early application is essential to secure them.

MISS STEELE'S EVENING CONCERT, at ST JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY, May 13, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Mesdames Corani, Severn, and Steele; Mr Ed. Lloyd and Mr Santley. Mr Corney Grain (by kind permission of Mrs German Reed) will give one of his celebrated Musical Sketches. The Vocal Concordia. Grand Pianoforte—Mr Walter Bache. Violoncello—M. Paque. Conductors—Herr WM. GANZ and Mr GEO. FORBES. Sofa stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; balcony, 3s.; admission, One Shilling; to be had of all the usual Agents; and of Miss STEELE, 10, Regent's Park Terrace, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

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MR TRELAWNY COBHAM'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, MONDAY, May 10th, at 27, Harley Street. Artists—Mesdames Enequist, Bunsen, Purdy, and José Sherrington; Signori Trelawny Cobham, Federici, and Caravoglia. Instrumental—Signori Mattei, Romano, and Pinsuti, Mdlle Castellan, and Herr Ganz.

MISS FLORENCE MAY'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL, at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St James's, on SATURDAY Afternoon, May 8th, at Three o'clock (under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh). Pianoforte—Miss Florence May. Violin—Signor Papini. Vocalist—Mdlle Sophie Löwe. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini. Stalls (reserved), 5s.; unreserved, 3s.; may be obtained of Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; and of Messrs Chappell, 50, New Bond Street.

VERDI'S REQUIEM.—ROYAL ALBERT HALL, SATURDAY Afternoon, May 15, and WEDNESDAY Evening, May 19. Conductor—Signor VERDI. The Solos by Madame Stoltz, Mdlle Waldmann, Signor Mosini, and Signor Medini. Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. Tickets, amphitheatre stalls, 21s.; arena stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 5s.; admission, 2s. 6d.; for which immediate application should be made to NOVELLO'S, 1, Berners Street, and 35, Poultry; and at the Royal Albert Hall.

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MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

No. I.

So much has been thought and expressed of late, both in the public journals and in private circles, upon the unsatisfactory state of musical art in this city, that we are induced to open our columns to a short series of articles upon the subject. As the inquiry would be incomplete without a retrospective glance at the state of music in this country when it was pre-eminently the land of song, it is necessary to preface the future articles with an introduction, taking in, as far as space will permit, the early past of the art, when it may be said Ireland became the instructor of other nations in music. It appears to be indisputable that, when the Continent of Europe was in a state of barbarity, learning and the elegant arts were cultivated in this country. It was the office of the bards not only to render in song deeds of valour and of love, but to become the historians of the period in verse. In these records any deviation from truth was a punishable offence. Ollamh Fodhla, who was really a sage, as well as a king, and who reigned 200 years before the Christian era, was surrounded by bards in his conventions at Tara. Their doings were versified and inserted in the Psalter of Tara. Bishop Nicholson says these poems are "the chief pillars upon which our history is founded;" and Dean Swift writing to the Earl of Oxford on this subject observes that "there was more care taken by our ancestors to preserve the memory of times and persons than we find in this age of learning and politeness, as we are pleased to call it." Ossian, who lived in the third century, was the chief of the bards, and some idea may be formed of the cultivation of music at that period, when it is stated by historians that there was a band of singers attached to each battalion of the Finnian troops. Mr Holmes observes that "Ireland was famous for the cultivation of the kindred arts of poetry and music; and we find the names of several bards and musicians who flourished before the Christian era in the chronicles of the country." It is curious to learn that, after the peaceful conversion of the Irish to Christianity by St Patrick, A.D. 462, the bards still continued their important offices, now tuning their harps to the praises of the Most High, instead of, as heretofore, to false deities. Dr Blair says:—"So strong was the attachment of the Celtic nations to their poetry and bards, that amidst all the changes of their government and manners, even long after the Druids were extinct, and the national religion altered, the bards continued to flourish as an order of men highly respected in the State and supported by a public establishment. We find them, according to the testimonies of Strabo and Diodorus, before the age of Augustus Cæsar; and we find them remaining under the same name, and exercising the same functions as of old in Ireland, and in the north of Scotland, almost down to our own times." In the seventh century choral psalmody and antiphonal singing was to be heard in the monastery of Bangor, county Down; and it is said to have derived its name from the "sweet choir" which belonged to it. The learned Gerbert asserts that Germany had her ecclesiastical music from this monastery. From the eighth to the tenth century literature and the fine arts progressed almost to perfection, and Ireland was the first seat of learning in Europe. Upon this Dr Johnson, writing to the historian, Dr O'Connor, says, that "Dr Leland begins his history too late. The ages which deserve an exact inquiry are those times (for such times there were) when Ireland was the school of the West, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature." But, alas! the progress of the arts was checked by the invasion of the Danes. These barbarians gloried in the destruction of literature and music, and their professors. However, after the defeat of the Northmen, art was resuscitated and shone brightly again under the fostering care of Brian Boru. It was during this monarch's reign that the fair maiden walked unmolested through the land, whom Moore has celebrated in the beautiful song, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore." Brian himself cultivated music, and his harp is still preserved in the Museum of Trinity College. The harp was used in Ireland long before the instrument was known to the other nations of Europe. Dante mentions the instrument as being brought from Ireland to Italy. There cannot be a better testimony to the cultivation of music in this country during the mediæval period than that of O'Hallaran, who says that, "in every house, there was one or two harps free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music." Now, the people of Ireland must have been in a much higher state of civilization at that time than they are at present. Then were those thrilling airs composed whose melodious sweetness of expression still enchains the hearts of the hearers of all classes, as if by some magic spell. Those melodies which Moore has wedded to his immortal verses, and which will be handed down to future generations linked to the inspirations of the illustrious bard; aye, and they will continue to fascinate and enchant so long as a love for pure melody—which is in reality music—exists. Though this music still charms the dwellers in the land, it does not seem to inspire them with its rays. Where are our native composers? Balfe and Wallace, both gifted children of song, left the land of their birth and became famous. They have passed away. Where are their successors? More of this anon. But now to return. The people must have been at the period spoken of much more refined than at the present. Dr Sherlock's observations will go far to prove the truth of this. He says—"If a man naturally rough becomes softened for the time by music—if those times are continually renewed, habit will take the place of nature, and that man's character will, to a certain degree, change." If this be true—and we think it is—the deterioration of the people, both morally and physically, may be found in their ceasing to cultivate the divine art. Many other instruments besides the harp were known and used by the ancient Irish, but our space will not permit us to dwell upon them. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries anarchy began to show its head in the country. There was no foreign foe, and the cheftains became impatient of subordination, and were inclined to revolt against their rulers. Happily the Crusades gave the chivalrous and unruly a vent for their ardour. Many Irish princes and their followers enrolled themselves under the banner of Goffrédo. Tasso alludes to them in his "Jerusalem Delivered." Fuller, writing of those expeditions, speaks in the warmest terms of the music in Ireland. "Yea," says the old historian, "we may well think all the concert in Christendom in this warre could have made no musick if the Irish harp had been wanting." Walker, in his memoirs of the Irish bard, states that when Geraldus Cambrensis visited Ireland in the retinue of Henry II. he was enchanted with the instrumental music, and pronounced it superior to any he had heard in other lands. The following is translated from the original Latin of Giraldus:—"The attention of this people to musical instruments I find worthy of commendation, in which their skill is, beyond comparison, superior to any nation I have seen; for in these the modulation is not slow and solemn, as of the instruments of Britain, to which we are accustomed, but the sounds are rapid and precipitate, yet at the same time sweet and pleasing. It is wonderful how, in such rapidity of fingers, the musical proportions are preserved, and, by their art, faultless throughout in the midst of their complicated modulations and most intricate arrangements of notes, by a rapidity so sweet, a regularity so irregular, a concord so discordant, the melody is rendered harmonious and perfect, whether the chords of the *diatessaron* or *diapente* are struck together; yet they always begin in a soft mood, and end in the same, that all may be perfected in the sweetness of delicious sound. They enter on and again leave their modulations with so much subtlety, and the tinglings of the small strings sport with so much freedom under the deep notes of the bass, delight with so much delicacy and soothe so softly, that the excellence of their art seems to lie in concealing it." It would appear from this that instrumental music was cultivated in Ireland, and that there must have been a musical system of notation, time, and counterpoint practised by the Irish harpists long before the art was developed on the Continent. Dr Burney says—"The Irish had long been in possession of musical characters, and of a slight knowledge of counterpoint. Hence we may infer that the gamut and time-table where known here before they were constructed by Guido Aretine and Franco of Cologne. All historians agree that the Welsh had their music from Ireland, and that at the first Eistedfodd given by Griffith ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, A.D. 1175, the Irish won the prizes." Dr Campbell asserts that the Scotch had their music likewise from Ireland, and goes on to say that there is "proof presumptive, the strongest the nature of the thing is capable of, that the British *Scots*

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borrowed their music from the same quarter." Goldsmith quotes Geminiani, who said "there was no original music in these countries, except the Irish." The Anglo-Norman invaders during the middle ages caused the chieftains, in self-defence, to resort to arms. Yet, amid the continual din of war, music was not neglected, and the art was still cultivated by the people as a solace in their misery. According as the English succeeded in the conquest of the country, laws were enacted against the bards; but such was the love of music that more than a century after the reign of Elizabeth, who was their bitterest persecutor—at the period of the Revolution, in the lists that were made of the properties of the proscribed adherents of James the Second, almost all, even the Anglo-Norman families, had a harp among their effects. This was the sorrowful time of the bards. Their chiefs were in exile, their lands confiscated, and those who succeeded in possession had no sympathy for them. They were reduced by the penal enactments against them to seek the hospitality of the humbler classes, and to wander from door to door until they met a *cead mille failthe*, from the Irish peasant who always loved and still cherishes the children of song. Having now, in these prefatory observations, glanced at the history of music up to the decline of the bards, we shall here close with the name of Denis A. Hempsey, who lived to the almost miraculous age of 112 years. He was born in 1695, and died in 1807. He was the last of the bards. Hempsey, or Hempson as he was more generally designated, is highly spoken of by the musical antiquarian Bunting. The Rev. G. Sampson, the historian of Londonderry, in a letter to Lady Morgan, to be found in her novel, "The Wild Irish Girl," narrates many interesting anecdotes of Hempson. He lost his sight, when three years old, from smallpox. He travelled for ten years through Ireland and Scotland. When in his fiftieth year, during his second tour in the latter country, he was introduced to the Pretender, and played "The King shall enjoy his own again." He died with the harp in his hand. Having heard that Sir Harvey Bruce, his friend, had come to visit him, he was raised in the bed and grasped the instrument to give his benefactor welcome. After striking a few chords he fell back, and gave his last sigh. Thus ended the life of the last of the bards. H. T.

(To be continued.)

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The regular season of this society ended on Friday week with a performance of Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*—the first, and many think the better, of the two works of its class which have come from the pen of the Neapolitan musician. Concerning the oratorio itself we have nothing new to say. Its claims were long ago decided upon, and the position it holds is such as to warrant the Society in giving an occasional performance, apart from the fact that the implied compliment to its own conductor is a very natural and graceful thing. The work had a generally good rendering, band and chorus taking special pains; while the solos could hardly have been in better hands than those of Madame Sherrington, Madame Patey, Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Santley. Madame Sherrington was heard to particular advantage in Hannah's jubilant air, which suits her admirably; while the two solos allotted to the representative of Samuel were perfectly sung by Madame Patey—one having to be repeated. Mr Vernon Rigby has made the tenor music of *Eli* his own in a special manner, and the composer usually entrusts it to him as to safe hands. This preference was justified on Friday night—above all by a delivery of the war-song, "Philistines, hark!" which wanted nothing of energy and truthful expression. Mr Rigby made a great success by this effort, and was loudly applauded. Mr Thomas as the Man of God, and Mr Santley as the Prophet, amply sustained their several reputations, and contributed to the effect of a performance in all respects creditable.

Two extra concerts are announced, at which *St Paul* and *Israel in Egypt* will be given.

St Petersburgh.—Two performances of Handel's *Messiah* were lately given with great success by the Philharmonic Society. The chorus numbered 300 voices, and the orchestra, 60 performers. The work was got up by M. Homilius, who, at the public performances, handed over his *bâton* to M. Davidoff, the violoncellist, officiating himself as organist.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Last week began with successive repetitions of *Guillaume Tell*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *Don Giovanni*. The fourth appearance of Mdlle Zaré Thalberg as Zerlina was just as successful as its precursors, and the house was the most crowded of the season. No official statement has yet enlightened the public as to the new character in which they may be called upon to judge Mdlle Thalberg, who is again announced for Zerlina (fifth time)—a good sign of the attraction of the performance. The Don Giovanni of M. Maurel, by the way, becomes more and more a finished impersonation. There are now rumours that another Zerlina—the Zerlina of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*, is in consideration for the interesting new comer; but amateurs, we believe, look forward rather to Susanna, or Cherubino, in the *Nozze di Figaro*. Cherubino, it is hardly requisite to hint, was intended by the composer for a soprano.

That *Il Flauto Magico* would be one of the productions of the early season might have been surmised. Mr Gye has at ready command all the means indispensable to an adequate presentation of this singular work, in which a seemingly chaotic jumble of materials has, by aid of the musician's art, been fashioned into an enduring masterpiece. In none of his operas has Mozart shown a more inexhaustible vein of melody, or more wonderful variety in the form and development of his concerted pieces. Beethoven placed *Die Zauberflöte* before all the dramatic works of its author, as being, according to his idea, the most thoroughly German, and set to a libretto which, however fantastic, had none of those features that in *Le Nozze*, *Cosi fan tutte*, and *Don Giovanni*, were more or less repugnant to the taste and feelings of the, in some respects, austere and unbending creator of *Fidelio*. But it would be needless to reopen a discussion which the opinion of nearly a century has proved to be of little avail. *Le Nozze*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Die Zauberflöte* all composed within the space of five years (from 1786 to 1791) are still surviving, and have every chance of surviving so long as music is recognized as an art. The cast of *Il Flauto Magico* at Covent-garden is, on the whole, very efficient, the chief characters being assigned to Mdlles D'Angeri, Marimon, and Smeroschi (Pamina, Astrifiammante, and Papagena), Signors Pavani, Bagagiolo, and Maurel (Tamino, Sarastro, and Papageno). Mdlle Marimon possesses the indispensable vocal means, rare now-a-days, to execute the difficult *bravura* airs allotted to the "Queen of the Night," while the rich bass voice of Signor Bagagiolo is precisely suited to the more solemn utterances of the High Priest of Isis. Tamino has a sensible and artistic representative in the but recently arrived new tenor, Signor Pavani; Mdlle D'Angeri finds all the impassioned expression requisite to give proper effect to the music of Pamina; Mdlle Smeroschi is a piquant and lively Papagena; Signor Tagliafico is as droll a Monostatos as could be imagined; and, if good singing fulfilled every exigency of the part, it would be difficult to meet with a more acceptable Papageno than M. Maurel, to whom, however, we must not look for the grotesque humour of Ronconi, the original "Bird-catcher" at our Royal Italian Opera. Here M. Maurel stands in about the same predicament as Signor Cotogni, his immediate predecessor. The general cast of *Il Flauto*, including the three genii, the three followers of Astrifiammante (personifications of good and evil), is for the most part almost precisely the same as last year. It will therefore suffice to add that the performance (directed by Signor Bevignani) afforded general satisfaction, and that the two airs of Sarastro, "I possenti Numi" and "Qui sdegno," the second air of Astrifiammante, "Gli angui d'inferno," and Papageno's little song, "Colombo, o Tortorella," were encored and repeated.

On Saturday night the opera was *Rigoletto*, in which Mdlle Albani, as the innocent, unhappy Gilda, confirmed the impressions she had made last season, and the season before last. A fresh description of her performance is not required. To say that it has still further improved is saying a good deal, but not too much. It is an ideal embodiment of the character, touching in its simplicity, yet impassioned in those movements where a strong display of emotion is required by the situation, and invariably true to nature. The duets with Rigoletto and the Duke (disguised as the student, Walter Maldé), so opposite in character, were equally effective; and the soliloquy, "Caro nome," where Gilda dwells with lingering tenderness on the name and remembrance of her unknown lover, was given throughout with genuine musical feeling.

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The pathetic scene with Rigoletto, in the palace of the Duke, showed to admirable advantage the dramatic power which, season after season, becomes more remarkably exemplified in the assumptions of the young Canadian, whose every conspicuous effort was greeted with the warmest tribute of applause. The new tenor, Signor de Sanctis, for whom, being still indisposed, a printed apology circulated in the house, was so clearly unable to do justice to his powers that it would not be fair to judge of his performance until a more favourable occasion offers. Signor Graziani's Rigoletto was as earnest, emphatic, and studiously elaborated as from time out of mind; the Maddelena of Mdlle Scalchi was, as usual, clever and intelligent; and the Sparafucile of Signor Tagliafico, *sui generis*, the most picturesque and inimitable of assassins. The famous quartet for the leading characters, near the end of the opera, produced its accustomed effect. Signor Bevignani was conductor.

The opera on Monday last was the *Huguenots*; *Der Freischütz* was given on Tuesday; *Don Giovanni*, for Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, on Thursday. Last night was to be devoted to a full rehearsal of Wagner's anxiously expected *Lohengrin*, the first public performance of which is announced for this evening.

MUSIC AT DRESDEN.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

Imitating the recent regulations adopted at the Imperial Opera-house and Burgtheater, Vienna, the management of the Theatre Royal recently issued an order forbidding the performers to acknowledge, as they had always been accustomed to do, during the actual performance of an opera or other piece, whatever applause the public might think fit to bestow on them. The public fancied the order applied to them as well as to the artists, and, being an orderly, well-behaved, law-fearing race, or, perhaps, not wishing to lead the said artists into temptation, forthwith ceased applauding any one or anything. In fact, they were too obedient, too good; much more so than was either agreeable or inspiriting to the actors and singers, to whom outward marks of approbation are about as necessary as the air they breathe. The consequence was that the management had to issue a second notice, in which the somewhat too reverential Dresdeners were told, among other things that "it was never intended the artists should be denied all applause; for an air well sung, for a speech well delivered, etc., the public can manifest as hitherto their appreciation of what they hear; their own delicacy of feeling will teach them when applause following immediately what the artist does, however fine that may be, is a mistake, marking the want of proper tact."

MUSIC AT BRUSSELS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

The season which began, and for a considerable period continued so disastrously at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, is drawing to its close in a manner much more agreeable to all concerned—manager, artists, and public. Comic opera, previously greeted with ironical cheers or almost hissed off the stage, has once more appeared behind the footlights. First came *La Dame Blanche*, with M. Achard as the hero. This was succeeded by M. Ambroise Thomas' *Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté*. M. Achard again produced a highly favourable impression. His William Shakspere was an undeniable success. He was ably supported by M. Dauphin as the fat knight, Sir John Falstaff. Mdlle Priolo, also, shaking off the evil influence which, during the winter months, paralysed her powers, contributed largely towards the gratifying result. Nor was she less satisfactory in *Le Domino Noir*, which added another laurel to the wreath M. Achard has been gathering on Belgian soil. M. Campocasso's lucky star, so long obscured, or so late to rise, has even shone benignantly upon *Mignon*, though Madame Nilsson has unfortunately left. But, despite the formidable recollections she had to encounter, Mdlle Reine got through her task satisfactorily.

The programme of the last concert by the Société de Musique included portions of Schumann's *Faust* and Haydn's *Seasons*. The principal artists were Madame Walter Strauss, MM. Henschel, Boyer, and Meissen. The King and Queen were present, and warmly congratulated both artists and directors on the performance.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The strong impression created by Mdlle Varesi when she made her *début* in *Rigoletto* caused all amateurs to look forward with more than common interest to her next attempt in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which belongs more properly to the school of opera in which her proficiency had been heralded from afar. Nor was expectation disappointed. On the contrary, the Lucia of Mdlle Varesi, to all artistic purposes, far outstripped her Gilda. She had a more conspicuous part to play, and she proved herself fully equal to the task. As we were persuaded from the first, Mdlle Varesi is a thorough mistress of the genuine Italian style. Though her voice is deficient in power, it has been cultivated on such excellent principles that she has obtained complete control over it, has subdued it to her will, and, in fact, can do with it just what she pleases. Her sustained singing ("*sostenuto*") and her florid singing ("*agilità*") are alike exemplary. In the first scene of *Lucia*, the familiar "Regnava nel silenzio," with its brilliant sequel, at once put her on the best terms with the audience, who greeted both this and the duet with Edgardo, upon which the curtain falls, with well-merited applause. As the opera proceeded, Mdlle Varesi strengthened more and more the high opinion entertained of her. In the duet with Enrico (the duet of the forged letter) the young artist showed a dramatic power which, in the scene of the contract and Edgardo's indignant reproaches, was still more emphatically demonstrated. But her success culminated in that of the madness of Lucia, many passages in which we have never heard rendered more perfectly, whether eloquent truth of sentiment, or facility and unerring neatness of execution be considered. Her reading of this elaborately worked out *scena*, from the *larghetto*, "Alfin son tua, alfin sei mio," to the melodious peroration, "Spargi d'amaro pianto," was well-nigh irreproachable. As in one part of this *scena* the voice may be said to join in a duet with the flute, it is only fair to the gentleman who represents the first flute in Sir Michael Costa's admirable orchestra, and plays the "*obbligato*" part which Donizetti has made so important a feature, to say that he supported the singer so skilfully as to add no little to the general effect. At the termination of the scene the applause was loud, prolonged, and unanimous, and Mdlle Varesi may be congratulated on a legitimate artistic success. The Edgardo was Signor Fancelli, who returns to us with a voice that may now almost compare with that of any tenor on the Italian lyric stage, and a style of singing which, allowing for occasional exaggeration, is acceptable as a style which, promising from the beginning, has ripened with experience. Enrico was represented by Signor Galassi, Raimondo by Herr Behrens, and Arturo by Signor Rinaldini. The "*ensemble*" was for the most part very good.

Repetitions of *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Mdlle Tietjens as the Duchess of Ferrara and Signor Campanini as Gennaro; of *Il Barbiere*, in which Mdlle Anna de Belocca more than confirmed the brilliant success of her *début*; and of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, again with Mdlle Varesi as the heroine, complete the history of the week.

On Monday last *Le Nozze di Figaro* was given, for the second appearance of Mdlle Pernini. The *Huguenots* was the opera on Thursday, and for to-night we are promised *Il Trovatore*, with Mad. Nilsson as Leonora. About the "*rentrée*" of Mad. Nilsson, on Tuesday (*Il Talismano*), see another page. *Lohengrin*, although not yet definitively announced, is, we understand, in active preparation.

A QUERY.

F. G. Haig will feel obliged if the Editor of the *Musical World*, or any of his readers can enlighten him as to whether the following pieces in *Acis* and *Galatea* were composed by Handel:—Chorus, "Haste! oh, haste;" chorus "From the azure bowers;" solo, Cupid, "Hark! hark! hark!" with chorus, "Careless and rapid, and fleet and free," and if so, why they are omitted from Novello's and other editions. The pieces referred to will be found in Davidson's handbook of the *Serenata*.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Dessoff, late of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, entered upon his duties as *Capellmeister* at the Grand Ducal Theatre by conducting *Guillaume Tell*.

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CHRISTINE NILSSON'S RETURN.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," May 5.)

After wandering about the Continent, from the frozen North to the genial South, and finding summer everywhere in the warm welcome of the public, Mdme Christine Nilsson has returned to us with the flowers of May. It was no ordinary crowd that greeted her last night, as she stepped upon the stage which will always be associated with her successes. Not only was every part of the house crowded by enthusiastic amateurs, but English Royalty was represented as it is only on rare and special occasions. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Prince and Princess Christian, and a numerous party, were among those who applauded the *rentrée* of the *prima donna*, and by their presence lent additional significance to the welcome she received. Who will say that royal patronage and public favour were, in this instance, wasted, or that the recipient of so much honour did not well deserve it? Mdme Nilsson is no mere idol of an hour, forced upon deluded worshippers by the dictates of fashion. She is an artist *pur sang*, tried and proven over and over again, and as such, if art be what we are fond of considering it, her reward is no more than she has earned.

The opera chosen for the occasion was the *Talismano* of Balfe and Arthur Matthison, as adapted to the Italian stage by Signor Zaffira. This work, produced only last season, and then discussed to the full extent of its merits, supplied Madame Nilsson with a character (Edith Plantagenet) which suits her perfectly in many ways, not to insist upon the fact that it is her latest assumption and her own property by such right as "creation" implies. But may we not regard Mdme Nilsson's choice for her *rentrée* as a graceful compliment paid to English art? Balfe was a cosmopolitan, it is true, and his opera, as we now have it, presents an un-English aspect; yet, after all, it belongs to us, and we take to ourselves whatever credit the work reflects upon the land of its birth. Let us also take to ourselves the delicate homage which its performance last night conveyed in the most natural and unaffected way. As it was, the whole house, from the occupant of the cheapest seat to the illustrious tenants of the Royal boxes, were unmistakably glad to see Madame Nilsson, and exhibited their feeling without restraint. It was soon evident that the Swedish artist had come back in complete possession of her means. Herself graceful and charming as ever, her voice seems to have gained in sonority and volume, without losing one iota of that sympathetic quality, which makes its tones so easily appeal to the heart of the listener. Madame Nilsson's *mezza voce* is still wonderfully touching, and she uses it as freely as heretofore; but there can be no questioning the fact that, in so far as power is essential to a "dramatic soprano," she is more than ever qualified to take that position. To go with the *prima donna* through *Il Talismano* would be to travel over ground the most familiar. Enough if we say that all the customary points were made in the earlier acts; and that, as usual, the duet of Edith and Sir Kenneth, at the end of Act 3, gave occasion for the triumph of the evening. Here the applause, liberal throughout, became enthusiastic; and the *morceau*, once repeated, was actually demanded a third time. But Madame Nilsson, using one of her expressive gestures, declined compliance, and retired laden with the flowers which had rained down upon her. From a dramatic point of view, the character of Edith was made more truthful and effective than ever. Indeed, it is clear that Madame Nilsson the actress now rivals Madame Nilsson the singer. We can hardly say more.

(From the "Times," May 5.)

The return of Madame Christine Nilsson was, as usual, the "gala" night of the season at Her Majesty's Opera. The welcome event was made all the welcomer by the opportunity it afforded the public of once more hearing the posthumous work of our countryman, Michael William Balfe, for which Mr Arthur Mattheson supplied the English, and Signor Zaffira the Italian version. To the gifted Swedish lady—our second "Swedish Nightingale"—we were indebted for the original production of *Il Talismano*; and now she again comes forward, of her own good will, to help in strengthening the opinion so freely and so generally expressed last year. The occasion was, therefore, one of double interest, and fully accounted for the brilliant audience which crowded Her Majesty's Opera, boxes, gallery, and stalls, on Tuesday night—an audience conspicuous among whom were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and other distinguished persons. Madame Nilsson was greeted with an enthusiasm which may be attributed not only to the public gratification at seeing her once more, but also, in no small measure, to the graceful tribute of sympathy paid by her to a composer who worked so long and successfully for the English operatic stage. Though *Il Talismano* is ours by right of birth, it was the accomplished Swede who presented us with it, inasmuch as she gave life and breath to that which only existed upon paper. She, too, has, therefore, made it her own, and the admirers of Balfe's operatic music—which signifies the large majority of amateurs in this country, to say nothing of other countries—will gladly share with her the possession of what, but for her, might up to the present moment have remained unknown.

Madame Nilsson's travels in Russia and elsewhere, like her travels in the New World, not long since, have exercised no prejudicial influence upon a voice that from the first was accredited with exceptional qualities, and now has few rivals. On the contrary, it has gained in power and richness, and is more than ever under the control of its possessor. This was speedily declared in the tranquil apostrophe to Night ("Placida notte!"), when Edith Plantaganet first appears upon the scene, and in its lively sequel, "Gran Dio! il mio diletto," in which she gives vent to her satisfaction on learning that Sir Kenneth of Scotland, her lover, has arrived in the camp. The sustained tenderness of the introductory movement, and the fluent execution of the "*cabaletta*" at once convinced the audience that a rare performance was in store for them. They expressed as much through the genuine applause and recall that ensued. Nor were they disappointed. The end of the first act, when Edith, as it were insensibly, drops the flower, which Sir Kenneth picks up with rapture, created its accustomed effect, enhanced by the manner in which Signor Campanini delivered the charming romance, "Candido fiore" ("Flow'ret, I kiss thee")—encored and repeated as a matter of course. In the second act Edith does not appear; but in the third she shines forth in all her radiance; and here Madame Nilsson, both as singer and actress, reached the loftiest point, and won a fair artistic triumph. Passing by the pretty, tuneful romance of "Evelina," which could hardly be sung with more simple and unstudied grace, we come to the exciting duet between Edith and Sir Kenneth. In this Madame Nilsson so entirely won the sympathies of her audience that it seemed as if the applause would never cease. It is here that Edith, as all who have seen the opera are aware, forces upon her lover the acceptance of the ring, the possession of which, and the knowledge that the gift implies also the love of its donor, incites Sir Kenneth to patriotism and honour, independently of all other considerations. Madame Nilsson's share in the *finale*, when Edith supplicates Richard Cœur de Lion for the pardon of Sir Kenneth, who had temporarily abandoned his watch over the English standard for her sake alone, was no less forcible; and the curtain fell amid the continued plaudits of the whole house. The *bravura* air, "Nella viva trepidanza," in the next and final act, given with singular ease and fluency, accompanied by a "*sotto voce*," in some of the florid passages, alone enough to distinguish it from ordinary exhibitions of vocal art, was the worthy climax to a performance in every respect admirable.

Signor Campanini's Sir Kenneth is precisely what it was last season; and, on the whole, we cannot wish for a better. Mdlle Risarelli has succeeded Mdme Marie Roze, in the part of Queen Berengaria, acquitting herself with ability; and Signor Galassi played King Richard—*vice* Signor Rota of last year—with appropriate dignity. Other less important modifications of the cast were to be remembered, but Signor Catalani again appeared as the wily Nectabanus. The orchestra and chorus, under Sir Michael Costa,

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were irreproachable, and the scenery of Mr W. Beverley, who has the rare secret of making much out of little, was admired as before. On the whole, the revival of *Il Talismano* could hardly have been more successful.

Mdme Nilsson's next part is to be Leonora, in the *Trovatore* (Saturday).

SIMS REEVES AT MANCHESTER.

(*From the "Manchester Examiner and Times"*)

Last week Mr W. Pyatt gave the first of the ballad concerts, with Mr Sims Reeves as the leading artist. The large room of the Free Trade Hall was crowded to an extent seldom seen even during the winter months. As a rule Manchester audiences do not like to go to concerts in daylight, but the promised appearance of Mr Sims Reeves proved just as attractive as ever. Every corner of the floor and the gallery was occupied, and for once the orchestra was made available for the overflowing audience. It had been generally known that Mr Reeves had arrived; but possibly previous disappointments were in the recollection of some of his admirers, and the enthusiastic welcome which greeted the most popular singer of the day was unmistakably intensified by the gratification due to the fact that the pleasure of the hour was all the more precious by its rarity. We have so often declared it impossible to define the charm of Mr Reeves' superb singing that we may be excused from attempting to do so now. Assuredly he possesses, in addition to his other accomplishments, the indefinable power to touch the heart and imagination, attainable by so few artists, for which there is no other word than charm. It is true that Mr Sims Reeves owes much to his splendid voice, and that the power by which he elevates a ballad like "Tom Bowling" into a powerfully pathetic dramatic story is due to earnest study and to a finish which can only be the result of zealous and incessant labour; but something more than exceptional vocal power, and the effect of studious exercise, are displayed, and the delight experienced seems in a great measure due to the inspiration of the moment. Even to those who have frequently heard it, the great recitative and air from *Jephtha* excites scarcely less surprise than admiration every time Mr Reeves sings it. Mr Reeves was in splendid voice, and sang with his old vigour, as well as with the old refinement; and, though this was the first time he had sung for nearly two months, no signs of his recent indisposition were apparent. And as it may be confidently asserted that Mr Sims Reeves is still unapproached—we may, indeed, say unapproachable—it was satisfactory to find his vocal powers in such excellent condition.

Jus Liverpool.

The * * * * * * * * * tells me that a Miss Williams is to sing at Liverpool. If this be Miss Anna Williams, as I suppose it must be, for no other Miss Williams is discernible just now above the horizon, I will tell you who the lady is. She is the daughter of Mr Williams, who for years was a manager in the house of Smith, Elder, and Co., the eminent publishers. Mr Williams was occasionally book taster to the firm, and it fell to his lot to taste "*Jane Eyre*," when the manuscript of that remarkable novel was received by the firm. "Taste this MS., Mr Williams, and see how you like it, and tell us whether you think the public will like it." Mr Williams did more than taste. Could not be satisfied with a taste, but feasted on the work, and, when he had finished, reported his satisfaction to the head of the firm so strongly that he, too, read the work with equal satisfaction, and straightway the book was published. In the course of publication, and after, many letters passed between Charlotte Bronte (the writer of the work) and Mr Williams, who, for some time after the publication, did not know whether Currer Bell (Charlotte Bronte's *nome de plume*) was a man or a woman. An exigency compelled Charlotte and her sister to go to London to see the publishers, and then the secret was revealed. Mr Williams was the *chaperon* to these ladies while they were in town. Mr Williams, now a venerable and much venerated old man, has just left the service of the great publishers on terms honourable to the firm and satisfactory to his family. Miss Williams has had a capital musical education both in England and Italy. I have not heard her sing, but my belongings have, and speak very highly of her powers. The Williams family are, I believe, all musical. A brother of hers is a particular friend of mine, and has, in the room you know so well, Mr Editor, by his singing—as I lolled in my easy chair oft times—taken my prisoned soul and lapped it in Elysium with his wonderful melody. If the Rhadamanthus of the * * * * * * * * * in whom I have the greatest confidence, should say "well done," when he shall have heard this lady, I shall be delighted; for I have confidence in your critic, but no confidence in some that I know—those who criticise singers and performers whom they don't hear, and those who fancy that it adds more to their fame to condemn than to praise, and who "Send ane to Heaven and ten to H—ll, a' for their glory." The former are very plentiful; the latter happily dying out. They belong more to the time of Queen Anne, when John Dennis, immortalized in the *Dunciad*, could make Addison tremble. **Fuchs Reynard.**

ALEXANDRA PALACE INAUGURATION CONCERT.

This was excellent in its kind. With the chorus, the regular band of stringed and wind instruments, the military bands of the Grenadier Guards (conductor, Mr Dan Godfrey), the Coldstreams (conductor, Mr Fred Godfrey), and the military band of the Alexandra Palace Company (conductor, Mr Robert Wheatley), the orchestra which forms so conspicuous a feature of the Grand Hall must have found room for something like 1,500 performers, vocal and instrumental. To judge fairly of the effect under such exceptional circumstances as those of Saturday's exhibition was hardly possible. The silence which has been pronounced the fittest homage to music was by no means observed, while the incessant movement to and fro of those who were not accommodated with, or could not find their seats, was another serious impediment to just appreciation. Nevertheless, we are inclined to think favourably of the ultimate results. At the farthest end of the hall the voice of Mdlle Tietjens sounded forth with all its glorious sonority. But such, as many will have not forgotten, was the case at the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham (1854), when Clara Novello declaimed the solos in "God save the Queen"—a proof that a genuine and exceptional soprano voice tells at no matter how great a distance. The programme for the occasion under notice was most judiciously selected by Sir Michael Costa, who conducted the whole performance. True, all the pieces of which it consisted were by foreign composers, and all the singers were foreigners—which, for the inauguration of a new English art edifice, might be considered as somewhat anomalous; but we are used to these things. The concert began with the National Anthem (Sir M. Costa's arrangement) which came out imposingly. The overture to Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, for full orchestra and Coldstream band; the overture to Rossini's *Gazza Ladra*; the marches from Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*, and Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, were among the instrumental pieces—all superbly executed. Between the first and second parts of the concert the Coldstream band (Mr Fred Godfrey) played Sir Michael Costa's spirited March composed for, and dedicated to, King Victor Emanuel II. The vocal pieces comprised "Qui sdegno," from *Il Flauto Magico* (Herr Behrens); the "Inflammatus" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* (for Mdlle Tietjens, with chorus); an air from Donizetti's *Don Sebastian* (Signor Campanini); Costa's quartet, "Ecco quel fiero istante" (Tietjens, Trebelli, Campanini, and Behrens); an air from Weber's *Oberon* (Madame Trebelli); and the *finale* to Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, for soprano solo (Mdlle Tietjens), with chorus. It was in this, as in Rossini's "Inflammatus," that the voice of Mdlle Tietjens produced the effect to which we have passingly referred; and, what seemed most surprising, whether she sang *piano*, or whether she sang *forte*, it was just the same; she was distinctly heard above all the hubbub and commotion. The last piece set down in the programme was the the grand unison prayer from Rossini's *Mosé in Egitto*, one of those unique inspirations that sound well anywhere, and under any circumstances. The eminent artists who took part in the performance were, one after another, cordially greeted on their appearance in the orchestra, especial marks of distinction being conferred upon Mdlle Tietjens, and also upon Sir Michael Costa, who had presided with dignity over almost every important "inauguration" of the kind during the last 20 years and more. Of the new grand organ (as yet unfinished) upon which Mr F. Archer is the chosen (and worthily-chosen) performer, we must take another occasion of speaking.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LAVENDER PITT.—It was Heine—not Janin—who, in speaking of the *Sirène*, said of its joint authors, Scribe and Auber—"*Ils relient ensemble les plus mignonnes bagatelles, et l'on oublie chez eux qu'il y a une poesie. Ils sont une espèce de lorettes dans l'art,*" &c.

A DEMISEMIWAGNERITE.—No; in *Tristan und Isolde*, of all Wagner's operas the most solidly Wagnerian, the motto of the great iconoclast is "*absolutamente todo*," or "*absolutamente nada*"—the Wagner, the whole Wagner, and nothing but the Wagner. A door must be open or closed. If summer, let its heat be of the hottest; if winter, let cold be of the coldest. Wagner knows not spring, and repudiates autumn.

LUPUS.—The additions to the company, to which our correspondent refers, would doubtless entail great expense; but this would be more than defrayed by a largely increased audience. No offence is intended, we are aware, by "Lupus," who evidently holds forth exclusively in the cause of music. It is a pity that otherwise perfect performances should suffer, because connoisseurs are afraid to speak out plainly. After this, to print the interminable (however eloquent) epistle of "Lupus" would be useless. Let him write again shortly (and shorter).

DR GRIPER.—No. Abbé Vogler was a charlatan (see Mozart's letters from Mannheim, a town with straight streets). He spoiled Weber and Meyerbeer. He did not spoil Gänsbacher, because there was nothing to spoil. Dr Griper is altogether wrong about the Gluck (*not* Glück) and Piccini (or Piccinni) controversy. It was Piccini (or Piccinni) who composed *Roland;* Gluck (not Glück) never put his hand upon it. Piccini (or Piccinni) was a much bigger man than Dr Griper supposes—certainly a bigger musician, if not a bigger poet, than his renowned adversary, from whom Wagner derives all his ideas of the form which, in his (Wagner's) opinion, opera should assume.

G. W. F. SKIPPINGTON.—The article to which our correspondent refers did not appear in the *Daily News*, but in the *Daily Telegraph*. As, by chance, we have it in the *Musical World* folio of etcetéras, we reproduce it for the enlightenment of Mr C. W. F. Skippington.

"Madame Arabella Goddard has commenced a series of pianoforte recitals of the very highest interest. The speciality of these performances consists in the comparative novelty of all the instrumental pieces. It seems to have been Madame Goddard's object to prove how much music of the very highest class, by some of the most admirable writers for the pianoforte, has been allowed to fall into disuse. Much research must have been brought to bear upon the programme framed for Thursday's recital, the first of the series. Each selection gave token of a full memory, and of a highly-cultivated taste. The most important, and on the whole the most interesting, piece chosen was Woelfl's grand sonata in C minor. It is an ambitions composition, of original design and elaborate construction. An introduction leads to a vigorously-conducted fugue of large proportions. This is followed by a highly sprited *allegro*, and an *adagio* of remarkable grandeur, while the concluding *allegretto* is full of life and strength. Those who do not know this sonata can have no idea of the real power possessed by the man whose reputation has chiefly rested on the far inferior *Ne Plus Ultra*. Scarcely less interesting was the sonata in A major by Woelfl's rival, Dussek. It is in two movements only, the second, a rondo, being full of exquisite grace. A fugue in B flat, by Albrechtsberger, and a much more interesting one in F from Handel's *Suite de Pièces*, were played immediately before Mendelssohn's superb prelude and fugue in B flat, to the happy composition of which imagination and science have worked with an equal will. Madame Goddard also introduced studies by Hiller, Hummel, Moscheles, and Sterndale Bennett; the last-named—a charming piece in B flat—being the most engaging. Steibelt's *Pastorale* in G, a Nocturne by John Field ("Russian Field"—a favourite pupil of Clementi's), and *Valses* by Chopin, made up the remainder of a rich programme. It is utterly needless to say that the playing of each piece fully came up to the ideal standard of the most critical and exacting listener; but we cannot refrain from drawing attention to the extraordinary versatility displayed in the adequate performance of such a programme as that we have detailed. Every school is familiar to Mdme Goddard, and each author she interprets as though she had devoted all her attention to the exclusive study of his style. The pianoforte pieces were intermixed with songs sung by Miss Annie Edwards, and accompanied by Mr Benedict."

Mr Skippington is right about the six pianoforte sonatas by Cherubini (of which Ernst Pauer played one at a Monday Popular Concert), but wrong about Puppo, Boccherini, Haydn, and the rest. He must have read the anecdote upside down.

MARRIAGE.

On May 3, at St Thomas's, Camden Town, Mr THOMAS DARBY to Miss HELEN A. MUIR.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875.

Bayreuth.

THE peroration to Herr Carl Kossmaly's article, "Bayreuth," is too good for any other place in the *Musical World* than that devoted to its leading columns. Here is the translation, *literatim et verbatim*, of our invaluable foreign editor, "J. V. B.":—

"Just as the composer previously caused vapour-*pictures* of tone to sweep past before the mental eye of his auditor, the orchestra now *paints*, in a grandiose crescendo, immediately before the commencement of the duet, the rising of the sun, that is: again offers descriptive *eye-music*.—From these specimens, the reader will, probably, have obtained a tolerably clear idea of the severity of the Wagner-fever from which the critic is suffering. To complete this anthological collection, however, we must mention the last 'combined *glowing of the two voices*,' and, likewise, state that the most moving and electrifying effect was produced by the third Fragment, the grand 'final scene' of the *Götterdämmerung*, and, consequently, of the entire festival-play, the crowning glory of which scene begins with the concluding words, of Brunhilde: 'Grane, mein Ross—sei mir gegrüsst,' the description of this, by the way, being, perhaps, the crowning glory of the critic himself, who here surpasses even his former ecstatic raptures. Let the reader listen: 'Once more is all her wild Walkyre nature awakened in Brunhilde, who, torn by grief, has just delivered the corpse of her beloved husband, Siegfried, to the flames of the pyre. She shouts shrilly in *blissful despair*'; (*Sic*) 'absolutely neighing out with her steed!' (So, we have, at last, a real *duet*—though only *neighed*.) When referring to the boldness, character-

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istic of genius, with which he finds this expressed in the music, the critic says: that it will, perhaps, offend an ear accustomed to Mozart, every impartial and competent judge will agree with him, for in these few words he has happily characterised and justly valued the *Raphael of Music* and *Priest of the Beautiful*. His warning to us, not to give ourselves up too innocently and unsuspiciously to the influence of this scene, is, perhaps, all the more seasonable, because (according to him) the scene 'almost *knocks the hearer down!*' Mention is, also, made of an *eminently musical* climax, beginning at the words

'Fühl' meine Brust auch—
Wie sie entbrennt.—'

and 'belonging to the most magnificent and, at the same time, most passionate inspirations that ever struck a dramatic composer.'—As we see, the critic is partial to summary conclusions, and likes to cut through things as if he were merely cutting, with a pair of scissors, through a sheet of paper. The termination of his notice takes us by surprise. In the long final orchestral postlude—which is, moreover, repeated—he finds revealed all Wagner's boundless mastery over the instruments, from which the master extorts unheard of effects of sound; but he finds also that *the limits of the Æsthetically-Justifiable are overstepped*. The reasons for this censure are given at length. The plan pursued by the composer: Here, as in *Siegfred's Tod*, of introducing nothing but previous motives, and, moreover, to a much greater extent than in that piece (there are here, at least, *seven* or *eight* such motives), and introducing them not in succession, but *simultaneously*—is critically considered, and what in the pages of the score may appear indescribably artistic, is censured as producing a deafening effect. The reader may form some notion of this effect, when the critic goes on to inform us that: 'One motive pushes, hustles, and struggles with another; it is an absolute *battle of tone* with which the master here dismisses us.' Compared with the 'trombones of the Walhalla motive from *Rheingold*, at last overpowering everything else,' the trumpets which once caused the walls of Jericho to fall down must, indeed, have been only harmless *oaten pipes*. Despite, however, this preponderance given to the brass, the *accumulation of motives*, mentioned above, prevents the theme from coming out with complete plastic clearness. On the contrary it strikes the critic that: 'it ought here to disappear in a sea of colour and fire' (?) It is more than probable that this formed part of the composer's intention, for Wagner wished to illustrate the fall of the glory of the old gods and the dawn of a new world; at least, the critic finds this view which he takes of the case—a view with which I, too, thoroughly agree—corroborated by the '*greatest noise anyone ever ventured to make in an orchestra*,' and intended to suggest the destruction of everything in existence.

"We must here note not only the frankness with which this fearful hubbub, surpassing anything ever known before, is confessed, but, also the fact that, at a second performance of this final music, the critic hopes to experience a '*more conciliatory impression*,' an avowal that tells us plainly enough how acutely the *want* of such an impression is felt. But, when even Wagner-Exaltados, worked up to a pitch of mad fanaticism, find that '*the limits of the Æsthetically-Beautiful are overstepped*' by 'the master,' and frankly object to such a course; when, with scarcely concealed reproach, they speak of 'the greatest noise anyone ever ventured to make in an orchestra,' and unreservedly inform us that it causes them to long for a more conciliatory impression, what shall those persons say and do, who, for good reasons of their own—with all their willingness to acknowledge the high natural gifts with which he is endowed and duly to appreciate his earlier works in which those gifts were unmistakably revealed—by no means regard Richard Wagner either as the sole god of music, alone capable of rendering us blessed, or as the *dramatico-musical* Messiah. Are these persons, we may, moreover enquire, so very much to blame if, in such important objections raised by the most inveterate Wagnerites, they perceive a corroboration, by no means without weight, of their own obstinate doubts, and that they frankly publish the fact? "CARL KOSSMALY."

As *Lohengrin* is to be brought out this evening at the Royal Italian Opera, we refrain just now from any comment on the foregoing. Sufficient for the day is the Wagnerism thereof. OTTO BERG.

PREVIOUS to the fifteenth century, the weight of church bells was not very great. From that period, however, it has gone on increasing to a marvellous extent. Charlemagne had many bells cast, but there is reason to believe that none of them weighed more than 400 pounds. The monk, Helgaud, in *The Life of King Robert*, which he wrote in 1050, states that the above monarch presented five bells to the church of St Aignau, at Orleans, and that one of them —the largest, no doubt—weighed 2,600 pounds. In 1250, Jean d'Hardivilliers, in concert with the fathers of the College of St Juste-Chaussée, had a bell cast which weighed 4,000 pounds. The bell called "Emanuel," and presented, in the year 1,400, to the metropolitan church of Paris by Gérard de Montaigu, ninety-fifth bishop of that city, weighed 15,000 pounds. The Chapter gave orders for it to be recast and enlarged in 1680. As the casting proved a failure, the operation was repeated the following year. This bell was consecrated on the 29th April, 1682, by François Harlay de Champvallon, native of Franche Comté, and fifth archbishop of Paris. Louis XIV. and his wife, Louise Thérèse, at the request of the Chapter, bestowed on the bell the names of "Emanuel Louise Thérèse." But, not being in tune with the others, it was again recast and augmented in 1685. Its weight is 32,000 pounds. It is 8 feet in diameter, the same in height, and 8 inches thick round the edge. It is melodious and solemn in tone, and its reverberations emit the perfect chord. In the year 1794, fears were entertained of its being used to sound the alarm, and it was unhung, but restored to its place on the occasion of the ceremony of the Concordat, celebrated at Easter, 1802. The second large bell of Notre Dame of Paris was cast on the 1st October, 1472, and weighed 25,000 pounds. In 1792, eight men worked for two-and-forty days, endeavouring to break it with a machine.

The large bell at Rheims, cast in 1570, and christened "Charlotte," by Cardinal Charles de Loraine, Archbishop of Rheims, weighs 23,000 pounds. The bell of the Kremlin, at Moscow, was cast in 1733, by Michael Muterine. It is 21 feet in height, and 23 in diameter, and weighs 492,000 pounds.

IN his report of the musical part of the ceremony at the inauguration of the Alexandra Palace, the admirable musical critic of the *Daily Telegraph* has the following:—

"But, while acknowledging this cheerfully (meaning the general excellence of the programme), no English amateur could regard certain features of the concert without a degree of shame and pain. One would have thought that on such an occasion native art would at least have been represented. But, in point of fact, it was conspicuously, not to say offensively, absent. The conductor was a Neapolitan, the soloists comprised two natives of Germany, one of France, and one of Italy, and the programme contained not a single piece of English music. In pointing this out we are not censuring the managers, who took the course which, in their judgment, seemed best adapted to please the public; but it may fairly be said that nothing like it could happen in any other country, simply because no other people would tolerate such a decided snub of their national art."

On the same theme the *Times*, after also bearing testimony to the general attractions of the musical programme, says:—

"True, all the pieces of which it consisted were by foreign composers, while all the principal singers were foreigners—which, for the inauguration of a new and important English art-edifice, might, to some, appear more or less anomalous. *But we are used to these things.*"

And so, alas! might we go on preaching to the middle of the 20th century. But have we not deserved it? Is there any common sympathy among British musicians? To the

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first question, we answer emphatically, *Yes;* to the second, as emphatically, *No.* Lacking the bond of union—the "*esprit de corps*" which binds men who pursue the same craft, we have absolutely no *raison d'être.* "True, 'tis a pity; pity 'tis 'tis true."

MDME ARABELLA GODDARD is still in California, giving concerts at Los Angeles, San José, and Santa Barbara. She will pass the summer months at San Francisco, and thence, at the fall, proceed to New York.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR SIMS REEVES, our great tenor, has been singing at Dublin, and thus speaks the *Dublin Review*:—

"'What pleases many must have merit,' says Dr Johnson, with whose maxims we by no means agree at all times. The condition of the large Concert Hall of the Exhibition Palace last evening, however, furnished a striking exemplification of the truth of the lexicographical dictum, crowded as it was in all parts. The floor, the gallery, the reserved seats, nay, even the benches of the orchestral platform, displayed tier upon tier of expectant auditors. The chief attraction was Mr Sims Reeves, who, in excellent health and spirits, was heartily welcomed by the public. The audience, too, was good-humoured, not noisy. Mr Reeves was in good vein, his phrasing as fine as ever, that admirable *metallo di voce*, which seems to make its way without the artist employing more than a slight degree of force, as good as before; his pronunciation clear and pure, and his one momentary assumption of the brogue irresistibly comic. He was compliant, too, just as when he last appeared here, some five or six years ago, at the Nilsson Festival, and was evidently gratified at the sight of the forest of pleased faces smiling upon him from all sides of the hall. "The Message," "My pretty Jane," and "It is a charming girl"—three songs all in quite distinct styles—proved unmistakably the versatility of the great tenor's powers. Much amusement was created in the course of the evening by an announcement made by the concert agent that in consequence of the warm reception and crowded attendance which had greeted the party, 'Mr Reeves, Signor Foli, and the *other ladies* would re-appear on the 8th of May.' The audience was one of the largest which the Palace has hitherto beheld."

IN a pamphlet—happily for the collection of rarities not obsolete—we have lately discovered some elevated writing. The highest falutin (to out-Americanize an Americanism) falls vastly short of the prodigious attitude reached by this soaring genius. The poet, whose shining light is for the present hid under the bushel—otherwise the appellation of "an able writer"—has something to say about a few particular trees, and thus he says it: "Very few such oaks are to be found within this island * * * not marked by the hollow boles and distant limbs of extreme old age, but in the very prime of *vegetable manhood.*" A chestnut tree gives rise to this inspiration: "Its twining and bowing branches droop to the ground and rise again; resting, not rooting, to *emulate the vegetable peristyle of the banyan* (!)." By and bye we learn, *àpropos* of a collection of natural curiosities, that: "It is rich in its corals," &c. "It also *rejoices in many skeletons.*" Surely the spirit of Bob Sawyer must inhabit the frame of the writer. His efforts to be plain are comically mysterious, and the description of "an open colonnade, where coffee-tables are placed for the leisure enjoyment of a summer evening," is quite too delightfully vague. We would not reveal the sacred name of the gifted author of the *brochure* for millions, but the name of the print we may give, if only for the satisfaction of a few old bookwooms we wot of. It is called "The Official Guide to the Alexandra Palace and Park," and may be purchased at the extremely modest outlay of one penny.

PHŒNICOPTERS.

MR EDITOR, I would suggest, privately and confidentially, that Phœnicopters be spelt—not Phe, since the Greek is (is it not?) *φοινος.*

COLOGNE.—Herr von Holstein was present at the last performance of his opera, *Der Haidesschacht*, which is popular with the patrons of the Stadttheater. After holding the reins of management for three years, Herr Behr retired on the 1st instant. He is said to have made an annual profit of 50,000 thalers. He will, probably, assume the management of the Leipsic Stadttheater, and be succeeded here by Herr Ernst, Stage-Manager-in-Chief at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

On Thursday, April 29, Mr Henry Parker gave a *matinée* at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Purdy, and Miss G. Maudsley, assisted by Mr Stedman and Signor Caravoglia, contributed the vocal portions of the programme. Mr Parker was ably supported by M. Paque and Mr J. Thomas in the instrumental parts. The concert was conducted by Signor Romano.—F. A. JEWSON.

MR AGUILAR'S performance of pianoforte music on Monday last was listened to by as large a number of amateurs as the last. The programme is as follows:—Sonata pastorale—Beethoven; Andante—Thalberg; Prelude and Fugue—Aguilar; Overture, Scherzo—Aguilar; Nocturne in B and Etude in G flat—Chopin; Sonata in C minor—Aguilar; Lieder ohne Wörte—Mendelssohn; Fantasia on *Faust*—Aguilar; Farewell and Hunting Song—Schumann; Idyll and Bolero—Aguilar.

THE St Matthew's Choral Society, Brixton, lately gave a concert before a large and appreciative audience, at the Schools in Church Road, consisting of a performance of Spohr's "God, Thou art great," Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, under the direction of Mr Geo. Shinn. The vocalists were Miss Matilda Scott, Miss Bolingbroke (Parepa-Rosa scholar of the Royal Academy of Music), Mr Stedman, and Mr J. C. Kneale; Master Tomey (of the Temple Church) taking the solo in Mendelssohn's motett. Mr G. S. Minson and Mr S. Fisher were the accompanists.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

A *concert d'invitation* given by Mrs Dutton Cook (Miss Linda Scate), associate of the Royal Academy of Music, at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, on the evening of Wednesday, May 5th, was very fully and fashionably attended. Mrs Dutton Cook played the Lite Sir Sterndale Bennett's sonata, *The Maid of Orleans;* Schumann's "Abschied," and the second "Tarantella" of Mr Walter Macfarren; Dussek's duet in B flat, for piano and violin, with Mr Wiener, and Mendelssohn's pianoforte duet, "Allegro Brillante," with Mr Walter Macfarren, who presided as conductor. Mrs Dutton Cook was assisted by the following vocalists:—Miss Reimar, Miss Gertrude Richardson, Miss Mary Davis (Welsh Choral Union scholar, R.A.M.), and Mr Howells.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT made her third and last appearance this season on Friday evening, the 30th ult., at the Athenæum, Camden Town, where she gained even more favour than on the preceding occasions. She played Talexy's brilliant arrangement of "Cujus Animam" with precision and clearness, but her grand success was Thalberg's "Masaniello," in which she brought out the well-known air, "Sautée sur ses propres arpèges," in a highly finished manner, and met with well deserved applause. She has evidently studied hard, and we hope to have many opportunities of hearing her again at these agreeable evenings. The remainder of the programme consisted of a cornet solo (MS.), by desire, composed by King Hall, played by Mr E. R. Barrett, and accompanied by the composer; "Oh! ye voices gone," by Signor Pinsuti, sung by Miss Baker; Bishop's "Bid me discourse" sung by Miss Baker; a Polonaise for two cornets, by King Hall, played by Messrs E. R. Barratt and W. Ivimey, and accompanied by the composer; and various "recitations" by Mr Ashe Payne and Mr Raw. Miss Kenny accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte, and the evening was altogether most agreeably passed.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The annual Easter Term concert, by the professional students of the London Academy of Music, was given on Tuesday afternoon, the 4th inst., in St George's Hall, and was attended by a very large audience. It is only fair to the numerous performers, both vocal and instrumental, to say that they acquitted themselves to their own credit, and to that of their respective masters. Dr Wylde conducted a small orchestra, headed by Herren Pollitzer and Ludwig. Amongst the pianists we must make special mention of Miss Codd, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Deacon, Miss Willett, and Mr George Gear. Miss Codd, in the Andante and Finale of Mendelssohn's G minor Concerto, Miss Willett, in the same composer's Rondo in B minor, and Miss Deacon, in Weber's Concerto in C, all displayed talent of a high order. Mr George Gear gained an enthusiastic recall after his performance of Chopin's Polonaise in E flat, in which he showed himself a first-rate executant, and to possess other qualities that fully justified the committee in awarding him the gold medal of the institution. Miss Hutchinson also earned a recall for her clever rendering of Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor. The singing of Miss Myers, in the Morning Hymn, from Sir Michael Costa's *Eli*, was much admired; also that of Miss Kate Gordon, Miss Putney, Miss Athanase, and Mr Thomas. The violin playing of Miss Perkins, in Spohr's Concerto Dramatique, Master Jefford, in the first movement of Mendelssohn's Concerto, and Miss Janie Hutchinson, in some variations by De Beriot, were all appreciated as they deserved; and the concert was throughout an entire success.

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The third concert of the Schubert Society (forty-seventh since its formation), took place on Wednesday, the 28th April. The first part was devoted to Brahms' and Spohr's compositions. Brahms' "Ungarische Tanze," for two performers on the pianoforte, opened the concert, and was played by Mdlle de Lucie and Miss Kate Lyons (Royal Academy of Music), Miss Lily Holcroft sang "Sonntag and Wiegenlied," and Mr Christie "Fruhling," by the same composer; Miss Malraison gave Spohr's "The Bird on the alder bough," Miss Bella Marie Root, "What draws me thus," and Herr Schuberth played a solo on the violoncello, by the same composer. The second part was miscellaneous, and opened with Haydn's Trio in C, played by Mdlle de Lucie (pianoforte), Mr Downs (violin), and Herr Schuberth (violoncello). The other members who appeared included Mr Wilford, who was much applauded for his performance on the pianoforte of Liszt's "Rhapsodie;" Mdme Lucci de Sievers, who, with Herr Schuberth, played one of her own arrangements—for harmonium and piano—on airs from *Il Barbiere de Seviglia*. The rooms were well filled. The fourth concert is announced to take place on the 2nd of June, when Sir Julius Benedict's vocal and instrumental compositions will form the first part of the programme.

Mr Ridley Prentice's "Pianoforte Recital" came off at St George's Hall, on Wednesday morning, when a large audience assembled, who were evidently gratified with Mr Prentice, as well as with the performance of the two artists who "assisted" him—Miss Georgina Maudsley, vocalist, and Herr Straus, violinist. We subjoin the programme, with which, we think, no one will find fault, either for its quality or its length. Mr Prentice's good judgment in both cases cannot be questioned. Prelude and Fugue, in B flat, Op. 35, No. 6, for pianoforte alone—Mendelssohn; Sonata, in A minor, Op. 19, for pianoforte and violin—Rubinstein; Aria, "Though clouds by tempest"—Weber; Studies, for pianoforte alone, Op. 11, Nos. 4, 5, and 6 (Vivace giocoso, Andante capriccioso, Allegro agitato)—Sterndale Bennett; Præludium and Fuga, in G minor, for violin, without accompaniment—J. S. Bach; Sacred Song, "The God of love my Shepherd is" (George Herbert's 23rd Psalm)—Ridley Prentice; Sonate Pathetique, in C minor, Op. 13, for pianoforte alone—Beethoven; Song, "Autumn song"—John Gledhill; Pianoforte Solos, Tempo di Ballo, and Siciliano—Scarlatti, and Impromptu—Hird; Rondeau Brillant, in B minor, Op. 70, for pianoforte and violin—Schubert. As most of the compositions enumerated above are well known to professors as well as to most amateurs, we need not comment upon them; we cannot, however, conclude these few remarks on Mr Prentice's agreeable entertainment without saying how pleased we were with his interpretation of the three Studies by the late Sterndale Bennett (especially the "Allegro agitato"); Miss Maudsley's singing of Mr Prentice's devotional setting of the psalm, "The God of Love my Shepherd is"; and Herr Straus's musicianly execution of Bach's prelude and fugue for violin alone.

Miss Ada Lester gave a very successful concert at the Vestry Hall, Chelsea, on the 30th ult. The hall was crowded, the *bénéficiaire* having obtained the assistance of Miss Gertrude Ashton, Miss Augusta Roche, Mr Wharton, Mr Lindsay Sloper, and Mr Wilford Morgan. Miss Ashton distinguished herself by her charming singing of Blumenthal's song, "Love the Pilgrim," and of the "Blue Bells of Scotland," the latter of which was loudly encored. Miss Roche gave a nice reading of the page's song in *Les Huguenots*, "Nobil Signor," as well as of the well worn "Skipper and his Boy." Mr Wilford Morgan introduced a new song, composed by himself expressly for the occasion, and set to some charming words by Miss Lester, entitled "I would be a boy again." The melody is very taking, and the song was vociferously encored and repeated, with, if possible, greater success. Mr Wilford Morgan's popular song, "My sweetheart when a boy," has now a formidable rival in the field. Miss Ada Lester, whose performances though named last were not least, either in our estimation or in that of her audience, was received in a most enthusiastic manner. Her contributions to the pleasures of the evening were Ascher's "Le Chant les Naiades," M. de Kontski's "Le Reveil du Lion" and "Caprice Heroique." She also joined Mdme Vittoria de Bono in Osborne and De Beriot's duet for pianoforte and violin on airs from *Guillaume Tell*, which was most charmingly played by both artists, and unanimously encored. Mr Lindsay Sloper conducted with rare judgment, as well as played the Barcarolle from the late Sterndale Bennett's Fourth Concerto, and his own arrangement for four hands (with Miss Ada Lester) of some admired airs by Sir Julius Benedict.

The Welsh Choral Union gave the first concert of their fifth season at St James's Hall, on Monday evening, under the direction of Mr John Thomas. The hall was well attended by the general public, as well as by natives of the Principality. The concert opened with the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's charming pastoral, *The May Queen*. The solo parts were sung by Miss Edith Wynne (the May Queen), Miss Jane Williams (the Queen), Mr Henry Guy (the Lover), and Mr Lewis Thomas (Robin Hood). We need hardly say that the solos were given to perfection. Miss Edith Wynne sang *con amore*; Miss Jane Williams gave the music allotted to the Queen capitally; and Mr Guy, who is making rapid strides in his profession, gave due effect to the music of the Lover. Mr Lewis Thomas sang like a thorough artist, and obtained an encore in the famous ballad, "'Tis jolly to hunt." The solos were accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr W. H. Thomas, who assisted in a great degree to their success by his musicianly knowledge. The choruses were capitally sung by the students of the Royal Academy of Music. In the second part, a band of harps accompanied a Welsh chorus, "Cwynfan Prydain" ("Britain's Lament"), from Mr John Thomas's excellent collection, which was heartily enjoyed and deservedly applauded by the audience, who were also highly delighted with the Welsh songs given by Miss E. Wynne, Miss Mary Davies (Welsh Choral Union scholar) of the Royal Academy of Music, and Miss Marian Williams, accompanied on the harp by Mr John Thomas, in his usual artistic manner. Miss Reimar sang Randegger's pretty song, "Sleep, dearest, sleep," and was loudly applauded. Mr Henry Guy gave, in excellent style, Beethoven's "Adelaida," accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr W. H. Thomas. Messrs Puddicombe, W. W. Bampfylde, and Mr Thomas Sylver were the accompanists of the vocal music. The concert was a decided success.

PROVINCIAL.

Pembroke Dock.—An "Evening of Sacred Song" was lately held in the Wesleyan Chapel School Room. The chair was taken by the resident minister, the Rev. E. N. Maidmont. The musical part of the programme was under the leadership of Mr Thomas Blake. The accompaniment was played by Miss Davies (Mega Cleddau), who is often called upon to preside at musical gatherings. The soloists were the Misses Cole, Wilkins, C. Eynon, Mr E. Cooper, and Messrs J. G. Smith, Edwin Williams, Hanson, &c.

Narbeth.—A concert lately took place at the National School Room, under the auspices of the Rev. W. Wilson, the rector. Those who took part were the church choir, Mr Henry Shield (Gilfach), and the Misses Lewis, of St James's Street. The accompaniments were played by Mrs Wilson. The temperance brass band was in attendance, the programme was varied, and the several pieces were rendered satisfactorily There was a large and appreciative audience, and the whole of the entertainment gave unqualified satisfaction. The proceeds of the concert will be devoted to the funds of the National School.

Liverpool.—English opera—writes the *Daily Post*—appears to have turned the corner, and Mr Carl Rosa will be memorable for a long while to come as the wizard who has accomplished for it that proverbially difficult and long-deemed hopeless operation. At the performance of the *Bohemian Girl*, the Alexandra Theatre was crowded, as on the previous evening, in every place where even standing room could be purchased; and a most enthusiastic audience gave the stamp of popular approval to a performance which, judged by a high standard, left very little to be desired. To this result Mr Rosa's conducting, and his admirable band, in which the violins were especially perfect, greatly conduced, and suggested very forcibly that it is by other magic than care and taste and viligance that Mr Rosa has accomplished his great success.

Liverpool.—We read in the *Daily Post* of 6th May, that the "Societa Armonica" gave a complimentary concert to their conductor and leader, Messrs Armstrong and Lawson, in the concert-room of the Institute, where a large and appreciative audience assembled. The vocalists were Madame Billinie Porter, Miss F. Armstrong, Mr H. C. Harrison, and Mr T. J. Hughes. The instrumental portion of the programme comprised the overture to *Zampa*, and the ballet music entitled *Rosamunde*, by Schubert. The delicate grace and flowing melody, characteristic of this composer, are specially remarkable in the above named composition, which was rendered in an extremely creditable manner by the orchestra. A showy and effective military fantasia by Leclair enabled Mr Lawson to display to advantage his command over the violin. The vocal gem of the evening was Arditi's sparkling and tuneful valse, admirably sung by Madame Billinie Porter, whose voice is as sweet as ever. A quartet by Costa was well sung, and special mention should be made of the thoroughly accurate and artistic rendering of the duet, "Quis est Homo" by Madame Billinie Porter and Miss Armstrong. Mr Hughes sang "Revenge" with great vigour, and narrowly escaped an *encore*. Mr Harrison's efforts were well received. The concert was, on the whole, highly enjoyable.

Birmingham.—The *Morning News* of May 4th informs us that Mr Carl Rosa's grand English Opera Company have commenced a series of six performances at the Theatre Royal with extraordinary success. The performances have been excellent, calling forth enthusiastic applause, and the houses well filled. The opera on the opening night was *Maritana*. The cast was an excellent one. Miss Rose Hersee is a favourite here,

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and on each succeeding appearance she gains in esteem. Gifted with a beautiful voice, her artistic training has secured for her the highest qualifications both as a vocalist and as an actress. Perfect intonation, exquisite tenderness in pathetic passages, and astonishing accuracy and clearness in the execution of ornament, are noteworthy characteristics of her style. Miss Hersee is mistress of a shake of rare regularity, and she occasionally introduces this embellishment in her cadences with enchanting effect. The part of the Spanish Gitana is one well adapted to Miss Hersee's powers; and in every scene she acted and sang admirably. Miss Annie Goodall, who played Lazarillo, sings with expression and feeling, and, as an actress, displays grace and vivacity. Mr Henry Nordblom was *Don Cæsar de Bazan*. Mr Aynsley Cook, Mrs Aynsley Cook, and Mr Brooklyn were the other artists. In the band and chorus departments, Mr Rosa's performances are as perfect as anything of the kind ever presented in Birmingham. His orchestra, numbering many London artists of high reputation, is full, powerful, and complete in all important parts. The chorus singing last night was distinguished by accuracy and precision, and by rarely attained justness of intonation Mr Rosa himself conducted in a masterly manner.

SAN FRANCISCO.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The many days of Lent caused my silence respecting my musical reports, &c., from San Francisco and the state of California. I do so now, as I have written to you already on the 24th of February last, in which I have given you a descriptive review respecting Madame Arabella Goddard's concerts in San Francisco. Since then she remained here until last week, and left to give three concerts at the city of Los Angeles, one in San José, and one in Santa Barbara—the first to take place last night, Tuesday, the 6th inst. Its result as yet I ignore, although she promised to write to me, when on her return to this city. She intends to remain during the summer months, and intends to obtain some pupils until September, and then leave for New York and different parts of the United States.

Mdlle Ilma di Murska and her concert combination are expected here next month, to give several concerts and operas here. Signor De Vivo is the *impresario*. The Howard Paul and Legarde Troupe are shortly expected. Madame Ristori and company, and C. H. Vandenhoff, with Howley's Company, are also coming.

April 8th. VAN PRAAG.

A FAIR PROTEST.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—The article which appeared in your last week's issue, headed "Singers, Beware," contained a well-merited rebuke against the parties who engaged the artists named; but I think it only fair, in justice to those resident in Leeds who do pay the artists they engage their terms at the proper time, you should have given the names of the promoters of this concert.—I am, Sir, you obedient servant,

ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN.

12, *Park Row, and* 26, *Basinghall Street, Leeds,*
May 4, 1875.

Aus Colmey Patch.

As M. Schoelcher says in his Life (which we wish he had published in French).

B. the granite rock, or Parian marble, out of which, &c.

Messiah—narrative and didactic.

Passions (Matthew)—dramatic.

Dramatic form generally most easily appreciable, and yet evidently as the comparative non-popularity of Beethoven's *Christus* (*Am Oelberg*), and B.'s unwillingness to make it, &c., show not. Popularly suited to the subject of the Redemption. Would Mendelssohn, had he finished his *Christus*, have made it otherwise? We think not.

Had H. lived in and laboured for Germany, instead of England, would it have been the same? The question is one of great interest.

Something to do with Bach's style of composition, as compared with Handel's. H., though above us, is always able to lift us up with him. B., always above us, but not often, even in his most elevated moments, able to let us see where he is. Strong sympathy with Handel of the masses, whom music touches. His melody—his picturesque treatment of objective passages.

He has even penetrated to Wales, where the Saxon music is snubbed for the more richly suggestive (and more intoxicating) Pennillion. Ask Talhaiarn, who built, for 1850, at Rhuddlyn (Rhyl), the structure which tumbled down. Luckily the Welsh are not superstitious, but only patriotic and ancestral. Mefisto.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

The success achieved by M. Anton Rubinstein's *Maccabäer* on the night of its production has been corroborated by the reception accorded it at subsquent performances. On the second, and third night, the Royal Operahouse was crowded in every part, the principal artists, Mesdes Brandt, Lehmann, Grossi, Herren Betz, and Ernst, being called for after every scene.—Herr Niemann has left "on leave," for, without "leave," an artist of a Prussian Theatre Royal no more dare absent himself from his professional duties, than a sentinel on guard, in the service of his Majesty, William Emperor of Germany, dare deposit his needle-gun in the sentry-box, and leave his post before he is duly relieved. *Les Huguenots* had been chosen as the opera in which Herr Niemann was to bid a temporary farewell to his admirers here. He requested permission to substitute *Rienzi* or *Tannhäuser* as Herr Wagner was in the Prussian capital, and Herr Niemann wished the Composer of the Future to hear him in one or other of the works named. The Intendant-General, Herr von Hülsen, turned, however, a deaf ear to the singer's prayer. It is true that *Les Huguenots* was not performed, but only to spare Mdlle Brandt, who sustains one of the principal parts, and was fatigued by her exertions in *Die Maccabäer*. Neither *Tannhäuser* nor *Rienzi* figured in the bills, and Herr Niemann was condemned to take his leave in—*Fidelio!* By the admirers of real music, this little incident is regarded with satisfaction, as indicating, to a certain extent, the feeling of the Intendant-General. The above undoubted fact does not tally very well with a report to the effect that, in virtue of an oral arrangement between Herr von Hülsen and Herr Richard Wagner, during the recent visit of the latter to this capital, *Tristan und Isolde* is to be produced next winter, under the composer's own direction, with Mad. Mallinger, Herren Betz and Niemann in the principal characters. What appears much more certain is that Herr Wagner's "Kaisermarsch" was hissed at Herr Bilse's concert. Herr Bilse will shortly start with his orchestra for St Petersburgh. He intends giving five concerts at as many different towns on his road.—Herr von Strantz, stage-manager at the Stadttheater, Leipsic, has been appointed artistic director of the Royal Operahouse.

The concert season just ended has been characterized by a growing appreciation of Handel. *Israel* was performed by the Singacademie; the *Messiah*, by Stern's Verein; *Herakles* and *Saul*, by the students of the High School; *Acis and Galatea*, by the Bach Association; *Semele*, by the Cecilia Association; and *Samson*, by Schnöpf's Association.

STERNDALE BENNETT.

Would I could touch with fairy fingers
The keys which erst we heard thee play!
In vain, in vain the mem'ry lingers,
Each magic chord hath passed away.

The tones which oft rapt ear enchanted
Thy hand, alas! can wake no more,
And yet thy music lives to glad us,
'Twould seem, more deeply than of yore.

But though I lack the power to waken
The nameless charm thou mad'st us feel,
I know, while each rich strain essaying,
A thrill through every breast must steal.

Then let my soul—my play inspiring—
Breathe something of thy gloried art,
Enough, if happily I borrow
One touch of thine to fill the heart.

ADA LESTER.

CORRECTION.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—I beg to call your attention to a mistake made in the *Musical World* of Saturday, April 24, in regard to a concert given by Mr Pollard, of Ramsgate, at the Granville Hall of that town, and not Brentwood, Essex, as stated in the *Musical World*. If you would kindly make a correction of this in your next issue, I shall feel grateful. H. M.

Brentwood, May 3, 1875.

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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Sir,—May I request the insertion of the following letter from the authors of France, which explains the result of my mission as representative of the Association to Protect the Rights of Authors? The reservation made by M. Paul Féval refers to that short bill repealing the adaptation clauses which has just passed the House of Commons. He and his friends feared lest, in pressing for the full measure of equity which they and we desire, they might lose even the poor instalment which their Foreign Office had obtained from our Government. But that they earnestly desire the full measure, and are determined to press resolutely for it, I can testify, and am permitted to bear witness. The subject was discussed with enthusiasm at the recent annual gathering of the society, and the resolution in favour of our propositions was carried unanimously by the commission the society appointed to examine and report upon them. I may add that the subject is still before the French Dramatic Authors' Society, and that it has been most favourably discussed by them. Their report, however, has been delayed by the illness of their president, M. Auguste Maquet. I have the honour to remain, Sir, your obedient servant, BLANCHARD JERROLD.

Reform Club, May 1, 1875.

A Monsieur Blanchard Jerrold, Délégué de l'Association to Protect the Right's of Authors de Londres à la Société des Gens de Lettres de Paris.

Monsieur,—La Société des Gens de Lettres de Paris a vu avec un vif intérêt que l'Association pour la Protection du Droit des Auteurs s'est occupée des droits des écrivains français en Angleterre.

La France, par un décret sur la propriété littéraire en date de l'année 1852, abolit le droit d'aubaine en matière de propriété littéraire. Ce décret reconnait aux auteurs étrangers les mêmes droits que la loi accorde aux auteurs français. Votre lettre du 22 courant à notre délégué nous fait connaître les propositions de l'honourable association que vous représentez, et qui consistent:

1. Assimiler les droits des auteurs français à ceux des auteurs anglais; c'est à dire, à donner un copyright de 42 ans, ou durant la vie de l'auteur et 7 ans après sa mort; ce qui est le copyright dont jouit l'auteur anglais.

2. A supprimer la nécessité d'enregistrement, ou de traduction dans un certain delai.

3. A donner à l'auteur français seul le droit de traduire ou d'adapter son œuvre en Angleterre.

Le Comité de la Société des Gens de Lettres voux exprime sa reconnaissance pour votre juste et généreuse initiative dans l'intérét général des œuvres de l'esprit et de la fidèle expression de la pensée de l'auteur, si souvent compromise par des traductions inexactes.

Nous faisons donc des vœux pour que le Parlement adopte vos propositions si équitables pour les hommes de lettres français et si profitables aux deux nations. Recevez, Monsieur et honoré confrère, l'assurance de nos sentiments confraternels et nos salutations très distinguées.

PAUL FEVAL, *President.*

Adhésion cordiale, sous réserve de ce que j'ai dit à mon cher confrère Blanchard Jerrold, "que nous garderons de tout ce qui pourrait entraver l'effort de la diplomatie français."

Eugène d'Auriac, Louis Collas. Paul Saulnière, Gourdon de Genouillac, Constant Guéroult, Paul de Musset, Eugène Bonnemère, Hector Malot, Adolphe Belot, Pierre Zaccone, Félix Jahyer, Emile Richebourg, Henri Celliez, Germond de Lavigne, Oscar Commettant, Jules Claretie, Michel Masson, Jules Sandeau, Edmond About, Legouvé, Georges Sand, Dandet, Champfleury, François Coppée, Alfred Assolant, Aurélien Scholl, Frédéric Thomas (honorary president), Victor Hugo (honorary president), Jules Simon (honorary president), Francis Wey (honorary president), Baron Taylor (honorary president), Ed. Thierry (honorary president), Emmanuel Gonzalès (delegate — honorary president).

Société des Gens de Lettres,

5, *Rue Geoffroy-Marie, le* 26 *Avril*, 1875.

LEEDS EXHIBITION.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—Dr Spark does not inaugurate the organ at the exhibition in this town. The building will be opened, on the 13th inst., by the Duke of Edinburgh; the musical performances on that day will be conducted by Mr R. S. Burton, and Mr W. T. Best is the organist. Dr Spark will play the organ on Friday, the 14th instant, which is the day after the opening of the exhibition.—Yours, &c., VERITAS.

Leeds, May 4.

RIGA.—Some amateurs have subscribed funds for establishing a Conservatory of Music here. Herr Pabst is appointed director.

SIENNA.—A new opera, *Il Ritorno del Coscritto*, has been produced at the Teatro Rinnovati. The composer is Signor Tolomei, member of the local bar.

REVIEW.

My Favourite Song. Ballad. Words by T. H. BAYLY, Esq. Music by AMY WEDDLE. London: WOOD & Co., Guilford Street and Great Marlborough Street, W.

Miss AMY WEDDLE, though a very young composer, has already won an enviable reputation for her interesting, though unpretentious, lyrical productions. There is at all times a freshness of thought and freedom of expression in this young lady's compositions, which argue well for her future, and should indeed tend to make her career both brilliant and successful. Perseverance and application Miss Weddle must have, or her efforts would not be so decidedly progressive. Let her but adhere to the principles she has already followed, and her success is assured. "My Favourite Song" is the most ambitious of Miss Weddle's vocal compositions, and is decidedly the best in point of originality, grace of treatment, and charm of contrast. The alternative between 3-4 and common time is very effective, and the accompaniments are diversified and pleasing. The voice part is not difficult, but is capable of much effect in able hands, and the words are poetical and eminently singable. This being the fact, Miss Weddle's "Favourite Song" ought to be everybody else's favourite song. Written in the key of F, compass E to F.

WAIFS.

What shall be said of *Giroflé-Girofla*, the most popular work by M. C. Lecocq after the apparently imperishable *Fille de Madame Angot*, as has been already proved by the performance of the work in French at the Opéra Comique, and in English at the Philharmonic? Simply that Mr Campbell Clarke's excellent version has been brought out at the Criterion, with distinguished success, and that the artists are for the most part the same who secured so long a "run" to *Les Près Saint Gervais*, Mdlle Pauline Rita, representing the twin sisters; M. Loredan, Marasquin; Mr Brennir, the Moor; and Mr Perrini and Miss E. Thorne, the pusillanimous Don and his wife. The scenery and costumes are magnificent.

In art, respect ability, but don't respectability.

Herr Maurice Strakosch has returned to Paris.

Mr Sims Reeves, with Signor Foli, Miss Helen d'Alton, &c., has been singing at Belfast.

Optime consiliarii mortui. Therefore read of the past. Books will speak plain when counsellors blanch.

It is now whispered in well-informed circles that Mdlle Zaré Thalberg's next part is to be Zerlina in *Fra Diavolo*.

Dr Hans von Bülow will pass some time on the continent before going to the United States, under the auspices of M. Ullman.

Madame Essipoff—in consequence, it is said, of an interesting event—will not be one of our artistic visitors this season. *Tant pis.*

Mr Bishenden informs us that he has received an offer from Mr Sasson (Boston), of £960, for a three months' tour in America, which Mr Bishenden, however, has declined.

NOTICE.—We are requested to state that the Hanover Square Rooms have been let on lease for a club (by Messrs Robert Cocks & Co.), and that they are no longer available for concerts, &c.

There was no alarm whatever about the fire which broke out in the room of M. Garnier in the new Grand Opera. It was a mere accidental paper burning, extinguished almost as soon as it had declared itself.

Mr Richard Hoffmann played the *Barcarolle* from the late Sterndale Bennett's fourth concerto, at the Brooklyn (New York) Philharmonic Society's concert of April 17th, with, we are informed, the greatest success, the audience unanimously expressing a wish to hear it again.

M. Michel Levy, the well-known publisher, died very suddenly on Wednesday night. He had been to the Variétés Theatre, and took a cab home to the Place Vendôme; but, on arriving at the house, the cabman found him apparently asleep, and life was extinct. His death is attributed to the rupture of an aneurism of the heart. He was in his 55th year.

Mr Manns, the eminent conductor of the Crystal Palace concerts, was among the audience at the opening of the Alexandra Palace, on Saturday. The concerts and operatic performances, under the direction of Mr Weist Hill, have already begun. To-day we are promised the *cantata* called *May day*, composed by Professor Macfarren for the first Bradford festival more than twenty years ago.

ROYAL ALEXANDRA THEATRE.—*La Fille de Madame Angot* is being played nightly, at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Park Street, Regent's Park, with Miss Beresford, a comparatively new name in the theatrical world, as Clairette. Mr Pede has been lucky also in finding new and clever artists to fill the other characters in this popular *opera comique*. We advise all those who have not yet seen *La Fille de Madame Angot*, to pay a visit to the Alexandra Theatre, and they will be highly gratified with the performance.—F. A. JEWSON.

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The Queen's first state ball at Buckingham Palace is fixed for Friday next, the 14th inst.

St Etheldreda's Chapel in Ely-place.—We mentioned the other day that, on an examination of the crypt, the timbers which supported the structure, though 400 years old, were found to be perfectly sound. We are now able to state that, it having been suspected that above the modern ceiling of the chapel the ancient timber roof was in existence, a further exploration has been made, and that such has been found to be the case. On removing a few days ago the slates in a line up to the ridge, the architects brought to light a timber roof in the simple and severe style of the 14th century work. Its construction is that of a coupled rafter roof; there is no ridge piece, and no longitudinal tie, excepting the two wall plates and the external boarding. The rafters, averaging 8in. by 6in., laid flatways, are about 9in. apart; there is a vertical strut framed into the inner wall-plate and the rafters, and above are cross-pieces and a collar, all about 8in. by 4in. All the pieces are united by double tenons, and secured with projecting wooden pegs. The material used is chestnut timber, and it is in a good state of preservation, and the architects were able to make a measured drawing of this interesting piece of ancient carpentry, which does credit to the craftsmen of the "Edwardian" era.

Tonic Sol-fa Concert.—The annual juvenile concert, organized by the Tonic Sol-fa Association, established in 1853 for the promotion of vocal music in schools, homes, and congregations, was given on Saturday at the Crystal Palace, when upwards of 4,000 children, from about 100 schools of the metropolis, sang a selection of songs—Sabbath, school, holiday, and home—chosen with a special view to their usefulness in each division. The singing, if anything, was steadier than that of previous years, and this was accounted for by the committee inviting only those children who had gained junior certificates of merit, probably not more than 5 per cent. of those who are actually attending school. The Tonic Sol-fa method has been adopted in most of the Board Schools, and some idea of the progress it is making generally may be conceived from the fact that the principal hymn tune-books of England, Scotland, and Wales are published in the Sol-fa notation, and that several thousand pieces in four parts, including standard glees and madrigals, songs, &c., have been issued in the same notation, besides many volumes of the principal oratorios, odes, and masses by the great masters. There are more than 3,000 teachers, and most of them voluntarily promote the movement. The conductors on Saturday were Messrs Proudman and M'Naught, and the organist Mr J. Coward, and their patience was somewhat tried by the number of encores called for. As is usual on these occasions, a sight-singing test was adopted, in order that the power of the young choristers might be determined publicly, and for this purpose a piece of music, a simple song, which had not been seen previously by any of the singers, was unsealed and distributed in the orchestra, and, after being "sol-fa'ed" once without accompaniment, was sung to the words, "Wintry winds no more annoy," &c., in the most harmonious manner. The pieces most applauded were, "The Children of Jerusalem," the "Bellringers' Glee," the "Monkey Song," "Rule Britannia," and the "Christian Mariner's hymn."—D. T.

IN MY TEENS.*

It's quite unkind, where'er I go,
They laugh at me, and slight me so;
And whisp'ring say, "What courtship means
She cannot know, she's in her teens."
Yet, when the sun's deep golden rays
O'er Nature's mossy carpet plays,
I learn, within my jasmine bow'r,
The love-name of each fairy flow'r.

I now by secret name can greet
The lily and the woodbine sweet;
And every varied-tinted rose
Can into spells of love compose.
I know that in the daisy dale
Each velvet flow'ret breathes a tale,
Which Cupid tells in happy scenes—
Suppose I am still in my teens.

John Young.

* *Copyright.*

Chemnitz.—After bringing out *Aida* at the Stadttheater with splendour and completeness, Herr Sasse is going about the country with his company, band, chorus, scenery, &c., giving performances at various theatres.

Salzburgh.—On the 20th ult., Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was for the first time publicly performed here.—The directors of the Mozarteum have decided on issuing a complete and uniform edition of Mozart's works, including all those hitherto unpublished.

Ghent.—Under the spirited direction of M. Samuel, a performance of Handel's *Alexander's Feast* has just been given with triumphant success. At the same concert, M. Alfred Jaëll, who had come from Paris on purpose, played Schumann's Concerto, evoking loud and continuous applause. Some fifty lady *dilettanti*, who had been admitted to the rehearsal, were so impressed by his playing that they clubbed together and presented him with a gigantic bouquet. On the following day, the masters and pupils of the Conservatory marked their appreciation of his talent by a votive offering in the shape of a crown, or wreath.

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG,

"THOU ART WEARY."

WORDS BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

SUNG BY

Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING

AT THE

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

"The singer was Miss Antoinette Sterling, who, always heartily admired in those German ballads, for which she exhibits so marked a sympathy, introduced in a group four of Schumann's most graceful contributions to the *Lieder* repertory, and, later in the evening, a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Thou art weary' (set to words by Adelaide Proctor)—one of the most charming recent emanations from the pen of our gifted compatriot."—*The Times, Nov.* 10.

"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard, Nov.* 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov.* 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenæum,* Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer,* Nov. 15.

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"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News,* January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored, and repeated."—*Graphic,* January 16.

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VOL. 53—No. 20. SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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Fourth Appearance of Mdme Christine Nilsson.
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THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 15th, will be performed (for the second time this season) BALFE'S Grand Opera, "IL TALISMANO." Sir Kenneth, Signor Campanini; Richard Cœur de Lion, Signor Galassi; Nectabanus, Signor Catalani; Il Rè di Francia, Signor Zoboli; Il Duca d'Austria, Signor Casaboni; Il Barone de Vaux, Signor Rinaldini; L'Emiro, Signor Grazzi; Queen Berengaria, Mdlle Risarelli (her second appearance this season); and Edith Plantagenet, Mdme Christine Nilsson (her fourth appearance this season). Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Fifth Appearance of Madame Christine Nilsson.

On MONDAY next, May 17 (second time this season), GOUNOD'S Opera, "FAUST." Faust, M. Capoul (his second appearance this season); Mephistophiles, Signor Rota (his second appearance this season); Valentino, Signor de Reschi; Wagner, Signor Costa; Siebel, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Marta, Mdme Demeric-Lablache; and Margherita, Mdme Christine Nilsson (her fifth appearance this season).

Mdlle Elena Varesi.

On TUESDAY next, May 18, BELLINI'S Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, Signor Fancelli; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Castelmary; Lisa, Mdlle Bauermeister; and Amina, Mdlle Elena Varesi (her sixth appearance this season).

Extra Night.—Tietjens—Trebelli-Bettini—Campanini—Rota.

On THURSDAY next, May 20, "LUCREZIA BORGIA." Gennaro, Signor Campanini; Il Duca Alfonso, Signor Rota; Maffio Orsini; Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle Tietjens.

On SATURDAY, May 22, Mdme Christine Nilsson.

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On TUESDAY next, May 18, a favourite Opera, in which Mdlle Zaré Thalberg will sing.

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LOHENGRIN.

(*From the "Times," May* 10.)

The English public has at length heard *Lohengrin*, and, if outward appearances may be trusted, heard it with satisfaction. That it was thoroughly understood and appreciated it would be rash to assert; but that a deep impression was created upon a majority of one of the largest audiences ever assembled within the walls of Covent Garden Theatre, may fairly be stated. In a work constructed as is *Lohengrin*, frequent plaudits cannot be expected. Each successive act may be regarded almost as one continuous piece, and when expressions of approval might reasonably be looked for, the composer, by aid of the peculiar form adopted in those lyric dramas (operas they are not) which represent more or less emphatically the theory he, with the co-operation of zealous disciples, has been preaching for 30 years and upwards, makes them inconvenient, if not impossible. In fact, he regards all such fugitive manifestations with indifference, avoiding them with studious consistency. His motto is "Excelsior." We must follow him to the end, or leave him, in haughty solitude, at the summit of the mountain, towards which, with sure and measured steps, he has been travelling. Once arrived, the pent-up feelings may have issue; and, to judge by his polemical writings, the musical resuscitator of *Lohengrin* and other half-forgotten myths, sympathizing with the ordinary mortals to whom he has successfully communicated himself, would listen with complacency to any amount of lively demonstrations. Why Wagner, who has striven with such pains to show the world what the "Art Work of the Future" must inevitably be, should go back for his materials to the obscure past—the past of legion and romance, before printing was dreamt of—it is difficult to guess; still more why what is intended for the crowning achievement of his artistic life should, as in the Trilogy of the *Ring of the Niblung*, be founded upon the deeds of gods and giants belonging to the Teutonic "Sagas" of Iceland. Wagner, in one of his writings, says of Mendelssohn, that, unable to go on with the tide, he constructed a boat in which he could row against the stream back to the old contrapuntists. But, if this be true of Mendelssohn's music, why should not a similar process of reasoning be applied to Wagner's drama? It is surely easier to become familiar with John Sebastian Bach than with Siegmund and Sieglinde. However, myth has always been advocated by Wagner as the most proper subject for the lyric drama, to which all the arts must contribute, and over which the poet, to whom they minister, reigns supreme. Even after the success achieved at Dresden by his historical opera, *Rienzi*, his thoughts being absorbed in the Thuringian legend of *Tannhäuser*, he threw aside another historical story which he had contemplated setting to music; and the comic opera, *Die Meistersinger zu Nürnberg*, of which Hans Sach is the hero, was the last work that diverted his ideas from the *Mythos*. With the *Flying Dutchman* Wagner became his own poet; and here, in the truly ethereal character of Senta, he created the first image of the redeeming woman, subsequently typified, first, as Elizabeth, next as Elsa—"woman," to quote from the "Communication to his Friends," which forms a preface to a printed edition of the three librettos, "for whom the Flying Dutchman yearned from out the ocean depths, of his wretchedness, who, as a celestial star, showed Tannhäuser the way out of the enervating precincts of the Venusberg, and who, again, from the sunny heights, attracted Lohengrin down to the warming bosom of earth." With the *Fliegende Holländer*, Mr George Wood and Signor Arditi made us acquainted some years ago, at Her Majesty's Opera (Drury Lane). *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* have on various occasions been promised at our Italian Opera Houses, but neither of them until now has been forthcoming. The prospectuses, both of Mr Gye and Mr Mapleson, for the actual season, announced *Lohengrin*. *Lohengrin* at one theatre and *Tannhäuser* at the other would probably have been more welcome. Nevertheless, we are thankful for what is vouchsafed to us; and the magnificent style in which *Lohengrin* is produced at the Royal Italian Opera must have contented the most uncompromising advocate of Wagner's original genius. The outlay upon scenery, costumes, mechanical contrivances, and other indispensable accessories must have been very considerable. The first scene, when the King of Germany comes to levy troops among the lieges of Brabant, in order to carry on the war against his Hungarian invaders, is one blaze of splendour. It is difficult, indeed, to think how Henry the Fowler, after long marches, could have brought his followers to Antwerp in such glittering and superb condition. Thanks to the Wagner controversy—which, in the shape of essays, criticisms, biographies, autobiographies, and pamphlets of all kinds, has been unceasing for the last quarter of a century and more—the story of *Lohengrin* is tolerably familiar to all who take an interest in the subject of modern German dramatic music. Independently of that, however, it is so simply constructed, and involves so few incidents, that a sentence or two may suffice to call it to memory. Why "Henry the Fowler" comes to the city on the Scheldt we have stated. Meanwhile, he finds Brabant in a state of commotion, Godfrey, heir to the late Duke being missing, and Elsa, his sister, resting under the suspicion of having made away with him for selfish purposes. Elsa's accuser is Count Frederick of Telramund, husband of Ortrud of Friesland, in whose right he claims to rule the Duchy. The King, on hearing Elsa declare her innocence, decides that the case shall be put to the test of a combat between the accuser and whatever champion may appear for the accused. Elsa has conjured up in her dreams an imaginary Knight, and, convinced that he will come to her aid, will accept none other. After the trumpet summons has been given twice, and Elsa is almost in despair, a boat glides up the river, drawn by a swan, its sole occupant being a Knight in the full panoply of war. The Knight having landed, the swan and boat gradually recede into the distance; and Lohengrin (for it is he—son of Percival, and one of the keepers of the Holy "Grail") proclaims the innocence of Elsa, offering to be her champion on two conditions; first, that, in case of his proving victorious, she becomes his wife; secondly, that under no circumstances will she ever ask him what may be his name and rank. Elsa gladly consents; the duel ensues, and Lohengrin is the conqueror. He, however, spares the life of Telramund, and preparations for the marriage of the unknown champion with Elsa are immediately ordered by the King. Meanwhile, Ortrud, who has deceived her husband in the matter of the supposed murder of Godfrey, and who is a sorceress besides, pacifies him with the assurance that she will persuade Elsa to ask the secret she has pledged herself never to ask, and which, once revealed, the magic spell that surrounds Lohengrin must be broken. The persuasive powers of Ortrud are successful, and the fatal questions are urged persistently and passionately by Elsa in the nuptial chamber. Telramund, confiding in the result, forces himself into the presence of Lohengrin, who, snatching his own sword from Elsa's hands, despatches without remorse the foe whose life he had already spared. The tie between the stranger champion and his charming earthly bride is now for ever dissolved; and, after a brief explanation to the King and Court, amid the despairing protestations of Elsa, the boat, drawn by the swan, returns to take him away from Brabant to his own distant home. At the same time, Lohengrin removes a gold ring from the neck of the swan, and in its stead appears Godfrey, rightful Duke, who, by the magic of Ortrud, had been metamorphosed into a bird, and now reclaims his inheritance. A white dove, which has been hovering over the boat, descends to fulfil the office until now in charge of the swan; Lohengrin glides away, as at the beginning of the opera he had approached the shore, and, no longer in view, a wail of sorrow is uttered, and Elsa falls senseless to the ground. Such, in few words, is this singularly interesting drama—in feeling so truly poetical, in simplicity of design, in purity of conception and logical symmetry of form, so beautiful that, from a certain point of view, it seems almost incredible how Wagner the poet should also be Wagner the composer. Whatever may be said, and from whatever point of view, about the music of Wagner, and the theory upon which he constructs it, as a necessary element of the drama, to deny his high poetical tendency, even in the musical treatment of the subjects he appropriates—would be absurd. We may question the soundness of his theories; we have often questioned it, and see no reason, even while acknowledging the

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genuine beauties that save *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* (whatever may be urged against *Tristan und Isolde*, and the Trilogy hovering in the distance) from the charge of unceasing monotony, why we should not question it again. But what cannot fail to enlist sympathy is an earnestness which carries him with more or less artistic self-contentment through every task he undertakes. No libretto manufacturer would be satisfied with Wagner, and with no libretto manufacturer would Wagner feel satisfied For this reason he makes his poems for himself, and in their way these poems are unexampled. The style in which they are forced to submit to the exigences of music will, however, always be discussed.

Excerpts from *Lohengrin* have been frequently heard in public since the year 1855, when Wagner was temporary director of the Philharmonic Concerts, between the nine years of Sir Michael Costa's reign, and the eleven years of Sir Sterndale Bennett's, and the orchestral prelude to the opening act was first made known here. At the same time, it is but fair to add that fragments from the dramatic music of Wagner cannot be appreciated at their actual value. His work, to be judged with anything like fairness, must be considered as a whole. He has an original system, and defends it with pertinacity. He will have no abstract music, no "set pieces."

That Wagner is quite competent to use with advantage the kind of musical structure which seems inherent to the musical art he has shown many times, not only in his earlier compositions, but in this very opera of *Lohengrin*, in which many themes are indicated, that, carried out in the spirit which suggested them, might live as melodies for all time. As a master of orchestral combinations he has very few rivals; although, as Cherubini would have remarked, "*il depense trop de son étoffe.*" What more remains to be said about the music of *Lohengrin* must be left for another notice. Meanwhile, the cast of the chief personages was in almost every instance good. Mdlle Albani was an ideal Elsa, meeting every requirement, poetical and musical, of the character; Mdlle d'Angeri did her utmost to make prominent the by no means grateful part of Ortrud; M. Maurel gave due importance to Telramund, also not a very inviting personage; the music of the Herald was just suited to the sonorous bass of Signor Capponi; Herr Seidemann, a new comer this season, although somewhat deficient in vocal power, showed an intelligent appreciation of what was set down for him as the King; and Signor Nicolini, the "Knight of the Swan," was not only personally all that could be imagined, but had made himself thoroughly at home in the music. For the general execution of this, one of the most difficult and complex of operas, the orchestra, chorus, and their conductor, Signor Vianesi (who, with the leading singers, was called on at the end), deserve all praise. The Prince and Princess of Wales were among the audience—as was also Dr Hans von Bülow, Wagner's most illustrious disciple.

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FRENCH PLAYS AT THE OPÉRA COMIQUE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—One of the most inimitable of modern French comedies, *La Boule*, was produced here on Wednesday last, with a success unprecedented. Let some of the modern dramatists take a lesson in the art of construction from this piece, and study it in its minutest details. From first to last the piece never flags, every phrase has its meaning. The humour is most racy, yet perfect of its kind, not a word seems "*de trop*," and that the audience thought so was evident, for not a point escaped them. The domestic sorrows and difficulties of the husband and wife; the intrigues of Le Baron Musardière with the actress; the plots and strategies of the man-servant; the humours of the court of justice, are depicted with a force and vigour undeniable. Of the acting little can be said but praise. Schaub, as the Baron; James, as the irritable husband; Lecourt, as the man-servant; and Perrier, as Judge, were all excellent. Mdlle Desirée, Mdlle Fabert, and Madame Wilhem, never played better. A special word is due to the latter, who, as Mariette, the actress, entered "*con amore*" into the spirit of the character, and acted with a sprightliness truly refreshing. The comedy promises to have a long run.—I am, dear Mr Editor, yours faithfully,

IGNACE GIBSONE.

May 7th, 1875.

NAPLES.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Politeama is announced to open very shortly with opera. Three new works are to be produced, the first being *La Fata*, by Sig. Miceoli. The Teatro Sannazzaro is occupied by a French *opéra bouffe* company, playing *Les Braconniers*, *La Fille de Mad. Angot*, *Le Canard à trois Becs*, &c. *Fra Diavolo* was, a few weeks since, attracting large audiences to the same theatre. Speaking of Auber's score, a well-known Italian critic observes: "To conclude, I maintain that this *Fra Diavolo* deserves to be known throughout the Peninsula. Confound it! When Madame Angot and her Daughter travel from one extremity to the other of our beautiful country, why should we not acclimatise works which merit universal citizenship, even though they are of French origin? It is disgraceful that, while people mention complacently Lecocq, Hervé, &c., they ignore the fact that the modern Babylon gave birth, also, to Auber, Hérold, and Boieldieu, who are truly worthy of the admiration of Italians. Let us circulate the musical French gold from the mine of Boieldieu, Hérold and Auber, but let us reject the tinsel of . . . . well, *intelligenti pauca*."

Christine Nilsson at Sydenham.

The Crystal Palace concert on Saturday afternoon was a "special" entertainment. The engagement of Mdlle Christine Nilsson, the most popular singer of the hour, having expired with the Royal Italian Opera season of 1869, she was at liberty to make terms with the authorities of the Crystal Palace, and the "eighth Summer Concert" was in a great measure organized with a view to the exhibition of her powers. A more complete success could hardly have been obtained. Mdlle Nilsson was set down for three pieces—two sacred and one secular—each of which she sang to the entire gratification and delight of one of the most crowded audiences of the year. Her reception was enthusiastic. How admirably Mdlle Nilsson could sing sacred music had already been proved on various occasions, in London and elsewhere, and was only the more convincingly established now. The truth is that she is a genuine artist, with a genuine claim upon public sympathy, the very rarest natural endowments being in her person combined with a degree of cultivation almost as rare; and, where the means exist, intelligence, accompanied by industry, it need scarcely be said, can effect wonders. Mdlle Nilsson has made no child's play of her vocation, but, the rather, a serious and well-directed study; and when she came forward in sacred music (the first two parts of Haydn's *Creation*) she had taken quite as much into consideration her own glory as the wishes of a large section of the public disinclined to attend theatrical performances in a theatre, but not the less desirous of hearing theatrical singers of eminence in a concert-room. A more spirited and brilliant rendering of Handel's "Let the bright Seraphim" (*Samson*) than that of Mdlle Nilsson has seldom been heard; and this notwithstanding that the trumpeter of trumpeters being ill, the *obbligato* part was, perforce, executed upon the cornet-à-piston. Haydn's more quiet and melodious air, "With verdure clad," was another legitimate triumph. In beauty of vocal tone, finished phrasing, and truth of expression, Mdlle Nilsson's delivery of this air has not often been equalled, still less often surpassed. About the famous scene of the madness from *Lucia di Lammermoor* (her secular contribution), when we have said she gave it from end to end as forcibly, expressively, and poetically as ever, another word will not be expected, unless it be to record how well she was supported in the flute *obbligato*. Mdlle Nilsson had been already unanimously called back at the termination of each of her sacred songs, but her reception after the *scena di bravura* of Donizetti was something out of the common—nothing more, however, than was amply merited by one of the most eloquent displays of dramatic singing that have marked our time.

Not long ago.

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THE ELFIN TREE AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.

On Wednesday afternoon there was a special attraction at the Alexandra Palace, a new operetta (*The Elfin Tree*), composed by Louis Diehl, already well known as a composer, by his popular songs, "The Mariner," "Dear England;" etc. Rumour had whispered favourably of the forthcoming work, and, before the commencement of the performance, the spacious theatre was filled with an audience, among whom might be recognized many of the leading members of musical London. The libretto, (by "Peyton Wrey") is a dramatic trifle, containing, not alone the nucleus of an ingenious plot, but many charming ideas and some sparkling dialogue; all of which had a fitting prologue in the musical introduction—a piece of descriptive writing, foreshadowing the idyllic character of the operetta,—which at once riveted attention, by its originality and mastery of the resources of orchestration. A striking effect produced by a sudden pause in the orchestral music, and the introduction of a vocal unaccompanied quartet, sung upon the still curtained stage, (Villagers' Evening Hymn), elicited a burst of applause, and obtained at once the sympathies of the audience.

The first scene represents the garden of a castle in Germany, with the usual parterres, statues, fountains, etc., among which a young peasant maiden (Maria, waiting-maid to the Countess Anna, personated by Miss Gaylord, soprano) is regretfully soliloquising upon the impecuniosity of her lover (Hans, a peasant), which prevents the usual finale to their mutual affection. Her meditation terminates in a song ("If Hans were rich"), a graceful melody in 3-4 time, waltz-like in its easy swing, but managing to evade conventionality while affording scope for the exhibition of vocal skill. Interrupted by the entrance of her lover, Hans (Mr Nordblom), Maria soon recurs, with feminine pertinacity, to the subject of her thoughts, and, full of an old legend that tells of an Elf dwelling in a certain tree in the neighbouring forest, whose protection may be claimed by those born on a certain day and hour, is agreeably surprised to find that Hans may reasonably lay claim to be one of the individuals thus favoured by the caprice of Time. Hearing that, to assert his right to the Elf's good-will, he must go at midnight into the forest and sing an incantation to the mysterious tenant of the enchanted tree, Hans (evidently of a nervous disposition) does not exactly share as he might in the ardour of his betrothed at the possibility of good fortune, and the sentiments of both are well expressed in a dramatic duet ("Into the forest dark and grim,") whose bright refrain, betokening the half-reluctant assent of Hans to brave and dare all for Maria's sake, gleams like a sunbeam amid the shadows of the dreamy forest music. A consequent love-scene between the peasant pair is interrupted by the entrance of the remaining *dramatis personæ*—Count Rudolf (Mr Aynsley Cook) and his betrothed, the Countess Anna (Miss Goodall), upon the horizon of whose happiness a cloud seems to have gathered; the Count sorrowfully informing Anna that he has lost all his property, and has nothing left to console him but his chivalrous sentiments and the assurance of her love. A martial solo for the Count (likely, we imagine, to be a favourite bass song) is followed by a short duet (*allegro moderato*), whose charm lies almost as much in its graceful construction as in its flowing melody. Immediately upon these follow a no less melodious song for Anna ("Happy days in store")—a half-plaintive, half-hopeful strain, with a choice accompaniment that supports, while not overloading, the voice. A repetition of the peasants' Evening Hymn in the distance leads to the second scene. The sunset fades, the stage darkens, and the scene changes to a forest glade—the Elfin Tree mysterious in the gloaming. The suggestive and romantic phrases which commenced the introduction are here repeated, and Hans and Maria re-enter: Hans, uncertain of gait and reluctant of aspect; Maria more confident, encouraging her timid lover with appropriate remarks in recitative. The orchestration here, and in the duet which follows, can hardly be too highly praised, exhibiting as it does a power in the composer to realize snatches of delicate fancy, which is a true indication of an original and capable mind. In fact, throughout the operetta, the music is so aptly wedded to the libretto, so thoroughly significant of the author's meaning, that, in spite of the incoherence with which the text was rendered by the performers, the audience could hardly fail to grasp that which should have been conveyed to them by words. After stage business (Maria's coaxing, Hans' reluctance and fear, &c.), he at last advances, and, singing the incantation in hurried tones, breaks off the "magic branch" from the "Elfin tree" (which, by the way, might, with advantage, be a more prominent object in the scenery at the Alexandra Palace). This manœuvre is instantly followed by a declamation from the Elf of the Tree ("Rash mortal, &c., thou diest within the hour"), a threat considerably alarming to the lovers, which is subsequently withdrawn by the Elf after a second singing of the incantation. The Elf then proceeds to ask Hans his demand. Hans, prompted by the good-natured Maria, asks for the restoration of Count Rudolf to the rights and riches of which some barely-explained circumstance has deprived him. Upon the Elf's assurance that this desired restoration has already taken place, and inquiry as to what further desire the petitioner may have, Hans, emboldened by the seeming good temper of the dreaded sprite, suggests that he would not object to call "his little love, Maria, wife." Immediately upon this occurs the *denouement*: the Elf, who in reality is Count Rudolf, steps from behind the tree, followed by Anna; the aristocratic pair, suddenly restored to wealth and happiness, having overheard the plan of the less exalted lovers, and determined to have some amusement out of their credulity, have come hither to personate the Elf. The Count, touched by the good feeling shown by his dependants, appoints Hans head-ranger, and, thereby removing the obstacle to their marriage, makes Maria happy, and leads to the descent of the curtain upon the general satisfaction of the quartet. Not, however, before that satisfaction has been agreeably made manifest in a brilliant finale: a quartet which is a fitting and worthy conclusion to the foregoing music, and whose construction stamps Mr Louis Diehl a thorough musician as well as a gifted melodist.

The singers acquitted themselves of their task with uniform ability, and the orchestra, under the direction of Mr Weist Hill, executed all that was required of them with delicacy and precision. Miss Gaylord has a pure soprano voice, a good method, and is a promising actress. Mr Nordblom did ample justice to his part. The Count and Anna are secondary characters, but were redeemed from being actually so by the care with which they were represented by Miss Goodall and Mr Aynsley Cook. The performance had hardly ended before the performers were summoned to receive the congratulatory plaudits of the audience; and, upon their retiring, a perfect storm of applause arose, and would not subside until the composer had appeared and bowed his acknowledgments. A more legitimate success could hardly be obtained, and we hope it may encourage Mr Diehl to persevere, and let us hear still greater achievements from his able and fluent pen. Z.

BRUSSELS.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

The Théâtre de la Monnaie has closed its doors until the Autumn, and a considerable number of persons once more complain that they do not know where to spend their evenings. They say that the weather is not such as to entice them to the *al fresco* delights of the "Waux-Hall" concerts, and that the Monnaie ought to remain open another month. But, supposing the Corporation, as the *Guide Musical* remarks, were to stipulate that the manager should prolong his Winter season for the period mentioned, they could not expect him to do so at his own risk. If the temperature were cold or humid, provocative of colds and rheumatism, the public would doubtless patronise him; but, were the weather warm and genial, his chance of profit would be *nil*. Thus, unless the Corporation consent to make up any deficit, which is unlikely, things will pursue their old course.

At the second Concert of the Royal Conservatory the programme included Viotti's 17th Concerto for Violin; Bach's Piano Concerto in C, for Two Pianos; Beethoven's music to *Prometheus* and Eighth Symphony; Mendelssohn's Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the music of Gluck's ballet *Iphigénie en Aulide*. The principal artists were MM. Wieniawski, Brassin, Dupont, Joseph Servais, Neumann, Poncelet, and Dumon.

MILAN.—M. Lecocq's *Près-St-Gervais* has been brought out at the Teatro Santa Radegonda, and well received. Signore Preziosi, Boccabadati, Manzoni, Signori Caroselli and Forelli, were the representatives of the leading characters.

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THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

With such an orchestra as this society has, including among its members some of our very best solo performers upon their respective instruments (to name one, without giving the names of several, would be invidious), it would be more than strange if the performance of the symphonies and overtures which form the chief attraction in its programmes were other than excellent. The second concert of its present series, which took place on Saturday afternoon last, was fully equal to the first. If it lacked the novelty of a symphony which had not been previously heard in London, this want was counterbalanced by its including perhaps the very finest purely orchestral work in existence—the C minor Symphony of Beethoven. The performance of this sublime creation (under the direction of Dr Wylde) was what might have been expected from an orchestra so well-balanced with respect to its various instruments—the *wood*, the *brass*, and the *strings* being in due proportion. Failing such an adjustment, the finest performance would but inadequately present a great composer's conception.

The concert began with Mendelssohn's exquisitely-beautiful overture, *The Hebrides;* and, the conditions we have named being satisfied, it may be accepted as a foregone conclusion almost, that the result was worthy the society's reputation, giving equal delight to the musical *cognoscenti*, who can trace to its true cause the pleasure they experienced, and to that much larger class, who know not whence their source of enjoyment really arises. This, as well as the overture with which the concert terminated (*Le Domino Noir*), was conducted by Mr Ganz, in his usual firm manner. Much interest was attached to this concert by reason of the appearance at it of Dr Hans von Bülow and a lady of whom—it is said—the doctor has expressed his high approval—Mrs Beesley. Bach's Concerto in C minor, for two pianofortes, was performed by the lady and the gentleman. After this, Mrs Beesley appeared as the exponent of the pianoforte part of Liszt's Concerto in E flat; and, towards the close of the concert, the lady and the gentleman were heard in Schumann's *Andante* with Variations in B flat, for two pianofortes. That the lady was very nervous, and, consequently, not in complete possession of her powers, was very evident; and, therefore, justice requires that we should have a further opportunity of hearing her, and in music of a somewhat different character from Liszt's Concerto, ere a definite opinion can be expressed of her, even as an executant. It is possible to play a Liszt concerto with effect, without the ability to give a perfect presentation of a sonata by Beethoven. Excellence in pianoforte playing is produced by a combination of essentials. It is not always shown in playing *forte* passages with great brilliancy, or *piano* passages with extreme delicacy. For this *may* be done without the ability to play, with adequate sentiment, well-written phrases replete with meaning; without, in short, having the power to transfer to the mind of the intelligent listener the full intention of the composer, who has felt what he has written, and who wishes those who hear it to sympathize with his emotions. This was what we expected and always found in the playing of the lady whose name gets constantly wafted to us from the other side of the world by the breath of the applause her performances evoke. Mrs Beesley—for we would not be misunderstood—may be equal to this, but we want opportunities of ascertaining the truth in the matter. If the lady be a pupil of Dr Hans von Bülow, it is but natural to expect that she will evince the possession of something of the great pianist's style, with some of its characteristics and excellences. But it is right to insist upon the great difference between the calm presentation of a classical work, and the impulsive and fantastic playing required in order to give a seemingly correct performance of a romantic work by Liszt, in which the absence of the triangle would be detrimental to its proper effect. The difference is about as great as that subsisting between a beautiful statue from the chisel of Canova, or the equally great Thorwaldsen, and a painting of high colour by a disciple of the modern realistic school. The concerto produced a great effect, the orchestra being conducted by Dr von Bülow, who has the entire score in his memory, whose admirable conducting is well known, and who, on this occasion, was enabled to make his *bâton* second any possible departure from the most strict *tempo* that the pianist might make. After her performance the lady was twice summoned to the platform to receive the plaudits of her friends and admirers. In the Duet by Schumann there is scarcely any hiding of the fact that the attention of the audience was principally directed to the gentleman. Where Art is concerned, gallantry is partly forgotten. In this piece Hans von Bülow had not opportunities for displaying all his usual excellences and characteristics. There was, however, the customary "intellectuality" on the one hand, and the wont manipulative skill on the other; the same gradations there were of musical colouring; the same *crescendos* and *diminuendos;* the same reductions from *forte* playing to that of *pianissimo* (not by jerks, which occasion little surprise in the case of some performers), which have been often held to be not among the least of the charms of his playing. There was, too, the same power of overcoming the most extreme executive difficulties, with all the rest of the qualities (some of which he possesses in common with a few other performers, and some of which are exclusively his own) which distinctively mark this popular interpreter of pianoforte music. In a word, Hans von Bülow was in his usual form; and, as the present was his last public appearance for the season, he was received with a full amount of the favour which invariably greets him.

The vocalist was Mdlle Friedlander, another German soprano, a young lady from Leipzig; and like the lady who sang at the previous concert, her best efforts were in some *Lieder*, one of which, by Ferdinand Hiller, she was compelled to repeat. The hall was crowded.

ANT-EATER.

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BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The fourth and last performance during the present season of Anton Rubinstein's *Maccabäer* filled every place in the Royal Operahouse, the principal artists being rewarded for their efforts by repeated applause and recalls. The composer has been made a corresponding member of the French Academy of Fine Arts. Two concerts were lately given in the Concerthaus, under the direction of Richard Wagner, for the benefit of the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play performances at Bayreuth. The programme included the "Kaisermarsch," and fragments from the *Götterdämmerung*. Mad. Friedrich Materna and Herr Niemann were the vocalists.

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MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Our musical season may at last be said to have come to an end, for, as you are probably aware, our recess takes place at the time when you are most active in London, and it may be some time before I shall again have anything to communicate likely to interest your readers. Last night the last of the Gentlemen's Concerts for the present season was given, when a programme of Chamber Music and Part Singing, sufficiently attractive to please a large audience, concluded the season in a very satisfactory manner. The programme will speak for itself:—

Grand Trio in G major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mr Charles Hallé, Mdme Norman-Neruda, and Herr Franz Neruda)—Raff; Glee, "Come see what pleasure" (Manchester Vocal Society)—Elliott; Rondo in A, for two violins (Mdme Norman-Neruda and Mdme Arlberg Neruda)—Maurer; Part-song, "You stole my love" (Manchester Vocal Society)—Macfarren; Trios, "Sheherazade" and "Träumerei," arranged for two violins and violoncello by F. Neruda (Mdme Norman-Neruda, Mdme Arlberg Neruda, and Herr Franz Neruda)—Schumann; Grand Sonata in E flat (Op. 12, No. 3), for pianoforte and violin (Mr Charles Hallé and Mdme Norman-Neruda)—Beethoven; Part-songs, Songs of Innocence—"Night" and "Laughing Song" (Manchester Vocal Society)—Blumenthal; Solo Pianoforte, "Novellette in F" (Mr Charles Hallé)—Schumann; Three Swedish Melodies, arranged for two violins and violoncello (Mdme Norman-Neruda, Mdme Arlberg Neruda, and Herr Franz Neruda); Hunting Song, "Onward Roaming," (with echo) (Manchester Vocal Society)—Muller.

The concert might almost be called a Neruda family's concert, assisted by Mr Charles Hallé and the Vocal Society. The playing of Madame Arlberg Neruda and Herr Franz Neruda was very much admired, and it is to be hoped that their next visit to England will be at a time when the Manches ter public can enjoy their performances.

May 12th, 1875.

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SIGNOR SALVINI.

The tragedy, *Il Gladiatore*, in which at Drury Lane, on Friday week, this eminent artist appeared in his second character, is an Italian version of a French tragedy by M. Alexandre Soumet, known as the author of the tragedy *Norma*, on which Bellini's more celebrated opera was based. It is a strange, wild piece, standing midway between the old classical drama and the romanticism of the Hugo school, and it abounds in opportunities for acting of the most powerful kind.

Niger, a Thracian combatant of the Amphitheatre, known at Rome as the "Gladiator" *par excellence*, has been the slave of the Lady Faustina, subsequently the Empress-mother, who, by the advice of a sorceress, has cruelly murdered his wife, that she may obtain a philter enabling her to become a parent. When 15 years have elapsed, Niger has escaped from Faustina, and has attained his high celebrity in the arena, but he has lost his infant daughter, who came into the world about the time of her mother's death, somewhat after the fashion of Macduff. In the meanwhile, Faustina has given birth to a son, who now rules as the Emperor Gordian. The Empress-mother and the Gladiator meet in the Catacombs, the asylum of the Christians, and, in spite of the natural enmity between them, it seems not impossible that they may conclude a treaty of peace. Gordian's seat is by no means secure, and the gods have decreed that his fate shall be indissolubly bound up with that of the Gladiator's child. She can probably be traced to Egypt, and the question is whether her father, by the hope of wealth and freedom, can be tempted to find her.

Faustina has another trouble besides the doubtful lot of her Imperial son. She is deeply enamoured of Flaviano, a noble Roman, whom she would gladly make her husband, but Flaviano, instead of reciprocating her feeling, has fallen in love with Neodamia, one of his slaves, whom he emancipates for the purpose of marrying her. The Empress would employ the Gladiator to assassinate her humble rival, but he no sooner finds himself alone with his intended victim than he instinctively relents and declares that he will be her protector.

When the marriage of Flaviano and Neodamia is about to be celebrated in the Temple of Juno, a new complexity arises. Origene, a Christian priest, named, no doubt, after the Alexandrian Father, is brought in a prisoner, pursued by an infuriated mob, and is defended by Neodamia, who not only declares that she herself holds the persecuted faith, but overturns the tripod which stands by the statue of the goddess. She is at once condemned to the Circus.

Now comes the most powerful scene in the entire play. The stage represents the Circus, the background being occupied by the seats, thronged with spectators; while on one side is the place occupied by Faustina, and on the other the priests' place, the chief figure in which is a fanatical priest of Juno. In the arena is the Gladiator, not unwilling to distinguish himself by some feat of arms, and disappointed when he finds that, instead of fighting lions, he is bound to exterminate a weak girl. Neodamia is brought in; and, as he at once recognizes her as the person whom Faustina required him to murder, he implores the spectators to allow him to spare her life. But people, priests, and Empress are inexorable, Faustina insisting that if the Gladiator proves contumacious, the victim shall be given to the lions. Perceiving that under the circumstances the use of the sword will be merciful, the Gladiator removes the veil from Neodamia, and by a mark on the shoulder discovers that she is his lost child. When he proclaims the terrible fact, the feeling of the priests and the populace remains unaltered, for, in their opinion, a slave has no right to parental affections. But a change has come over the spirit of Faustina, who is now as anxious as the Gladiator to save the life of the girl, whose fate is so mysteriously combined with that of her son, and at last succeeds in obtaining a day's respite.

That this situation is most striking the driest description would suffice to show, but to know the full effect it is capable of producing it is necessary to see the magnificent acting of Signor Salvini as the Gladiator. As in *Othello*, he long indulges in a reserve of power. In the previous scenes he has given a fine exhibition of a naturally noble nature oppressed by an ineradicable sense of wrong. Now, in his delineation of the sudden outburst of paternal emotion, he abandons himself to the situation with a force which causes the whole picture to appear a reality, and the audience are roused into a state of excitement that could hardly be exceeded were they transferred into a Roman circus. That this scene alone will insure popularity to the play there is no reason to doubt.

The same spirit is continued through the concluding act. Aided by Faustina, Neodamia, with her father, is on the point of escaping from the prison in which she is confined; but the place is surrounded by the mob, who would again drag her to the Circus. To prevent the outrage the Gladiator kills her with his own hand, and the decree of Fate is fulfilled, for almost at the same moment Faustina learns that the Imperial Palace is destroyed, and that her son is slain.

It cannot be denied that *Il Gladiatore*, considered apart from the acting, gives evidence of decided genius and extraordinary inventive faculty. Whether it would be received with favour by an admiring English public may be doubted. The circumstances under which the Gladiator's wife was killed, and which are narrated with a minuteness which we have purposely avoided, are revolting, and a free use is made of sacred names, which ill accords with the general feeling on this side of the Channel. But associated with the acting of Signor Salvini, the play is received with an enthusiasm not often to be found; and the simple fact that a numerous audience follows, with undisguised admiration the words of a language but little known to the theatrical public, save in connexion with music, is of itself a marvel.

On Monday morning Signor Salvini appeared as Othello, and *Il Gladiatore* was repeated on Wednesday.

SIGNOR VERDI.

The *Requiem* composed by Giuseppe Verdi in honour of his illustrious compatriot and friend, the late Alessandro Manzoni, is to be publicly performed this afternoon. On Wednesday night, in the Royal Albert Hall, a full rehearsal was held, the conductor being Signor Verdi himself. With what genuine English heartiness he was received may be imagined. Now, for some thirty years, the most gifted of living Italian musicians has charmed the English operatic public with his lyric dramas, which, from *Nabucco* and *Ernani* to *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*, and *La Traviata* (passing by a good many others) have, with rare exceptions, been eminently successful. Among us the name of Verdi has long been a household word, and some of his melodies are as familiar and as much in vogue as the most beautiful of our own national airs. Signor Verdi's visits to this country have been few and far between. The first was in 1847, to superintend the production of his *Masnadieri* (an opera founded upon the *Robbers* of Schiller), when Her Majesty's Theatre was directed by the late Mr Benjamin Lumley and Jenny Lind was the reigning "star." The second was in 1862, when, as the acknowledged existing representative of Italian musical art, he composed an ode for the opening of our International Exhibition, which, however, for reasons unexplained, was not performed on that occasion, and, but for its production by Mr Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre, would, though an undoubtedly fine and characteristic piece, in every likelihood not have been heard at all—at any rate in London. That Signor Verdi should, in the zenith of his career, betake himself to writing music for the Catholic Church can surprise no one who is thoroughly acquainted with his compositions. He has the true instinct for that particular school, of which no more convincing proof could be cited than the solemn Mass for Manzoni, rehearsed on Wednesday night, in presence of one of the most crowded audiences ever brought together within the precincts of the Royal Albert Hall. There was an orchestra strong in number and efficient in executive power; there was the Albert Hall chorus, of which Mr Joseph Barnby has been the indefatigable trainer, aided by delegates from other choral bodies; the leading vocalists were Mesdames Stoltz and Waldmann (soprano and contralto), Signor Masini and Medini (tenor and bass), who have been singing the *Requiem* in the principal towns of Italy, France, and elsewhere—a quartet fully up to the desired standard. Lastly, as we have said, the composer of the *Requiem* was also the conductor of the performance, and an admirable conductor he showed himself. This introduction of Verdi's newest work, however, being officially advertised as a "rehearsal," we await the public performance, announced for to-day, which will also be under his direction. Meanwhile, we may briefly state that the *Requiem* made an evidently deep impression, and that closer acquaintance with it can only lead to a conviction that the dramatic genius which has long distinguished its author as a composer for the stage is likely to serve him in a very different sphere of art. One thing is unquestionable—what Verdi has here put down is, as usual, emphatically his own, and, as in his operas so in his *Requiem*, he is indebted to neither predecessor nor contemporary.

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Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his Fifteenth Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the he following afternoons:—

FRIDAY, May 21, 1875.	FRIDAY, June 11, 1875.
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FRIDAY, June 4, 1875.	FRIDAY, June 25, 1875.

THIRD RECITAL,

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 21, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTETT in G major, Op. 50 (first time), for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr STRAUS, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA .. .. .. *F. Kiel.*

SONATA in F sharp, Op. 78, for pianoforte alone—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ .. .. *Beethoven.*

GRAND FANTASIA, Op. 159, for pianoforte and violin—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ and Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. .. *Schubert.*

NOCTURNE in E, Op. 62 } for pianoforte alone—Mr
MAZURKA in C sharp minor } CHARLES HALLÉ *Chopin.*

TRIO in E flat, No. 5 (first time), for pianoforte violin, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA .. .. *Haydn.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR CUBBING L. SOFORTH.—The four chief singers in Verdi's *Requiem* are Mdme Stolz (soprano), of Milan, Cairo, and St Petersburg; Mdme Waldmann (contralto), of Milan, Cairo, and Naples; Signor Massini (tenor), of Florence and Cairo; and Signor Medini (bass), of Milan, Cairo, and Rome. Dr Soforth is wrong about the State Concert at Buckingham Palace. *Three* pieces by the late Sir Sterndale Bennett were in the programme; two from *The May Queen*, and one from *The Woman of Samaria*.

DEATHS.

On Sunday last, Mrs RICHARD TEMPLE, late Miss BESSIE EMMETT, in her 30th year.

On May 4th, at St Leonard's Terrace, Chelsea, Mr CHARLES D. BETTS, member of Her Majesty's Private Band, aged 64.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1875.

ABOUT MOZART.

IN 1756, Leopold Mozart published a Violin Method at Augsburg. It was translated into French and Dutch, and subsequently reprinted by Kühnel, at Leipsic.

According to the testimony of great masters, the plan of this Method was very good. The contents are enriched by fingered passages, *alla Tartini*. The book served to form some excellent musicians in Germany during the 18th century. Independently of theoretical works, L. Mozart is the author of six Trios for Stringed Instruments; Twelve Pieces for Piano, Augsburg; "Morning" and "Evening," in harmony, for the inhabitants of Salzburg. He left in manuscript: twelve oratorios, and several pieces of Church music; a great number of pieces for the theatre, some symphonies, thirty serenades, and a goodly number of concertos for wind instruments.* His correspondence with his family proves him to have possessed excellent qualities both of heart and head. At Salzburg he was considered satirical. He married, in 1748, Anna Bertlina, and had by her seven children, two of whom survived. The great glory of Leopold Mozart, says a French author, "consists in his being the father of the author of *Don Juan*, and of having understood and directed his genius. He saw at a very early period his son's destiny. In his deep piety, he believed that he beheld a ray of divine grace on Wolfgang's forehead, and from that moment all his existence was devoted to the education of the boy whom he considered a superior being, committed by Providence to his care." Little Wolfgang, born on the 27th January, 1756, had an elder sister, Maria Anna, who manifested great natural aptitude for music. She was born in 1751, and was already a very good executant on the piano, at the time of the first tour in 1768. She was applauded in France, England, Holland, and Vienna. She married, in 1784, Baron von Sonnenberg, Councillor at the Court of Salzburg. Having become a widow about 1801, she returned and taught the piano in her native town, where she died, aged eighty-four.

Her brother was only three when she began the piano. On seeing her practising, little Wolfgang would often go up to the instrument, and try to find out thirds with his tiny hands. A harmonic interval caused him a feeling of lively emotion. When he was four, he already recollected the solos in a pianoforte concerto. His father played him little pieces, which Mozart learned in half-an-hour, and then executed in measure and very neatly. When he was five, he composed short pieces, which his father helped him to write down, and which have been preserved.

Professor Fröhlich, who had an opportunity of seeing the book in which were written all the little pieces learnt by Mozart, and those which he composed and wrote down himself, thus refers to them in the Leipsic *Musical Gazette* of 1817. . . "Every person of genius takes his proper direction at an early epoch. Mozart felt strongly attracted to music, and the pieces he composed when five years old, though nothing extraordinary as compositions, prove that this infant prodigy even then possessed exceptional natural aptitude for the art. From his tenderest age he received the gift of formulating his thoughts, to which he was destined to give so great an elevation."

Before he applied himself to music, his ardent temperament caused him to embrace everything with extreme eagerness. He busied himself with the most childish matter to such an extent as neither to eat nor drink. He was possessed of an amiable, tender, and gentle disposition. He would frequently ask the persons who called at his father's: "Are you fond of me?" and, if he did not at once receive a favourable reply, would be grieved even to tears. From the time he began learning music, he lost all taste for childish games. In his moments of recreation, music was his companion just as at other times. He played tolerably on the violin, and manifested a natural talent for mathematics. Grave and thoughtful, he was never unoccupied. He exhibited extreme zeal in all he undertook. One day, Wengl, the violinist, brought several trios to try over with L. Mozart. Little Wolfgang took his violin and wanted to join the party. On his father remarking that he had not practised the instrument enough, the boy replied that there was no need of being a very good player to take the *second* part, and executed his

* Some writers attribute to him also an operetta, *Bastien und Bastienne*; *La Cantatrice ed il Poeta, intermezzo a due Persone*, and *Musikalische Schlittenfahrt, arrangirt für Piano-Forte*. (Note by M. N[illegible])

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task with such precision, that his father and Schachtner, a friend of his, could not recover from their surprise. He would frequently endeavour to find out themes on his piano; he possessed the instinct of harmony. When he was six, he set about composing a concerto. He had finished the first part, when his father, accompanied by a friend, came in. The following conversation then ensued. *The Father:* What are you about there?—*Wolfgang:* I am writing a pianoforte concerto, of which the first part will soon be finished.—*The Father:* Let me see it; it must be something very fine.—*Wolfgang:* No, it is not ready.—The father took the paper from the boy, and showed it to his friend. It was a mass of scribbling, almost illegible on account of the blots. The two friends at first laughed at it. But, when the father examined it, his eyes remained long riveted upon what he beheld. With tears of admiration in his eyes, he said to his friend: "See how admirably all this is arranged according to rule! But," he added, "no one will be able to play such a composition." "As for the matter of that," replied the child, "a person must work at it; it is a concerto, and requires to be thoroughly studied. Look, father, it ought to go thus." With this he began playing, but was unable to render his ideas. The concerto, by the way, was written with an accompaniment of trumpets, kettle-drums, etc.

At this epoch little Wolfgang's progress on the piano was so remarkable that his father no longer hesitated undertaking his grand tour, that his son's extraordinary talent might be heard abroad.

* * * * * * * * *

The town of Salzburg, whence they set out, now boasts of the statue of him on whom Germany has conferred the title of: Divine. Salzburg, the ancient Juavavia of the Romans, and the birthplace of W. A. Mozart, is situate at the foot of the Italian Alps. In the distance are seen the snow-capped mountains, at whose base reposes the white town, built in the Italian style. At every moment, the eye discovers forests, cascades, and rivers, separated by blocks of granite. The Hunterberg towers like a giant over the scene, to the splendour of which a few old ruins also contribute. The memory of Charlemagne hovers over the ancient castle of Hohen-Salzburg. In the town, behold the Mozarteum, behold the street—the *Getreidegasse*—where, in a house of modest appearance, No. 225, was born the infant prodigy, on the 27th January, 1756. It was in this town, too, that his father, L. Mozart, died in 1787.

Of the great composer's six children, two only survived him. The youngest, Wolfgang, manifested at an early age great natural talent for music, and it is of him that Mozart said he cried in the key in which he heard his father playing on the piano! After a long stay at Leopol in Gallicia, Mozart, Jun., set out on his journey, 1819—1820, towards Copenhagen, where his mother had resided, since her marriage with M. Nissen, Danish Councillor of State, and author of the *Biography of Mozart.*

After travelling through Prussia, Saxony, and Italy, and subsequently paying a visit to Prague, Mozart, Jun., arrived at Warsaw. According to an account in the Leipsic *Musical Gazette*, he gave a very brilliant concert at the Grand Theatre, when, after playing several of his father's compositions, and several of his own, he extemporised, at the end of the concert, on national Polish airs. The following year he gave a fine concert at Prague, the inhabitants of which were enthusiastic admirers of his father's music. After his return to Leopol in Gallicia, where he taught the piano, he was asked, in 1826, by his mother to come to her at Salzburg. She had just lost her second husband, and returned to her native place, after having been married to M. Nissen seventeen years.

That same year Mozart's *Requiem* was performed at Salzburg, on the anniversary of his death, in the presence of his relatives and under the direction of his son. The performance is said to have been one of the finest ever known in Germany. Some months afterwards, Mozart, Jun., gave a concert in which he introduced his Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, as well as a Quintet for Piano, Hautbois, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon. He thus laid the first stone of a funereal monument to his father.

On returning to Leopol, he established a vocal association, called the Cecilien-Chor, with a view of encouraging a taste for music. The association, composed of the most eminent persons in all classes of society, rendered good service, and did great honour to its founder.

Several of his letters, addressed from Lemberg, to his mother, refer to a grand funereal service performed, with the co-operation of the Cecilien-Chor, in memory of Mozart. The *Requiem* was admirably got up and executed under the direction of the celebrated violinist, Lipinski, at St George's.

M. Nissen's biography contains six of these letters, which extend to the 16th January, 1828, and are full of interesting details concerning the musical doings in this part of Poland. The town of Leopol, or Lemberg (in Polish: "Lwow"), was always celebrated for its artistic tastes. It was the residence of the great families of Poland, and the society there was charming. Mozart, Jun., was favourably received in the place, and his stay was productive of good. He associated more particularly with the German colony, but he praised the Polish society very much, and formed among its members many excellent pupils.

Thanks to his long stay in Leopol, a taste for good music was propagated there and in Gallicia. That province can boast of having given birth to several great musicians of the 16th century, such as Valentin Brzozowski, Sebastien de Felsztyn, Martin Leopolita, etc. Among the talented musicians of modern times may be mentioned J. Lipinski, Serwaczynzki, N. Biernacki, and M. Starzewski, violinists; MM. Charles Mikuli, a pupil of Chopin's, composer and pianist, and conductor of the Musical Society, J. Milan, L. Marek, and K. Ziembicki, pianists; A. Korytynski, composer, and Mad. Croisez (the lamented Clotilde Bogdanowicz), vocalist, possessing a very fine voice, besides a large number of distinguished artists and singers belonging to the new musical society *Towarzystwo muzyczne Lwowkie*, which gives excellent concerts. Independently of a great many compositions published for piano, W. Mozart is the author of a Cantata entitled *Der erste Frühlings-Morgen*, dedicated to the Empress Caroline. It was performed at a grand musical festival given in 1828 by the Cecilien-Chor, which sang, also, a chorus in honour of its founder, W. Mozart, Jun.

To complete our account of Mozart's two sons, we may mention that the eldest, Charles, held a place in the government offices, Milan, and was considered a great musical amateur.

ALBERT SOWINSKI.

—o—

THAT to which Richard Wagner objects (principally) in the works of masters hitherto recognised as "great," is the return to themes already heard. According to these acknowledged masters, with whose views we feel compelled to agree, the absolute thing here represents "form" in music. Can Wagner desire that chaos, moulded by the Divine will into a shape from the proportions of which all artistic labour is clearly derived, should be reimposed? We sincerely hope

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not; and yet otherwise how explain his criticism on the grandest of Beethoven's *Leonora* overtures? To go no further, the return to the leading theme in the opening movement of Beethoven's "*Ninth Symphony*" is one of the most superlative passages in music—nay, in Art. A much muchness (we are tolerably aware) of Wagner's theory proceeds from Gluck; but Gluck could produce rhythmical melody when so disposed, and, being not unfrequently in that humour, gave reins to his Pegasus. The very overture to *Iphigenia*—to which Wagner passingly alludes—goes directly, on the strength of its form alone, to the heart of the question—that is against Wagner's theory, a theory to which Beethoven, "the immeasurably rich master," would under no conditions have ever given acquiescence. *Que diable!* Otto Beard.

DONIZETTI AND MAYR.

YESTERDAY (26th April), about ten o'clock a.m., a Committee appointed by the Corporation proceeded to the Valtesse Cemetery, for the purpose of removing from their respective coffins the bones of Gaetano Donizetti and of Simon Mayr, and placing them in the two copper urns made by order of the Corporation, to contain permanently the precious relics. The process lasted four long hours. The bones of the two masters were so much decayed as to forbid any idea of cleaning, varnishing, and arranging them in the form of regular skeletons. Such was acknowledged to be the case the first time the coffins were examined. Only the larger bones, such as the thigh bones, the tibiæ, the fibulæ, the ribs, and the spine were still well preserved and solid; all the rest, reduced to a kind of black friable paste, crumbled away at the merest touch. All the articles of clothing, too, in which the corpses were dressed at the time of interment, had nearly disappeared, though Donizetti's remains had still around them the faded tatters of a silk waistcoat, and of a long-skirted overcoat of fine dark green cloth, but nothing was left adherring to those of Mayr except a few pieces of some stuff or other, a few metal buttons, a few beads belonging to a rosary, and, on the feet, the soles of the shoes, the last being in a tolerably good state of preservation.

The lower segment of Donizetti's skull was much corroded on the righthand side. Mayr's skull, on the contrary, was in a state of excellent preservation, most of the teeth being still in the jaws.

The two heads and the two skulls were almost exactly the same as regards size; they were two magnificent heads, and two tall and well-knit frames. The circumference of Donizetti's skull, measuring fifty-two centimetres and a half, is only two millemetres larger than Mayr's. Similarly the occipito-frontal diameter of Donizetti's head is three millemetres longer than Mayr's. They are both strong, ample, and well-formed heads.

When the bones—those of Donizetti first, and then those of Mayr—had been carefully collected by the surgeons, they were reverently placed in the respective copper urns which are lined inside with wood. Above the thick wrapper of textile material in which the bones are enveloped inside the urns, there is deposited, in a sealed glass tube, a parchment document. Both these documents are signed by the Members of the Committee, and attested by a notary. The urns, having been closed and hermetically soldered, were then temporarily placed in a mortuary cell in the cemetery and bricked up. Each urn bears engraved on the cover the name of the master whose bones it contains.

The following is an extract from a letter addressed by the Chairman of the Committee to Sig. Verdi:—

"The Committee do not venture to raise their aspirations so high as a performance of the celebrated Mass written by you in memory of Alessandro Manzoni; the means for the execution of that colossal work would here be wanting. On this occasion, Bergamo is content simply to hope from your noble disposition some advice as to the selection of appropriate musical pieces, and, if you would deign to offer some inspiration of your own as a mark of homage to your two great predecessors, it would be the most brilliant seal that any one could set on our solemnity; the most worthy mark of reverence for Donizetti and Mayr; and the most marked favour bestowed not only on the inhabitants of this City, but on all the artists taking part in the ceremony, and on musical art, which would gain a fresh treasure."

The following was Sig. Verdi's reply:—

"Most Illustrious President, notwithstanding my willingness to be present, I cannot, in consequence of previous engagements, attend the solemnity which the City of Bergamo is organizing for the purpose of doing honour to the memory of the two great masters of our age. For this reason, too, and on account of my old and now well-known habit of not composing detached pieces, I cannot write what you ask me to write for the occasion.

"Nor am I in a position to advise you as to the Mass to be performed. The men of art on the spot, being acquainted with the artistic and pecuniary resources at your disposal, will know far better than myself how much should be done for the pious ceremony to honour, at one and the same time, the illustrious Dead and the noble city of Bergamo that conceived that ceremony. Profoundly flattered by your having thought of me when it was a question of honouring men of such artistic eminence, I beg you will excuse me for not responding as I could wish to your courteous invitation. With the highest esteem, I have the honour to be, your most devoted servant. "G. Verdi.

"*Genoa, 11th March*, 1875."

ROME.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The Teatro Apollo is now closed, after a disastrous season. The pecuniary loss cannot be less than 100,000 francs, and may be more. Alarmed by such a result, the Municipality have resolved to suppress the subvention, so that there is a probability that next season the Apollo will remain deserted.

The Teatro Rossini, more fortunate, continues to be well patronised. But ere long the public will probably cease to flock to it, for it will have to compete with the Politeama and the Capranica. The first opera at the Politeama will be *Semiramide*—with Signore Pozzi-Ferrari, Guidotti, and Sig. Beneventano del Bosco—to be followed by *Luisa Miller* and Sig. Libani's *Conte Verde*. *Macbeth* will inaugurate the season at the Capranica, where, as the manager is a dancer, ballet will figure in the bills side by side with opera.

There have been many concerts lately, but, as a rule, of no importance. A noteworthy exception, however, was the first concert of the Società Orchestrale Romana. This Society has made remarkable progress. Its founder, Sig. Pinelli, has happily surmounted the most formidable difficulties, and can afford to regard with indifference the lesser obstacles he has to overcome. The satisfactory manner in which his subscription list for six concerts was filled up is a sign of the growing taste here for first-class music. The programme of the first concert included Symphony in G, Mozart; Overture to *Fidelio*, Beethoven; Overture to *Oberon*, Weber; Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn; and "Hungarian March," (scored by Liszt) Schubert.

Bologna.—There died here lately the once celebrated tenor, Antonio Poggi, husband of Signora Frezzolini, from whom, however, he was separated. He left various sums to charities, for instance, 20,000 francs to the Mendicity Asylum, and the like sum to the hospitals here.

Florence.—A monument has been erected in the church of Santa Croce to the memory of Pacini. It consists of a bust due to the chisel of Professor Vicenzo Consani, and standing upon a corbel bearing the simple inscription: A Giovanni Pacini Catanese—Creatore di elette Melodie—Gli Ammiratori—Q. M. P.—nel mdccclxxiv.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr F. Sewell Southgate gave a concert, on Wednesday evening at 1, Wigmore Street, assisted by his pupils, Miss Crundall, Herr C Schneider (violin), Mr Wadmore, and Miss Ellen Glanville. Mr Southgate played one of Schubert's sonatas, (Op. 120), Chopin's second Scherzo, and a piece by Mr Ritter, as his solos, and, in conjunction with Herr Schneider, a sonata for violin and piano by Beethoven, and with his pupil, Miss Crundall, an arrangement for four hands of some airs from *L'Elisir d'Amore*. Mr Wadmore was called upon to repeat "Eri tu" (*Ballo in Maschera*), but he sang instead "To Anthea," and, for an encore to "The warrior bold," he gave "Bella siccome un Angelo." Miss Ellen Glanville sang Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart," and joined Mr Wadmore in a duet by the late Vincent Wallace.

Miss Madelina Cronin gave a *matinée*, on Thursday, at the residence of Mrs Owen Lewis, Seymour Street. Miss Cronin was assisted by Mdme De Solla, Miss Sophie Ferrari, Mr Bernard Lane, Sig. Adelmann (vocalist), and Sig. Pezze (violoncellist). Beethoven's Sonata in A major, and three numbers of Schumann's "Stücke im Volkston," for pianoforte and violoncello, headed the first and second parts of the programme, played by the *bénéficiaire* and Sig. Pezze. Miss Cronin's solo performances were Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp minor, Liszt's transcriptions of two of Chopin's "Chants Polonais," Rheinberger's "Die Jagd," Schubert's Minuetto in B minor, and Rubinstein's Grande Valse in A flat. Mdme De Solla gave an aria by Verdi, and joined Sig. Adelmann in a duet by the same composer; Mr Lane, a song by Mr Cowen, and one by M. Blumenthal; and Miss Sophie Ferrari sang Gounod's "Au Printemps" and Mr Sullivan's "Night and Morning." The rooms were filled by an elegant company.

Mr and Madame Osborne Williams gave a *matinée musicale*, on Saturday last, at 27, Cleveland Square, Hyde Park (by the kind permission of Mr and Mrs Everitt). They were assisted by Miss Edith Wynne, Mdlle Bartkowska, Mr Henry Guy, Mr Maybrick, Mr Charles Fletcher (violin), and Mr Richard Blagrove (concertina). Among the pieces that were more than usually applauded by the audience were Signor Randegger's admired duo, "Mille Volte," sung by Madame Osborne Williams and Mr H. Guy (accompanied by the composer); the *scena* from Sir Julius Benedict's *Undine*, and his trio, "The Forest Home," sung by Madame Osborne Williams, Miss Edith Wynne, and Mdlle Bartkowska, and accompanied by the accomplished composer; and a "Saltarella" for the violin, capitally played by Mr Charles Fletcher. The rooms were crowded by a fashionable audience, among whom we noticed her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs Morant, the Lady Victoria Grosvenor, Mrs Deverill, &c., &c.

Mdlle Ida Henry, the clever young pianist, gave her annual concert, on Saturday evening last, in St George's Hall; and we are glad to say it was well filled by her friends and pupils. There was an excellent programme, which was executed to the gratification of all present. Miss Ida Henry, with Herr L. Ries (violinist) and Herr Daubert (violoncellist), commenced the concert with Beethoven's Trio in B flat. Mdlle Henry afterwards gave Chopin's Berceuse and Polonaise, Op. 35, and (with Herr Daubert) Beethoven's Sonata in D for pianoforte and violoncello. Both artists rendered the latter work capitally. Herr Daubert also played Schumann's "Abendlied" with finish and expression. Herr L. Ries played Tartini's Sonata in G —well known to violinists—and played it well. Mdlle Johanna Levier and Mr W. H. Cummings were the vocalists. The former sang, in true Teutonic style, *lieder* by Rubinstein, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Brahms; the latter two of his own songs in his usual artistic manner.

The first of Messrs J. Ludwig and H. Daubert's Classical Chamber Concerts took place in the "New Gallery" in Argyll Street, on Wednesday evening last. The musical qualifications of the concert givers are so well known that they need no eulogium from us. Suffice it that both were in their best "form," and exerted themselves in every way to justify the position they have deservedly obtained in the artistic world. We subjoin the programme, and merely add, that the assistance of so accomplished a pianist as Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and so favourite a vocalist as Mdlle Sophie Löwe, added greatly to the pleasure of the audience:—

Quartet in A major (Op. 26), for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Messrs Josef Ludwig, Otto Bernhardt, and Hugo Daubert)—Brahms; Lieder, "An die Leyer" and "Lachon und Weinen" (Miss Sophie Löwe)—Schubert; Introduzione e Alla Polacca in C major (Op. 3), for pianoforte and violoncello (Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Herr Hugo Daubert)—Chopin; solos, violin, Adagio from the seventh Concerto and Moto perpetuo (Herr Josef Ludwig)—Spohr and Paganini; Lieder, "Stille Liebe" and "Wann soll ich denn wandern" (Miss Sophie Löwe)—Schumann; Divertimento in E flat (Op. 19), for violin, viola, and violoncello (Messrs Josef Ludwig, Otto Bernhardt, and Hugo Daubert)—Mozart. Herr C. Armbruster accompanied the vocal music.

Mr Walmsley Little, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson, gave a concert, by permission of the Committee of Management of the Royal Academy of Music, on Monday, the 3rd of May, and played with much effect the second Scherzo by Chopin and Mendelssohn's grand duet, "Allegro Brillante," with Mr Smith, another of Mr Jewson's pupils. Two new compositions by F. B. Jewson, entitled, "Dashing Spray" and "The Mountain Stream," were brilliantly performed by his pupil, Miss Edridge, who was favoured with a recall. The principal vocalists were pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, and did credit to the institution.—Q.

Mr Trelawny Cobham gave his *matinée musicale* on Monday last, at the Beethoven Rooms, assisted by Mdlle Mathilda Enequist, Miss José Sherrington, Miss Purdy, Signor Caravoglia, and Signor Federici; Signor Tito Mattei (pianoforte) and Mdlle Castellan (violin). Mr Trelawny Cobham, whose excellent method of singing, combined with the pleasing quality of his voice, makes him deservedly so great a favourite in the drawing-rooms of the "upper ten," sang "Ah! si ben mio," Mr J. L. Roeckel's "Only for thee" (encored), and "Tom Bowling." He also joined Mdlle Enequist and Signor Caravoglia in the trio, "Guai se ti sfugge" (*Lucrezia Borgia*), and, with the addition of Signor Federici, in the quartet, "Chi mi frena" (*Lucia*). In the second part of the concert Mr Cobham sang, with Miss José Sherrington, Miss Purdy, and Signor Caravoglia, Signor Pinsuti's quartet, "I canta storie;" and, with the same two ladies and Signor Federici, "Montre fl piè" (*Marta*). Mr Cobham was in capital voice, and his friends were evidently highly delighted with all he did. Miss Purdy, who is becoming more and more a favourite, sang Mr Cowen's "It was a dream" and Herr Brahms' "Good night," showing herself the possessor of a most agreeable contralto voice and of a refined method of singing. Mdlle Castellan was recalled after both her solos on the violin. Signor Caravoglia's musicianly knowledge was prominent in all he undertook; and Mdlle Enequist was, as usual, listened to with pleasure. Signor Tito Mattei's elegant nocturne, "Souvenir d'Italie," and his brilliant "Valse di Concert" showed his executive powers to advantage; and the accomplished Italian pianist was called upon to repeat the latter piece. Herr Ganz, with Signori Romano and Pinsuti, were the accompanists of the vocal music.

PROVINCIAL.

Welshpool.—The Montgomeryshire Choral Union gave a performance of Haydn's *Creation*, on Friday morning last week, followed, in the evening, by a miscellaneous concert, on the occasion of the opening of the new assembly room at the Town Hall. Miss Edith Wynne, Mr Kerr Gedge, and Mr Orlando Christian being the principal vocalists at both; Mr C. A. Stephenson, leading violin, and Mr Bervon and Mr Gittins, conductors. In the *Creation* Miss Wynne was most successful in "With verdure clad," and in the duets with Mr Christian; while the choruses were effectively sung by the members of the Union. In the evening Bishop's trio, "Maiden Fair," sung by the principals, and Sullivan's song, "Little Maid of Arcadée," sung by Miss Wynne, were encored; while Mr Gedge, in "The snow lies white," and Mr Christian, in Hatton's "Wreck of the Hesperus" and Gounod's "The valley," came in for deserved approbation. There were bumper houses on both occasions. Mr Bervon and Miss Helen C. Porteous were accompanists.

Kingston-on-Thames.—Messrs Rivenhall Brothers gave an evening concert in the Drill Hall, on May the 4th, under very distinguished patronage, which brought together a numerous assemblage of the gentry and residents of the town and neighbourhood. Madame L. Sherrington, Miss Alice Fairman, with Mr Santley and Mr William Byrom, and the Band of the Grenadier Guards (under Mr D. Godfrey's direction) assisted. Miss A. Fairman sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" and Mr Hullah's setting of "The Three Fishers"—both were loudly applauded; Madame Sherrington, two songs—Mr Molloy's "Dresden China" and her husband's "Bird of Love"—both of which were encored, and, with Mr Santley, "La ci darem," which was also encored. Mr Santley gave the "Shepherd's Lay," of Mendelssohn, Mr Hatton's "To Anthea" (encored and repeated), and "The Vicar of Bray," as an encore to Mr Molloy's "Polly." Mr Wm. Byrom played solos by Thalberg and Herr Ernest Pauer, in all of which he evidently pleased his audience. A concertina performer, Mr Henry Roe, of the Grenadier Guards' Band, proved himself an able executant; and the Grenadier Guards' Band gave proof of excellence by their admirable performance of a selection from Balfe's *Il Talismano*.

Glasgow.—The ninth concert given by the members of the Glasgow Amateur Orchestral Society took place in the Queen's Rooms. It is pleasing to be able to state (says the *Glasgow Herald*) that, under Signor Zavertal, they continue to progress. The execution of the several selections was not in all respects faultless, but altogether afforded

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grounds for satisfaction. In the overture to *La Gazza Ladra* the orchestra did not start well, but they rapidly came together, and it was soon apparent that they were held well in hand by the conductor. The *andante* movement from Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony was very artistically played; and the serenade for pianoforte and orchestra from B minor, Op. 43, by the same composer, elicited enthusiastic applause, the young lady who played the pianoforte part acquitting herself with exceeding credit. The second part of the programme was devoted to Beethoven's Symphony No. 1 in C, Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," and Rossini's overture to *L'Italiana in Algeri*. Miss Kemlo Stephen was the vocalist, and sang "Non pianger mia compagna," from Verdi's opera, *Don Carlo*, and M. Barri's "Murmuring Streamlets."

CRITERION THEATRE.

The brilliant success of *Les Près St Gervais* at the Criterion Theatre seems to have marked out that choice and luxurious little house as the home of *opera bouffe* in the refined stage of development which it owes to the genius of M. Lecocq. In fact, in combining his bright and sparkling melodies and skilful orchestration with the comic drama in which Mdlle Dejazet has so often delighted the Parisians, all trace of the vulgarity which had hitherto been considered almost inseparable from *opera bouffe* had completely vanished; and, but for a vein of humour, both in the melodies and in their treatment, it would have been difficult to find anything in common between *Les Près St Gervais* and works of the class to which it claimed to belong. When this pleasing opera was produced at Messrs Spiers and Pond's new theatre in November last it was felt at once that no kind of entertainment could be more in accord with the elegance and good taste with which it was surrounded. It was therefore to be expected that when this opera, then but recently produced in Paris, should have lost its freshness, the management would turn their attention to a similar work. Nor is it perhaps to be wondered at that they have exhibited their faith in M. Lecocq by turning—for want of something fresher—to an opera of his already to a considerable extent known to English audiences. *Giroflé-Girofla*, which has taken the place here of *Les Près St Gervais*, was performed for some weeks, at the Opéra Comique in the Strand, by the original company from Brussels. It was afterwards produced in an English version at the Philharmonic Theatre, and has since been performed, in many provincial cities, by Mrs Liston's Opera Company. It is a work distinctly of the same character as that which it replaces. In fact, there is a peculiarity in the rhythm, and in the flow of melody, as well as an amount of invention in the mode of handling the orchestra which would alone stamp these works as from the same mind. The opera has been reproduced with the same careful attention to details which characterised the production of its predecessor. In brilliancy of scenery and richness of costumes it could hardly be excelled; and if the representatives of the various characters, with the exception of Madame Pauline Rita, cannot be said to possess much voice, they sing at least with taste and act generally with grace and refinement. M. Loredan is perhaps as good a Marasquin as could be easily found on our stage, and he has at least the advantage of youthful appearance. Those who can recall M. Ginet's performance of the Moorish chief would doubtless have willingly exchanged some of the rather superabundant fierceness of Mr Brennir for a little more humour. Miss Emily Thorne, as the mother of the twin princesses, however, not only acted with a strong sense of the drollery of the situation, but justly won applause by her distinct style of vocalization. The choruses assigned to the male characters were in every way satisfactory. The famous chorus of pirates and the equally well remembered chorus of retainers without accompaniment, could indeed have hardly been rendered with more force or dramatic effect. Unfortunately, the dialogue portion of this version is wanting in point; and hence a certain flatness in the performance generally, which was certainly not observable when the French company represented it here. *Giroflé-Girofla* will serve to sustain for awhile the new reputation of the Criterion for this kind of entertainment, but it is to be hoped that the management will not take a narrow view of their province. There is an abundance of light French comic operas which, though not classed as *opéra-bouffes*, are admirably adapted to this theatre, while they have the advantage of being but little known to the English public.

MDME ADELINA PATTI.

The opera at the Royal Italian Opera on Tuesday night was *Dinorah*, one of the most romantic as well as one of the most charming of lyric pastorals. Since 1859, when *Le Pardon de Ploermel* was first introduced to the London public through the Italian version, for which Meyerbeer composed the admirable accompanied recitatives that now enrich it, and when the name of the heroine was substituted for that of the ceremonial procession upon which the curtain falls, *Dinorah* has been popular among us. Nor can any one be surprised at the enduring favour it enjoys; for, if—as many, not easily disturbed in their convictions, insist—original and continuous tune is one of the prime elements of the musical drama, under whatever form exhibited, this production of the musician to whom art is indebted for *Robert*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, and the *Africaine*, may stand side by side with almost any similar work. The first performance of *Dinorah* would alone suffice to account for the brilliant audience assembled yesterday evening within the walls of Covent Garden Theatre. The event, however, was combined with another no less likely to attract the operatic public. The return of that universal favourite, Mdme Adelina Patti, has, year after year, been eagerly looked forward to; and never, on any previous occasion, was it welcomed with more genuine satisfaction. To dwell in detail upon her impersonation of the demented love-lorn maiden, would be as superfluous as to analyse, piece by piece, the work itself. Both are, happily, familiar with amateurs and *connoisseurs*. That Mdme Patti has seldom, if ever, presented a more ethereal embodiment of the character may be stated without reserve. With what perfection she can act as well as sing Dinorah has been repeatedly and convincingly shown. The part was always a special favourite with Mdme Patti, and equally so with her many admirers; but never, perhaps, since, in the summer of 1862, she first attempted it (with what applause is still remembered) was her performance more striking and admirable. Its exquisite grace and finish, combined with the simplicity that enhances its charm, were never more keenly appreciated. That Mdme Patti, on appearing before the foot-lights, was greeted in the heartiest manner, will easily be credited. Every one in the house was glad to see her again, and to pay her the homage due to zealous service and well-established merit. Her voice, in power and flexibility, is what it has long been known to be; moreover, while the higher notes retain all their freshness, strength, and brilliancy, the middle and lower notes are still more remarkable for richness of quality and evenness of tone. The "lullaby" addressed by Dinorah to her imaginary goat ("Si carina"), sung with the utmost tenderness, and rounded off with a delicately finished shake, was enough to prepare the audience for what was to follow; the scene in which Dinorah pertinaciously annoys the timorous half-witted Corentino, and the *finale* to Act 1 (*Il tintinnar*), when Dinorah slowly winds her way up the rock in pursuit of her favourite goat, heightened the impression. About the second act, of which the culminating effect, both vocal and dramatic, is invariably the scene with the shadow, comprising the well-known "Ombra leggèra," we have so often spoken, that to say it roused the audience to an ebullition of enthusiasm, ending with an encore for the last movement, three or four "recalls," and bouquets without number (of which extraneous manifestation Mdme Patti stands in no requirement), will answer every purpose. The whole scene, in a word, was irreproachable, and fully accounted for the lively sensation it created. And so the opera proceeded till the curtain descended upon a new success for one who has been used to successes from the beginning of an exceptional career.

The other chief parts were sustained by Signor Graziani (Hoel) and Signor Marini (Corentino); the Goatherd being represented by Mdme Scalchi; and the subordinate characters by Mdlle Cottino, Signors Capponi and Sabater. The Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Royal Box. Mdme Patti's next part is to be Rosina (*Barbière*).

RUBINSTEIN'S new opera, *Maccabäer*, has achieved a genuine success at Berlin.

SEVERAL weeks ago Herr Joachim was bitten by a dog, and since then certain papers have hebdomadally announced the fact as "news." The latest discovery has been made by *Figaro*, who states that the dog in question is a Scotch colley. We rejoice to learn that the great violinist is rapidly recovering from his mishap, and that the unfortunate inoculation had led to no serious effects. Possibly some gooseberry hunter may later inform us that Herr Joachim exhibits, as a consequence thereof, a predilection for the Scotch bagpipes.—*Liverpool Mail*.

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WAIFS.

Auber's *Fra Diavolo* has been produced with great success at Naples.

Mr Joseph Traynor is a singer justly esteemed among his brethren.

A monument to the late composer, Pacini, has been erected in the church of Santa Croce, Florence.

The Théâtre de la Monnaie, at Brussels, is closed; so that there will be no more opera, properly so styled, till next autumn.

Sig. Arditi, after finishing a brilliant season in Vienna, with Mdme Patti, has gone to Bologna and Milan. He will arrive about the 17th inst.

Messrs Ricordi & Co., of Milan, have decided, on Friday last, on producing Signor Tito Mattei's opera, *Marie il Gand*, at the San Carlo, Naples, in the autumn.

Mr Francis Howell's oratorio, *The Land of Promise*, is to be given at Loughborough in the course of this month, for the benefit of the Convalescent Home of that town.

Verdi has politely declined to write the Mass in commemoration of Donizetti and Simon Mayr, suggested to him by the corporation of Bergamo, the birth-place of both composers.

Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was the bright particular star at the special concert in the Southport Winter Garden and Aquarium. Other celebrated vocalists, including Mr Santley, are engaged for following Saturdays.

The Mersey Musical Union are entitled to thanks for charitable efforts on behalf of the Children's Infirmary. The programme could hardly be termed a high class one, but the audience were amused and the charity benefited.

Mr Hollingshead begins his French operatic season at the Gaiety this evening with Halévy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine*. We should have preferred one of the lesser known operas of Auber—*Le Maçon*, for example, or *Lestocq*.

Mr Ashdown, of the well-known and esteemed firm of Messrs Ashdown and Parry, of Hanover Square, has started for a two months' tour through the United States and Canada, in the Egypt, one of the finest of the National Line of steamers, which left Liverpool for New York on Wednesday. *Bon voyage.*

At the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, besides one of the many symphonies of Mozart, the "No. 9" of Beethoven (with chorus) was performed. There was also another attempt to play the pianoforte concerto in E flat of Liszt (and a very successful one), by Signor Ludovico Breitner, a pianist new to this country.

A rumour is current that a conference of the Catholic clergy of Liverpool will take place, in order to consider the early promulgation of Cardinal Manning's edict forbidding women to sing in choirs. This is in accordance with the canons of the Catholic Church, but it remains to be seen how far the scheme will answer in Liverpool.

At the second concert of the New Philharmonic Society, Mrs Beesley, a pianist enjoying high repute at Liverpool, may be said to have won the artistic freedom of London, through her brilliant execution of Liszt's Concerto in E flat—a genuine *tour de force*, whatever may be thought of the music. Mrs Beesley also played duets by Bach and Schumann, for two pianos, with her eminent master, Dr Hans von Bülow.

Mr Sims Reeves, who has not been seen on the London stage for some time, will appear as Tom Tug in the opera of *The Waterman* at the Queen's Theatre on Saturday, 22nd inst., on the occasion of the annual benefit of Mr S. Hayes, of the West End Box Office. Miss Blanche Cole, Mr George Perren, and Miss Lucy Franklein appear on the same occasion. The programme also includes Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* and other entertainments.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Mr Charles Hallé has commenced his interesting Pianoforte Recitals in St James's Hall. Two have already been given. Mr Hallé again enjoys the co-operation of the queen of violinists, Mdme Norman-Neruda. His programmes hitherto have consisted, for the most part, of well-known pieces; but at the third recital we are promised an unknown quartet, for piano, with stringed instruments, by F. Kiel, one of the most promising composers of chamber music of whom Germany now can boast. Mr Hallé is playing his very best.

Miss Gertrude Ashton, the young *prima donna* of Mr Thorpe Pede's late English opera company at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Regent's Park, has been playing with decided success in the operetta of *Breaking the Spell*, at the Alexandra Palace Theatre, Muswell Hill, with Mr Temple and Mr Wilford Morgan. The *Court Circular*, in its record of the performance of M. Offenbach's operetta, praises Miss Ashton highly, and remarks that "Miss Ashton's voice was never heard to better advantage. It was sufficiently powerful to be distinctly heard in every part of the house. The applause bestowed upon the young vocalist showed that the management had entrusted the part of the heroine to not only an accomplished vocalist, but a talented actress."

Adelina Patti has appeared once more as Rosina (*Barbière*); Christine Nilsson has played in *Trovatore* and *Faust* (Leonora and Margaret). Need it be added with what success?

Two concerts, under the direction of Richard Wagner, have lately been given in the Prussian capital, in aid of the "Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play performances," to come off next year at Bayreuth.

From the programme lying before us we perceive that the concert to be given in Whit-week by the representative children of the National Schools of Liverpool promises to be especially interesting. One of the pieces noted is the "Gloria" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Such an effort can hardly be too highly commended. It is removed from many similiar schemes in the general catholicity of its tone. There is liberality of sentiment, and none of the "goody-goody" sentimentalism in laudation of the "crystal spring" of "Sabbath Schools," &c. Far be it from us to condemn good or holy things, but the proper place for dilating on the horrors of a drunkard's life is Renshaw Street, and the place for expounding Scripture or extolling Sunday Schools is within their own walls, or in the Churches or Chapels to which they are allied; and it is of questionable taste when concert-givers appeal to the public for support, and ram their own particular doctrines down the throats of their audiences.—*Liverpool Albion.*

The concert given by Mr Mapleson, at St James's Hall, in honour of the Prince of Wales's installation as Grand Master of the English Freemasons, gave high satisfaction to an audience by no means backward in expressing their feelings. All the leading artists of Her Majesty's Opera took part, and won distinguished honours. Mdlle Tietjens was called upon to repeat "Radiant splendours," from Balfe's *Talisman*, and an encore rewarded Mdme Trebelli for her "Non più mesta." In the second part, Mdlle Tietjens gave "Kathleen Mavourneen," substituting, in response to a second encore, Cowen's "It was a dream," in which she had the advantage of the composer's accompaniment. Mr Mapleson's new *prime donne* ran the old favourites hard, Mdlle Varesi being twice called after Benedict's "Carneval de Venise," while Mdlle Pernini had to repeat Auber's "Eclat du Rire" (*Manon Lescaut*). Mdlle Singelli, Mdlle Risarelli, MM. Campanini, Brignoli, De Reschi, Gilassi, and Herr Behrens, were also heard in familiar pieces. The accompanists were Signor Li Calsi and Mr Cowen, who opened the second part with a fantasia for two pianofortes on themes from *Il Talismano.*

Mdlle Varesi, by voice and physique, is better fitted to Donizetti and Bellini than to Verdi. Her Lucia is much more effective than her Gilda, as a display of vocal art. Donizetti's music is better suited to her physical powers and distinctive acquirements. It was imagined that a *début* in Lucia, before an audience familiar with the highest excellence in that particular part, involved special risk; but there was small cause for anxiety. Mdlle Varesi's Lucia is dramatically a graceful assumption, of high technical culture and artistic feeling. This is no common praise, but no amateur who witnessed her performance will challenge the judgment of Mdme Ristori, from whom she came with flattering credentials. Her success was unequivocal. The naturalness of her acting, and her pure Italian vocalization, delighted everybody. Her "mad scene" excited enthusiasm throughout the house. That enthusiasm led Mdlle Varesi to the only violation of dramatic propriety her performance showed. Such applause followed that the artist, throwing off her character, became herself in order to acknowledge it with bows and smiles, subsequently putting on the mad heroine again. Offences of this kind are rank on the operatic stage, and if Sig. Salvini, with his utter unconsciousness of self, could teach our lyric actors a lesson, they would be much the better for it.

The annual "Summer Concerts" of the Crystal Palace—like those in the winter and spring, chiefly devoted to music on its own account, instead of to music on account of the style and manner of its performance—have never been carried on with greater spirit or with greater success than now. In former years the vogue of these concerts mainly depended upon singers from the two Italian Operas; but, unable to conclude a satisfactory arrangement with Messrs Gye and Mapleson, the directors have been compelled to seek for attraction elsewhere; and that they were able to find it may be gathered from the fact that their concerts have invariably been well attended. Both vocal and Instrumental artists where at hand worthy to uphold the musical reputation of the Crystal Palace and to help Mr Manns, the zealous and excellent conductor, in constructing programme after programme of increasing variety and interest. An orchestra materially fortified in a numerical, and it is but just to add in an efficient sense has equally put it in his power to enrich his selections with operatic overtures; while the Crystal Palace Choir has contributed part songs and choruses, for the most part so effectively as to afford general satisfaction. Thus the "Summer Concerts" have prospered as much this year as in previous years when the Italian "stars" used regularly to lend their services, and when, it may be imagined, the expenses must have been very considerably heavier.—**Diary of Dr Ghost.**

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C'est dans le nez que ça mè chatouille!—On se souvient encore de la grâce enchanteresse dont le *chanteur* ondulait le dernier mot, en le hérissant de vocalises: *Chatou-ou-ou-ille.* Et la salle de menacer de crouler, tant on applaudissait avec frénésie. Je nomme Thérésa. Je n'en dirai ni du mal ni du bien.

The other vocal performers were Mr Vernon Rigby, who was applauded for his vigorous and pointed declamation in "Sound an alarm;" Mdlle Sinico, who in "Ernani involami" (Verdi) sang her very best, and created an impression which culminated in a very grand "recall;" Mons. Urio, who has appeared on several occasions at the "Summer concerts," where, to judge by the applause bestowed upon his energetic delivery of an air from *Rigoletto* and the "Cujus animam," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, he seems to have found favour; Signor Foli, who, as usual, imparted due weight and dignity to "Qui sdegno"—Sarastro's second air in *Il Flauto Magico;* and Mdlle Hélène d'Alton, a young lady with a very pleasing *contralto* voice, who sang touchingly the devotional air "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out," from Professor W. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, and the pretty romance, "Gentle Troubadour," from Vincent Wallace's *Lurline*, extremely well—the first (and most trying) especially. The chorus, on this exceptional occasion some 2,000 strong, consisting of the metropolitan contingent of the Handel Festival Choir, was heard to eminent advantage in the prayer from *Masaniello* (Act III.); "See the conquering hero comes" *(Judas Maccabœus);* Mendelssohn's exquisite part song, "O Hills and Vales;" and the prayer from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto.* Mr James M. Wehli, the pianist, who has hitherto particularly excelled as a showy player of showy fantasias, chiefly of his own composition, came boldly forward with Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brillante* (or *Capriccio Brillante*, as it was originally entitled) in B minor; and the orchestra gave the overtures to Auber's *Masaniello* and Mendelssohn's *Athaliah* superbly. The concert was altogether one of the best of the summer series. On Wednesday next (to commence at 5 p.m.) we are promised the first of a series of "Ballad Concerts," in which Mdlle Sinico, Misses Banks and Edith Wynne, Signor Foli, and Mr Sims Reeves will take part. No school of art is beneath the attention of these veritable eclectics the directors of the Crystal Palace music. So much the better for the musical public at large.—DIARY OF DR GHOST.

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"THOU ART WEARY."

WORDS BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

SUNG BY

MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING

AT THE

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

"The singer was Miss Antoinette Sterling, who, always heartily admired in those German ballads, for which she exhibits so marked a sympathy, introduced in a group four of Schumann's most graceful contributions to the *Lieder* repertory, and, later in the evening, a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Thou art weary' (set to words by Adelaide Proctor)—one of the most charming recent emanations from the pen of our gifted compatriot."—*The Times, Nov.* 10.

"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph, Nov* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard, Nov.* 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov.* 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored, and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

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Sixth Appearance of Mdme Christine Nilsson.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 22nd, will be performed GOUNOD'S Opera, "FAUST." Faust, M. Capoul; Mephistophiles, Signor Rota; Valentino, Signor de Reschi; Wagner, Signor Costa; Siebel, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Marta, Mdme Demeric-Lablache; and Margherita, Mdme Christine Nilsson (her sixth appearance this season). Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Extra Night.—Tietjens—Mdlle Anna de Belocca—Mdlle Pernini.

On MONDAY next, May 24, MOZART'S Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Cherubino, Mdlle Anna de Belocca (her first appearance in that character); Il Conte d'Almaviva, Signor de Reschi; Figaro, Signor Galassi; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Costa; Basilio, Signor Rinaldini; Don Curzio, Signor Grazzi; Susanna, Mdlle Pernini; Marcellina, Mdme Demeric-Lablache; and La Contessa, Mdlle Tietjens.

Seventh Appearance of Madame Christine Nilsson.

On TUESDAY next, May 25, VERDI'S Opera, "IL TROVATORE." Manrico, Signor Campanini; Il Conte di Luna, Signor Galassi; Ferrando, Signor Costa; Ruiz, Signor Rinaldini; Un Zingaro, Signor Casaboni; Azucena, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Inez, Mdlle Bauermeister; and Leonora, Mdme Christine Nilsson (her seventh appearance this season).

Mdlle Elena Varesi.

On THURSDAY next, May 27 (Subscription Night, being the fourth of the Six Subscription Thursdays announced in the prospectus), will be presented BELLINI'S Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Amina, Mdlle Elena Varesi (her second appearance in that character).

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On MONDAY next, May 24, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Mdme Adelina Patti; Mdlles Cottino, Scalchi; Signori Marini, Capponi, Sabater, and Graziani.

On TUESDAY next, May 25, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdlle Albani (her second appearance in that character).

On THURSDAY next, May 27, "IL TROVATORE." Leonora, Mdme Adelina Patti; Mdlle Scalchi; Signori Marini, Tagliafico, and Graziani.

On FRIDAY next, May 28, fourth performance of RICHARD WAGNER'S celebrated Romantic Opera, "LOHENGRIN." Elsa di Brabante, Mdlle Albani; Mdlle D'Angeri; M. Maurel, Signori Capponi, Nicolini, and Herr Seidemann. Conductor—Signor Vianesi.

On SATURDAY, May 29. "FRA DIAVOLO." Zerlina, Mdlle Zaré Thalberg (her third appearance in that character, and her eighth on any stage); Mdlle Scalchi; Signori Ciampi, Sabater, Tagliafico, Capponi, and Naudin. Conductor—Signor Bevignani.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

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MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce that her SECOND MATINEE MUSICALE will (by kind permission) take place at 59, Lowndes Square, Belgravia, on MONDAY, June 7th, at 3·30, on which occasion she will play works by the following Masters: Ballade in G minor, Op. 23, and Tarentelle in A flat, Op. 43 (Chopin); Fugue Allegro con fuoco in F minor, No. 5 (Mendelssohn); Etude, "Si oiseau j'étais" (Henselt); Andante in D flat, Op. 32, and Fantasia (*Masaniello*) (Thalberg); Grand Octave Galop de Concert (Ketterer). Miss Lillie Albrecht will be assisted by Mdlles J. Sherrington and Enriquez, and Signor Monari-Rocca. Conductor—Mr, CHARLES E. STEPHENS. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; family tickets (to admit three), One Guinea; to be had at Messrs Cramer, 201, and Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; or of Miss LILLIE ALBRECHT, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

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MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, May 27th.—Mr SIMS REEVES will sing "THE MESSAGE" (accompanied by the Composer) and "TOM BOWLING." ST JAMES'S HALL, Eight o'clock.

MDLLE VICTORIA BUNSEN has the honour to announce that she will give a GRAND EVENING CONCERT, at 28, Ashley Place, Victoria Street, S.W. (by kind permission of Major Wallace Carpenter), on WEDNESDAY, May 26th, 1875, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock, under the immediate patronage of his Excellency the Count Münster (German Ambassador), his Excellency the Count de Bylandt (Netherlands Minister), his Excellency the Baron Hochschild (Swedish and Norwegian Minister), the Baroness Hochschild, the Right Hon. Lord Eliot, and Mdme Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt. Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne and Mdlle Victoria Bunsen; Herr Werrenrath (the Danish tenor), Mr Shakespeare (his first appearance since his return from Italy), Sig. Campobello, Sig. Caravoglia, and Sig. Urio. Instrumentalists: Violin—Mdme Varley-Liebe. Pianoforte—Mdlle Felicia Bunsen and Signor Tito Mattei. Conductors—Sir Julius Benedict, the Marquis d'Havet Zuccardi, Il Cavaliere Campana, and Herr Ganz. Tickets, One Guinea each; to be obtained of Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; and of Mdlle VICTORIA BUNSEN, 22, Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.

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AGNES and VIOLET MOLYNEUX (the Juvenile Pianists) will give a SOIRÉE MUSICALE, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, on THURSDAY Evening, May 28. Vocalist—Mdme Poole. Accompanist—Mr Lindsay Sloper. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d.; at Messrs Chappell's, 50, New Bond Street; Messrs Cramer, Regent Street; Mr Austin, St James's Hall; and of Madame MOLYNEUX, 22, Euston Square, where terms for the above Entertainment may be obtained.

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"I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN."

MR ARTHUR THOMAS will sing WILFORD MORGAN'S new Song, "I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN," at Woolwich, May 21st; and Westbourne Hall, June 1st.

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MR ARTHUR THOMAS will sing "HOW LONG WILT THOU FORGET ME?" (Sacred Song), by WILFORD MORGAN, on June 1st, at Westbourne Hall.

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MR EMILE BERGER will arrive in London the first week in June. All communications to be addressed care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

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"SHALL I WEAR A WHITE ROSE?"
BALLAD.
Words by H. SAVILLE CLARKE.
Music by EMILY BARDSLEY FARMER.
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MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(*Continued from page* 299.)

Having in the former essay closed with the last of the bards, we still deem it our duty to continue looking back at the history of the art for more than a century, in order to be able draw a fair comparison between the past and present.

Handel arrived in Dublin Nov., 1741. But, long before he honoured this city with his presence, music had been cultivated heartily and progressively. We start from Carolan, of whom Goldsmith says that, "of all the bards this country ever produced, the last and the greatest was Carolan the blind. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sung his own verses to the harp." Goldsmith was wrong here, for the last of the bards was Denis A. Hempsey, whom we have spoken of in the former essay. Carolan was born at the village of Nobber, county Westmeath, in 1670, on the same lands which had been wrested from his ancestors. He really was a musical genius. His devotion to the fair Bridget Cruise, whom he so fondly loved, but whom he was never to wed, though, it is said, her heart was not denied him, and whom he has immortalized in song, is one of those charming episodes which spring from the poetic temperament. Nothing can be more touching than the incident which occurred on his returning from St Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in the Island of Lough Derg; when, on reaching the shore, other devout travellers wishing to get on board, he chanced to take the hand of a lady, and instantly exclaimed, "This is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" and so it was. His sense of feeling had become intensified. This event is the subject of the late Samuel Lover's charming lyric—

"True love can ne'er forget
Fondly as first we met,
Dearest, I love thee yet,
My darling one!"

Carolan was a man of genius, endowed with a stupendous memory, as the following, quoted from the *Monthly Review*, will prove:—"At the house of an Irish nobleman, where Geminiani was present, Carolan challenged the eminent composer to a trial of skill. The musician played over on his violin the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. It was instantly repeated by Carolan on his harp, although he had never heard it before. The surprise of the company was increased when he said he would compose a concerto himself at the moment; and more so when he actually played that admirable piece, known since as "Carolan's Concerto." We think this piece has imperfectly come down to us, for Goldsmith says that, "for spirit and elegance, it might be compared with the finest compositions of Italy." Carolan died in 1739, in his 68th year. He is buried in the parish church of Kilronan, Ardagh, Westmeath, where his skull is preserved in a niche. He may be called the last of the bards. But his history and previous records prove that music was cultivated in Ireland when melody was scarcely known in other lands. Lord Kames says that the old Scottish tunes were originally Irish compositions, which James I.—who was himself a fine musician—had adapted to the Church service; and Pope calls Ireland "the mother of sweet singers." If space permitted, we could give many interesting anecdotes of the bards.

A Philharmonic Society and an Academy of Music existed in Dublin long before Handel's visit. The Academy built a music hall in Crow Street for the practice of Italian music. There were likewise many other musical societies in Dublin at that time. The Charitable Music Society—*par excellence*—also entitled the Philharmonic, that met at the Bull's Head in Fishamble Street—originated the funds which built the large music hall in that street—afterwards turned into Fishamble Street Theatre—where Handel's *Messiah* was first introduced, under the direction of the immortal composer. Previously it was the practice of those societies to amalgamate, and, with the additional assistance of the Choristers of St Patrick's, Christ Church, and the Chapel of Trinity College, give annually concerts of sacred music in the Round Church—St Andrew's—for the relief of distressed debtors in the Marshalseas of Dublin, and also in aid of Mercer's Hospital. At these meetings some of the works of Handel, such as the Utrecht *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, and the *Coronation Anthem*—with anthems by Green and Boyce, formed the programme. The Lord Lieutenant and Lords Justice always attended in State, and gentlemen of rank officiated as stewards. The service was rendered after the manner of the cathedral, and a sermon was preached for the charity. Now, let the reader remember that this was so far back as the year 1730, and let him contrast the present state of music with the past. At the present there is certainly a Philharmonic Society, thanks to Apollo—of which more will be said in a future notice. There is a University Choral Society, supported by the students, whose efforts are calculated to keep up a taste for music in college, and also to disseminate it wherever they may be placed in after life. There is an Academy of Music, with a Government grant, which has done little as yet towards art progress—save to enable the affluent to get short lessons in singing and playing the pianoforte from competent professors at lower terms than could be accepted by the numerous outside teachers, giving to the rich the advantages of a Government grant and the subscriptions of the benevolent, which we deem were originally intended to be expended upon the musical education of young persons who manifested a natural instinct for the art, but whose means would not permit them to pay for the instruction necessary to its development. An admirable concert, lately given under the auspices of the Academy of Music, deserves mention here. It was a step in the right direction, and a more legitimate application of the funds of the institution than that just alluded to. Yet it must be kept in mind that the chorus was augmented from without, and the band consisted mainly of performers unconnected with the Academy. There is in Dublin no choral society for the masses of the people—no permanent orchestra. Therefore none of the oratorios of the great masters can be produced, and we are left behind the large towns in England in musical culture, though possessing ample material for the formation of a large choral body. Certainly glees are sung by one or two parties in admirable style, and there are likewise a few good solo singers and players; yet what a contrast to the last century, when the highest in rank and opulence not only patronized the art, but assisted at the performances. Marmontel remarks that "*le goût se rectifie à mesure que l'art l'eclaire en lui presentant d'age en age pour objets de comparison, des modèles plus accomplis.*" But where are our citizens to seek their models, and what opportunity have they at present of drawing a comparison between what is false and true in art? The Earl of Mornington—father of the great Duke of Wellington—was leader of the Philharmonic Society, which held its meetings in the Music Hall, Fishamble Street, in the year 1740. Among the violoncellos were Lord Bellamont, Dean Burke, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, and Sir John Dillon. The harpsichord was taken by Lady Freke and the Hon. W. Brownlow, and the principal flute was Lord Lucan. The members were numerous, and each performed on some instrument. Once a year they gave a public concert for some charity, to which all who purchased tickets were admitted. The present state of music in Dublin forms but a sorry contrast to this. We shall close with a short account of Lord Mornington. His father played well on the violin, which delighted the child in the nurse's arms long before he could speak. Dubourg, who was the leader in Handel's time, was on a visit at the family seat, but the child would not permit him to take the violin from his father until his little hands were held. After hearing Dubourg the case was altered, and there was much more difficulty to persuade him to let Dubourg give the instrument back to his father. Nor would the infant ever afterwards permit the father to play when Dubourg was in the house. This anecdote is related by the Hon. Daines Barrington in his *Miscellanies*, 1781. At nine years old he could play, and shortly after he took the second violin in Corelli's Sonatas. At fourteen he studied the harpsichord, and afterwards so quickly qualified himself for the office of organist, that in less than a year and a half he astonished his audience by sitting down and playing an extempore *fugue* on the organ erected by his father in the private chapel. The Dublin University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music, and nominated him to the Chair of that Faculty. He was the first Professor of Music in the University. His works are full of graceful melody; with harmonies which show the hand of the musician. "Here in cool grot" gained the prize given by the Catch Club in 1779. Among others of his vocal compositions we may mention "O bird of eve" for five voices, a glee of great beauty, and full of that unspeakable charm which makes its way through the ear to the heart. H. T.

(*To be continued.*)

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The second performance of *Lohengrin* may be said to have justified the impressions created by the first. To speak in any other than general terms about the music of such a peculiarly constructed work is out of the question; but to listen without being deeply impressed by certain passages, as, for instance, the duet between Lohengrin and Elsa, after the bridal ceremony, and again the final scene, when the "Knight of the Swan" takes eternal leave of his disconsolate bride, argues, in our opinion, insensibility to the highest beauty of which musical expression is capable. We have never advocated the peculiar theories the application of which Herr Wagner thinks indispensable to ideal perfection; on the contrary, we have been unable and see little chance of our ever being able to understand and admit their truth. But to deny the stern consistency with which he has endeavoured, and still endeavours, to enforce and carry them out is manifestly unjust. His method of treating lyric drama is, no doubt, opposed to what has hitherto been generally accepted as "form," and formless music is thus, again, according to those accepted ideas, the rule rather than the exception. But now that, at last, after a storm of discussion which has for more than a quarter of a century divided the champions of the musical art into two hostile camps, Herr Wagner has obtained a hearing among us, let him be fairly judged. Truth must prevail in the end, however loud the talking on either side. We have hitherto, in this country—the two performances of the *Fliegende Holländer* at Her Majesty's Opera some years ago allowed for—exclusively been permitted to judge of Wagner's music through the medium of detached pieces; and these, for the greater part, when separated from the context, especially in considering his later works, fail to make any strong impression. As component parts of the whole, however, they possess a clear significance which, if admitted in *Lohengrin*, will probably appear still clearer when what Wagner regards as the full expression of his ripe maturity comes before us. A more convincing proof could scarcely be named than the instrumental prelude to *Lohengrin*, which when played apart from the rest seems, to ordinary musical understandings, little else than a brief display of unusual orchestral colouring; but, when heard in conjunction with the opera, assumes both importance and poetical significance. Meanwhile *Lohengrin* is to be given for the third time very shortly, and, doubtless, will be given a fourth time and a fifth; so that closer familiarity will enable impartial judges to form an opinion as to whether such an endless succession of declamatory recitative is in the construction of an operatic entertainment ever to supersede the rhythmically proportioned melody to which up to the present time the greatest dramatic composers have accustomed us. That Beethoven was not of that mind, any more than was Mozart, is evident in his *Fidelio*; and Beethoven, according to Wagner, spoke the last word, until Wagner himself arrived to set on foot a new form of art combination, and invent a new musical phraseology. All we wish to urge is—let him speak for himself, and be judged dispassionately. Mr Gye, with the aid of Signor Vianesi, Mdlle Albani, Signor Nicolini, and the rest, has given him a fair chance; and now another awaits him at the theatre hard by.

That the *Barbière di Siviglia* of Rossini was speedily to follow upon the coming of Mdme Adelina Patti might have been taken for granted; and few were surprised, none disappointed, at seeing it chosen for the gifted lady's second appearance. The characters of Dinorah and Rosina are about as unlike to each other as two things of a kind can well be—as unlike, in fact, as the music of Meyerbeer is to the music of Rossini. But Mdme Patti of recent years has made both of them her own so completely as to justify the opinion that she has no rival in either. As her reception was on Tuesday in *Dinorah*, so was it on Thursday in the *Barbiere*. All the old "points" were reproduced, all the old demonstrations of satisfaction were repeated. The cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," was never vocalized with more facility, or ornamented with happier profusion; the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son," never more effectively sung, or acted with shrewder significance. But why enter further into particulars about a performance so familiar? Enough to add that as it began, so it proceeded, and that a crowded and brilliant audience was from first to last enchanted. In the scene of the "Lesson" Mdme Patti introduced a waltz air from Gounod's *Mireille*, and for the inevitable encore substituted "Home, sweet home," a ballad for which she entertains a marked predilection and sings with expressive tenderness. What "Home, sweet home" can have to do with the *Barbière*, the audience, so long as Mdme Patti makes choice of it, neither know nor care. Her companions were Signors Piazza, Cotogni, Ciampi, and Bagagiolo. As times go, Signor Piazza, who has a light and flexible tenor voice, and acts with spirit, is a sufficiently agreeable Almaviva. The Figaro of Signor Cotogni is familiar; so are the Bartolo and Basilio of the other two gentlemen. All three, Signor Cotogni especially, exhibited those qualities which have obtained for them general acceptance. Signor Vianesi presided in the orchestra.

During the week there was another performance of *Guillaume Tell*, the noticeable feature in which was the return of Mdme Campobello Sinico, in her own part of Mathilde. Mdme Sinico received a cordial welcome, as might have been expected.

On Saturday night the opera was Auber's ever welcome *Fra Diavolo*. The second part essayed by Mdlle Zaré Thalberg suits her quite as well as the first. She enters with the same intelligence into Auber's Zerlina as into the Zerlina of Mozart. To name only the most trying situation—the opening Act 2, where, in the solitude of her chamber, little dreaming she is watched by the unscrupulous brigand and his associates, the innocent maiden gives free expression to delight at the thought of her approaching nuptials with Lorenzo—nothing can be more engaging than Mdlle Thalberg's conception. There was all the requisite spirit and spontaneity, accompanied by a gentle unobtrusiveness investing it with a charm apart. We need not describe the familiar incidents of which the scene is composed, and must be satisfied with this general expression of approval. It may be added, nevertheless, that Mdlle Thalberg's execution of the music was as finished as her delineation of the character was attractive—not merely in the well-known air before the looking-glass, the repetition of which by his confederates leads in the end to the capture of Fra Diavolo himself, but in the opening *cavatina*. Here Mdlle Thalberg combined the song originally written for the situation with a quick movement, in waltz-measure, from *Haydée*, a much later opera by the same composer. The perfect manner in which the whole was given pleased the audience so greatly that an "encore" was unanimously asked for, and the quick movement repeated. Enough for the present that the young *débutante* has, by this performance, earned another success which enhances the general interest felt in her artistic progress. To have accomplished thus much already, with only seventeen summers to account for, says no little. The other characters were sustained by the same artists as those associated with the clever Mdlle Smeroschi a short time ago. The conductor was Signor Bevignani.

The operas performed during the week have been *La Traviata*, with Madame Patti (Monday); *Fra Diavolo*, with Mdlle Thalberg, (Tuesday); *Lohengrin*, third time (Wednesday); the *Barbiere* (Thursday); and the *Huguenots* (last night). *Faust*, with Mdlle Albani, Signor Nicolini, and M. Faure is announced for this evening—six performances!

THE YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—A person hailing from Leeds on May 4th, and who, unfortunately for himself, has the temerity to sign himself "Veritas," informs us that "Dr Spark does *not* inaugurate the organ at the exhibition in this town," &c. All I have to remark on this gratuitous piece of information is to give you the following extract from the first official communication I received on the subject:—"Will you provide music on the grand organ on Friday, 14th May, by performances, morning and afternoon? This is the first half-crown day, and will, in point of fact, be the opening of the organ," &c. Also, in the official advertisement which appeared in all the local papers, Saturday, May 8th, it was prominently announced that—"The committee have made arrangements with Dr Spark (Borough organist) to inaugurate the organ on Friday." . . . . You will, in future, be wary of trusting your correspondent "Veritas," who is probably the author of an equally true statement which appeared in your issue of May 1st, respecting the payment of artists for their services at Leeds, in the performance of *Elijah*, on March 18th. Your insertion of this in your next number will oblige.

Yours faithfully,

Springfield Villa, Leeds, May 17, 1875. Wm Spark.

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HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The return of Signor Fancelli has enabled Mr Mapleson to bring out, once more, the *Huguenots*, with great completeness of effect. Such a Valentine being at hand as Mdlle Tietjens, who made her still-remembered *début* in the same character at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1858, two years later than Piccolomini, and three years earlier than Adelina Patti became known to the English public, the superb lyric drama of Meyerbeer was looked forward to as a matter of course. Then, to Signor Castelmary was assigned the character of Marcel, which stands side by side with those of Valentine and Raoul; while Madame Trebelli-Bettini, as the page Urbano, in which her supremacy has long been acknowledged, placed the distribution of the four chief personages well nigh beyond criticism. In the duet with Marcel (scene of the Pré aux Clercs), efficiently supported by Signor Castelmary, Mdlle Tietjens created, as always, a striking impression; but the culminating point, as from time out of mind, was the grand scene between Valentine and Raoul, after the "Benediction of the Swords." Here Signor Fancelli rose to the dignity of the occasion, and the applause at the descent of the curtain was more than ever enthusiastic. Beyond saying that to the new soprano, Mdlle Pernini, was intrusted the part of Marguerite de Valois; that Signor Galassi represented St Bris; that Signor de Reschi was Nevers; and that Sir Michael Costa's orchestra and chorus, under the sway of their distinguished master, displayed their accustomed zeal, it is unnecessary to add another word about the *Huguenots*, the second representation of which was as effective as the first.

M. Capoul's reappearance has materially strengthened the tenor department of Mr Mapleson's company. It has also brought back Gounod's *Faust*, for years regarded as indispensable at both our opera houses, and, with so poetical a Margaret as Mdme Christine Nilsson, invariably a strong attraction. It was as Margaret that the admirable Swedish songstress, early in her career, gave indications of those qualities which, by aid of assiduous study, have enabled her to rise to the position she now occupies, both as a vocalist of high attainments and as an actress of high rank. She is not simply the familiar Margaret of the painter, but the no less familiar "Gretchen" of the poet. With the experience of years her portrayal has gained in ripeness and consistency, and is now, beyond question, without a superior. On no occasion that we can call to mind has Mdme Nilsson created a livelier and more genuine impression. The meeting with Faust at the "Kermesse" was acted with the retiring grace which always distinguished it; the ballad at the spinning-wheel ("C'era un Ré di Thulé") was perfect in its way; and the love-duet with Faust exhibited more impassioned feeling than it had ever exhibited before. But the Cathedral scene, and that of the prison, brought a conviction more forcibly to the mind that Mdme Nilsson, with the inward consciousness of power, had determined to become actress as well as singer, and thus to realise the "ideal" which should be the ambition of every lyric artist aiming at the highest honours. Mdme Nilsson was admirable in both of these scenes, into a detailed description of which, so familiar are they, we may be dispensed from entering. Her voice was in excellent condition; and, to go back to an earlier incident of the opera, her execution of the famous "Jewel Song," in the Garden scene, was so facile and brilliant as to elicit an encore, with which there was no alternative but to comply. M. Capoul is precisely such a Faust as the French composer must have imagined. In the scenes with Margaret, this artist, long recognized as the love-maker *par excellence* at the Opéra Comique, throws a sentiment in its way irresistible. Signor Rota was welcomed again, as one of the most competent existing representatives of Mephistopheles; Signor de Reschi was an acceptable Valentine, Mdme Demeric Lablache an excellent Marta, and Mdme Trebelli a Siebel not to be surpassed. How familiar is the orchestra with M. Gounod's work every amateur knows. Repetitions of *Lucia* and *Il Talismano*, and a performance of the *Trovatore*, with Mdme Nilsson as Leonora, completed the proceedings of last week.

The operas performed during the present week have been *Faust*—with Mdme Nilsson (Monday); *La Sonnambula*—with Mdlle Varesi (Tuesday); *Lucrezia Borgia* (Thursday). *Faust* is to be repeated this evening.

BERLIN.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

At the Royal Operahouse, Mdlle Keller, from the Stadttheater Leipsic, has appeared as Azucena in *Il Trovatore*, and Ortrud in *Lohengrin*, producing a favourable impression in both characters, though her voice somewhat lacks strength and richness in the lower notes. A still more successful candidate for public favour was Mdlle Hasselbeck from the Stadttheater, Königsberg. As Agatha, in *Der Freischütz*, she won golden opinions from all sorts of persons: from the military exquisites, with fine padded chests, clanking sabres, and jingling spurs, in the stalls; from fair and blue-blooded "Vons" in the first tier; and from the equally æsthetically inclined, though more plebeian, patronisers of the *Paradies*, or gallery. Her next character, if we may trust the current report, is to be that of Ines in *L'Africaine*. Mdlle Stolberg, a young and talented member of the Theatre Royal, where she is a popular favourite, will shortly leave that institution for the Royal Operahouse. She possesses a fine contralto voice, which she has been assiduously cultivating for some time past, and her training as an actress will infallibly stand her in good stead on the lyric stage. It seems by no means unlikely that Mad. Lucca will shortly be heard here once more. The Berlin *Echo*, referring to this contingency, observes: "The appearance of Mad. Lucca as Selica, a short time since, before his Majesty the Emperor, at Wiesbaden, has given rise in the Berlin papers to conjectures that somewhat resemble fears lest the capricious little vocalist should again gain a footing here. The writers attempt, however, to calm their apprehensions by asserting it to be utterly impossible for the Royal Intendant-General to agree to, and to pay, even such a salary as would be far inferior to that which the *Diva* now receives from her present manager, Sig. Merelli. Moreover, she evidently will not, it is asserted, sing in Berlin, where she fears a coalition against her (?), because the manager of Kroll's Theater, as, likewise, the manager of the Victoria Theater, has in vain offered her 1,000 thalers a night for every night she plays. But all these convulsively consolatory arguments fall to the ground if we weigh them against the following certainly striking facts. The Intendant-General arranged with Mad. Lucca for a short starring engagement at the very time the Emperor was stopping at Wiesbaden, and his Majesty conversed most affably with the lady during the *entr'actes*. Now, if an invitation to return, though only for a flying visit, to the scene of her former triumphs be not on the cards, we may as well give up anything like surmise. That the lady should be unwilling to come out at a second class theatre, simply strengthens the supposition that she prefers appearing as a star at the Royal Operahouse.

The projected performances of a Russian company at the Theatre Royal will not take place, the agreement made between the Russian manager and Herr von Hülsen having been cancelled, by mutual consent, in consequence, it is alleged, of the discovery that the pieces to be represented were of the most childish and farcical character, utterly out of keeping with an institution like the Theatre Royal. Pecuniary considerations, moreover, were not foreign to the question. The Russians had performed and failed in Paris, where the manager contracted liabilities to the extent of 3,000 thalers. He requested Herr von Hülsen to advance him this sum "on account." Herr von Hülsen declined to accede to the application, and both parties, as before mentioned, cancelled the agreement by mutual consent.

Of the members of the Royal Operahouse now absent "upon leave," Mad. Mallinger will perform, towards the close of the present month, four times at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, the characters selected by her being Elsa in *Lohengrin*, Elisabeth in *Tannhäuser*, Susanne in *Le Nozze*, and Marguerite in *Faust*. Mdlle Brandt first sang a few nights at Stuttgart; she next proceeded to Gratz, and thence she will probably go to Vienna. Mdlle Grossi winged her flight to the Stadttheater, Hamburgh, and made her *début* as Isabella in *Robert le Diable*. Herr R. Wagner, it is now confidently stated, will himself superintend the getting up, and conduct his *Tristan und Isolde* at the Operahouse next winter. Mad. Mallinger will represent Isolde; Herr Niemann, Tristan; and Herr Betz, Kurwenal.

The title: Professor, has, by a ministerial edict, been conferred upon Herr A. H. Ehrlich, pianist and musical *feuilletoniste*.

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LOHENGRIN.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

At last, after years of waiting—weary waiting, perhaps, we may not call it—the English opera-goer has seen and heard Richard Wagner. There is reason for congratulation in the fact itself, stripped of all attendant significance. Ever since the reformer of opera began to make a noise in the world, he has been to us a vaguely-defined and shadowy personality. Now and then, in concert-rooms, we have caught a glimpse of a figure which, we were told, resembled him very slightly; and once, on the stage of Drury-lane Theatre, appeared a strange, but not unattractive, personality which Wagner's friends said was a representation of his immature youth. Otherwise, the great man has resembled to us one of Ossian's shadowy heroes, "orating" from a distant mountain-top, while his form loomed vaguely and mysteriously through a fog. For a long time English amateurs cared little about the matter. They had their Beethoven and Mozart, their Rossini and Meyerbeer, their Donizetti and Auber—operatic composers quite good enough for them; and so it happened that, if ever their eyes rested upon the misty outlines of Wagner's figure, no special desire was excited. But men and women cannot long see anything dangled just out of their reach without wishing to grasp it. For this reason, if not on account of an intelligent interest in the question which Wagner represents, there grew up amongst us a real curiosity to know what the most notorious of modern musicians really is. The extent and depth of that curiosity may be measured by the fact that Mr Gye now counts upon it to repay an expenditure of some £4,000 upon the production of *Lohengrin*. It was well, therefore, to have it appeased. But what Wagner did the people go out for to see on Saturday night? There are many forms of him. Here he shows himself barely distinguishable from the mass who labour in the same field of art. There he is recognized by wearing a kind of motley, half conformable to usage, half eccentric, if not wholly new. Yonder he stands alone in his glory, bearing no likeness to anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath. The revelation of this latest development would perhaps have been too much for us, and it was fortunate that Mr Gye presented Wagner in an earlier and less strange aspect. There are some things, and Wagnerism is one, up to which men must be educated. The eye accustomed to darkness is blinded by a rush of light. It needs to pass gradually into the full glory of day. So must the musical amateurs of our benighted nation—Philistine, we believe, is the appropriate term—progress towards the complete Wagner. The *Nibelungen Trilogy* would confound us. The milder dose of *Lohengrin* may do us good. Let us see how the dose was mixed, administered, and received.

Nearing Covent Garden we are sensible of a special occasion. The long "rank," the hurrying of visitors on foot, the prevalence of "scores" appropriately bound in the loudest of colours, and the feverish activity of those who sell books of the words "in both languages" all bespeak a great night. The lobby is crowded, and long before the time when Signor Vianesi lifts his bâton the unreserved parts of the house are crowded to excess. A good look at the packed amphitheatre and gallery, the tenants of which will "assist," in no conventional meaning of the term, at the performance, repays trouble. The Teutonic element is there in strong force, signalized by round florid faces, a profusion of straw-coloured beards, many spectacles, and a prevailing expression of that solemn thoroughness which characterises the worshipping German mind. It is a great occasion with our cousins. They are in earnest, and, should the indifference of Englishmen be very conspicuous, may wax angry—a grave matter in these times, if not a *casus belli*. Lower down, the reserved seats fill quicker than they are wont to do, and even there a certain gravity prevails. Eyes that most often have opera-glasses glued to them are fixed upon unfamiliar pages; heads that usually nod to a circle of acquaintances are quiescent in the act of trying to comprehend the "myth-matter," which, as we have lately been told, represents to us, who are only "compounds of consecutive generations," the "pure symbols of primeval forces." Even Royalty basks in the dawning light of the day of future opera. First to enter the Royal box are the Duchess of Cambridge and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, after whom come the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, with their respective suites. But much more conspicuous to discerning eyes than these "dignities" is the gathering of men and women famous in the worlds of literature and art. "Everybody is here who can claim to be anybody," a magnificent compliment to Wagner, which should gratify his ambition, even though his opera be hissed off the stage. But now appears Signor Vianesi, with a shade of care upon his face, which those who know what Wagnerian opera exacts can readily understand. A minute's pause, and then the prelude begins. We do not like the manner of its beginning. Liszt describes the opening bars as a "vaporous ether," but we find them neither vaporous nor ethereal, but simply a commonplace sequence of chords for violins, in eight parts, played much too loudly. This ill-advised opening lessens the effect of the *crescendo* which illustrates the descent of the Holy Grail. Wagner himself says of this prelude that it suggests a "miraculous troop of angels bearing in their midst the sacred vessel." He goes on: "The holy procession draws nearer; the heart of the elect of God gradually exalts itself, it enlarges, it dilates; ineffable aspirations awaken in him; he experiences increasing happiness in finding himself attracted by the luminous apparition, and when, at last, the Holy Grail itself appears in the midst of the sacred *cortége*, he falls into ecstatic adoration, as though the entire world had suddenly disappeared." All this is hidden from the bulk of the audience, who recognize no more than a highly-coloured but vaguely suggestive movement, wherein the orchestra is handled with consummate skill. The Teutons aloft are, of course, an exception. With them "the entire world had suddenly disappeared," and they like vacuum so much as to clamour for its renewal, which boon Signor Vianesi obligingly grants. Then the curtain rises, and we are translated to the banks of the Scheldt, near Antwerp, nine hundred years ago—a splendid picture, and one that does infinite credit to Messrs Dayes and Caney. Over the foreground stretch the arms of royal oaks, and in the distance, bordered by rushes, flows the "lazy" river, while a bright sun sheds its glory upon all. But the proper study of mankind is man; and we turn from the natural features of the scene to the glittering array of princes, knights, and soldiers, drawn up around King Henry the Fowler. The action soon begins. Four trumpeters —there are sixteen somewhere about the theatre, and all are not good—execute a fanfare, and a Herald (Signor Capponi) steps forward to explain why the King has summoned his vassals. The vassals say they are ready to fight, and the King (Herr Seidemann), in a voice which suggests that the damp air of the Low Countries scarcely agrees with him, gives particulars, winding up by demanding of Frederic of Telramund (M. Maurel) why disunion and strife prevail in those parts. Frederic steps forward to say that Elsa (Mdlle Albani), his ward, and daughter of the late Duke of Brabant, was strongly suspected of having made away with her brother Gottfried. On this account, he (Frederic) could not marry her, as had been arranged, but had chosen Ortrud (Mdlle d'Angeri), whom he presents to the monarch. Frederic winds up by charging Elsa with fratricide, and claiming the Duchy as his own. All this (13 pages) goes on mostly in such recitative as proves the truth of what was said of *Tannhäuser*—"the four-and-twenty keys do not afford a good basis for the ear." A German critic once wrote, *apropos* to the music of this scene: "It is mere bungling—nay, it is filth, the most despicable violation of the rules of art; and if any one should cry out and tell us that we are stupid because this music does not please us, we appeal to a far more certain organ than the brain, and reply, 'You cannot possess ears if you are fond of revelling in such discord.'" We will hardly go so far as this writer, but in good sooth Wagner's wild shrieks of liberty from the dominion of the tone-family are distressing enough to make us ask him for an explanation. He is ready, of course, and tells us, referring to the discovery of the relationship of all tones, that "music shot up into an immense and varied expanse, in which the absolute musician, swimming about without an object and without repose, began to lose courage. Before him he saw naught but an endless heaving mass of possibilities, but was conscious of no object within himself to determine them. . . . . Thus the musician almost felt obliged to regret his immense swimming capabilities; he yearned for the still creeks of his original home again, where, between narrow banks, the water flowed tranquilly in one definite stream." Hence the sway of the limited tone-family, from which a strong swimmer like Wagner is of course free. He can plunge about, shooting rapids, tumbling down cataracts, and gyrating in whirlpools, with an immunity of which Captain Boyton never dreamed—and he does it. But the action of the drama goes on. Henry determines to sit in judgment then and there upon Elsa, whom the Herald summons to appear. The royal maid is supposed to be wandering that way. At any rate, she hears the trumpeters (as we do emphatically), and enters, attended by her women. The King asks if she will be judged by him. Elsa consents, and goes on to tell, in dreamy fashion, of a resplendent knight and champion, whom visions have made known to her. The music is here full of tenderness and beauty. It is melodious besides, and the ear rejoices in it as the eye, after long gazing at sandy desolation, revels in the sight of verdant fields and towering palms. Moreover, Mdlle Albani sings charmingly, and gives a foretaste of the excellence which will characterize her performance as a whole. Moved by the favourable impression which Elsa has produced, Frederic claims the ordeal of single combat. The King consents, and, the lists having been prepared in solemn form, calls upon Elsa

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to name her champion. She chooses the hero of her dreams, vowing that his shall be her hand and crown; whereupon the Herald, backed by his noisy trumpeters, again and again calls for the favoured warrior without avail. In an agony of apprehension, Elsa and her ladies fall upon their knees to pray for his advent. As they do so, the crowd nearest the river utter words of astonishment, and presently is seen, in a small boat drawn by a swan, a Knight covered with resplendent silver armour. It is Lohengrin (Signor Nicolini), who comes, not in visions now, to fight for the cause of innocence and beauty. A wonderful double chorus expresses the astonishment of the on-lookers—such a chorus as only genius could have written; because suggestive in itself, without help from words, of the tumultuous feelings incidental to the situation. Here, not the Germans up aloft merely, but everybody is delighted, and, in response to loud applause, Signor Vianesi repeats the chorus. Well for him that Wagner is not present to witness the dramatic absurdity of a crowd making believe to see an apparition in the distance, when, all the time, it is waiting only a few feet off. The assembly welcomes Lohengrin in a few jubilant bars, after which the strange Knight dismisses his swan, and comes to the front as a short chorus is sung in his honour. At this point recitative begins again. Lohengrin is accepted by Elsa as her champion and husband, subject to the condition of asking no questions about his name, race, or country. This matter arranged, Lohengrin denies the charge of Frederic, and the two knights prepare for combat, while the Herald warns all and sundry not to interfere. But, before the struggle, it is necessary to invoke the justice of Heaven; Henry descends from his throne to act as priest as well as king; and another vast *ensemble* echoes his prayer. The episode is grandly conceived and worked out, but its execution is a sad business; ears already shocked enough by Wagner's doings among the "endless heaving mass of possibilities," being tortured by singing not even approximately in tune. We now watch the encounter with breathless interest. Frederic is worsted, of course; and, as he creeps away, Elsa begins a song of triumph, which expands into a lengthened and elaborate finale of a commonplace character, and productive of no more than vulgar effects. Upon this the curtain descends amid roars of applause that only cease when the principal performers have twice bowed their acknowledgments. So far the opera is a success. We are dazzled by the splendour and chivalry of the scene, impressed by the poetic beauty of the story, and, hardly less, by the novel character of its musical treatment. But are we satisfied as well as excited? Some of us, at least, must answer, "No." Weary of blazing tone-colour, endless surprises, unmelodious declamation, and the constant strain at which the composer works, we doubt—while calling to mind the dungeon scene in *Fidelio*, and the supper scene in *Don Giovanni*—if this be the only true dramatic music.

(*To be continued.*)

MELBOURNE.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The Allen English Opera Company has returned, after a successful and lengthy tour. Miss Alice May left behind her the most pleasant recollections. Since the Allen *troupe* left, we have had Italian opera, with Mdme Palmieri, and *opera bouffe*, with Miss Thompson, Miss Winstone (who has become a great favourite), Messrs Fox, Bracey, and Farley. M. Blondin now appears nightly between the acts of the *Grand Duchesse*. To-night is to be his last; and the great rope-walker leaves by the mail which takes this letter. Mdme Bishop gives a sacred concert at the Theatre Royal on Good Friday, and a series of concerts in Easter week. The Royal English Opera Company are resting for a short period, and will appear next in Adelaide.

Melbourne, March 24.

DÜSSELDORF.—A one-act romantic opera, entitled *Der Geiger von Gmünd*, has been successfully produced at the Stadttheater. The libretto is by Herr Hermann Hirschel, and the music by Herr Josef Stich.

HANOVER.—Liszt played recently at a concert in the Theatre Royal, in aid of the fund for erecting a monument at Eisenach in honour of Johann Sebastian Bach. The programme, composed exclusively of works by that great master, included a Church Cantata for Solo Singers, Chorus, and Orchestra; Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello; "Präludio, Sarabande, and Bourrée for Violoncello; two Chorales (the Cathedral Choir); Concerto in C major, for Two Pianofortes, and Fantasia with Fugue on the notes B A C H; and Liszt's Variations on the *Basso continuo* from the sacred cantata: *Weinen—Klagen—Sorgen—Zagen.*

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

At the Imperial Operahouse, Miss Minnie Hauck has been engaged for a few performances in the first week in June. Immediately afterwards, *Aida* will be played twice, under Verdi's direction. The characters of Aida and Amneris will be sustained by Mesdes Waldmann and Stolz, who sustained them on the first production of the opera at Cairo. The first appearance of Herr Hans Richter as *Capellmeister* was marked by a change in the mode of performing a well-known work—Beethoven's *Fidelio*, to wit. The overture No. 3 to *Lenore* was played before the curtain went up, instead of, as hitherto, between the acts. The reason for this innovation is that the action of the opera may not be interrupted, and that the prelude to the second act may be heard to advantage. For next season there is a prospect of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* (not performed for thirteen years), *Rigoletto*, and *Le Fils Prodigue*, which was once a favourite opera here, but has disappeared from the repertory since the death of Herr Ander. The novelties are to be *Tristan und Isolde*; *Carmen*, by Bizet; *Timbre d'Argent*, by St Saëns; and a romantic opera by Ivar Hallström. There is a talk of an Italian season in March and April, with Patti and Lucca, Nicolini, Capoul, Debassini, and Zucchini.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The concerts given on Whit Monday at the Albert Hall were not so well attended as they probably would have been had not their promised attractions been outbid by the pleasures elsewhere—those brought about by fine weather and the enjoyments of the green fields. There was a tolerably large audience in the evening. The programme was good of its kind, and compiled wholly in the interest of the holiday-makers, whose tastes were propitiated by a round of songs and ballads, most of them "familiar as household words," interspersed with the pleasant part-singing of the Albert Hall glee party. Mr Sims Reeves was announced, and, not only so, appeared, much to the satisfaction of the sceptics, who, taught by experience, had hoped against hope and dreaded a repetition of old disappointments. The great tenor, however, was, upon this occasion, at hand, and, happily, in excellent health. He sang a new song, of the plaintive school, by Arthur Sullivan, called "The love that loves me not," and Hatton's never failing "Good bye, sweetheart, good bye," in both of which he challenged the encores to which he is entitled by right as well as by compliment. The new song by Arthur Sullivan will, doubtless, meet with a cordial welcome in the drawing-room. Its dreamy tenderness will invite the sympathies of many a gentle amateur, who will essay it accordingly, and in many cases, it may be assumed, with success. The delicate finish with which Mr Sims Reeves rendered it was beyond all praise, and the song had the further advantage of being accompanied by the composer. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, another of the fixed stars at the Royal Albert Hall, headed the list of vocalists, and her well-known version of "John Anderson, my jo," and "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls"—the latter followed, upon encore, by her husband's pretty song, "Down in my heart a little bird"—were received with the customary marks of approbation. Equal in importance to Madame Lemmens-Sherrington was Madame Patey, who is now also one of the indispensables of a popular concert. Wallace's charming setting of "Sweet and low," Barnby's new song, "Thou whom my heart adoreth," and "The minstrel boy," were the vehicles chosen to exhibit her fine voice and exemplary taste; and two of them, if not the whole three, were redemanded. Mr W. H. Cummings was in good voice and good spirits, and contributed Blumenthal's dainty song, called "Yes!" and "Draw the sword, Scotland," in his own neat and unaffected manner. And then there was Signor Foli to sing Diehl's patriotic song about "Dear England"—

> "Where a slave cannot breathe, or invader presume
> To ask for more land than will cover his tomb"—

and "Hearts of oak"—gems both in the ears of a Whitsuntide audience. Besides the above singers, Mdlle St Alba warbled, in a showy style, the bolero from Verdi's *Vespri Siciliani*, and, later in the evening, "Kathleen, mavourneen." Among the best events of the programme, however, were the performances of a pair of De Beriot's ornate violin solos, by a Mdlle Clarita Sanjuan—a lady who, there is every probability, will be in request at other concerts during the present season, on the strength of her very remarkable ability as an executant—a beautiful quality of tone and consummate tenderness of expression being also characteristics of her playing that will not be overlooked. The glee singers interposed their part-songs at frequent intervals, their most acceptable exploit being the "Three chafers," which was encored; and Mr Hoyte topped and tailed the concert with performances on the organ. The songs were accompanied by Mr W. H. Thomas.

D. H. H.

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ST JAMES'S HALL,

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MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S

Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his Fifteenth Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the the following afternoons :—

FRIDAY, May 28, 1875.
FRIDAY, June 4, 1875.
FRIDAY, June 11, 1875.
FRIDAY, June 18, 1875.
FRIDAY, June 25, 1875.

FOURTH RECITAL,

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 28, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

TRIO in A, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA .. *S. Bennett.*

GRAND SONATA in C, Op. 53, for pianoforte—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ .. .. *Beethoven.*

"GEDENBLATT," Serenade in B major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA .. .. *T. Kirchner.*

THREE PENSÉES FUGITIVES (*a*) Romance, (*b*) Intermezzo, (*c*) Lied, for pianoforte and violin—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ and Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. *Heller and Ernst.*

TRIO in E flat, Op. 40, for pianoforte, violin, and horn—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, and M. VANHAUTE *Brahms.*

Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), 7s.; balcony, 3s.; area, One Shilling.

Tickets may be had at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Ollivier's, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TORQUATO.—Goldoni (the Molière of Italy) was born at Venice, on the 25th of February, 1707.

LAVENDER PITT.—No. The opera, *Tigrane*, was by Righini. Mr Pitt probably refers to the *Zaire* of Winter.

AMATEUR.—The sisters Marchisio sang first at Paris, in 1864, when the opera selected for them was *Semiramide*.

DR EVERY.—When Dr Sloman's *Supplication and Praise* was performed in the Royal Albert Hall (June 17, 1874), Mr Edward Bending—not Dr Hough—was the organist, and Mr William Carter conducted everything except the work of Dr Sloman. Dr Every is right about the Processional March from *Placida*, but wrong in each of his other statements.

VERITAS.—The concert referred to by our correspondent was given at Dudley House (Park Lane), on the 4th of July, 1861. Madame Lind Goldschmidt *did* sing, as also Signori Giuglini and Belletti. Herr Otto Goldschmidt was pianist and conductor, Herr Deichmann violinist, and Signor Piatti violoncellist. The concert was for the benefit of the Society of Female Artists.

MARRIAGE.

On the 19th May, at the Chapel Royal of the Savoy, by the Rev. H. White, HARRY, eldest son of Mr Charles Turner, of the Royal Nurseries, Slough, to ELIZABETH, only daughter of Mrs Bacon (Miss Poole).

DEATH.

On May 17th, at 17, Keppel Street, Russell Square, ANTONINE, wife of Alexandre Billet, Esq., aged 51.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1875.

WE are glad to find the "provincial" press exerting its influence in a direction we have always advocated, and, to the best of our ability, shall continue to advocate, for the benefit of art and its professors. Read the subjoined extract from a recent article in the *Liverpool Mail*:—

"The disgraceful turmoil amidst which a concert at the Philharmonic Hall terminated on Wednesday evening directs attention to a subject which stands in need of rational adjustment. We refer to encores. In many cases these uproarious manifestations of British delight have ceased to be a compliment; they have become a nuisance. The incident at the Philharmonic Hall was an illustration of the latter phase of the subject. Mr Sims Reeves is, no doubt, a popular man; but it is both unreasonable and ill-mannered in an audience which has gone to hear a specified programme insisting upon its principal items being duplicated. It is useless to pretend that this demand is dictated by uncontrollable admiration of the artist; it is pure selfishness and greed on the part of the audience, who want two concerts for their one payment. Mr Reeves was gracious enough to submit to one encore on Wednesday; but when, later in the programme, he again performed his allotted work, and the audience repeated their demand for a second ballad, Mr Reeves stoutly resisted the importunity. When the people shouted, he bowed, and on five successive occasions came before them in answer to their enthusiastic applause. Mr Reeves declined either to repeat "Tom Bowling," or to give another song in its place, and in this course we think he was entirely justified. The persistent enthusiasm was simply a vulgar demand for a second concert, and instead of being a true compliment to the artist was an attempted extortion. The encore nuisance, especially at "popular" entertainments, has become an outrage on good manners, and singers are fully justified in setting their faces against it. There are occasions when encores may be regarded as honest expressions of admiration, and it would be injudicious to abolish them utterly. But they ought to be reduced in frequency; and such scandalous outbreaks as occurred in Liverpool on Wednesday should be condemned as equally offensive to the artists and the reputable portion of the audience."

Our great singer is continually exposed to these annoyances; and his manful resistance redounds to his honour. The *Liverpool Porcupine* also appears in the lists, as champion for what is true and right. Thus speaks our polyquilled contemporary:—

"The disturbance at the Sims Reeves concert on Wednesday evening recalls disagreeably the encore nuisance against which from time to time we have protested. At almost every concert or operatic performance given in this town a small lot of persons seem to have it in their power to alter the whole scheme of the entertainment, by noisily insisting on the repetition of parts of the programme. These people are invariably a miserable minority of the audience, and their proceedings proclaim them to be as stupid as they are mean and greedy. They have paid the smallest sum that will gain them admission to the house, to hear a performance the particulars of which have been advertised, and their endeavours are to coerce the *artistes* to give them as much more as they can wheedle or bully out of them without additional payment. The rudeness with which they levy this black-mail is equalled by their artistic ignorance. They interrupt the *prima donna* in the middle of an air to show their admiration of some incidental embellishment, and they ruin the dramatic force of the most interesting operatic situation by insisting on the repetition of the hero's passionate avowals or the heroine's despair. It has been suspected that these fellows are sometimes paid by the managers of entertainments to stimulate the applause, and this would certainly account for the *mal-apropos* manner in which the duty is performed; but we more incline to the belief that they are of the mean class who seldom spend a shilling on music, and who are determined, when they do, to have all they can get for their money. From a crowded concert like that of Wednesday it is impossible to expel disturbers; but the moral resistance offered by Mr Sims Reeves, if generally imitated, would cure the evil."

Health and long existence to the *Liverpool Porcupine!* May its quills have point, and its shadow never be less. *Be chesm!*

FLORENCE.—The Teatro Nazionale is being repaired and redecorated. It will reopen in the autumn with opera and ballet.

OLDENBURG.—A monument in honour of J. F. Herbart, writer on philosophy, will be unveiled on the 100th anniversary of his birth, next year, he having first seen the light here on the 4th May, 1776. Herbart possessed considerable talent as a musician, composed Pianoforte Sonatas, and was the author of a work entitled: "*Physiological Considerations on the Theory of Tone.*" There is an interesting article concerning him in H. Mendel's "*Musikalisches Conversations-Lexicon.*"

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

At the recent Festival of the Sons of the Clergy, in St Paul's Cathedral, the orchestra (52) was led by Mr Frank Amor. Mr George Cooper being unwell, his place at the organ was taken by G. Martin, Mus. Bac. The overture to *The Last Judgment* was played before service, and about a dozen numbers from the same oratorio formed the anthem. The Canticles ("Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis"), by Mr Henry Gadsby, had already been performed on a previous occasion (St Paul's Day, Jan. 25), with full orchestral accompaniment. The chorus was nearly three hundred strong. The soloists were Masters Hollis, Grover, and Brereton (sopranos); Mr Frost (alto); Messrs Kerr Gedge, Thornton, Kenningham, and Raynham (tenors); Messrs De Lacey and Winn (basses)—all members of the St Paul's choir.

For the forthcoming Norwich Musical Festival (commencing on Monday, September 20th), the following artists have been engaged, viz.:—Mdlle Emma Albani, Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle Mathilde Enequist, Mdme Patey, and one of Mr Maplesson's most recent and brilliant successes, the charming Mdlle Anna de Belocca; Messrs Lloyd, Guy, Minns, Wadmore, and Foli, with Sir Julius Benedict as conductor. The sacred performances are to include Mendelssohn's *Elijah* and *Hymn of Praise;* Spohr's "God, Thou art great;" selection from Pierson's *Jerusalem;* Haydn's *Imperial Mass;* Sullivan's *David and Jonathan* (composed for this Festival); Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria;* and Handel's *Messiah*. Among the attractions announced for the evening entertainments are Randegger's *Fridolin*, and Sir Julius Benedict's *Legend of St Cecilia*. The Festival is to take place in St Andrew's Hall.—Weston S. Jackson.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of the Students' Concert, given at St James's Hall on Thursday evening:—

Allegro con fuoco, from Trio in B flat (Op. 6), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Miss Emily Banks, Mdlle Gabrielle Vaillant, and Mr Buels)—Ferdinand Hiller; Songs, "Venetianisches Gondellied," and "Wanderlied" (Miss Amy Aylward)—Mendelssohn; Allegro, from "Faschingsschwank aus Wien" (Op. 26), pianoforte (Miss Edith Brand)—Schumann; Trio, "Words are weak" (*Solomon*) (Miss Shaboe, Miss Richardson, and Miss Arnold)—Handel; Song, "When the orb of day, reposing" (*Euryanthe*) (Mr Howells)—Weber; Notturno, in E flat (first movement), for pianoforte and violin (Miss Harper and Mdlle Gabrielle Vaillant)—Dussek; Song (MS.), "The Tree and the Maiden" (Miss Mary Davies, Welsh Choral Union Scholar)—H. C. Banister; Sonata, in E minor, pianoforte and violoncello (Miss Turner Burnett and Mr Buels)—Walter Macfarren; Lied, "Nachtgesang" (Miss Reimar—violin *obbligato*, Mdlle Gabrielle Vaillant)—Hauptmann; Motett, for female voices, "Surrexit Pastor" (solos by Miss Larkcom, Westmorland Scholar; Miss Farrar, Miss Grace Bolton, and Miss Bolingbroke, Parepa-Rosa Scholar)—Mendelssohn; Study in A minor and Traumeswirren, pianoforte (Miss Ethel Goold)—Thalberg and Schumann; Song, "On a Faded Violet" (Miss Annie Butterworth)—E. H. Thorne; Duet in F minor (MS.), pianoforte and violoncello (Miss Prescott and Mr Buels)—Oliveria Prescott (student); Songs, "Oh, Tell me, my Heart" and "A Hunter's Song" (Mr Wadmore)—Mendelssohn; Song (MS.), "The Grave" (Miss Grace Bolton)—Corder (student); Quartet, "Blessed are they," *St John the Baptist* (Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Thekla Fischer, Mr Howells, and Mr Wadmore)—G. A. Macfarren; Allegro Brillante in A (Op. 92), for two performers on the pianoforte (Mr G. F. Smith and Mr H. Walmsley Little)—Mendelssohn; Trio, "Le faccio," *Il Matrimonio* (Miss Marrietta, Miss Larkcom, Westmorland Scholar; and Miss Grace Bolton)—Cimarosa; Twenty-fourth Psalm, "The earth is the Lord's" (solos by Miss Marie Duval, Miss Grace Bolton, Mr Nichol, and Mr Ap Herbert)—Spohr.

The accompanists of the vocal music were Miss Alice Curtis (Potter Exhibitioner), Mr W. W. Bampfylde, Mr Walter Fitton. Mr Walter Macfarren was the conductor. Among the pieces that attracted more than usual attention were Dussek's Notturno for violin and piano, so capitally played by Miss Harper and Mdlle Vaillant that everyone regretted the minuet and trio, which complete the work, were not also given; Mr Walter Macfarren's clever sonata for pianoforte and violoncello; two songs by Mendelssohn, sung by Mr Wadmore, who pleases more and more every time he comes before the public; and Mr Banister's song, "The Tree and the Maiden," excellently sung by Miss Mary Davies.

PROVINCIAL.

Deptford.—A concert was given at the Christ Church Mission Hall, in aid of the Organ Fund. A number of ladies and gentlemen proffered their services in the cause, and gave a very agreeable entertainment. One of the hits of the evening was Mr Arthur Thomas's rendering of Wilford Morgan's new song, "I would be a boy again," which was unanimously encored.

Worcester.—*The Worcestershire Chronicle* informs us that the performance lately, of Macfarren's *St John the Baptist*, by the Worcester Philharmonic Society, is deserving of the highest praise. Mrs A. J. Sutton (soprano), Miss Minnie Watkins (contralto), Mr W. M. Dyson (tenor), and Mr Orlando Christian (bass), were the principal vocalists. The choruses were given with a precision that reflected credit upon the conductor (Mr Done), and those under his direction. The duet for tenor and bass, "Whatsoever mine eyes desire," was deservedly followed by universal commendation, and Mrs Sutton was called upon to repeat the song of *Salome*, "I rejoice in my youth," and the beautiful quartet, "Blessed are they," was also repeated. The audience was very numerous, all parts of the Music Hall being well filled; and we are sure that those present will join with us in expressing a hope that the society will give us the opportunity of listening to many more oratorios as promptly and satisfactorily performed as was Macfarren's.

Brighton.—There were no less than three *prime donne* at Mr Kuhe's concert given last Thursday week, in the Dome, viz., Mdlle Albani, Madame Marimon and Madame Vilda. The *Guardian* remarks that—"The improvement in artistic finish, and the development of sympathetic and intellectual qualities shown by Mdlle Albani since last year, make her perhaps the most promising artist now on the Italian lyric stage," and that she "won the hearts of the ladies immediately upon reaching the orchestra, for she gave them something to look at and talk about in a splendid example of the heavy floral trimming which is just now the tip-top of fashion in London!!" The same journal goes on to say—"Mdlle Marimon's reception was that of a great public favourite, her vocalization was as brilliant as ever and her voice appears to have increased in volume. Madame Vilda was recalled after Proch's "Air with variations" and Mr Kuhe, who was received with special heartiness, played his "Gondola," Thalberg's A minor study, Tito Mattei's "Grand Valse de Concert" and was recalled after each performance. Sir Julius Benedict was the conductor. The seating arrangements were carried out by Messrs R. Potts and Co. with the usual attention and completeness of that firm.—Madame Martorelli Garcia, Madame Osborne Williams, and Signor Gustave Garcia, have been singing at the Aquarium concerts. Madame Patey is to be the vocalist to day.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S RECITALS.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

The second pianoforte recital of Mr Charles Hallé took place at St James's Hall on Friday last, by special desire. The Princess of Wales graced the performance with her presence. Mr Hallé had selected five *morceaux* from Spohr, Schumann, Raff, Leclair, Bach, and Beethoven, and was assisted by Mdme Norman-Néruda and Herr Franz Néruda, violinist and violoncellist. Spohr's Trio in E minor, Op. 119, commenced the recital. The first movement (*moderato*) was exquisitely given; the *Larghetto* in A major was much applauded; the *Scherzo* and *Finale* being equally successful. Schumann's "Humoreske" in B flat, Op. 20, No. 1, for pianoforte, is justly described in the programme as "simply a caprice of fancy, which defies analysis, being constructed in no form that can be reduced to rule." Mr Hallé played it to perfection. Mdme Norman-Néruda delighted the audience with a Cavatina in D, by Raff, and a Tambourin in the same key, by Léclair, being accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr Hallé. Mdme Néruda was at her best, and Léclair's Tambourin elicited a hearty recall. No. 4 was a "Præambulum, Aria, Passepied, and Gigue" for pianoforte, by J. S. Bach—the first and last in G major, the Aria and Passepied in E minor. Mr Hallé always plays the music of Bach *con amore*, and his hearers never fail to appreciate what he does. The recital was brought to an end with Beethoven's Introduction and Variations in G major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, on the popular air, "Ich bin der Schneider, Kakadu," from Wenzel Müller's *Schwestern von Prag*, an opera produced at Prague in 1794, and afterwards performed in Vienna. These variations serve to show how the great musician could develop the most trivial theme. They were admirably played throughout. Mr Hallé must be congratulated not only on the selection of his programme, but also on his masterly performance.

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MUSICAL MEANDERINGS.

(At a Concert in St James's Hall, Thursday Evening, May 18th.)

There seems to be a peculiar charm to the human mind in that which is connected with the past: in any relic, so to speak, which is suggestive of that relic's surroundings, now no longer to be realised except by the imagination. Whether this temper of humanity arises from curiosity, from a vanity that may nearly always be gratified by measuring the present with bygone times, or from a desire to gauge by comparison the exact rapidity with which our race continues to refine upon refinement, improve upon improvement, is a matter of speculation; but that it is by no means an exceptional temper among us none can deny. How otherwise can one account for the almost rabid covetousness with which the collector of supposed objects of beauty will pounce upon some hideous abortional shape in stone, or frailer substance—or stand in ecstatic devotion before some grotesque representation on canvas or paper which, if produced in the present day, would swiftly gravitate to its home behind the fire? The glamour which transforms the imperfections of the art-works of our ancestors into attractiveness, even to minds that perpetually bask in the bright presence of Art in her strong unveiled beauty, as revealed by the light of the nineteenth century, can proceed but from one cause. We do not regard them as co-existences with the Art that is—but as echoes of the Art which is not: that Art which was, one may almost say, but the distorted shadow cast before of those grand proportions we are ever scanning and essaying to measure with our eager eyes. Although this sentiment, in many cases but a half affectation, but lightly touches the taste whose roots are hardened and strengthened by years, it has its dangers for youthful, sensitive minds; minds that, regarding the present with wondering eyes, are glancing from the past into the future with a dangerous hesitation. If that is to be admired—they may reflect—how can this be right? If this, to which my whole soul cleaves, in whose beauty I would bathe and revel for ever, if need be, be true Beauty, how am I to acknowledge that for Beauty also, and compress and twist my power of appreciation to its strangeness, dwarf my own mental stature to bring me on a level with that for which I have a natural abhorence? This unsettled state engenders disquietude, which may subside out of sheer weariness of the perpetual battle of taste into an acceptation of the false: and there may be an artist lost. And we hold that every young being, as he bears within himself the elements of perfection, must be an artist in embryo; must have his little niche prepared for him in one of the long solemn vistas of the vast Palace of Art; and, should he turn aside from the search for the path thereto, there is an artist lost, and humanity suffers.

To this possible loss there is but a feeble counterbalance in the condemnable notion that age covers a multitude of art-sins; but counterbalance there is. Without its protection, what would become of those whose fault it is, not that they were born before the time that art development began with electric speed, and international commingling brought us fresh art blood and nerves, and the inundation of excellence in all branches that flooded and extinguished the weak pipings of the incompetent? None would listen to their meek and feeble antiquations. And some of the stronger among these stood against the overwhelming current, and even yet lift up their heads and pipe—not without some excellence, if one recedes into the shadows of the past, and judges them in its semi-obscurity. They should be protected; and protected by the strong shield of the sentiment above alluded to they are. They come before the public hand-in-hand with the renowned artists of the day, and the public tolerates them. They give concerts, as did Miss Steele the other evening, at St James's Hall, and a large circle of friends responds to the summons, applauding them with the same measure, overflowing into encores, that is accorded to such public favourites as, for instance, Mr Santley, whom Miss Steele showed much shrewdness in securing as the very corner-stone of her programme. Mr Santley's name is a sufficient guarantee for any programme in which it appears; nor can any audience be sufficiently chilled by continued applications of mediocrity, not to be instantly roused into enthusiasm by the first accents of a voice which, wherever heard—in opera, hall, or concert-room—has a power of magnetizing the emotions of the listener, which would seem almost superhuman, did it not proceed from a power which is occasionally permitted to stalk this matter-of-fact earth—Genius. To Genius belongs the power to electrify; in some cases where it is perverted, to disgust and offend; but always to produce a strong emotion. It may thrill the soul like a passionate spiritual embrace, or it may enter it to bring the cold shudder of a sword thrust—which impression it frequently makes when it exists without art. Genius is the kernel, art the fruit; imperfect apart, together they form a complete whole.

In Mr Santley we have an example of what Genius can be when devoted to the true interests of Art, instead of disdaining and casting aside her gentle harness. He does not alarm us with eccentricities, or startle us with inexplicable flights and flashes. Whatever we hear from the lips of this great singer, of whom we are so justly proud, is a legitimate and dignified exposition of musical idealism. It is hardly possible to overrate an artist, who, in full possession of that electrical ferocity which so often renders the mind of its possessor beyond control, can patiently devote himself to the study of the ideas of others, to the rendering of works with a religious regard to the intention of the composer. When Mr Santley sings, he seals the music upon the minds of his listeners, first melted by the warmth of his sympathetic tones; but he seals them with the true impression which would be recognized by the intelligence that conceived it. On the occasion to which we refer, he gave two songs of Schumann's (one the well-known "Widmung"), and introduced a new song by Louis Diehl, an impetuous setting of some five verses of Lord Lytton's, entitled "Absent, yet present." That the song was encored was not remarkable, as it is mostly Mr Santley's fate to be brought back to the platform; nor was it astonishing that in the repetition of the song the delicate touches of sentiment should be somewhat varied. Genius being a spark of the great creative power is nothing if not creative; and, however tutored and controlled, will hardly manifest itself twice alike in the whole of its erratic and restless career.

On this occasion, when the past was so curiously dragged into the light of the present, the concert-giver was assisted by many artists of note—Madame Corani, Miss Severn, Mr Lloyd, Messrs Walter Bache and Paque, Mr Corney Grain, and others whose performances demand no special comment. As at other benefit concerts, the music was chosen with reference to the brevity of programme and the taste of the audience, who, as long as Miss Steele tempts them with such allurements, will doubtless be ready to respond to her summons.—Z.

MDLLE MARIE KREBS.

(From the "Standard.")

The success of the two recitals recently given by Mdlle Marie Krebs was so great that the young artist has been prevailed upon to announce two more similar entertainments, the first of which took place on Wednesday afternoon, at St James's Hall, which, taking into consideration the untoward state of the weather, was remarkably well filled. There can be no doubt that performers falling in the least degree short of excellence are not qualified to come before the public in the character of reciters; for concerts of the recital class, besides affording intellectual gratification, play another and a far more important part—that of an educatory medium, in which a model of executive style is put forward for young aspirants to the honours of the pianoforte to take example by. Mdlle Marie Krebs has earned the right to have her performances accepted in the light of pure indications of the various composers' intentions, and hence her recitals are patronised largely by those who have a musical career before them, as well as by those skilled musicians and practised *virtuosos* who admire excellence in art for its own sake. Hence it behoves the pianist to choose her programme with care, selecting rather those classical works with which the rising generation of practical musicians are likely to make personal acquaintance, than pieces calculated to exhibit her own individual prowess over the instrument. With the selection of Wednesday's recital, no fault can be found. It opened with a prelude and fugue of Bach's in A minor, and included Beethoven's sonata in A flat major (Op. 26), the one containing the variations and the funeral march; Sterndale Bennett's three musical sketches, "The Lake," "The Mill Stream," and "The Fountain," the last of which was encored and repeated; Chopin's nocturne in C minor (Op. 48, No. 1); and Etudes in G flat, C sharp, and A minor; Haydn's variations in F minor (Op. 94); Schumann's Arabesque and Novelette (Op. 21, No. 7); a "Pensée" by Krebs; and a Tarantelle Toccata by Charles Mayer. Such a collection of pieces (with the exception of the prelude and fugue) might be found in the portfolio of many students of average proficiency; and young pianists should, therefore, be grateful to Mdlle Krebs for volunteering a lesson in them—for a lesson, and nothing short of it, it was, Mdlle Krebs playing with such beauty of phrasing, such admirable light and shade, and such delicacy and precision of manipulation, that each particular *morceau* was rendered a model thoroughly worthy of emulation. It would be invidious to particularize Mdlle Krebs's playing in each separate piece; it is enough to say that in all she was completely excellent, and that Sir Sterndale Bennett's beautiful sketches were so keenly relished by the audience, that Mdlle Krebs was fain to repeat the last. The compliment of a recall was also paid to the pianist after her admirable rendering of Chopin's very characteristic studies. Altogether the recital was an unalloyed success. The second recital is announced for June 2.

MANNHEIM.—Mozart's *Zauberflöte* was performed, on the 9th inst., at the Grand-Ducal Theatre for the 200th time. The performance was ushered in by a "Festspiel"; the chorus was increased; even the smaller characters were sustained by leading artists; and everything was done to celebrate worthily the occasion.

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RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS *RING OF THE NIBLUNG.*

BY F. HUEFFER.

(*From the "New Quarterly Magazine."*)

It is my purpose in the following pages to give some account to the English reader of a work which, to say nothing of the much-disputed question as to its musical or poetical beauties, commands by its scope and dimensions the attention of every student of literature and art. I am speaking of the drama, or rather, the sequence of four dramas, the tetralogy in which Wagner has grappled with those oldest and mightiest types of Teutonic lore which, in the Runic measures of the Icelandic sagas, strike us like the phantoms of a wild dream, gigantic at once in their beauty and boldness. The difficulties of handling such a subject need not be pointed out. These types, by their very essence, are entirely removed from the sphere in which our modern thoughts and actions lie. Our customs, our morals are unknown to them. The laws by which they act, or by the breaking of which they perish, are derived from an unwritten code of their own, being more intuitively felt than consciously known by themselves. They are led by their own free impulse, where we anxiously regard the opinions of others. They represent, in short, the pure symbols of primeval forces, while we are the compounds of consecutive generations. To bridge over this chasm, dividing the old age and the new, to strike that cord of purely human feeling which binds and blends men of all times and nations, is the work of the poet; for he alone is able to combine in his own nature the consciousness of modern thought with the intensity of prehistoric energy of action. But only to a man of the highest genius can it be given to combine in his own being and to symbolically unite in his creations two principles seemingly so antagonistic. Such a poet—for it is to his poetical no less, or even more, than to his musical capacity, that our attention will be directed—I recognize in Richard Wagner.

Before trying to prove the truth of this assertion by an analysis of Wagner's last and greatest work, the *Ring of the Niblung*, I must ask the reader to follow me in a short survey of our master's previous career; for only in this manner can it be shown how by the gradual purification of his own artistic nature he was led to the purest sources of poetry, the mythical creations of earliest popular feeling. A few biographical facts illustrating this artistic progress may prove an addition not unwelcome to the English reader.*

When, in 1838, in his twenty-sixth year, Wagner began the composition of his first important opera, the German and, indeed, the European stage, did not offer a hopeful aspect to a composer of artistic aspirations. In Germany, the later and lesser composers of the Italian and French schools, such as Bellini, Donizetti, and Adam, reigned supreme. Wagner himself has told us how the trivial productions of these men which, as musical director of a small theatre at Riga, he had to conduct, almost brought him to despair. In Paris, on the other hand, at that time the musical centre of Europe, the great traditions of Méhul, Cherubini, and Boieldieu, were more and more lost in the spectacular effects of a new school, at the head of which stood Meyerbeer, in the full splendour of a European reputation. He is the chief representative of what has been described as the "historic" opera, a branch of art which but too often renounced its high-sounding name by appeals to the lowest taste of the vulgar. No admirer of Meyerbeer's great and indisputable gifts can but regret the musical and poetical atrocities with which he and his librettists have defaced such works as the "Huguenots" or the "Prophet." Wagner, although filled with the grand inspirations of Beethoven's genius, was too much allured by the charms of immediate success not to accommodate himself to some extent to the clamorous demands of contemporary audiences. His *Rienzi* was written with a view to seeing it performed at the Grand Opera in Paris, and, in consequence, conceived in the spirit of coarse effectiveness prevailing at that institution. Fortunately, we may say, in the interest of true art, Wagner was to be utterly disappointed in the hopes founded on this work. In vain he went to Paris to gain by personal intercession a hearing for it. Theatrical managers looked with suspicion on a young, unknown foreigner, unsupported by a clique, and without journalistic or social interest of any kind. Wagner was brought to the verge of actual starvation. He had to undergo all the horrors of musical drudgery, such as arranging popular airs for the cornet-à-piston, to secure a scanty maintenance for himself, his wife, and an enormous black dog, with which, in his worst circumstances, he refused to part. His feelings at the time he has rendered in some small stories and essays, descriptive of the bitterest pangs of personal and artistic disappointment. But this misery eventually proved to be the cleansing fire of his artistic career, from which his strong nature sallied forth to purer and higher spheres of action. He soon felt the necessity of giving vent to his personal misery in song. Taught by misfortune, he learned to despise the gifts which Fortune refused to grant. Regardless, nay, scarcely desirous, of success, he now determined to follow only the voice of his own nature, which urged him to embody the sorrow of his heart in the creations of his genius. It was in this mood that Wagner began and finished in but seven weeks the composition of his second opera, the *Flying Dutchman*. The doomed wanderer of the main, homeless, and longing for home, on the waves of a borderless sea, expressed but too well the misery of his own situation. Indeed, this personal conception of the hero of his story strikes us in Wagner's score with almost lyrical power. The pity we feel for the fate of the unfortunate sailor is therefore of a personal kind. We look upon him not as an impossible phantom, but as a man overwhelmed by sufferings, such as we ourselves have experienced, or may be subject to any day of our lives. Pity and fear—Aristotle's criteria of the tragic subject—are roused in a sense all the more intense, and all the more lasting, as, on examining our sensations, we find that they have been excited by the purest creations of imaginative power, unaided, but also unencumbered by references to the unwieldy facts of history, or the narrow troubles of our daily existence. In this circumstance, the enormous superiority of the mythical over the historical or domestic subject-matter seems to consist. The latter only represents what actually has happened; the former leads us back to the fount of unalloyed volition, from which all actions flow—to the *noumenon*, indeed, of which the world and its appearances are only the shadow. It is in this way that, for instance, the Greek tragedy combines the closest realism of psychological detail with its sublime idealism of motive.

* For a more comprehensive account of Wagner's life and works, I reluctantly refer the reader to my book, "*Richard Wagner and the Music of the Future*," published last year.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

(A Testimonial. May 19th, 1875.)

When blust'ring storms, which break the Sabbath's peace,
All through the morn and noon, sink down to rest,
As Nature bids their thousand voices cease,
And soothes young sobbing winds upon her breast,
Till, when the sunset hour at length draws nigh,
An unexpected calm reigns, soft and wide,
And from a grateful world goes to the sky.
The worship which the stormy morn denied.
The peace-crown'd worship of a Sabbath eve—
Can Heav'n from earth a fairer gift receive?
Fairer the ev'ning of a great man's day,
When noon-tide foes are silenc'd all, or slain;
When envy and neglect (worth-murderers they!)
Loosen their spite-charg'd bows, which twang'd in vain;
When honour's hand, though tardy, not too late,
With hard-won gems bedecks the artist's brow;—
Gems bright, yet not seductive; Heaven's near gate
Lets out such light, earth fails to dazzle now;—
When, after day-long storms, celestial rays
Thus softly paint his sky, 'tis with a sheen,
Straight from the Fount where light eternal plays.
And this, O Benedict! thy evening scene!
Grand master, when thine hour of rest draws near,
Fear not to sleep, for, waking, mayst thou find
The deathless beams thy genius kindled here
Have done the noble work by God designed,
And warm'd to life the heavenward spark in many a night-lock'd mind.

Mrs H. Van Landeghem.

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PRESENTATION TO SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

The long-talked of "presentation" to Sir Julius Benedict came off yesterday afternoon in Dudley House, by consent of its noble owner, next to whom, on the platform occupied by the Committee, was his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. A more gratifying ceremony has rarely been witnessed. It was a genuine acknowledgment of distinguished worth, to which the artistic talent and the personal qualities of its recipient may be said to have preferred equal claims. In 1835 a young German musician arrived in England, whose chief recommendation lay in the fact of his having been Weber's favourite pupil. That this predilection on the part of the composer to whom we owe *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon* had not been indiscriminately bestowed was soon made evident. In a short time Benedict earned a name and fame among us, which, as years rolled on, obtained more general and hearty recognition. How, with sure steps, he rose gradually to the place he now occupies, at the head of his profession, is familiar both to amateurs and musicians, by whom he is equally regarded and esteemed. It is not our object, however, to describe the public career of Sir Julius Benedict. His long residence in this country, which, since the date already specified, he has adopted as his own, absolves us from any such task. Enough that what during these years he produced as a composer—from the opera called *The Gipsy's Warning* to the oratorio *St Peter* and the orchestral symphony in G minor—is sufficient to declare him master of almost every form of musical expression; while in other branches of his calling he has laboured with no less industry, perseverance, and success, not only adding new treasures to the repertory of his art, but, through less demonstrative, though scarcely less useful, channels, striving to advance it. That a testimonial of esteem in acknowledgment of Sir Julius Benedict's eminent services had been projected some time ago, those interesting themselves in such matters were aware; nor was the fact that the idea met with unanimous approval among his numerous friends and admirers any secret. The presentation, originally advertised to be made on the 70th anniversary of his birth had, for various reasons, been postponed — one reason being the death of Mr John Mitchell, who was the first to assume the direction of the scheme. Mr Thomas Chappell, however, undertaking the responsibilities left open by his predecessor, there was no further cause for delay; and yesterday, as we have said, the presentation was made in Dudley House. A more distinguished company of art-representatives in every sphere has rarely been brought together on such an occasion. The chair was taken by Lord Dudley himself, who, in a very interesting and discursive speech, referred to Sir Julius Benedict's career, dwelling upon the qualities, artistic and social, which had raised him to eminence and achieved for him his well-merited position. The noble president then, in the name of the contributors, presented the testimonial to Sir Julius, who tendered his acknowledgments in such terms as expressed his strong sense of the honour, and his satisfaction at the manner in which that honour had been conferred. Although seemingly overpowered with emotion, Sir Julius Benedict spoke well and to the purpose. Under less trying circumstances he would have said more about the kindness he had experienced here, about his lengthened sojourn among us, about what he had observed, and what he thought of England and its musical representatives. But in his transient records of Mendelssohn and Weber, Sir Julius has exhibited a ready pen, which, let us hope, may, sooner or later, be employed on those particular topics. Not the least memorable incident of the day was a short address from the Duke of Edinburgh, in the course of which his Royal Highness desired to express his high esteem for the recipient of the testimonial. There were other speeches—among the rest one proposing thanks to the Committee (responded to by Mr T. Chappell), and one from Lord Dudley, who had travelled from Florence expressly to assist at the presentation, proffering the hospitality of his house to all who had come there to do honour to his friend, Sir Julius Benedict.

It should be added that the testimonial consists of a splendid ornamental silver table service, with the subjoined inscription:—"Presented to Sir Julius Benedict, Kt., at Dudley House, on the 19th of May, 1875, by a large circle of Amateurs and Artists, the Earl of Dudley, President, in appreciation of 40 years of labour for the Advancement of Art, and as a token of their esteem" —the arms of Sir Julius and the various decorations conferred upon him being engraved on the reverse.—*Times, May 20th.*

Verona.—A new theatre is to be constructed here for drama, opera, and equestrian performances.

THE "*NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL*" ON *ISRAEL IN EGYPT.*

Last night the Sacred Harmonic Society closed the season, with Handel's "greatest choral work"—*Israel in Egypt.* That this is his greatest *choral* work no one will dispute, for it is choral from beginning to end, with very little of either song or recit. to relieve the monotony. And ho! what monotony! Twenty-eight choruses (thirteen of them succeeding each other without a break) of the most stupendous character, most of them double choruses, written, not because the subject demanded such treatment, but simply dashed off, in one of the great master's most magnificent rages, in the incredibly short space of twenty-seven days, for the purpose—the only purpose—of showing his contempt for his English patrons who, for the most part, were more enamoured of song than of chorus. Handel and the public were not on good terms. Imperious, as great geniuses so often are, it was his fashion to give expression to his feelings in the orchestra, not in the "mildly persuasive manner of the Costas and the Farmers of our time, but by smashing a violin over the head of the leader, jumping into the big drum, kicking the double bass into the reserved seats, and then ejaculating 'Vat te tevil!" At the age of fifty-three (when he composed *Israel*), he was no longer able to give such striking proofs of his regard, and was therefore compelled to satisfy himself by piling chorus upon chorus in such reckless unnecessary fashion that the critics of that period declared that he "tore their ears to pieces." In spite of the motive which prompted him, Handel could not do other than write good music, and as such we must look at it. The opening chorus "And the children of Israel sighed" is wonderfully expressive of the wearisome burdens endured with enforced patience by the Israelites, the sighs and cries of the weaker ones blending with the steady tramp of the strong, the incessant toil pictured by the long succession of crotchets, while the minim, with its *cres.* and *dim.* effects, oft repeated on the word "sigh'd," combine to form a picture which one cannot contemplate without emotion. "They loathed to drink of the river," (No. 4), gives adequate expression to the words by the quaint and intricate modulations which must sadly have perplexed many a singer who thought himself well able to sing at sight. The succeeding air, "Their land brought forth frogs," is an indignity alike to the oratorio, to the performer, and to the listener. Handel forgot what was due to his art when he condescended to imitate the jumping of a frog by a squeaking fiddle. Imitation is not Art. How shall we complain of popular violinists imitating the crowing of cocks and the braying of asses on an instrument which has not deserved such degradation when we find Handel setting the example? Of No. 6 it suffices to say that no amount of good music can make so disgusting a theme tolerable. No. 7 is a masterpiece. Here we have true inspiration, and can understand how the hailstones and the fire mingled ran along the ground. We want no theatrical rain to make this picture complete, nor do we need the lights to be extinguished in order to realize the "thick darkness" (No. 8)—"The darkness which might be felt." In No .9 ("He smote all the first-born"), if Handel intended by the frivolity of the music to intimate that such smiting was a happy thing for the Israelites, the chorus is a success; if, on the other hand, the idea to be conveyed is that for every house in Egypt to find its first-born dead, an event which would cause such universal terror and grief, and which we, after a lapse of some three thousand years, must regard as an awful interposition of Divine wrath, the chorus is a failure, and needs excision. No. 10 ("But as for his people") is in violation of the rules of English accentuation. No. 12 is a gem in miniature, and makes us wish for more of the same sort. The accompaniment to No. 14 ("But the waters overwhelmed their enemies") induces one to believe that the enemies are rapidly running away, and that unless the waters are active they will not overtake them. The double chorus "I will sing unto the Lord," is thoroughly Handelian, and contains some of the finest writing in the work. No doubt this is a favourite chorus amongst singers, because of the hearty exercise it calls for. After singing ten pages of semi-quavers *a tempo giusto* with a dashing accompaniment, there is a sense of satisfaction apparent on the countenances of the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which indicates plainly that they have done their duty and they know it, and *therefore* (oh excellent logic!) the music is perfection. How often do we claim perfection for that which we admire, although such claim is founded on the shallowest of pretences. In aspiring to be a judge of what is artistic, there must be an utter abnegation of self; and just as a dramatic author is not competent to be a critic of the drama, so a member of a chorus is unqualified to form an opinion of the merits of a work in which he performs. In the second part we have more diversity, which is unquestionably a great relief to the listener. The duet, "The Lord is my strength," is a florid composition, which gives a rare opportunity for two sopranos to compete for honours, which opportunity is presented to the bassos, after two short choruses, in the fine duet "The Lord is a man of war." This composition is a masterpiece, and stands out prominently amongst its fellows as a genuine "Reubens" does in a gallery of pictures by

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inferior artists. "Thy right hand" is a dashing chorus which needs and generally receives, vigorous treatment. A couple of choruses which call for no special comment bring us to the *chef d'œuvre*, "I will pursue," a song which Sims Reeves has done so much to make famous by his execution, as Handel has by his composition. No doubt Mr Rigby would have done his best, but it is no disparagement to that gentleman to say that there has only been one Handel and only one Sims Reeves. The air "Thou didst blow" is a *bravura* which calls for great powers of execution. Passing on without remark we come to the final chorus, "The horse and his rider," which worthily brings the great work to a close. Our remarks upon No. 18 embody all we would say upon this chorus. And so ends the great work—the work which during Handel's life time was performed only nine times, so much was the popular feeling against it. We are told that we have yet to be educated up to it, which we trust is not the case. Minerva, saintly patroness of all that is good and beautiful, preserve us from being educated up to a succession of double choruses, big drums, trombones, and jumping frogs! Rather let us be educated to and by the soothing influence of the "still small voice" which Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Weber, Rossini, and others found more powerful than the noise of earthquake and of hurricane. It is something like sixteen years since *Israel* was performed in this town: let us hope that at least another decade may pass before we hear it again, by which time it is to be presumed that some of the more venerable members of the society will have retired upon their laurels, and have given place to fresher if not more vigorous voices.

[Bravissimo! Nottingham. We shall henceforth to the gigantic capital of Nottinghamshire, for everything in the shape of unflinching musical criticism.] Otto Beard.

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.*

Easy writing makes proverbially hard reading, but we should say of this book that it was as easy to write as to read. Those who knew Balfe in private can readily understand that his was just the life that would make a delightful biography. It is not the greatest men whose lives have the greatest interest. The true hero dwells apart, is a bright particular star, and the whole interest centres in himself. Balfe certainly was not a great man. We find no fault with Mr Kenney's estimate of his ability. Hero worship is a necessary quality in a good biographer. But Balfe's life could not but be interesting. It was essentially a public life. He was always more or less before the footlights. At the age of eight he played at a public concert, in a violin concerto of Mayseder's. He was one of those few "youthful prodigies" who not only came out, but did not go in again. Music seems singularly unfortunate in producing evidences of great promise and healthy performance. At nine he wrote a ballad, which Haynes Bayly afterwards set to words, and used to be sung by Vestris in *Paul Pry*. He used to tell that he went as a boy to the gallery of the theatre, and while the building rang with applause, could not help confessing to his neighbours that he was the composer, a statement received by them in a manner not flattering to their estimate of his truth. While the boy was still young his father died, and a few days after the funeral the future composer took, without suggestion or advice, a step that was all important in his career. Charles Horn was at that time in Dublin, playing at the theatre. Young Balfe called upon him, and the result of the interview was that he was articled to him for seven years, and started off for London. In London he soon got an appointment in the Drury Lane orchestra, then conducted by the famous Tom Cook, and made his mark so distinctly that he often wielded the *bâton* in the absence of the chief. On one occasion a foreign adventurer paid him £10 to write a fresh score for an old opera. Balfe wrote the score, and spent the money on a trip on horseback to Rochester with a friend, where they put up at an hotel, gave out their names as Sir George and Lord William, and had great deference paid to their assumed rank. His next effort was to succeed as a vocalist. Here fortune was less favourable. He got an opportunity of making his *début* as Caspar in *Der Freischütz*, and failed egregiously.

At the house of a wealthy banker he met one day at dinner an Italian nobleman. Even during the introduction the stranger seemed sadly put out, and in the course of the evening explained to his host that young Balfe bore a striking resemblance to a son he had just lost. The young musician was invited to show his art, and sung and played, and so won the heart of the stranger that he received an invitation to return to Rome with Count Mazzara, all the expenses of his journey to be defrayed by the Count. Such an opportunity was not to be neglected, and the journey was commenced a few days afterwards. On their way south the travellers stopped at Paris, and there Balfe was introduced to Cherubini, the director of the Conservatoire, who was so pleased with him that he offered to complete his musical education in Paris. But Balfe's ambition was only to be satisfied by a visit to Rome, and he proceeded with the Count. The kindness that began so suddenly did not end capriciously. The hospitality of the Palazzo Mazzara was extended freely to the young *protégé*, and, when at length he left Rome for Milan, his future wants were provided for by his romantically-attached host. Strangely enough, the great operahouse of La Scala was then managed by an Englishman, and to him Balfe brought letters of introduction from his friend and teacher Federici. But the manager, when he heard of the genius of his compatriot, shook his head, and said that nothing musically good came out of England. Perhaps the verdict was not very far wrong. However, there came a time in the management of the theatre when some music was wanted to introduce a ballet. The manager had "concocted" (we are using the word in the text) a grand ballet. The scenic artist—curiously enough also an Englishman—had done his part with, what was in those days no doubt, suitable magnificence. The music only was wanted, and that young Balfe supplied. It had a great success, and the composer seemed on the high road to fame. But fortune shook her wings and flew away. The English manager found he could not continue his rule at Milan, and Balfe determined to leave Italy and return home. On his journey he stopped a few days in Paris and called on Cherubini. The veteran composer had not forgotten him, asked him to dine to meet Rossini, then almost in the zenith of his fame. Balfe often described that memorable dinner party. Rossini played. His wife (Colbrand, the original Rosina in the *Barber of Seville*), sang. Balfe was invited to the piano. He had at that time a fine baritone voice, and, to the surprise and delight of the whole room, sat down and gave the "Largo al factotum" with such effect that Rossini offered to give him introductions to Bordogni, the then celebrated teacher. The offer was taken, and a new chapter in this eventful life opens. After a year's study he made his *début*, selecting the popular opera of his friend for his first appearance. The cast on that night is given by Mr Kenney, and the names take us back into old times. Sontag was the Rosina. Bordogni was the Count, Figaro was assigned to the *débutant*, and Bartolo fell to Graziani, the only present survivor of that brilliant company. The best test of Balfe's success was that on the third night the manager offered him an engagement for three years, on the extremely liberal terms of 15,000 francs for the first, 20,000 francs for the second, and 25,000 francs for the third year. Thus he gained a position which brought him at once fame and emolument. But the composer was not merged in the opera singer. Cherubini still gave him lessons and Rossini advice. He had now gained such faith in himself, that he resolved to pay a second visit to Italy, and it was on this occasion that he first met Grisi, whose beauty, he used to say, acted upon him like inspiration. He soon got another engagement, and shortly afterwards made his first appearance in the operahouse of Palermo, on the 1st of January, 1830, in Bellini's *Straniera*. His success was so unequivocal, that the opera was repeated for seventy nights, which nearly completed his engagement. That year he returned to Milan, where Malibran was *prima donna*, with whom he sang in the *Cenerentola*, *Barbiere*, and *Otello*. Mr Kenney mentions an amusing story in connection with this period of Balfe's life. A Venetian *impresario* had gone to great expense in the erection of a theatre, and the inauguration of the building had been fixed upon, when the untimely death of the Emperor of Austria rendered the ceremonial impossible. It was suggested to give a grand opera instead, and Malibran was appealed to. She consented to sing. The house was crowded; the opera was the *Sonnambula*. At the end of the "Ah! non giunge," Malibran's foot slipped as she trod on a leaf of one of the bouquets that had been flung on the stage. She would have fallen but that Balfe, who was the Rodolfo, caught her up. Even as it was, her slipper

* "A Memoir," by Charles Lamb Kenney. (Tinsley Brothers.)

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came off, and fell into the pit. Immediately there was a skirmish for its possession, and, to create some diversion from that part of the house, Malibran deliberately threw the other shoe in an opposite direction. The curtain fell, and, amidst deafening cheers, the manager led out the *prima donna*, and announced that his theatre should be called, from the events of the evening, the "Teatro Malibran," a name which the building still retains. Here it is well that our notice of the book should stop. Mr Kenney has such an interesting story to tell that we have no desire to interpose between him and the public, to whom we can conscientiously recommend the "Memoir."—*Globe*.

WAIFS.

The Swedish Ladies Vocal Quartet, of the Royal Conservatoire of Stockholm, comprising Mdlles Hilda Wideberg, Amy Aberg, Maria Pettersson, and Wilhelmina Söderlund, have arrived in London.

VERDI'S REQUIEM.—In consequence of the great success which has attended the production of this work, we understand that Signor Verdi has decided to remain here a short time longer in order to give two special extra performances. These are to take place on Saturday and Saturday week, with the same advantages which have so materially contributed to the success of the previous performances. The tickets will be reduced to the ordinary concert tariff.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, of which his Grace the Duke of Manchester is president, held their third conversazione in the Suffolk Street Galleries, on Thursday evening. Receptions commenced at eight o'clock, and, three-quarters of an hour having been spent in the inspection of an admirable selection of paintings and objects of interest, a well-arranged programme of music was performed, under the direction of Mr Alfred Gilbert, supported by many well-known artists.

The International Mozart Institution in Salzburg, through their representative in London, Mr Sigmund Menkes, sent the following address to Sir Julius Benedict, on the occasion of the presentation to him of the testimonial at Dudley House. Sir Julius Benedict has acquired for himself the gratitude of the institution as one of its greatest and most zealous fosterers. He conducted last year the Mozart Festival at Covent Garden Theatre, and has promised to do the same at the grand concert which is being prepared at the Alexandra Palace during the present season.—"Illustrious Master,—If we enter on this festive day the circle of your numerous friends and admirers, to offer you, spiritually, our respects, may you be pleased to accept this address as a proof of our wish to take every opportunity of expressing the gratitude we feel to our zealous and noble fosterer. May God preserve you still many years, for the benefit of humanity—for the joy of art. (Signed) Baron STERWECK (President), Count LAMBERG (Lord Lieutenant of the Province of Salzburg)."

A SINGULAR LETTER.—Sir,—I am directed to say that it is considered that an undue interval has elapsed between the close of the Worcester Festival and your return to home duties. The Festival terminated (with the *Messiah*) at 8h. 35m. 17½s. on Friday. A train left Worcester within three hours from that time, allowing ample opportunity for "packing up." You might (and should) have been back in London on Friday night. Yet you are still loitering. These provincial festivals are all very well in their way, and must be recorded; but they cannot be allowed to supersede events of nearer interest; among which must be reckoned the Gun-Cotton concerts about to take place, in which that explosive will be found to supply a hitherto unfulfilled want—*a very deep, full note*, answering instantly to the *bâton* of the conductor. To treat this most important and novel musical feature properly, a series of preliminary chemical studies is essential; and for this arrangements have been made by the office, requiring your presence in London forthwith. Owing to your extraordinary delay, this had to be forwarded by special engine from Paddington Station this morning (see date), the expense of which (the cashier informs me) will be debited to you.

London, September 13, 1869. W. J. W. H. L.

WEIMAR.—Liszt has been here for some little time, and, with a few short breaks, intends remaining the whole summer. *Tristan und Isolde* was to have been performed on the 15th and 19th inst., with Mdme and Herr Vogl, from Munich, as representatives of the principal parts, but the performances had to be put off in consequence of the artists having sustained a severe loss by the death of a child.—Preparations are being made for a memorial service to Mad. von Mouchanoff, who died last year. A *Requiem* by Liszt will be included in the programme. Wagner will come over expressly from Baireuth for the occasion. Mad. von Mouchanoff was the lady to whom—greatly to her annoyance—Wagner dedicated his treatise; "*On Judaism in Music*."

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MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

SUNG BY

MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING

AT THE

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

"The singer was Miss Antoinette Sterling, who, always heartily admired in those German ballads, for which she exhibits so marked a sympathy, introduced in a group fou of Schumann's most graceful contributions to the *Lieder* repertory, and, later in the evening, a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Thou art weary' (set to words by Adelaide Proctor)—one of the most charming recent emanations from the pen of our gifted compatriot."—*The Times, Nov.* 10.

"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph, Nov* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard, Nov.* 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov.* 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored, and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

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CONTENTS.

1	1st Sunday in Advent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
2	2nd Sunday in Advent	Deus tu convertens	Qrtt. or Chorus	Henry Smart
3	3rd Sunday in Advent	Juste et pie vivamus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
4	4th Sunday in Advent	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
5	Any Sunday during Advent	Rorate	Chorus & Solo	Webbe
6	Christmas Day	Adeste Fideles	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
7	Sunday within Octave of Christmas	Attolite	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
8	Circumcision	Tui sunt coeli	Ten. So. & Chor.	A. Sullivan
9	Epiphany	Reges Tharsis	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
10	Sunday within Octave	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
11	Holy Name	Jesu dulcis	Qrtt. & Chorus	Beethoven
12	3rd Sunday after Epiphany	Dextera Domini	Chorus	Schumann
13	Septuagesima Sunday	Bonum est	Solo & Chorus	Benedict
14	Sexagesima Sunday	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
15	Quinquagesima Sunday	Super flumina	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
16	1st Sunday in Lent	Ecce nunc tempus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
17	2nd Sunday in Lent	Preces populi	Chorus	Webbe
18	3rd Sunday in Lent	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	4th Sunday in Lent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
19	Passion Sunday	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Webbe
20	Palm Sunday	Improperium	Chorus	André
21	Easter Sunday (Gradual)	Hæc dies	Chorus or Trio, T.T. & B.	Webbe
22	,, ,, (Offertory)	Victimæ	Chorus	Webbe
23	Low Sunday	Angelus Domini	Chorus	André
24	2nd Sunday after Easter	Deus misereatur	Chorus & Soli	Webbe
25	3rd Sunday after Easter	Landa anima	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
10	4th Sunday after Easter	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
26	5th Sunday after Easter	Benedicimus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
27	Ascension Day	Ascendit Deus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
28	Sunday within Octave of Ascension Day	Rex Gloriæ	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
29	Whit Sunday (Gradual)	Emittte / Veni sancte spiritus	Trio or Chorus / Duet or Chorus	Webbe
30	,, ,, (Offertory)	Confirma hoc Deus	Soli or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
31	Trinity Sunday	Benedictus est	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
32	1st Sunday after Pentecost	Intende voci	Chorus	André
33	Corpus Christi (Gradual)	Lauda Sion	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
34	,, (Offertory)	O sacrum convivium	Solo	Webbe
35	2nd Sunday after Pentecost	Domine convertere	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
36	3rd Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
37	4th Sunday after Pentecost	Illumina	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
38	St Peter and St Paul	Roma felix	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
39	5th Sunday after Pentecost	Audi hymnum	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
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41	8th Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria	Bass Solo	Webbe
18	9th Sunday after Pentecost	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	10th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett	Webbe
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exurgat Deus	Chorus	Webbe
43	Assumption	Assumpta est	Chorus	Neukom
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Chorus	Eybler
45	13th Sunday after Pentecost	In te speravi	T. So. (& Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
36	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
13	15th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum est	Solo or Chorus	Benedict
46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavere	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
55	Nativity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
56	Holy Name	Ave Maria	Solo	Cherubini
57	Seven Dolors	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Gregorian
4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
58	Purity	Succurre miseris	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
4	Patronage	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
59	Confessor	Ecce sacerdos	Duet	Webbe
60	Martyrs	Qui seminant	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
61	One Martyr	Justus ut palma	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
63	Virgins and Holy Women	Diffusa	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
64		Asperges	Chorus	Gregorian
65	In Paschal time	Vidi aquam	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
66	Prayer for the Queen	Domine salvum fac	Chorus	Martini

APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Coeli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe.*

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VOL. 53—No. 22. SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Mdme Christine Nilsson.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 29th, will be performed GOUNOD'S Opera, "FAUST." Faust, M. Capoul; Mephistophiles, Signor Rota; Valentino, Signor de Reschi; Siebel, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Marta, Mdme Demerie-Lablache; and Margherita, Mdme Christine Nilsson (her eighth appearance this season). Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Extra Night.

MONDAY next, May 31, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Edgardo, Signor Fancelli; Enrico Aston, Signor Galassi; Bidebent, Herr Behrens; and Lucia, Mdlle Elena Varesi.

Mdlle Tietjens.

On TUESDAY next, June 1, MEYERBEER'S grand Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." Raoul di Nangis, Signor Fancelli; Marcello, Signor Castelmary; Urbano, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; and Valentina, Mdlle Tietjens.

Madame Christine Nilsson.

On THURSDAY next, June 3 (Subscription Night, being the fifth of the six Subscription Thursdays announced in the prospectus), BALFE'S grand Opera, "IL TALISMANO." Sir Kenneth, Signor Campanini; Richard Cœur de Lion, Signor Galassi; Queen Berengaria, Mdme Marie Roze (her first appearance this season); and Edith Plantagenet, Mdme Christine Nilsson.

Mdlle Tietjens—Mdme Trebelli-Bettini.

On SATURDAY, June 5 (first time this season), ROSSINI'S Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE." Arsace, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Assur, Signor Rota; Oroe, Herr Behrens; and Semiramide, Mdlle Tietjens.

Doors open at Eight o'clock. Commence at Half-past Eight. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Balfe.

LAST SIX NIGHTS OF "GIROFLE-GIROFLA."

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus. — Sole Proprietors and Responsible Managers, SPIERS & POND. — "GIROFLE-GIROFLA," new Comic Opera in English, by CHARLES LECOCQ. Produced under the direction of Mrs W. H. LISTON. Conductor—Mr F. STANISLAUS. The Opera commences at Eight, and is over by Eleven o'clock. Mesdames Julia Matthews, Emily Thorne, Rose Keene, and Alice Hamilton; Messrs A. Brennir, Perrini, Loredan. Private boxes from £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes (bonnets allowed), 5s.; pit, 2s.; amphitheatre, 1s. To be obtained at the Box Office of the Criterion.

MDLLE MARIE KREBS' SECOND and LAST PIANOFORTE RECITAL, in ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Afternoon next, June 2, to commence at Half-past Three o'clock precisely. Programme: Fantasia in F minor, Op. 49 (Chopin); Sonata, Pastorale, in D major, Op. 28 (Beethoven); Fugue from Fourth Suite, Fifth Suite (Handel); Air, "The Harmonious Blacksmith," with variations; Three Impromptus (Bennett); Kindermärchen, Der Tanz (Moscheles); Variations on a theme by Handel (Reinecke). Sofa stalls, 7s. 6d.; balcony, 3s.; admission, One Shilling. Tickets may be obtained at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

MONS. PAQUE has the honour to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place on THURSDAY, June 3rd, at 27, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. M. Paque will be assisted by the following Artists: Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Josephine Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Signor Conti, Mr William Shakespeare (the new tenor). Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Mr W. G. Cusins. Violin—Herr Ludwig Straus. Violoncello—Mons. Paque. Conductors—Messrs H. PARKER and W. GANZ. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; to be had of Mons. PAQUE, 120, Great Portland Street, Portland Place.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.

Mdme CHRISTINE NILSSON
HAS THE HONOUR TO ANNOUNCE THAT SHE WILL GIVE

A GRAND MORNING CONCERT,

IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE

WESTMINSTER TRAINING SCHOOL & HOME FOR NURSES,

ON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23RD, AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 29th, will be performed, "FRA DIAVOLO." Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, Mdlle Scalchi; Signori Ciampi, Sabater, Tagliafico, Capponi, and Naudin. Conductor—Signor Bevignani.

On MONDAY next, May 31, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mdlle Albani, Mdlle Scalchi; M. Faure, M. Maurel, Signori Tagliafico and Nicolini.

On TUESDAY next, June 1, "LES DIAMANTS DE LA COURONNE." Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdlle Smeroschi; Signori Ciampi, Capponi, Sabater, and Naudin.

On WEDNESDAY next, June 2, "DER FREISCHUTZ." Mdlle d'Angeri, Mdlle Smeroschi, Mdlle Cottino; M. Faure, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Capponi, and Signor Marini.

On THURSDAY next, June 3, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Mdme Adelina Patti; Signori Cotogni, Ciampi, Bagagiolo, and Piazza.

On FRIDAY next, June 4, "L'AFRICAINE." (On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock, instead of Half-past.) Mdlle D'Angeri, Mdlle Bianchi; Signori Graziani, Bagagiolo, Capponi, Sabater, Tagliafico, and Naudin.

On SATURDAY, June 5, fifth performance of RICHARD WAGNER'S Romantic Opera, "LOHENGRIN."

Floral Hall Concerts.

The FOURTH FLORAL HALL CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY, June 5. The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce that her SECOND MATINÉE MUSICALE will (by kind permission) take place at 59, Lowndes Square, Belgravia, on MONDAY, June 7th, at 3·30, on which occasion she will play works by the following Masters: Ballade in G minor, Op. 23, and Tarentelle in A flat, Op. 43 (Chopin); Fugue Allegro con fuoco in F minor, No. 5 (Mendelssohn); Etude, "Si oiseau j'étais" (Henselt); Andante in D flat, Op. 32, and Fantasia (*Manuscrits*) (Thalberg); Grand Octave Galop de Concert (Ketterer). Miss Lillie Albrecht will be assisted by Mdlles J. Sherrington and Enriquez, and Signor Monari-Rocca. Conductor—Mr CHARLES E. STEPHENS. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; family tickets (to admit three), One Guinea; to be had at Messrs Cramer, 201, and Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; or of Miss LILLIE ALBRECHT, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

BRITISH ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY, ST JAMES'S HALL (under the special patronage and honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of EDINBURGH). The LAST CONCERT of the Series, on TUESDAY Afternoon next, June 1, at Three. Vocalists—Miss Augusta Roche and Mr Sims Reeves. Violin—Mr Carrodus. Band of 75. Conductor—Mr GEO. MOUNT. Tickets, at usual places and St James's Hall, 7s., 5s., 3s., 1s.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. NINTH SEASON, 1875. The FOURTH CONCERT (48th since foundation of the Society) will take place on WEDNESDAY, the 2nd June. The first part of the Programme devoted to Sir Julius Benedict's Vocal and Instrumental Compositions, including (for the first time) his String Quartet. The Concerts of the Society afford an excellent opportunity for young rising Artists to be introduced in public, and for young Composers to have their new works performed. Full particulars on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

MISS PURDY'S MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place (by kind permission) at 70, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, on MONDAY, June 7th, commencing at Three o'clock. Artists—Mdlle Bartkowska, Mdlle Carnielli, Miss Purdy, Mr Bentham, Mr Trelawny Cobham, Signor Federici, Mr Maybrick. Pianoforte—Signor Tito Mattei. Violin—Mdlle Castellan. Conductors—Signor Vera, Signor Unia, and Signor Pinsuti. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had of Miss PURDY, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

SIGNOR ARDITI

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HIS

ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT

WILL TAKE PLACE AT

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE,

ON

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 14th.

Full particulars will shortly be announced.

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WELSH CHORAL UNION.—FIFTH SEASON. Patron—H.R.H. the Prince of WALES. Conductor—MR JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to Her Majesty the Queen). SECOND CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY Evening, May 31st, at Eight o'clock, when MENDELSSOHN'S Cantata, "ATHALIE," and Psalm, "JUDGE ME, O GOD," will be performed. The Choir will (by permission) be assisted by the Students of the Royal Academy of Music, and will also sing several Welsh Melodies, accompanied by a Band of Harps. Vocalists—Miss Mary Davis (Welsh Choral Union Scholar), Miss Marian Williams, Miss Marie Duval, Miss Lydia Elsmore, and Miss Purdy. Harp—Mr John Thomas and Mr T. H. Wright. At the pianoforte—Mr Puddicombe and Mr W. H. Thomas. Mr Charles Fry will recite the lyrics in *Athalie*. Subscription for the season—Sofa stalls, 21s.; balcony, 10s. 6d. Single ticket—Sofa stalls, 6s.; Balcony, 3s.; admission, 1s. To be had of the principal musicsellers; at St James's Hall; and of Mr CARTWRIGHT, Hon. Sec., Mansion House Chambers, 12, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., to whom candidates for the Choir should apply.

MR HENRY STIEHL'S CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, June 2, 1875, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W., to commence at Three o'clock. Programme: Sonata for violoncello and pianoforte, which obtained the first prize at the Mannheim Tonhalle (H. Stiehl)—Mr De Swert (solo violoncellist to the Emperor of Germany) and Mr H. Stiehl; Song, "Voi che sapete" (Mozart); (*a*) Impromptu (Chopin), (*b*) Arabesques (Schumann), (*c*) Si oiseau j'étais (Henselt)—Mr H. Stiehl; Song, "Es blinkt der Thau" and "Waldhexe" (Rubinstein)—Miss Helene Arnim; Duetto for pianoforte (Mendelssohn and Moscheles)—Miss Foley and Mr H. Stiehl; Song, "Sleep, O sleep" (H. Stiehl); Andante (Handel), Gavotte and Musette for violoncello (Bach)—Mr De Swert; Song, "Through the greenwood" (H. Stiehl)—Miss Helene Arnim; (*a*) Barcarolle (*b*) Ungarisch (*c*) Sunny Waves, (*d*) 3me Valse Brillante (H. Stiehl)—Mr H. Stiehl. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had of Messrs Goddard & Co., 4, Argyll Place; Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; and at Mr STIEHL'S private residence, 19, Arundel Street, Piccadilly.

MDLLE DELPHINE LE BRUN'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, at DUDLEY House, Park Lane (by kind permission of the Earl and Countess of Dudley), THURSDAY, June 3rd, at Three o'clock. Mdlle Josephine Sherrington, the Misses Allitsen, Mr Bentham, Signor Caravoglia. Violin—Herr Wilhelmj. 2nd Violin—Herr Franke. Violoncello—Herr Daubert. Viola—Herr Kummer. Pianoforte—Mr Otto Goldschmidt and Mdlle Delphine Le Brun. Tickets, One Guinea each; of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street.

MISS GRACE and Miss JOSÉPHINE SHERRINGTON beg to announce that their ANNUAL MATINEE will take place on WEDNESDAY, June 16th, by kind permission of Mr and Mrs Cayalet, at their residence, 70, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park. Tickets, One Guinea; to be had from the Misses SHERRINGTON, 40, York Street, Portman Square.

MR SYDNEY SMITH'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL (Fourth Season), at ST GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, on June 2nd (Afternoon). Vocalists—Mdme Patey and Mr Vernon Rigby.—No. 45, Blandford Square, N.W.

"VIENI LA BARCA E PRONTA."

THE MISSES ALLITSEN will sing GOLDBERG'S admired Duet, "VIENI LA BARCA," at Mdlle Le Brun's Concert, at Dudley House, on June 3rd.

"O CARE TENEBRE."

THE MISSES ALLITSEN will sing GOLDBERG'S new Duet, "O CARE TENEBRE," on the 29th June, at Mdme Sievers' Concert.

"I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN."

MR ARTHUR THOMAS will sing WILFORD MORGAN'S new Song, "I WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN," at Woolwich, May 21st; and Westbourne Hall, June 1st.

"HOW LONG WILT THOU FORGET ME?"

MR ARTHUR THOMAS will sing "HOW LONG WILT THOU FORGET ME?" (Sacred Song), by WILFORD MORGAN, on June 1st, at Westbourne Hall.

WANTED, some FIRST CLASS CONCERT PARTIES, for beginning of December next, on Provincial Tour. Full particulars to be addressed, "Entrepreneur," care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

A LADY, having quitted the Operatic Stage, will be happy to give Accompanying LESSONS to Artists. Apply, by letter, addressed "Accompanist," care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

THE GUITAR.—MDME SIDNEY PRATTEN, Teacher of this elegant Instrument, is in Town for the Season. For LESSONS and Private CONCERTS, address to her residence, 22A, Dorset Street, Portman Square, W.

MR RICCARDI (the new Bass), who made so successful a *debut* at St James's Hall, March 12th, begs to announce his Return to London for the Season. All applications for ENGAGEMENTS to be addressed, Care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,
LYON & HALL,
WARWICK MANSION.

MONSIEUR DIAZ DE SORIA begs to announce his arrival in London for the Season, and that he can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Soirées, &c. Address, 42, Great Portland Street, W.

DEAR ENGLAND.—"Messrs R. Cocks & Co. have published a piece by Charles Mackay and Louis Diehl, which the *Brighton Times* describes as 'a really grand song.' It is entitled 'Dear England,' and has been sung with rapturous *eclat* by Signor Foli at the Crystal Palace, Manchester, Liverpool, Southport, the Albert Hall, and the Alexandra Palace. As the sonorous notes were poured forth, says the critic, the effect was thrilling. The words are heart-stirring and fervently patriotic."—From the *Stamford Mercury*. 3s.; post free, 18 stamps.

WAITING FOR THE SWALLOWS. New Song. Written by REA. Music by CIRO PINSUTI. "A bright, joyous little chanson, suitable for a tenor or soprano. Compass from D below the line to E."—Vide *Irish Times*. 3s.; post free, 18 stamps. London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington-street.

NEW COMPOSITIONS BY WILHELM SCHULTHES.

"COR JESU, SALUS IN TE SPERANTIUM." Dedicated to His Holiness Pope Pius the Ninth, Motett for Three Equal Voices (Soli and Chorus), with Organ Accompaniment (and Harp *ad lib.*)—5s. The same arranged for a Choir of Mixed Voices (S.A.T.B.), with Organ Accompaniment—4s. Also in an Abridged Arrangement for Congregational Use, with Organ Accompaniment—3d. net.

"VENI DOMINE," Motett for Four Equal Voices (Soli and Chorus), with Organ Accompaniment (and Harp *ad lib.*); and "ELEVATION," Solo for Organ and Harp—4s. A Vocal Arrangement of the Motett for a Choir of Mixed Voices (S.A.T.B.)—1s.

"GUIRLANDES DE MAI." Hymns to B.V.M. (French and English Words), with Organ Accompaniment, Three Parts—3s. each; post free, 19 stamps.

"TWELVE LATIN HYMNS," for Vespers, Complin, &c., with Organ Accompaniment—2s. net. NOVELLO, EWER & Co., 1, Berners Street.

"SHALL I WEAR A WHITE ROSE?"
BALLAD.
Words by H. SAVILLE CLARKE.
Music by EMILY BARDSLEY FARMER.
Nett, 2s.
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SONG.
The Words by Mrs HYPPOLITE VAN LANDEGHEM.
The Music by HYPPOLITE VAN LANDEGHEM.
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WILFORD MORGAN'S SONGS.

HER I LOVE	4s.
COULD I BUT CALL HER MINE	4s.
MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY	4s.
SWEET EVENING AIR	4s.

(N.B.—The above Songs have been sung with distinguished success by Mr WILFORD MORGAN.)

LITTLE BIRDIE, SING TO ME	4s.

(Sung by Miss EDITH WYNNE.)

ANTHEM.

IF THOU WILT FORGET ME (THE 137TH PSALM)	4s.

(For Tenor or Soprano Solo, with Chorus *ad. lib.*, as sung at the Temple Church. Composed by WILFORD MORGAN.)

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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PROFESSOR MACFARREN'S INAUGURAL LECTURE.

On Tuesday afternoon Dr G. A. Macfarren, the recently-appointed Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, delivered his inaugural lecture in the Senate House, before a very large audience of ladies and gentlemen. Dr Garrett, and the University choir, the senior members of which consisted of Messrs Booth, Beale, Robson, Holliday, Pleasance, Poole, Duffell, and Lister, were present, and illustrated Professor Macfarren's remarks by singing several pieces of music, from composers whose names are given in the subjoined report.

Professor Macfarren, who was received with applause, began by remarking that he wished to own publicly his sense of the importance of the office which gave him the privilege of addressing that audience that afternoon, an importance which was greatly exalted by the artistic abilities of his distinguished predecessor, whose genius was as a star which shines upon the art he cultivated, the country he honoured, and the offices he administered. He wished to offer the tribute of respect to Sir Sterndale Bennett of one who was his schoolfellow and fellow-labourer, however humble, in the work which filled and glorified his life. Bennett, while yet a student, working the exercises set him by his teachers, attained an excellence in pianoforte playing peculiarly his own, and produced some of those compositions for which he would always be best esteemed. The University of Cambridge had a right to expect very much from all functionaries attached to it, but he feared the expectations would be especially great from the successor of this great musician. He (Dr Macfarren) was not unmindful of Professor Walmisley, who was distinguished for scholastic abilities as well as his musical attainments; nor of Morris Greene, whose contributions to ecclesiastical music were among the greatest treasures of the Church of England, and whose instrumental pieces, though less known, were of a very high order as works of art; Staggins, Whitfield, Hague, or Randell. They were men who did good honest work, and he would be fortunate who could walk in their footsteps, and gather flowers by the wayside. In the dawn of time, truth and beauty were inseparably wedded, "Spirit of one spirit, and flesh of one flesh," and, as years rolled on, they had three daughters—music, poetry, and painting. These were the arts. The art of form and the art of letters had many able expositors. The art of tone was less generally comprehended, but he looked forward with hope to the time when he might be instrumental in some degree in furthur extending it. The classic Greeks, who were the filter through which the draughts of Egyptian science have reached our lips, taught that music purified the heart by refining the intellect, and exalted the feelings by reflecting them in ideal forms. What Plato and Aristotle enunciated, Cicero endorsed. In another age Confucius insisted that the practice of music would be of the highest moral and intellectual advantage; and, to come to our own race, Luther held that the study of music was next in importance after theology. These ancients, however, among whom he included Luther, could have had but a prophetic gleam of music, as we know it. To them it was an exalted declamation; to us it is an embodiment of feeling for which words can find no utterance, means of expression which no language can compass. It was a vulgar fashion—all fashions are vulgar which step aside from nature—that decried the capacity of English people for music. He had not then time to refute this fallacy. He must ask them to accept his statement until opportunity for proof offered itself. In early days England stood well forward among European nations in respect to her musical abilities. In the beginning of the 11th century, she was in advance of the whole of the South of Europe; and was noted by foreigners, who themselves boasted a love of music, for her attainments in the art; and, from that time downwards, many of the greatest lights that shone in English history in the departments of art had been directed to the illumination of the subject of music. There was no time now to trace the course of the musical history of this country; but he felt so strongly that the future would come out of what had been in the past, that he believed it would be an encouragement to everybody who strove for the advancement of musical art to know, that whatever might be done in the future would be but a revival, a restoration of the old state of things in England. He would ask his audience first to consider the effect which the Reformation had upon music. Many exiles who returned to this country from Geneva and other places brought with them the love of hymn-singing, which had marked religious reforms in all times, and the practice was diffused so generally and quickly among the people that it became necessary to incorporate it in the Church Service. In an injunction by Queen Elizabeth issued in 1559, there was a provision for the singing of hymns. After a short time the hymn was extended into anthems in institutions where the music was performed by other means than the voice of the people. The anthems were set to metrical words. Thus, an injunction of Elizabeth speaks of the anthem or little hymn in metre; and several specimens are extant of early Church music in this form. He should offer, as a sample of the kind of composition he referred to, an anthem, "All people that on earth do dwell," by Thos. Tallis (died in 1585), who in the successive reigns of Henry VIII., Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, held an important post in the Chapel Royal. The words were quaint and forcible, and the composition admirably fitted the metrical nature of the words.—[The choir then sang the anthem named.]—A fellow labourer of Tallis, William Byrd, produced a large collection of music of various character, adapted to the diverse moods of human nature; and in the same year in which this collection was brought forth (1588) Nicholas Young printed a collection of Italian songs, which were held in best account by those who understood the language. For the time had not arrived when people prefer to sing words they cannot pronounce, and utter a language they do not understand. In Young's collection, the word madrigal was first introduced as a musical term. The question had been often raised as to what was the meaning of the term, and it would be often raised again without receiving a satisfactory solution. The lecturer quoted Morley's definition of the term,—and to show that the English music held its place about the time referred to, alongside the Italian, he asked the choir to sing a madrigal by a composer of each country. First he asked them to give Luca Marenzio's "Lady, see on every side," and next John Benet's "Come, Shepherd, follow me," first pointing out their rhythmical peculiarities. Up to Benet's time (1599) bar lines had not been invented to divide music into proper measures. Still, it was necessary that the performers should know whether they were to sing with an accentuation of two or three; and thus the accentuation became distinguished by "perfect time" and "imperfect time." "Imperfect time" was when the long notes were divided into two, and "perfect time" was when they were divided into three. They justified the term "perfect time" on the ground that the Trinity was three and perfect. It was the practice in those days to introduce more frequently than was now done an intermixture of "perfect" and "imperfect time," and his audience would notice the happy effect which Benet produced by a change from "imperfect" into "perfect time," which gave to certain words the particular character they seemed to express. Beautiful as was Marenzio's madrigal, Benet's would bear to stand before it. Skipping over one hundred years, he came to the period of the Commonwealth, which, though in one sense it may have put some check on music, yet in another sense it did much to promote its study, by stimulating the endeavours of those who loved the art, and believed it would conduce to the good of mankind. He would proceed to consider the life of Henry Purcell, who stood pre-eminently forward in the history of music. He was born in 1658, lived from the time of the Restoration, through the reign of James II., up to William, and died in 1695. There was a prodigious advance in the power of expression of his music from the time of Benet. Besides the æsthetic beauty of his music, its technical merit was very important in the history of art, for in his music were anticipated all the most extreme chromatic combinations that signalized the music of the present time. Many of the contrapuntal forms, which have now gone out of use, were practised by him with wonderful success. One anthem of his composition was set to some words of the Litany, and the treatment of these words gave every expression its fullest meaning. It commenced with a most humble deprecation, "Remember not, Lord, our offences;" it gathered strength when it said, "Nor the offences of our forefathers;" and then, as if in despair, there was the cry, "Neither take Thou vengeance of our sins." The whole was tempered with the seeming hope of mercy, "Spare us, good Lord;" then, with most touching tenderness, we have, "Spare Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy most precious blood;" and, again, "Be not angry with us for ever." [The choir here sang the anthem referred to.] It was a remarkable fact that, with the accession of

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sovereigns in England who could not speak our language, and, therefore, could not take an interest in its expression, music went into disesteem, and painting rose into favour. While the art of painting could show the names of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, &c., there was a corresponding blank in the chronicles of the sister art. It would be among the glories of the times of Queen Victoria, that, under her administration, the old musical feeling of former centuries had been revived. It was, indeed, with immense interest that he compared the present with the past condition of music in this country. In the Plantagenet days people sang canons and catches, and delighted one another by such efforts. In the time of Elizabeth, the competency of farm labourers and artisans for service was made dependent on their musical qualification. In the time of Charles II. domestic servants were refused employment because they could not sing their parts in domestic music. In these days, it was not domestic servants, artisans, labourers, or the uncultivated people, but the students of a great University who devoted thought and time to the cultivation of music. The organ recital which he had heard in Trinity Chapel, and the concert of last week, were performances such as few artists, even in his young days, could have accomplished. It was quite evident that music here was not a piece of school work, but a work of love among the persons who attained to such merit. Their merit had its influence, their example had its force, but this influence and example would not stay in Cambridge. Every one who learned to love music in Cambridge would carry that love into his own home, which would be as a centre, diffusing its warmth and light on all its surroundings; and when once the love of the art, which in former days prevailed among the untutored common people, shone down upon them from above, with the extra radiation which must spring from the culture and refinement of the mind, he could not but believe that the musical character of England would be greatly exalted. He looked forward with fervent hope to the future of music in this country, when the stigmas which we ourselves had taught foreigners to cast upon us for our lack of musical culture would be wiped out, and we could show them we could do something more for music than paying for its performance. He particularly wished to urge upon those who had the musical art at heart to carry their pursuit of it into its technical merits. Music was of countless value, but it was of still greater value when the principles upon which it was constructed were apprehended. To hear or practise music, without a knowledge of the principles upon which it was formed, was very much like going to the performance of a play in an unknown language, when one could admire the gesticulation of the actor, but, not knowing the meaning of the words, could do but scant justice to the theme. He was glad that the technical principles of music were studied here; but wished they were studied more; and he was even vain enough to wish that, as a knowledge of music was advancing among us, the authorities of the University might in time consider it to be desirable to make it one of the subjects of special examination. The monuments of the past were as a beacon to the future, but the doings of the present would come still more warmly home to their hearts, by showing the position of the art as practised among themselves, and he would, therefore, close his remarks by offering an extract from the cantata of the *May Queen*, by his dear and honoured friend, the greatest English musician of the present period, Sir William Sterndale Bennett, a cantata which, produced at the Leeds Festival, in 1858, was characteristic of the season, the country, and the composer. May his memory be as green and balmy as his song. Turning to Dr Garrett and the choir, Dr Macfarren thanked them for their services, and, after paying a similar compliment to the audience for listening to his address, he added, "And now I will leave to my coadjutors the peroration of my speech." [The choir thereupon sang "With a laugh as we go round," from the *May Queen*, Master Bailey taking the soprano solo.]

The proceedings then closed, and Prof. Macfarren was warmly congratulated by numerous friends.

Posen.—Two performances of Herr Johannes Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem* came off a few days since, the singers being the members of Hennig's Vocal Association.—The members of the Vocal Association for Classical Music, also, have given perhaps the best performance ever heard here of Haydn's *Creation*.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The *Requiem* for Manzoni has incontestably made its mark. The performance on Saturday afternoon was as warmly applauded as either of its precursors. The presence of Signor Verdi was enough to impart life and spirit to the whole; and rarely have we seen an audience more thoroughly pleased than that which, for the third time, crowded Albert Hall. That the gifted dramatic composer is also a conductor of exceptional ability is the unanimous opinion abroad; and the rare instances which have enabled us to test him here in this capacity suffice to justify the opinion. The *Requiem* of Verdi is not merely an enthusiastic, but a worthy tribute to the author of *I Promessi Sposi*, the memorable ode on the death of Napoleon I. (*Il cinque Maggio*), with other things that have endeared him to his compatriots and won him immortal honour. The work is not moulded in the shape of certain recognized masterpieces unnecessary to name; but this establishes the fact that Verdi has an original way of looking at such themes, and treats them in a manner individual to himself. The genius of the famous Bussetese musician is dramatic and elegiac by turns. Severe scholastic forms possess for him but little attraction. He is, therefore, commendably frank in rejecting them, wherever he can employ other means to convey and enforce his ideas. Some zealous advocates of the composer insist that the *Requiem* for Alessandro Manzoni is simply an elegy dramatically conceived and adapted to the text of the *Servisio dei Morti;* but this wholly untenable asseveration must be taken *cum grano*. The Mass is as strictly in the form of a *Requiem* as the *Requiem* of Mozart itself, with the addition of the "Libera me, Domine, de morte æterna," which Mozart did not set to music, though his predecessors—Durante, Jomelli, &c.—did. The only difference is in the mode of expression, which is Verdi's, not Mozart's, and as purely Italian as the other is purely German. Why the two should not co-exist, and, from different points of view, be equally acceptable, we cannot understand.

Regard it from what point we may, however, the beauties of the new *Requiem* speak eloquently for themselves, and the intense feeling for which many passages are distinguished cannot but impress all hearers attentively alive to what the composer has to say, and willing to accept it in the belief that he is speaking out his mind with earnest sincerity. Thus considered, the latest emanation from the pen of one to whom we are indebted for so much that is intrinsically beautiful can scarcely be regarded otherwise than as a model in its style, worthy to rank side by side with the *Stabat Mater* of Rossini. Signor Verdi has every reason to feel satisfied with the quartet of singers to whom the leading vocal parts are assigned. The ladies more especially—Mdmes Stoltz and Waldmann, soprano and mezzo-soprano—are in every respect admirable. To hear them only in the melodious and expressive duet to which the passage "Recordare Jesu pie" is wedded, is enough to stamp them as singers of the first class; and this is further established by their delivery of the opening phrases in the still more remarkable "Agnus Dei," announced by the solo voices in octaves, followed by the chorus, with orchestral accompaniment—a movement the solemn impressiveness of which is enhanced by the simplicity of its construction. These ladies, who are German—one from Bohemia, the other from some part of Austria proper—both possess the rare art of singing effectively without apparent effort. The tenor and bass, too—Signors Masini and Medini—are thoroughly good, which is shown both in the concerted music and that which, in a vocal sense, depends upon them exclusively. As instances of this may be noted the tenor solo, "Qui Mariam absolvisti," and the bass solo (to which it immediately leads), "Confutatis maledictis." Signor Masini was a stranger to this country; but Signor Medini will be remembered as having appeared at Her Majesty's Opera, when, two years since, he made his *début* as Alphonso, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Both are genuine artists. About the chorus and orchestra we have already spoken; and it will suffice to add that this third performance of the Manzoni *Requiem* afforded general satisfaction; that two pieces (the "Recordare" and "Agnus Dei") were encored and repeated, and that all honours were paid to the justly-renowned composer and conductor. The fourth and last performance (also to be directed by Signor Verdi) is announced for to-day.

QUERY.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Can any of your correspondents inform me if it has long been the custom (whether by chance or otherwise) for the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music to hold, also, at same time, the Professorship of Cambridge University?

VIOLA.

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LOHENGRIN.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

(*Concluded from page 345.*)

The curtain rises for the second time upon the Palace and Minster of Antwerp. It is night, and we can just discern the figures of Frederic and Ortrud clad in sombre garments and seated on the steps of the church. A long orchestral introduction is supposed to describe their feelings, and certainly manages to be lugubrious with facility; after which comes an extended duet. Here we find Wagner's theory of the absolute subordination of music carried out to the bitter end, and productive of nothing but "a continuous surging of shapeless, and, as it were, fluid sounds." One result is, however, that we are forced back upon the story, to discover that the husband and wife, after calling each other hard names, agree not to abandon hope. Ortrud, a sorceress and a Pagan, undertakes the work of revenge upon Elsa and Lohengrin, and fortune aids her by sending the Royal maiden to breathe the early morning air on the balcony of the Palace. In a charming strain—one of those gems of melody which show that Wagner might have worn the mantle of Weber as head of the romantic school—Elsa expresses her joy, and then Ortrud, who has sent Frederic away, appeals to her compassion. Another long duet ensues, but it does not weary us like the first, because Elsa is present, and around her Wagner preserves an atmosphere of tenderness and beauty sometimes inexpressibly grateful to the senses. The music, moreover, ably suggests the contrast between the two characters, and so sustains its interest to the end. Though the plot is far advanced by all this, the seeds of mischief are sown when Ortrud cautions Elsa against her lover's deceit, and urges the fatal step of discovering his name and lineage. Elsa rejects the counsel with mingled pride and pity, but her enemy is confident enough to end the scene with a burst of triumph. Mdlle D'Angeri plays her part efficiently here, and again Mdlle Albani surprises us by the excellence of her singing and her truthful, engaging conception of the character. She has done nothing so well before. The duets over, we enter upon another scene of pomp and splendour. Day breaks to the noise of multiplied trumpets, and its business begins with a vigorous double chorus, which is interrupted by our old friend the Herald and his attendant wind instruments, who come to place Frederic under ban, and proclaim Lohengrin, Guardian of Brabant. The multitude of knights and soldiers acquiesce in both proceedings, after which the Herald announces the immediate marriage of Lohengrin and Elsa, to be followed by the departure of all to the wars. Here is occasion for another vigorous chorus, while four knights hold aloof and grumble among themselves at the favour shown to a stranger. With these Frederic makes common cause, promising to unmask his conqueror, for whose crowning fortune preparations are now visible. The wedding procession music of *Lohengrin* has been so often heard in concert-rooms lately that we permit its familiar beauty to pass almost unnoticed as our eyes rest upon one of the most splendid scenes ever shown within the walls of the "Garden." Each of the dresses of the ladies is a study in its way, and the *coup d'œil* presented by the glowing masses of colour and the sheen of burnished armour cannot readily be forgotten. Among those who stand aside to let Elsa precede them into the church is Ortrud, but the trial to her pride is more than she can bear. Fiercely she confronts Elsa at the door of the Minster, and hurls at her bitter scorn, contemptuously demanding, amid the exclamations of the on-lookers, who the bridegroom is and whence he comes. The scene is prolonged without lack of vigour, till the King and Lohengrin enter. Reassured by their presence and their reproof of Ortrud, another attempt is made to enter the church. But now Frederic confronts the procession, and once more altercation begins, this time being carried on throughout a lengthy and turbulent *ensemble* which, however it may aid the dramatic effect, cannot boast of great musical value. As it goes on, Frederic finds opportunity to instil more doubt into the mind of Elsa, and, with a perturbed spirit, the Royal bride for the third time ascends the steps of the Minster, pursued by Ortrud's vengeful looks. At this point the curtain falls, and gallery and amphitheatre thunder a second approval, louder, if possible, than the first. The principal artists again acknowledge the applause, to which some of them at least have a good right. First among these is Mdlle Albani—a true Elsa under all circumstances—and after her come Mdlle d'Angeri, M. Maurel, and Signor Nicolini, who, as far as looks go, is a Lohengrin *sans reproche*. We are now within half-an-hour of midnight, and numerous departures from boxes and stalls take place. But the enthusiasts up above hold out, and, in scarcely diminished numbers, address themselves to what yet remains of the work.

Every amateur knows the very bright and effective introduction to the third act, and will, therefore, not be surprised to hear that it was encored, in spite of the lateness of the hour. The pretty chorus sung by the attendants of the wedded pair as they conduct them to their chamber is not well rendered, and makes no effect, scarcely any applause following the retiring footsteps of the singers. Elsa and Lohengrin are now alone for the first time, and we have a love duet, marked here and there with passages of such exquisite beauty, that the veriest stickler for accepted form might pardon its absence on their account. In the course of this duet, Elsa puts the fatal question as to her husband's name, and insists, notwithstanding his entreaties, upon an answer. At this moment Frederic and his four knights burst into the room, but Lohengrin passes his sword through the leader, dismisses the followers with contempt, summons Elsa's ladies to conduct her to her own apartments, and declares his intention of revealing who he is and whence he came at the place, and under the circumstances which witnessed his arrival. The rush of these events is great after the calm of the long love duet, and the music, albeit full of characteristic passages, has a nervous force impossible to overlook. A change of scene takes us again to the banks of the Scheldt, and once more Wagner revels in trumpets. The strident instruments are heard everywhere, clashing against each other, and stirring the pulses of the listeners, as knight after knight, all mounted, and attended by squires and men-at-arms, arrive upon the scene. Finally, the King enters, and German chivalry is ready to march against the enemies of Fatherland. Nay, not quite ready. Lohengrin, the chosen leader, has not come, and great is the wonder at his tarrying. Elsa next appears sad and weeping, and then Lohengrin. In a few words, the knight declines to proceed with the campaign, announcing that Elsa has been false to her allegiance. He then, in a long and trying solo, declares himself a servant of the Holy Grail, sent on the mission he had performed, but now bound to return because his name and character had been revealed. Amid the wondering exclamations of the crowd and Elsa's remorseful entreaties, the swan meanwhile appearing, Lohengrin prepares to bid farewell, bequeathing to Elsa's brother, should that missing youth return, his sword, horn, and ring. As he steps towards the shore, Ortrud pursues him with reproaches, boasting that she, by sorcery, had transformed the young heir of Brabant into the swan, and that had Lohengrin tarried the spell would have been undone. But her triumph is shortlived. The dove of the Holy Grail descends, and hovers over the head of Lohengrin, who loosens the chain from the swan's neck. Immediately the bird disappears, and in its place we see the missing lad, now restored to Elsa's arms. Lohengrin looks sadly upon their joy, and, harnessing the dove to his boat, is drawn away, while the music of the prelude drowns the death-shriek of Ortrud, as the curtain descends for the last time. It is now nearly one o'clock, and the house has thinned, but there are enough enthusiasts left to keep up a stentorian roar of approval, to cheer Mdlle Albani, Signor Nicolini, and Signor Vianesi as they deserve, and to put a final stamp of success upon the evening's work. Success in many respects has, no doubt, been richly deserved. The splendour of the *mise-en-scène*, the admirable stage management of M. Desplaces, the remarkable attraction of Albani's Elsa, the earnest efforts of the other principals, and the comparative excellence of the orchestra, are features well worthy of approval. On the other hand, the chorus often sang distressingly out of tune, and there were frequent *contretemps* of a nature to call for precautions against repetition.

And now the question arises. Will *Lohengrin* commend itself to the taste of English opera-goers, and establish Wagner amongst us? Of its present success we have no doubt. It will be the feature of the season. But how as to future seasons—how as to the theories it illustrates? Can our amateurs transfer their allegiance to music without form; to music as the slave of poetry; to music which is melodious only by snatches, and is charming only in the degree in which it is a violation of Wagner's advanced opinions. They may do so, and it is even possible that Beethoven, Mozart, Rossini, Weber, and the rest may vanish from our lyric stage in favour of an entertainment which dazzles and excites without satisfying the higher faculties of mind and intellect. But success of such a nature could only be temporary. Music is not an affair of declamation, tremolos, trumpets, chromatics, and general swimming about in the vast ocean of tone. Music is tune, form, key-relationship, and adherence to those contrapuntal laws which can never be violated with impunity because they spring from a natural necessity. Wagner may triumph awhile, but the masters will return to their old place, and, after all, temporary good fortune means little. "Success," writes the German critic already quoted, "certainly does prove something for Wagner; it proves that we have to do with no insignificant person, but with one distinguished by varied intelligence and endowed with energetic mental powers, for without these such success and such works would be impossible. But a man may be still richer in gifts of this description, and yet knock in vain for admittance at the gate within which eternal art resides."

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MOZART.

From a Physical and a Moral Point of View.

We are acquainted with six authentic portraits of Mozart, which represent him after he had attained the age of manhood. The first, painted by Della Croce, forms part of the family picture, now in the Mozarteum, Salzburg; a lithograph of the second is to be found in Nissen's book; the third by Lange, Mozart's brother-in-law, was never finished. The fourth is by Doris Stock, sister-in-law of Kœrner, the poet; two other likenesses, in our opinion, more characteristic than any of the others, are a medallion carved by Posch, in which the head is taken in profile, and a picture printed by Tischbein, in London, in October, 1790; the last in date is probably the best. At any rate, Posch's medallion and Tischbein's picture mutually supplement each other, and enable us to reconstruct the composer's physiognomy, such as we find it in the testimony of his contemporaries. At first sight, it possesses nothing to impress the spectator; nothing to reveal the man of genius. The lines are correct, but somewhat effeminate; the nose alone, abnormally prominent, breaks their monotony. The curve of the eyebrows is elegant and graceful. The eyes large and fine, but the look, uncertain and absent. Mozart, short and thin, had that pale tint which, in an artist, or a writer, frequently betrays the fatigue of midnight efforts and the tempests of thought. His limbs were well shaped and harmoniously proportioned; his head, however, broad and big, was not in keeping with his slender and delicate figure. He was rather vain of the small size of his foot, and of his plump little hands.

He was lively and restless, continually striking chords and executing scales upon an imaginary instrument, but his fingers, so marvellously skilful on the harpsichord, were singularly ill-suited for anything else. At table, for instance, he could not cut up his food without the risk of wounding himself, and it was absolutely necessary for his wife to wait upon him as though upon a child. He was exceedingly particular about his person, and fond of dressing with great care, and displaying the jewels due to the liberality of Princes. His father used to laugh at him for his coquetry in this respect, and Clementi, who did not know him, when they met for the first time at the Imperial Court, took him for a major-domo of the palace, so elegantly was he attired. His imagination never rested. For this reason, he preferred bodily exercises which do not require the assistance of the intelligence, and which do not interrupt the train of ideas. He was fond of riding on horseback, and of a morning took long equestrian excursions, which his absence of mind rendered dangerous, if his steed was shy or badly trained. At Prague, while writing his *Don Giovanni*, he was fond of playing at skittles in his friend Dussek's garden. Seated at a rustic table, he rose when his turn came round, flung the ball, not unskilfully, and sat down again to his work, following the game with one eye, and keeping the other fixed on his music.

He had, however, a marked predilection for billiards, and was a first-rate player. There was a table in his own lodgings, and, in the absence of an opponent, he used to practise on it alone. Hummel, who was a pupil of his, tells us how he would sometimes interrupt the lesson he had begun giving to propose a game. It was an excellent expedient for him, when suddenly attacked by a musical idea. The game enabled him to give the reins to his imagination and to elaborate motives. We all know that it was in this manner he composed the delicious quintet in *Die Zauberflöte*.

He was passionately fond of dancing, which he studied very successfully. He is said to have executed the minuet in an incomparable style. He boasted, moreover, of being a pupil of Vestris, and asserted most gravely that he was a better dancer than composer; hence he never lost an opportunity of exhibiting his talent. He was an enthusiastic frequenter of balls, and always reserved for himself an important part, preferring that of Arlequin in preference to any other, in the ballets performed at parties in Vienna; he frequently traced out the plot and composed the music for them.

These, it must be allowed, were very innocent amusements, and Mozart had no others. If we examine his generous nature—if we dive into his simple and honest soul—and no one ever lived more openly than he—we shall not find a vice or a serious defect to tarnish its purity. The public has a strange mania for identifying great men with their heroes; it never imagines that the life of a poet, or that of a composer is dualistic. While the artist soars into the lofty regions of fancy, the man is often struggling in the mire of existence. It is, perhaps, because he composed *Don Giovanni*, that people have attributed to Mozart the tastes and adventures of the chief character in the opera. Nothing could be more opposed to the facts, just as it is false that he sometimes left his senses at the bottom of the bottle. He liked wine, and entertained a certain tenderness for a glass of punch; the latter was indisputably a salutary cordial, which supported him in his heavy labours and refreshed his ideas.

At Vienna he resided for a long time close to a friend, the Councillor Martin Lorbl, from whom he was separated only by a thin partition. This honest German, a great lover of wine, possessed a fine cellar, and was fond of doing the honours of it with a liberality not free from vanity. The instant he heard Mozart's harpsichord, he went down into his cellar, selected one of the oldest bottles there, and, coming up again, silently placed it upon his neighbour's table. Grateful for this mark of attention, Mozart would express his thanks by a nod, pour out a little Tokay, and then resume his work, without troubling himself any more about the precious liquor, which was escaping in vapour from its crystal prison. During his journey to Paris, under the care of his mother, the latter wrote to her husband: "Do not feel anxious about any excesses at table; you know as well as I do that Wolfgang can restrain himself." Indeed, Mozart says in his own letter: "At my meals I drink nothing but water, and only take a glass of wine with the fruit, to combat its crudity."

These are decidedly not the habits of an intemperate person, and his contemptuous words when blaming, on more than one occasion, the inebriety of his comrades, would alone have sufficed to make us suspect so stupid and perfidious an accusation.

Shall we now speak of the qualities of his heart? Never was there a more respectful son, while his affection for his sister was not less ardent and constant. He never failed to claim his share in her sorrows, little and great, and, even when the burden of life weighed heaviest on his own shoulders, he offered to receive Marianne in his own house, till her betrothed was in a position to marry her as he desired.

He was no less devoted to his friends and comrades, and, more than once, was the victim of his own generosity. Anton Stradler, the clarinettist, for whom Mozart wrote his admirable quintet, was not ashamed to take unfair advantage of that generosity. One day, knowing that Mozart had received 50 ducats from the Emperor, Stradler, with tears in his eyes, came and begged the composer to lend him that sum. Mozart, hard pressed himself, could not do without it, but, not liking to refuse, lent Stradler two large repeaters, on which a pawnbroker advanced the cash. At the expiration of the time for which the watches were pledged, Stradler was, of course, unprepared, and Mozart was obliged to find the 50 ducats himself. Unfortunately, he was imprudent enough to entrust the money to his debtor, who unscrupulously put it in his pocket, and left his too confiding friend to get out of the dilemma in the best way he could.

Lessons like this did not render him more circumspect. He could not resist the impulses of his heart, and frequently endured privation himself that he might give to others who were not so badly off. He was naturally generous. One day at Leipsic, where he had given a concert, he remembered, just as he was about starting, that he had not paid his tuner.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"May it please your Imperial Majesty," replied the old man, overwhelmed with confusion by the presence of the Chapelmaster of his Majesty the Emperor, "I do not know—I have come very often—I should be satisfied with a thaler——"

"A thaler!" exclaimed Mozart, "No, No! it shall never be said that an honest fellow like you put himself out of the way for such a trifle as that," and with these words he handed him two ducats.

Mozart was not liberal with his money only, but with his genius as well. As regards the latter, he always gave without counting, and was never tired of pouring forth the treasures of his imagination to accommodate singers, or satisfy their caprices.

Victor Wilder.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

If anything could redeem the *Traviata* from certain stigmas which have always and must always be urged in its disfavour, it would be such an impersonation of the character of Violetta as that to which Madame Adelina Patti has from time to time, at rare intervals, accustomed us. About her perfect execution of the music it is unnecessary to speak again; and it will suffice to add that this was never more strikingly exemplified than now. From "Ah! forse è lui," with its sequel, "Sempre libera," the one as plaintive as the other is animated, to the dying scene of the unfortunate heroine, preceded by the famous duet with Alfredo (Signor Naudin) it was a series of artistic successes, the effect of which upon the audience may readily be imagined. The gifted lady was never more entirely herself, never more skilfully toned down the earlier scenes to make them acceptable, never displayed more impassioned feeling in the alternate interviews with the elder Germont (Signor Graziani) and his exemplary son Alfredo (Act II.), or pourtrayed the emotions incident to the final catastrophe with more pure and exquisite art. It is now nearly twenty years since the public were first introduced (by Mdlle Piccolomini) to the *Traviata;* and yet the opera appears to be looked forward to as an indispensable feature in every season's programme. Though an "extra night" on the occasion of its first performance, the house was crammed, so continuous is the attraction of Verdi's music and so abiding the charm of Madame Patti's Violetta.

On Saturday night *Faust e Margherita* was given for the first time this season, with an unfamiliar Margaret, in the person of Mdlle Emma Albani. During the course of the last twelve years we have seen so many Margarets, excellent, good, and mediocre (to say no more), that it is a task of some difficulty to adjudicate on the merits of a new one. We may say, at once, however, that the impression created by Mdlle Albani was in all respects favourable. Her embodiment of the character is marked by that gentleness which in every one of her previous attempts has exercised a charm more or less attractive. She has evidently studied the part with the utmost care, and an artistic ambition to excel in its delineation. To this may in a great measure be attributed the success she achieved. Her performance was interesting from beginning to end—not merely because of the quiet unobtrusiveness to which we have referred, but on account of qualities holding out still higher promise. Mdlle Albani has made herself completely mistress of the music belonging to every situation; and that alone is saying no little; but beyond this she throws herself dramatically heart and soul into the character—which is saying more. We shall have further opportunities of critically examining this fresh effort of the zealous and rising young singer, and meanwhile rest satisfied with the conviction that she has made another and important step in her career. The re-appearance of that great artist, M. Faure, gave special interest to the first performance of Gounod's universally admired opera. The incomparable Mephistopheles was in his happiest mood, and, stimulated by a cordial, nay, enthusiastic, reception, sang and acted his very best—which means, in his particular sphere, best of the best. We need not describe for the twentieth time a performance so familiar. Enough that M. Faure has returned to us in the full possession of his admirable powers, and that the entire audience, as was clearly shown by the warmth of their greeting, were delighted to see and hear him once again. He was encored in both his songs—the ballad, "Dio dell' or," in the scene of the Kermesse (Act II.), and the serenade mockingly addressed to Margaret at her window, in that preceding the duel between Faust and Valentine, the last verse in each of which he consented to repeat. These, and other encores—the chorus of old men, the romance of Siebel (Mdlle Scalchi), in the Garden scene, the last movement of the "Jewel Song" (Mdlle Albani), and the chorus of soldiers, prolonged the performance to an unusually late hour; and it would be wise on the part of Signor Vianesi, on Saturday nights especially, to disregard all such unreasonable demands. The "encore" system, indeed, is becoming more and more of a nuisance at the opera no less than in the concert-room. The other chief characters on Saturday were represented by Signor Nicolini, who gave the air "Salve dimora" (with the highly finished violin *obbligato* accompaniment of Mr Carrodus) in the expressive manner to which he has accustomed the public, and was in other respects the Faust with whom we are so well acquainted, and M. Maurel, who, as Valentine, since Mr Santley's retirement from the operatic stage, has no rival. With Signor Tagliafico as Wagner, and Mdlle Anese as Martha, the cast was altogether efficient; the general performance being what we are used to at Covent Garden. Repetitions of *Fra Diavolo*, *Lohengrin*, the *Barbiere*, and the *Huguenots* complete the record of last week.

On Monday night *Dinorah* was repeated; and on Tuesday we had the second performance of *Faust*. The *Trovatore*, with Mad. Adelina Patti as Leonora, was given on Thursday; and last night the public were allowed a fourth opportunity of estimating the beauties of Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The opera announced for this evening is *Fra Diavolo*.

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HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Repetitions have been exclusively the order of proceeding at this theatre, since our last. The *Nozze di Figaro* was played, with a new Cherubino, in the attractive shape of Mdlle Anna de Belocca. What a charming Cherubino she made, those who have seen her in other characters will readily understand. At present we have only space to add that she was applauded in both her airs, and encored in the second "Voi che sapete," which she repeated with increased effect. Mdlle Belocca's acting was lively, natural, and engaging throughout. The other characters were sustained as before, the new light soprano, Mdlle Pernini, playing Susanna, and Mdlle Tietjens giving "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono" in a style as near perfection as lies within the province of art the most consummate to attain.

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THE NEW OPERA HOUSE.

The promoters of the scheme for the erection of the new Opera House on the Thames Embankment, having provisionally selected (out of a number sent in competition) the designs of two architects—Mr C. J. Phipps, F.S.A., and Mr F. H. Fowler—as being the best, have now agreed to accept the plans of Mr Fowler. On Wednesday Mr Webster, who has undertaken the contract, entered upon the plot which adjoins the St Stephen's Club, and the exact site upon which the structure will be erected was staked out. The land which Mr Mapleson has secured has a frontage to the Embankment of 200ft., and extends 300ft. in depth to the northern boundary at Cannon Row. The site for the building and approaches thus covers a ground area of 60,000 superficial feet, or nearly an acre and a half in extent. There will be a space in front of the principal elevation to the Embankment of about 30ft. in depth, which will not only have the effect of displaying the *façade* to advantage, but will also serve as an approach and carriage drive. In addition to the main Embankment frontage there will also be two other striking elevations—one on the south-west side and the other on the north-east side—with a street and carriage way, extending from the Embankment to Cannon Row, upwards of 30ft. in width. The carriage drive on the south-west side will open out direct communication with the Embankment from Parliament Street, along the street facing the Whitehall Club and intersecting Cannon Row, where, it is understood, will be the stage entrance. Preliminary to laying in the foundations the whole of the ground from the line of the Embankment frontage to a short distance from the rear of the intended building at Cannon Row, and in width about 140 feet, is to be excavated to a considerable depth from the Embankment level, in order to form a spacious basement; and this portion of the work was begun on Thursday. A numerous body of workmen are employed by the contractor in the excavation now in progress; and it is estimated that 20,000 cubic feet of earthwork will have to be removed before the work of putting in the foundations can be commenced. The basement will have a concrete floor several feet in thickness. The construction of the foundations will be carried on with the greatest activity, so as to admit of the superstructure being commenced as early as possible; and it is expected that the building will be completed and ready for opening by the commencement of the opera season next year.—*Architect.*

VIENNA.—In conformity with an agreement to which he has come with Herr Jauner, the new manager of the Imperial Operahouse, Sig. Verdi will conduct not only his *Aida*, but also his *Requiem*. The performance of the latter work is fixed for the 9th June. This will be immediately followed by two representations of *Aida* in Italian, the principal parts being sustained by Signore Stolz, Waldmann, Signori Maini, and Madini. For each performance Sig. Verdi will receive 1200 florins. This he divides among the four artists just mentioned, taking nothing himself.

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ST JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S

Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his Fifteenth Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following afternoons:—

FRIDAY, June 4, 1875. | FRIDAY, June 18, 1875.
FRIDAY, June 11, 1875. | FRIDAY, June 25, 1875.

FIFTH RECITAL,

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 4, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

TRIO in B flat (first time), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA .. .. *Mozart.*

SONATA in E flat, Op. 122, for pianoforte alone—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ .. .. *Schubert.*

SONATA in A minor, Op. 105, for pianoforte and violin—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ and Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. .. *Schumann.*

GRAND TRIO in D, Op. 70, No. 1, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA .. .. *Beethoven.*

Sofa Stalls (numbered and reserved), 7s.; balcony, 3s.; area, One Shilling.

Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Ollivier's, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALI BABA.—The libretto of Halévy's *Mousquetaires de la Rèine* is by M. St. Georges—not by the late Scribe, as has been generally stated.

DR SEVERAL.—Our correspondent labours under the same error which we endeavoured last week to point out to his Gregorian confederate, Dr Every. Music without rise and fall is as a wave that neither advances nor recedes. In his estimate of Gluck, Dr Several is as much in the dark as was Dr Every in his estimate of Piccinni.

MARRIAGE.

On May 20th, at St Pancras Church, Miss MILLY OERTLING (late student at the Royal Academy of Music), to ALFRED RAWLES, Esq.

DEATH.

On May 16th, suddenly, THOMAS BENSUSAN, of 75, Old Broad Street, in his 72nd year.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1875.

HOSPITAL NURSES.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—You were good enough last year about this time to give insertion to a letter from me calling public attention to the establishment of a Training School and Home for Nurses in connection with the Westminster Hospital, and inviting support for so useful an institution. Madame Christine Nilsson had at that time generously volunteered to give a public concert in aid of the funds, from which the large sum of £900 was ultimately received by the School. Now again the same generous offer has been made by Madame Nilsson, with a view to assist the committee in obtaining a permanent site for the School in the close vicinity of the Hospital, with adequate accommodation to enable the committee to carry out their original plan of not only supplying a staff of trained nurses for the Hospital, but also for the training of probationers to meet, to some extent, the great want of superior nurses for cases of serious sickness in private families.

While the work of the school in nursing is proceeding most satisfactorily at the Hospital, it is highly desirable that the field afforded for training should be fully occupied to meet the demand for skilled nurses outside the wards, and at the same time help to provide funds for the maintenance of the School and Home, and to render it as far as possible self-supporting. This can only be done by increasing the number of probationers, and providing a permanent Home to which they can return at intervals when unemployed.

It is in aid of efforts to accomplish this object, and so extend the usefulness of the Training School, that Madame Nilsson has once more kindly and generously come forward to give a concert on the 23rd of June, at St James's Hall, and I venture to request you will give insertion to this letter, in furtherance of the philanthropic object of these efforts, and that the interest of the public may be more effectually enlisted in its support. I am, Sir, WESTMINSTER.

May 21st, 1875.

THE following paper, written to fill up some corner in a fashionable Parisian magazine, is from the pen of M. Henri Blaze de Bury. Very many of us know of what stuff M. de Bury is made; while Rossini's music speaks for itself, trumpet-tongued:—

Rossini was to the last a man of the old parties in politics. He might laugh and rail superficially, but, at bottom, he belonged to the Past and thought *en codino*. He believed in sovereigns, looked seriously on the grand cordons of diplomatists, and even accepted snuff-boxes. Why should we not frankly state the fact, since the blame belongs to the period which gave it birth? He was somewhat deficient in dignity. The character of one who amuses others caused him no embarrassment. Among the negotiators of the Congress of Vienna, as in the saloons of the English aristocracy, he paid court to influential personages, and exerted himself to make money by the petty qualities of his nature, sometimes manufacturing cantatas for special occasions, at the order of a Metternich, who patronizingly called him the "God of Harmony," and sometimes consenting to play in London the part of accompanist. "It was the fashion, the rage, to have my face at a party. My wife sang, and I accompanied. For this we received fifty pounds an evening, which mounted up to something considerable, when it is recollected that this source of profit was continued uninterruptedly for three months." These lines are extracted from a highly interesting collection of conversations with Rossini, published in Germany by Dr Ferdinand Hiller. During the summer of 1856, the learned Director of the Cologne Conservatory, happening to be at Trouville, met the composer of *Guillaume Tell*, who had gone thither in the hopes of restoring the equilibrium of his nervous system, already greatly shaken. A man cannot spend twenty-five years of his life writing operas, and forty-five in being adored by the whole world, without experiencing a certain amount of lassitude. Rossini still possessed, at the above period, all his mental vivacity; he liked to speak of men and things, and Dr Ferdinand Hiller, who by the way had long been acquainted with him, esteemed his being able every day to give the cue to such an interlocutor a singular piece of good fortune. Rossini lives and breathes in these desultory conversations, begun as we light a cigar, and cut short by a game at dominos.

These dialogues have a charm of their own; to those who associated with Rossini only in his works, they may be recommended as an excellent photograph of him, while those who knew him personally will recognize in them the amiable and witty mind, the familiar physiognomy, so fatherly, with a slight touch of irony, and the honest and jovial inhabitant of Passy, who would have been none the worse if a little less free and easy.

Louis XIV. never showed himself without his wig. He had one wig in which he took medicine, and another in which he received ambassadors. Rossini's fault was that he too frequently

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took off his, and made his royalty too cheap, even though he did not like to see others fail to recognize it. It is not for nothing that a man belongs to the land of Bologna sausages and *presciuto*. The eternal Parmesan style of cookery flavours the shortest note in Rossini's correspondence, and is too frequently perceptible even in his music. The style is the man. There is an entire macaronic branch of it which ought to be put in the waste-paper basket. Self-respect is the first law of the world, and in an artist this virtue might become the most skilful of speculations. It is by respecting himself that a composer writes the Symphony in C major and all Beethoven's other works—that he writes the trio in *Guillaume Tell*. Now look at the just remuneration of things; see how every good sentiment turns to profit; the genius, too often wanting in conviction, for whom love was merely a kind of impassioned gallantry, found his true pathos in the sublime trio in *Guillaume Tell*, that profound expression of the sole sentiment which ever profoundly moved him. "He loved his father very much;" and this was, perhaps, why he wrote the trio in *Guillaume Tell*. Can there then be really something good about filial piety, and is it, after so much ridicule, to be taken seriously? That which a man does with self-respect has a chance of surviving; all the rest is condemned beforehand. The rest passes away; it is the rococo of the Future; a Future of twenty, or thirty years at most. Rossini is one of those men of genius whom Time has spared the least; before he quitted the world three fourths of his works had perished. Which of Beethoven's are wanting? Where is the old rubbish; where are the antiquated ritornellos? How astounding is the force of principle! Everything remains, and the reason of this prodigy lies in the character itself of the great artist, who was never influenced by aught save inspiration. Haydn and Mozart composed to order; Beethoven never did; puritan that he was, he would sooner have allowed the universe to collapse than write a note beyond the limits of his own impulse. Hence the permanent integrity of his works. We say of Mozart: "This or that has become antiquated." We do not say so of Beethoven. He will grow old less than any one else, because he had more self-respect than any one else. Rossini, who laughed at everything and everybody, beginning with himself, would not have accepted glory if purchased by stoicism. "*Papataci de' mangiar, papataci de' dormir!*" Let us remember the old trio which pourtrays the sybarite as he really was, just as the four words: "*ad majorem Dei gloriam*" paint old Bach.

At Bologna, Rossini was fond of rising early and going to market. *Terra antica, gentil madre e matrice.* A rich and fertile mother, indeed, was this land, with the abundance and varieties of its products, a regular country of Cocagne, for Kings of Yvetot, out on their *villegiatura*. One morning, while bargaining for some fish, Rossini perceived a gentleman quietly occupied in contemplating, from the middle of the market-place, the picturesque side of the scene; it was the Duke of Devonshire. "They told me I was certain to meet you here," said the Duke, addressing Rossini in the most aristocratically phlegmatic manner, and as though they had separated from each other only the evening previous. The two friends, however, had really not seen each other for twenty years. They chatted a moment, and then the composer went back with the noble son of England to his hotel. His Grace returned the musician's visit in the course of the day, and, just as he was leaving, said: "I still owe you a memento for the charming evening you once made me pass at Milan, and for the entrancing airs you sang me." With these words, he handed him a handsome snuff-box, and Rossini, the Rossini of *Mosè* and of *Guillaume Tell*, quietly put it in his pocket without more ado! "Those confounded French can only make compliments; I never meet one who does not ask me which opera of mine I prefer! A fine question truly; what a hurry I shall be in to answer it! The French are exceedingly grateful, to be sure, especially in words." Rossini was not mistaken; the English speak less; but their silence is golden, especially when they enclose it in a snuff-box.* He accepted a snuff-box from a lord, and had the boldness to refuse a cigar-end offered by an august hand. Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, was an inveterate smoker, and naturally had a cigar in his mouth, when Rossini, on his passage through Madrid, was introduced by M. Aguado. After a few words of conversation, Ferdinand, wishing to be exceedingly gracious, took from his lips the half-consumed *puro*, and offered it to the great composer. The latter declined with a bow the gift, under the pretext that he never smoked. "You are wrong to refuse," whispered Marie Christine to him, in Neapolitan; "the King was doing you an honour that does not fall to the lot of every one." Another very unexpected honour awaited him at the house of the Infanta, Don Francisco, the King's brother, and a passionate Rossinian. But let the musician himself speak: "I found him with his wife, tinkering on the piano. We began by talking about one of my operas, the score of which was lying open on the instrument. The Prince, interrupting me, then said he had a favour to ask, immediately adding, 'Allow me to give you Assur's air, but dramatically, and as if on the stage.' A fresh surprise and fresh embarrassment. I sat down to the piano, and preluded, come what might, when I saw the Prince, at the other end of the room, strike the most wonderful attitudes, and begin the air, with the gestures and accents of an enraged tragedian." What a happy man was Rossini! After Pasta, Rubini, Malibran, and Lablache, to see his productions performed by a descendant of Louis XIV.!

BLAZE DE BURY.

* What the French want in snuff-boxes they not unfrequently make up, at any rate, in chatterboxes. What a pity some of their writers do not, now and then, imitate the silence at which they sneer in their English neighbours. —TRANSLATOR.

One of our most frequent and valued contributors having taken the pains to translate the foregoing, we—*à rebrousse poil*—have allowed it to be squeezed into the leading columns of the *Musical World*, thus more emphatically exposing it to universal objurgation.

OTTO BEARD.

MDLLE TIETJENS has, we are informed, undertaken a tour in the United States of America, under the auspices of the enterprising brothers, Max and Maurice Strakosch. About the brilliant success of the renowned Teutonic *prima donna* there cannot exist the shadow of a doubt.

DR MACFARREN, who succeeded the late Sir Sterndale Bennett in the Professorship of Music in the University of Cambridge, delivered his inaugural lecture in the Senate House, Cambridge, on Tuesday afternoon. He traced the history of music, and urged its cultivation at the University, observing that he hoped the authorities would consider it desirable to make music a special subject of examination. This remark was received with loud applause.

GAIETY THEATRE.

We must speak of Mr Hollingshead's series of comic operatic performances at this theatre in our next, premising that they are excellent of their kind.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE music of Sir Sterndale Bennett is becoming more and more in request. Mr Charles Hallé played his "Chamber Trio" in A, at his fourth recital; and Mdlle Krebs will introduce his Three Impromptus at her second recital (next Wednesday). Mdlle Krebs has already played the third Impromptu, at her concerts in Dresden and elsewhere abroad. The feature of interest at the last Saturday concert given in the Alexandra Palace, under the direction of Mr Weist Hill, was the performance, by Mdlle Marie Krebs, of Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in F minor, which was enthusiastically applauded.

THE work of clearing the site of the Opera in the Rue Le Peletier, is being pushed forward with activity. All kinds of rumours are afloat respecting the use to which the vacant space will be devoted. According to M. François Oswald, of *Le Gaulois*, it has been secured by M. Strakosch, as representative of a limited liability company, with a capital of several million francs, for the purpose of constructing a theatre in the style of the London Alhambra.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mrs J. Holman Andrews gave a very agreeable *soirée musicale d'invitation* at the Beethoven Rooms on the 12th inst. The pupils of her vocal class (ladies and gentlemen amateurs) rendered Mozart's Mass, No. 2, as well as some secular part music, with taste and precision. Miss Edith and Miss Gertrude Holman Andrews (the latter better known as Miss Gertrude Ashton) sang Mendelssohn's duet "I waited for the Lord," and other duets and songs, in a way that left nothing to be desired. Miss Emma Barnett played a solo on the pianoforte in her usual finished style; and among other things worthy of special notice was Mr Stedman's singing of "Tom Bowling," and the clever anthem "Lord, to Thee," the composition of Miss Gertrude Ashton. Mrs Holman Andrews and Mr Westley Richards accompanied the vocal music, and Mr Rutt conducted.

Mdme Greiffenhagen gave an evening concert on Tuesday last, at her residence, Upper Bedford Place, which attracted a large number of her friends. Mdme Greiffenhagen's pupils sang in a correct and effective manner several part-songs and choruses by Meyerbeer, Messrs F. Cowen, and Gordon, all of which were favourably received. Mdme Lemmens and Miss Emily Muir gave two songs charmingly; and Miss C. Shury made a highly favourable impression in Schira's romance, "Sognai." Mr A. H. Cattermole, in a song from *Dinorah*; Mr Stanley Smith and Mr Brincher, in songs by Kücken and Halévy; Signor Tito Mattei, in his fourth Valse and in one of his graceful Nocturnes; and M. Jules de Swert (a Continental violoncellist of repute)—won deserved applause from an attentive and appreciative audience. Mdme Greiffenhagen and Mr Gordon were the accompanists of the vocal music.

Messrs Ludwig and Daubert gave the second of their announced series of Classical Chamber Concerts on Wednesday evening, at the New Langham Hall, Great Portland Street. The concert opened with Beethoven's Trio in B flat (Op. 97), the pianoforte part being taken by Mr Franklin Taylor; Lieder by Brahms and Liszt, sung by Mdlle Helene Arnim, followed, and the first part concluded with J. S. Bach's Sonata in A major, for violin and pianoforte, which received every justice from Herr Ludwig and Mr F. Taylor, who were much applauded after each movement. The second part began with Boccherini's Sonata in A major, for the violoncello (with a pianoforte accompaniment arranged by Signor Piatti), excellently played by Herr Daubert. This was followed by M. Coenen's "Spring Song," sung by Mdlle Arnim, and the concert concluded with Haydn's Quartet in G minor (Op. 74), capitally played by Messrs Josef Ludwig, Carl Jung, Zerbini, and Daubert. Mr J. Zerbini accompanied the vocal music with his usual excellence. The next of these agreeable entertainments is announced to take place on June the 9th.

Madame Lena Hayes' grand evening concert (in aid of a destitute infant orphan) took place at the Beethoven Rooms on the 20th inst., and was attended by a select audience. The artists were Mdme Poole, who sang "Nobil Signor," from *The Huguenots*, and was encored in Hatton's "The Maiden's Rose"; Mdme Elstoff (pupil of Sig. Torretti), whose fine voice was heard to advantage in Gluck's "Che faro," and Cowen's "It was a dream." Mdme L. Hayes produced great effect in Bishop's "Should he upbraid," as also in songs by Molloy and Bevignani; Mr Wilbye Cooper gave two songs with his accustomed taste; Sig. Torretti, Mozart's "Non più andrai," and "Qui sdegno"; and Sig. Nappi, Balfe's "Si tu savais," and Rossini's "La Danza." The instrumental portion of the concert consisted of Hummel's Nocturne, Op. 99 (pianoforte duet), and Ravina's grand Duo on airs from *Euryanthe*, capitally played by the youthful and talented Mdlles Molyneux, who by their solo performances also obtained universal approbation. Mdlle Violet Molyneux played Sir J. Benedict's "Scotland," and Mdlle Agnes, Thalberg's "We're a' noddin'." A particular feature of the concert was Mr Oberthür's brilliant harp playing. His two solos, fantasie on "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Clouds and sunshine," being received with immense applause. Herr Lehmeyer accompanied the vocal pieces with taste and judgment.

Signor Torretti gave a concert, on Monday evening, at the Beethoven Rooms, assisted by two of his pupils, Mesdames Gerrard and Elstoff, with Miss Palmer, Mr Gerard Coventry, Signor Rocca, and the *bénéficiaire* as vocalists; Mr Henry Holmes, violinist, and Miss Julie Augarde, pianist. The concert opened with the well-known trio from *Lucrezia Borgia*, "Guai se ti sfugge," sung by Madame Gerrard, Mr Coventry and Signor Torretti. Madame Gerrard and Madame Elstoff also gave songs by Donizetti, Millard, Sullivan, and Schumann, with more or less success. Miss Palmer created much effect in Gluck's "Che faro." Signor Torretti sang "O te Palermo" (Verdi), and Mozart's "Qui sdegno." Mr Gerard Coventry, who possesses a very agreeable tenor voice, made his first appearance since his return from Milan, where he has been studying to advantage. He gave Sir Julius Benedict's elegant romance, "Nulla da te bel angelo," and Ascher's popular "Alice, where art thou?" He was most warmly applauded, and sang extremely well, obtaining a loud and unanimous "encore" for Ascher's admired romance. Mr Coventry will be an acquisition to the concert-room. Signor Monari Rocca gave one or two vocal pieces in his best manner; and Miss Julie Augarde played, in excellent style, solos by Gade, Chopin, and Schumann, and, with Mr Henry Holmes, Beethoven's Sonata in G (Op. 30), for violin and pianoforte. Mr Holmes' also gave in perfection a violin solo by Kufferath. Signor Romelli was the conductor.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The fifth of the Philharmonic Meetings took place on Monday evening at St James's Hall. The programme contained several interesting features. Besides the overtures, the *Rosamunde* of Schubert, and the *Ruy Blas* of Mendelssohn, and the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, all of which were played with care and finish by the band, Brahm's "Variations on a Theme by Haydn" were introduced, for the first time at these concerts, and were listened to with enjoyment. This work was originally produced at Vienna in 1873, and subsequently found its way into this country, when it was heard at the Crystal Palace in March, 1874. Borrowed from an unpublished collection of divertimentos for brass instruments by the old master, Dr G. A. Macfarren truly remarks, in his analytical notes, that the theme in question "is essentially Haydnish in character," having a strong resemblance in certain instances to the well-known Hymn for the Emperor. Upon this slight and unpretending subject Brahms has built his round of "variations," all of which are characterized by the "ingenuity" with which they have been properly credited. They are, in fact, a series of scholastic exercises—"a succession," according to Dr Macfarren, "of contrapuntal studies of the highest interest, showing to an extraordinary extent the plastic nature of the simplest musical elements under the workmanship of a skilful artist." The delivery of this clever work was all that could be wished, for Mr Cusins took every pains to reveal its frequent originalities of design and construction, and so awaken the public desire to make further acquaintance with it. It was loudly applauded at the close, and has, doubtless, found a place among the stock pieces of the Philharmonic *repertoire*. Vieuxtemps's *Adagio*, and *Rondo*, from his Concerto in E, were the movements chosen by Signor Papini for his violin display in the first part of the concert. In these selections the Italian artist found excellent opportunity for the disclosure of his undoubtedly fine qualities of tone and executancy. As regards the former, nothing could be more inviting to the ear, because of its silvery richness; while, in all the arts of bravura-playing, he was at once clear and articulate—in every respect, in short, a facile and emphatic exponent of the airy music to which Vieuxtemps's Concerto belongs. The late Mendelssohn Scholar, Mr William Shakespeare, and Mdlle Sophie Löwe were the vocalists. Mr Shakespeare, who made his first public appearance in London, comes with the reputation of possessing many varied musical accomplishments and an exceptionally fine tenor voice, and clothed, also, with the best honours of the distinguished Academy in which he has graduated. His method of singing betrays, as it ought to do, very superior preparation, his style being broad and dramatic, and his enunciation perfect. A not unnatural nervousness, however, disturbed his self-possession on Monday evening; and though he sang Rossini's "Ecco ridente," and Sterndale Bennett's charming setting of Barry Cornwall's touching words, "Dawn, gentle flower," with grace and expression, it was obvious he would do himself completer justice upon future occasions. His best effort was Mendelssohn's song, "Through the air a breath is stealing," in which, from the restless nature of the music, his voice was necessarily steadier and firmer. Mdlle Löwe is a concert-room singer of ability. Her version of Mozart's "Deh vieni" on the present occasion was fittingly tender and sentimental. She also sang a pair of *lieder* by Mendelssohn and Brahms. D. H. H.

Genoa.—At a meeting held the other evening by the Archæological Section of the Società Ligure di Storia Patria, a most elaborate and erudite paper was read by the president, Sig. P. C. Remondini. The subject of it was Fra Giovanni da Genova, a musician of the XIVth century, some precious manuscripts of whom are still preserved in the Palatine Library at Modena. The reading of the paper was supplemented by a specimen of Fra Giovanni's music, written according to the modern system of notation by Sig. Remondini. To this were added, for the sake of comparison, a Canzone for Three Voices by the celebrated Francesco Landino da Firenze, called Francesco degli Organi, the Rossini of his time (1360), and a Canzone for Two Voices by an anonymous composer of the XIVth century. The original manuscript of the last named piece is preserved in the library at Chambray. Though composed five hundred years ago, this old music was listened to with great satisfaction. It was admirably sung by Signori Barabino, Romanelli and Giorgi, under the direction of Sig. Valle.

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MUSIC IN ROME.

(From a Correspondent.)

Happening to be in the Eternal City, we paid a visit to the provisional locale of the Royal Academy of St Cecilia, where sundry schools of music are collected under one roof, to be, as we were informed, ultimately converted into a musical Lyceum, an institution so much needed in Rome. We were surprised, not to say, astounded, at the small extent of the musical library existing in the said Academy, which was founded by Palestrina in 1584! We thought we should see, nay, more, we will say we were justified in expecting to find, there the most precious treasures; for the most illustrious musicians down from the time of Palestrina to our own belonged to this Academy. With the exception of *La Storia della Musica* by Father Martini, there is not a single theoretical work worth mentioning. Among the music, we may mention a copy of Spontini's *Olimpia*, presented by the composer, and adorned with his autograph. We saw, also, several gifts from Pius IX., but, among the music of modern composers which they comprised, we remarked only the name of Liszt. The Abbate's offering to his Holiness consists of the score of a *Missa Solemnis*, 55 centimetres high, the largest we ever beheld. It is printed with movable type of extraordinary beauty. Such is the accuracy with which the different parts are joined that each page more resembles a copperplate engraving than a typographic production. It is superfluous to speak of the binding of red velvet with raised gold ornaments, this being a matter of course in a gift made to so eminent a personage. We must mention, also, the most precious and interesting object in the Academy. We allude to the album containing the names of all the members from the establishment of the institution. Thus we saw, among others, the names of Bernardo Pasquini, Scarlatti, Father Martini, Anerio, Nanini, Bontempi, Gasparini, Gervasoni, Mancini, Tartini, Vallotti, etc. It appears to us incomprehensible, however, that, in an institution of such antiquity, we should be unable to find the compositions of at least some of the great men who belonged to it. BOCCHERINI.

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MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

For some time past the stage of the Royal Operahouse has been trodden by various "*Gäste*," or "Guests." Though aiming at permanent engagements, they "come as shadows, so depart," and are speedily forgotten. Among recent specimens may be mentioned Herr Beck, from the Graz Theatre, a son of the well-known barytone of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. He has appeared in *Guillaume Tell* and *L'Africaine*, and was much liked in both operas. Mdlle Keller, another "*Gast*," was an inadequate Selica, while a third, Mdlle Hasselbeck (Ines), did not give so much satisfaction as, not many days previously, in *Der Freischütz*. Herr Ernst, as Vasco de Gama, did his best. Still another "*Gast*" was Mdlle Reinmann, from the Ducal Theatre, Dessau. This young lady selected for her *début* the part of Cherubino in *Le Nozze*, an unfortunate selection, because, the music does not suit her voice, and she had to contend with the recollection of Mad. Lucca.

A few weeks ago, Herr von Hülsen commenced, with the sanction of the Emperor, a series of cheap performances of standard dramas at the Theatre Royal. Encouraged by success, Herr von Hülsen determined to extend the principle to the Royal Operahouse. Consequently, from the present date till about the middle of June, the national establishment will be open to the public at reduced prices. The course taken by the Intendant-General has met with general approbation. The first opera was *Oberon*. The audience applauded everyone and everything. This was fortunate for Mdlle Hasselbeck, whose personification of Rezia would, under ordinary circumstances, have failed to command such marks of approbation.

The first novelty of the winter season is to be Herr Goldmark's Biblical opera, *Die Königin von Saba*, with Miss Minnie Hauck as Salamith.

During the late visit of the Emperor of Russia, both Emperors attended a performance of the ballet of *Satanella*. Admirers of Wagner will be pleased to learn that the "Waffen-Tanz," from *Rienzi*, was substituted for the music from Auber's *Fils Prodigue*. At the Grand Court Concert, in honour of his Russian Majesty, however, not a note by the Prophet of Bayreuth was included in the programme. The Emperor Alexander is the musical antipodes of his Royal Brother of Bavaria.

A feature in the programme of the last concert of the Sinfoniecapelle, under the direction of Herr von Brenner, was the overture bearing the motto: "Hinaus in die Welt," with which Herr Otto Dorn won the Meyerbeer Exhibition. The composer conducted his own work. Herr Liebling played Grieg's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor.

Herr W. Müller, a musical publisher, who has sung solos at the Concerts of the Singacademie and Royal High School of Music, is engaged, from the 1st October, as tenor at the Operahouse.

Herr Heinrich Fürstenow, *Capellmeister* at Pawlawsk, near St Petersburgh, was presented with a diamond ring during the Czar's recent stay, for an "Imperial March" dedicated to the august visitor.

—o—

THE YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—The only announcements that appeared in print—to the effect that Dr Spark would inaugurate the organ—were the paragraph in your journal for May 1st, and an advertisement in the local papers for May 8th. The paragraph in the *Musical World* was probably sent to you by the indefatigable Doctor. The local advertisement was somewhat strange. After announcing Mr Best as organist on the day of the opening of the exhibition, there was a note that Dr Spark would inaugurate the organ on the day after the opening. Perhaps the Doctor had something to do with this matter also. In the next official advertisement (copy enclosed) there is no mention at all of Dr Spark's proposed performances; and, in the papers for May 11th, appears the following letter, which effectually disposes of the anomalous second inauguration of the organ:—

YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

To the Editors of the "Leeds Mercury."

Gentlemen,—I notice, in your impression of Saturday last, two errors in the musical programme for the inaugural ceremony.

1. Mr R. Best, organist, Liverpool, should be Mr W. T. Best.

2. You state the organ will be inaugurated by Dr Spark, which is an anomaly, as it will really be inaugurated by Mr W. T. Best, at the opening ceremony.

I am, Gentlemen, yours obediently, S. WALLEY,
Chairman of the Musical Arrangements Committee.

Leeds, 10th May, 1875.

I believe nothing has been said in the *Musical World* about the opening of the Exhibition, so it may interest some of your readers to know that the musical performances consisted of various suitable numbers, executed by a fine band and chorus, conducted by Mr R. S. Burton; Mr W. T. West was at the organ, and the large audiences were delighted with his exquisite style of playing. The music on the second day was provided by the excellent band of the Queen's Bays, conducted by Mr W. C. Smith, and the organ performances of Dr Spark, whose programmes could not be completed, on account of insufficient water-pressure to keep up the supply of wind. The same machinery has several times since proved itself to be altogether unreliable. Nearly every organ recital has resulted in a partial fiasco. Besides the defective wind, the organ is in very indifferent order. It is to be regretted that the committee does not have the defects remedied, or shut the organ up.

I was not the author of the paragraph referring to the non-payment of artists engaged for Dr Spark's concert, on March 18th, nor did I know anything about the paragraph until it was in print. I can say this much, however, the artists had to return to London without their fees; and Dr Spark, I think, will not deny that several applications had to be made to him before settlement was made. It is a fact that a very peculiar method was adopted in making payment for this concert. The performance resulted in a very large loss, which, however, did not affect the promoter of the concert, inasmuch as a sufficient sum to cover the loss was guaranteed by the public. By the way, sir, is it not something new for a private individual to obtain subscriptions from the public to save his own pocket from the probable losses in his speculations? Kindly oblige me by inserting this in you next impression. Yours obediently, VERITAS.

[The author of the above has inclosed his name and address.—EDITOR.]

ERFURT.—A most satisfactory performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was lately given by Soller's Musical Union, under the direction of Herr Adolf Golde.

KÖNIGSBERG.—Rossini's opera of *Mosè* was recently performed here for the first time. The performance was bi-lingual. Señor Padilla, Mad. Désirée Artôt, and M. de Carrion, King Pharaoh, Anai, and Amenophis, respectively, sang in Italian, while the other performers sang in German.

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RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS *RING OF THE NIBLUNG.*

(*From the "New Quarterly Magazine."*)

(*Continued from page* 349.)

To pacify the ire which these remarks, if misunderstood, might rouse in certain quarters, I will add parenthetically that, to my mind, the treatment of historical subjects by Shakspere, in its bold disregard of temporal and local details, verges on the liberty of mythical, or, which is essentially the same, purely human typification. My remarks apply more to the musical than to the spoken drama. For music, by its power and weakness, is debarred from the rendering of accidental details; its ethereal being shuns the fetters of clumsy reality—from momentary facts it ascends to eternal motives.

It would exceed the limits of my purpose to show at length how Wagner's progress from the historical to the mythical implied the relinquishing on his part of coarse spectacular for purely artistic effects, or, to say the same in other words, how the librettist developed into a poet. Only a few words ought to be added as to the manner in which this change reacted on his musical style. It is well known that Wagner abolished the traditional forms of absolute music, such as aria, duet, and finale, supplanting them by a mode of utterance entirely founded on the requirements of the dramatic situation. This reformatory act, a Wagneromastix would boldly assert, was an act of premeditation founded on speculative theories, and therefore devoid of artistic spontaneity. The groundlessness of such an accusation might easily be proved by intrinsic reasons. Nevertheless, it may not seem undesirable to hear the master's own testimony on a question which, besides bearing on our immediate subject, is of vital importance for the history of musical progress.

"The plastic unity and simplicity," Wagner says, "of the mythical subject-matter allowed of the concentration of the action on certain important and decisive points, and thus enabled me to rest on those fewer scenes with a perseverance sufficient to expound the motive down to its ultimate dramatic consequences. The nature of the subject, therefore, could not induce me, in sketching my scenes, to consider in advance their adaptability to any particular musical form, the particular kind of musical treatment being necessitated by these scenes themselves. It could not enter my mind to ingraft on this *my* musical form, growing as it did out of the nature of the scenes, the traditional forms of operatic music, which could only have marred and interrupted its organic development. I therefore never thought of contemplating on principle, and as a deliberate reformer, the destruction of the aria, duet, and other operatic forms; but the dropping of these forms followed consistently from the nature of my subjects."

The ultimate result of a reform begun in this spontaneous manner was the great cycle of tragedies which forms the subject of this essay. But, before we enter upon this, we must cast a passing glance on the intervening links of a chain of development, extending from an all but blindfold groping for a new mode of utterance in the *Flying Dutchman*, to the fullest light of artistic purpose in the *Niblungen*.

In the first-mentioned opera, Wagner, as we mentioned before, left the domain of pseudo-historic realism for that of mythical truth; but a change of purpose does not always, and did not in this case, imply a fully proportionate change of means. It is, therefore, no matter of suprise to see some of the hereditary evils of the old opera reappear in this early attempt at purer dramatic expression. The diction and versification, although by far superior to the ordinary libretto, show here and there traces of that slip-shod disregard of rhyme and reason which the imperturbable patience of an operatic audience is wont to tolerate. Some of the characters, moreover, as particularly the disappointed lover and tenor of the piece, are fashioned after operatic patterns. The music also occasionally suffers from what may be described as want of grasp and consistency. The old forms of absolute music are for the greater part abandoned; but what remains of them is sufficient to mar that absolute congruity between poetical intention and musical expression so characteristic of Wagner's later style. I need not add that these remarks are not made with an intention to disparage the beauties of an opera which in many respects remains unsurpassed by its own or any other composer's works. The weirdness of the northern seas, with the doomed hero tossed on their pitiless waves, is depicted musically in the boldest touches. Readers who have witnessed the performance of the *Flying Dutchman* at Drury Lane (the only performance of a work by Wagner that ever took place at an English theatre), may judge of the deep impression produced even by that cold and uncongenial rendering.

["Cold and uncongenial rendering" is good. Wagner himself never listened to a warmer and more genial rendering of this, his very best opera.—O. BEARD.]

(*To be continued.*)

MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(*Continued from page* 341.)

The Anacreontic Society was founded in 1740. It originally consisted of amateurs who cultivated instrumental music specially. But at the suppers which succeeded each meeting glee singing was much relished, and solos sung by the most competent vocalists then residing in Dublin. This society before and after the Union included most of the nobility and gentry among its members. During the latter part of the last century, and the beginning of this, the Anacreontic aided many charities by its concerts, and kept alive a love of the orchestral works of the most eminent composers. Castrucci, the pupil of Corelli, was invited to Dublin by the members, and conducted the concerts of the society to the time of his death in 1752. He is buried in St Mary's graveyard. For many years the Duke of Leinster, whom we have so recently lost, was president, and continued to preside and take his place in the orchestra, when he played the double bass up to the last meetings of the society. It died out for want of patronage, and also from its members falling away, about a quarter of a century ago. The vice-presidents were the Earl of Arran, Earl of Donoughmore, and Lord Clonbrock, who each played some instrument at the performances. Its meetings took place in the Rotundo ever since that building was erected, and its concerts contributed to the charity for which these rooms were originally designed, at various times, considerable sums of money. The collapse of this society is not only to be lamented as a loss to the charity it at one time so munificently supported, but with it ceased that school of amateur instrumentalists which kept up a taste for the orchestral and chamber music of the great masters. Then, the violins, violas, violoncellos, double-basses, and flutes, were generally played by amateurs, to be found among the nobility and gentry of the land. Now, it would be difficult to get up a quartet of stringed instruments solely played by amateurs. Then, the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and the overtures of Weber, Rossini, and other composers, were practised weekly by non-professional performers. Now, the only society—the Philharmonic—which presents this noble species of the art is neither supported sufficiently by the public at large, nor are its efforts to keep up a school of instrumental music in the country appreciated. The aid given to charity here by music in the past is something wondrous. It is said that the Hospital for Incurables "rose as if it were by the power of music," in 1753. It was about this time that the musical glasses were invented by Richard Pokritch, who made such use of their charming tones, that he once so gained the hearts of two bailiffs, who came to arrest him, that they departed without laying their hands upon him. There were some remarkable men in and from Ireland amongst the musical celebrities of this period. Michael Kelly was born in Dublin 1762, and became the first tenor in Italy, and, curious to say, this Irishman is said to have been the first male singer from these islands who sang in that country. He afterwards performed at most of the Italian theatres. He travelled through Germany, and in Vienna became the intimate friend of Mozart. He also became intimate with Haydn. Mozart was so pleased with an aria by Kelly, "Grazie agl' ingani tuori," that he did its composer the honour of writing some charming variations upon it. On his revisiting Dublin, in consequence of his mother's illness, the Emperor gave him a year's leave of absence and continued his salary. Kelly did not return to Germany, but settled in London, where he made his first appearance in *Lionel and Clarissa* at Drury Lane. He was attached to that theatre as director of the music and first tenor till his retirement from the stage. He composed the music for many pieces—*The Castle Spectre*, *Blue Beard*, *The Peasant Boy*, *The*

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Royal Oak; and he composed *Gustavus Vasa* for Covent Garden in 1811. He again visited Dublin, in company with the celebrated Madame Catalani, in 1808, and, after fulfilling engagements in Cork and Limerick, returned to London in the autumn. Drury Lane Theatre was unhappily burnt down on February the 4th, in the following year, and all Kelly's scores were lost in the conflagration. His music, from the little we have seen of it, seems to possess symmetry of form and melody. It is much to be regretted that more of it has not been preserved. He took his farewell of the stage in the city of his birth in September, 1811. He first appeared in Dublin in 1778. He died at Margate at the age of 64 on the 15th of October, 1826. He published, during the latter part of his life, two very amusing volumes of "Reminiscences." Thomas Carter, who set Dr Percy's (the author of "Reliques of Antient English Poetry") charming ballad "O Nanny wilt thou gang with me" to music, was likewise a native of Ireland. It appears that Carter was born in Dublin in 1735. He was organist of St Werburgh's Church from 1751 to 1769. Lord Inchiquin furnished him with the means to go and finish his musical education in Italy. He stayed in Naples some time, and was received in the best society. On his return he started for Calcutta, where he was at the head of musical affairs. But the climate compelled him to leave, and he returned to England for his health. He appears to have been a wild, improvident man. O'Keefe, the dramatist, tells many amusing anecdotes of him, among the rest the following:—"He asked me (says O'Keefe) to bring him in to hear one of the rehearsals of the 'Castle of Andalusia.'" To this O'Keefe objected—it being contrary to the rules of the theatre. But he was persuaded to do so on the promise of Carter to keep himself perfectly quiet. As the rehearsal progressed, O'Keefe was surprised to get a tap on the shoulder from Tom, who exclaimed, "Why don't you introduce me to Harris"—then proprietor of Covent Garden. After this he walked up and down the stage directing the band in the most absurd manner, to the horror of his friend. Dr Arnold, who was the composer of the music of the drama, finding his place as conductor usurped by the impertinent stranger, left the house in disgust. And O'Keefe said he would never again bring in any composer or dis-composer behind the scenes. One Gilbert Mahon made O'Keefe a present of an air which the former sang, and the latter wrote words to, and sold it to Longman, the music publisher, in the Haymarket. Carter called upon the dramatist a few days afterwards in a rage, told O'Keefe "that Mahon had no right to sing the melody, let alone to give it away, that it was his composition," &c.; and so he raged until O'Keefe commenced singing, "O Nanny," and thus appeased the enraged musician. "Never," says O'Keefe, "was the soothing power of music more apparent." Carter wrote music for some dramatic pieces, and, curious to tell, it was in one of these, entitled *The Birth Day*, that Master John Braham, afterwards the celebrated tenor, made his first appearance at the age of ten, in the year 1787. He was the composer of many popular songs of that time—"Stand to your guns, my hearts of oak," may be named as one of them. But it appears that poor Tom Carter was improvident and unmanageable, and, that although he had the talent to gain friends, he had not the conduct to keep them. He was in Dublin from 1803 to 1809 to a certainty. Afterwards he seems to be totally unheard of. Had this composer only left the one song, "O, Nanny," behind him, it would be sufficient to hand down his name in musical annals as a most gifted melodist. It is tender, tuneful, and full of that grace which touches the heart.

To be continued.

PAVIA.—Signor Isidoro Rossi's *Isabella Orsini* has proved successful at the Teatro Fraschini. The composer was called on nineteen times the first night.

ODESSA.—Le Théâtre-Russe nous a offert une des meilleures productions du répertoire-Russe, la nouvelle comédie *d'Antropoff*. Cette pièce sera jouée de nouveau dimanche prochain et nous recommandons à tout amateur de nouveauté dramatique d'assister à cette représentation, non point parce que cette œuvre est bien écrite, mais aussi parce que l'exécution en est fort bonne. Mlles Lukachevitch et Brianskaja, ainsi que MM. Kisselevsky, Forcati, Agramoff, Gorev et Strugkin ont été très-bien dans cette représentation. Le bénéficiaire, M. Forcati, a été salué par des bravos à son apparition sur la scène. Le Théâtre-Russe fait toujours recette, particulièrement pour les bénéfices.—H. C.

LUIGI ARDITI.

(*Communicated.*)

Sig. Arditi has been lately sojourning in Venice, where he is a great favourite. The local press always allude to him in the most flattering terms. One paper says:—

"De Ferrari's gay opera, *Il Menestrelle* was most favourably received. The first honours fell to Signora Cristino, a sympathetic, sprightly artist, full of life and soul, and possessing a true silvery soprano such as is rarely heard. It is superfluous to add that she was overwhelmed with applause, especially in Arditi's waltz 'Estasi,' in which she worked the audience up to a state of enthusiasm, and was recalled several times."

Another journal writes as follows:—

"Yesterday evening, at the Teatro Malibran, between the second and third acts of Pedrotti's *Tutti in Maschera*, that sympathetic artist, Signora Cristino, sang with her accustomed excellence Sig. Arditi's 'Estasi.' The public applauded her enthusiastically, and also called on the composer, who happened to be in the house."

A third writes thus:—

"Prominent among the artists was Signora Ida Cristino, a pleasing young lady, and a sure and correct artist. She possesses a beautiful, fresh, and extensive voice, which she manages with skill. She was constantly applauded, especially in Arditi's waltz: 'Estasi,' which she introduced and sang with real mastery at the end of the opera."

A fourth remarks:—

"Justly and most warmly applauded was the *prima donna*, Signora Cristino, who, between the second and third acts, sang the 'Estasi' waltz by the Commendatore Arditi, the famous author of that other most popular melody:—'Sulle labbra, se potessi, dolce un bacio ti darei.'"

"Arditi, who happened to be in the theatre, was obliged to appear upon the stage, in obedience to loud and repeated calls."

More might be quoted; but enough has been said to show that others, besides ourselves, are able to appreciate genuine merit.

A. T. L.

—o—

"Good Words."

Music will some day become a powerful and acknowledged therapeutic. And it is one especially appropriate to this excited age. Half our diseases, some physicians say all our diseases, come from disorder of the nerves. How many ills of the mind precede the ills of the body! Boredom makes more patients than fever, want of interest and excitement, stagnation of the emotional life, or the fatigue of over-wrought emotion lies at the root of half the ill health of our young men and women. Can we doubt the power of music to break up that stagnation? Or, again can we doubt its power to soothe? to recreate an overstrained emotional life, by bending the bow the other way? There are moods of exhausted feeling in which certain kinds of music would act like poison, just as whip and spur which encourage the racer at first, tire him to death at last. There are other kinds of music which soothe, and, if I may use the word, lubricate the worn ways of the nervous centres. You will ask what music is good for that? We reply, judgment and common sense, and, above all, sympathy, affectional and musical sympathy, will partly be your guide, but experience must decide. Let some friend well versed in the divine art sit at the piano, and let the tired one lie on a couch and prescribe for herself or for himself, and then—and—then what comes, must be left to the tact and quick sympathy of the musician. I have known cases where an hour of this treatment did more good than bottlesful of bark or pailsful of globules; but I do not wish to overstate the case. I merely plead for an unrecognized truth, and I point to a new vocation—the vocation of the Musical Healer. How many a girl might turn her at present uncared-for and generally useless musical abilities to this gentle and tender human use! Let her try. At the end of the *séance*, let her and her patient note the abatement of the headache brought about directly by the counter excitement of a nerve current set up by music. Let her friend admit that she has suffered less during that hour, the mind having been completely called off from the contemplation of a special pain, and the pain meanwhile having passed or abated. There are cases chiefly connected with disorders of the spine, cases of apathy, where music is almost the only thing which seems to stir the torpid nerves and set up a commotion, quickening the heart and flushing the cheek. Then, I say, let music open the shut gate, and let health come in that way, "*cœlestis janitor aulæ*!"

Musical Doctor.

HANOVER.—Dr Gunz has been appointed an Imperial Chamber Singer.

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WAIFS.

The new tenor, M. Tournié, who will make his first appearance in England in the French operas at the Gaiety, in the second week in June, is causing considerable excitement at the present moment in France, owing to his exceptional success at the Operahouse of Marseilles. Papers like the *Moniteur*, *Figaro*, and *Opinion Nationale*, speak with their usual freedom about the splendid offers made to him by M. Halanzier, for the Grand Opera at Paris. It is quite true that he has been offered terms equal to any tenor in Europe, but his engagement with M. Coulon is not to be set aside. During June and July he will appear at the Gaiety in *Zampa*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Haydee*, *Lara*, *Le pré aux Clercs*, *Les Mousquetaires de la Rèine*, and other French national operas. —(*Communicated.*)

In the autumn, Mdme Christine Nilsson has made arrangements for a tour in the Provinces.

M. Capoul returns to the Opéra-Comique.

Julius Stern, of Berlin, is travelling in Italy.

M. Lecocq's new work is entitled *Le Pompon*.

Signor Salvini's next part at Drury Lane is to be Hamlet.

Miss Enriquez is engaged for the ensuing Norwich Festival.

Mad. Sass has returned to Paris, after her engagement at Lisbon.

M. Ernest Boulanger's new work, *Don Macarade*, has proved a success.

At Caen, two grand concérts of "Classical Music" are announced, by M. Pasdeloup.

M. Strakosch is about to construct, in Paris, a magnificent building in the style of the Alhambra Palace.

His Majesty the Emperor of Russia has conferred upon M. Wieniawski the cross and the order of St Anne.

The late M. Kreusler will be succeeded as head of the Bureau des Théâtres, at the Prefecture of Police, by M. Naudin.

Among recent arrivals is that of Signor Giuseppe Martucci, a young Italian pianist of repute, and M. Diaz de Soria, the vocalist.

At the Folies Dramatiques, Paris, a new work is underlined, entitled, *Le Pompon*, libretto by MM. Chivot and Duru, music by Charles Lecocq.

The *Arcadian* says that the New York Philharmonic Society has degenerated into a sort of school for *débutantes*, and the sole aim of its directors appears to be to spend as little money as possible.

The chorus singers of the Paris Theatres, determined to found a benefit society for members of the profession, held a meeting on the 21st inst., to settle the rules. The chair was taken by a chorister.

Mdlle Rita being, in consequence of severe indisposition, compelled to rest for some weeks from her professional labours, has been replaced in the character of Girofié-Girofla, at the Criterion Theatre, by Miss Julia Matthews, "creator" of the part in the English version.

M. Lecocq has been condemned to pay 4000 francs damages (£160) to M. Jules Moineaux (his *collaborateur* in a three-act opera, entitled *Don Juan XIV.*), and to return the MS., in consequence of his refusal to finish the music, of which he had composed two acts. M. Lecocq is also restrained from using the airs for any other libretto.

Mr Horton C. Allison recently played, at the concert of the St John's College Musical Society, at Cambridge, a selection from the pianoforte works of Handel, G. A. Macfarren, Sterndale Bennett and Chopin, with a canon and fugue from his "Cambridge Concert Studies." Miss Amy M. Aylward sang Bennett's "Dawn, gentle flower," and "Gentle Zephyr."

Miss Emily B. Farmer's new song, "Shall I wear a White Rose?" was sung by Miss Waters, at a recent amateur concert in Nottingham. The *Guardian* says:—"The new song, 'Shall I wear a White Rose?' by Miss Emily B. Farmer, was listened to with great interest. The melody, very pretty, at once chambers itself in the memory, and we have no doubt will become a favourite in Nottingham and elsewhere. Miss Waters sang it excellently, and must share with the composer the honours of the applause with which it was greeted."

Two accidents happened last week at the Grand Opera, Paris. The first was caused by the breaking of glass representing the water over which Madlle Sangelli glides, as she returns to her enchanted grotto in *La Source*. Thanks to her aerial feet, she escaped unhurt, and danced more marvellously than ever, the only sufferer being M. Halanzier, who will have to pay 500 or 1000 francs to repair the damage. The second accident was of a graver description. As Madlle de Reszké, M. Halanzier's new Ophelia, was returning from the races, the horses of her carriage took fright. Thanks to her brother's presence of mind, Madlle Reszké escaped with only a few contusions. Marshal MacMahon, who happened to be driving past at the moment, ordered his coachman to stop, and enquired whether the young lady had sustained any hurt. In the evening, he sent an orderly officer to ask how she was going on, and congratulate her on having got off so easily.

Breslau.—The members of the Singacademie, under the direction of Herr Julius Schäffer, recently celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of that institution. After Count von Arnim had presented the above-named gentleman, in the name of the Emperor, with the Order of the Red Eagle, fourth class, after Herr Becker had offered him a magnificent silver plateau for the table as a mark of respect and esteem from the members of the institution generally, and after the ladies had added an extra tribute of their own in the shape of a gold pocket chronometer, with chain, and some cunningly worked tapestry, the proceedings commenced in the grand hall of the University with the chorale: "Lobet den Herrn, den mächtigen König." This was followed by a long and interesting lecture by Dr Häser, on the development of vocal music, and then came Mendelssohn's motet: "Zauchset dem Herrn." In the evening there was a fine performance of Handel's oratorio of *Samson*, the principal vocalists being Mad. Joachim and Herr Henschel. The chorus included 350 voices. On the following day, there was a grand musical Soirée in the new exchange.

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ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG,

"THOU ART WEARY."

WORDS BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

MUSIC BY ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

SUNG BY

Miss ANTOINETTE STERLING

AT THE

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

"The singer was Miss Antoinette Sterling, who, always heartily admired in those German ballads, for which she exhibits so marked a sympathy, introduced in a group four of Schumann's most graceful contributions to the *Lieder* repertory, and, later in the evening, a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Thou art weary' (set to words by Adelaide Proctor)—one of the most charming recent emanations from the pen of our gifted compatriot."—*The Times, Nov.* 10.

"Miss Sterling was the vocalist, and sang, in addition to selections from Schumann, a new song by Arthur Sullivan, entitled, 'Thou art weary,' which is one of the most beautiful and thoughtful effusions of the composer's graceful music."—*Daily Telegraph, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling was the vocalist. In the second part she introduced a new song by Mr Sullivan, an admirable setting for a contralto voice of some very touching lines by the late Miss Adelaide Proctor, addressed by a poor mother to her starving child, the burden being—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard, Nov.* 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary, a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard, Nov.* 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for, and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette, Nov.* 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenæum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

Published in the keys of D minor and F minor, Price 4s.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S NEW SONG,

"TENDER AND TRUE,"

SUNG BY

MISS EDITH WYNNE

AT THE

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

"The vocalist was Miss Edith Wynne, who sang a new song, 'Tender and True,' by Arthur Sullivan, the beauty of which, aided by a most tasteful rendering, elicited an encore."—*Daily Telegraph*, January 13.

"Mr Sullivan's graceful song—a novelty—was rendered by Miss Edith Wynne with much refined expression; and the applause which followed necessitated its entire repetition."—*Daily News*, January 13.

"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

"Miss Edith Wynne, who gave, in her own genuine and expressive manner, a graceful new song, 'Tender and True,' by Mr Arthur Sullivan, which was encored, and repeated."—*Graphic*, January 16.

Published in the keys of E flat and F, Price 4s.

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(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 53—No. 23. SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Mdlle Tietjens—Mdme Trebelli-Bettini.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 5th, will be performed (for the first time this season) ROSSINI'S Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE." Arsace, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Assur, Signor Rota; Oroe, Herr Behrens; Idreno, Signor Rinaldini; L'Ombra, Signor Costa; and Semiramide, Mdlle Tietjens. Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Mdme Christine Nilsson.—Extra Night.

MONDAY next, June 7, "FAUST." Faust, M. Capoul; Mephistophiles, Signor Rota; Valentino, Signor de Reschi; Siebel, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Marta, Mdme Demeric-Lablache; and Margherita, Mdme Christine Nilsson.

Mdlle Elena Varesi.

TUESDAY next, June 8, "LA SONNAMBULA." Elvino, Signor Fancelli; Il Conte Rodolfo, Signor Castelmary; and Amina, Mdlle Elena Varesi.

Mdlle Tietjens.—Extra Night.

THURSDAY next, June 10, "SEMIRAMIDE."
SATURDAY, June 12, production of "LOHENGRIN."
Doors open at Eight o'clock. Commence at Half-past Eight. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Bailey.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SUMMER CONCERT.—This Day (SATURDAY). The Programme will include: Overture, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn); Concerto for Violin, 1st Movement (Beethoven); Symphony in E flat (Mozart); Paraphrase de Concert, arranged for violin by A. Wilhelmj (Chopin); Overture, *Semiramide* (Rossini). Vocalists—Madame Sinico-Campobello, Madame Patey, Signor Campobello, and Mr Sims Reeves. Violin—Herr Wilhelmj. Conductor—Mr MANNS. Numbered Stalls, Half-a-Crown.

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The CONCERTS will take place on
SATURDAY, JUNE 12TH, HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.
SATURDAY, JUNE 19TH, ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.
SATURDAY, JUNE 26TH, HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.
THURSDAY, JULY 8TH, ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.
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„ 4. **Hours and Hours Roll Slowly on** (Chorus of Ladies).
„ 5. **Thy Kinswoman Edith** (Concerted Morceau).
„ 6. **Farewell, my Beloved Edith** (Finale to Act 2nd).
„ 7. **A Song to Merrie England.**
(Part Song—Soprano, Tenor, Alto, and Bass.)
„ 8. **Glorious England** (Finale).

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"IL TALISMANO."

MDME CHRISTINE NILSSON will sing the admired Duet, "KEEP THE RING" ("Quest' annel"), from BALFE'S Grand Opera, "IL TALISMANO" (with Signor CAMPANINI), at the Italian Opera Concert, at the Royal Albert Hall, This Day.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 5th, will be performed "LOHENGRIN." Principal characters by Mdlles Albani and D'Angeri; MM. Maurel, Capponi, Seidemann, Nicolini, &c.
FOURTH FLORAL HALL CONCERT, This Day (SATURDAY).
MONDAY next, June 7, "LA TRAVIATA." Principal characters by Mdme Adelina Patti; MM. Graziani, De Sanctis, &c.
TUESDAY next, June 8, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Principal characters by Mdlles Albani, Thalberg, and Bianchi; MM. Graziani, Ciampi, Pavani, Faure, &c.
WEDNESDAY next, June 9, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." Principal characters by Mdlle Marimon; MM. Ciampi, Piazza, &c.
THURSDAY next, June 10, "LOHENGRIN." Principal characters by Mdlles Albani and D'Angeri; MM. Maurel, Capponi, Seidemann, Nicolini, &c.
FRIDAY next, June 11, "IL FLAUTO MAGICO" (last time this season). Principal characters by Mdlles Marimon, D'Angeri, and Smeroschi; MM. Maurel, Bagagiolo, Pavani, &c.
Conductors—Signori Vianesi and Bevignani.
The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.
The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Boxes from £2 12s. 6d. to £6s. 6s.; stalls, £1 1s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

"LE CARNAVAL DE VENISE."

MDLLE MARIMON will sing BENEDICT'S Variations on "LE CARNAVAL DE VENISE," at the Floral Hall Concert, This Day.

MONDAY NEXT.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT has the honour to announce that her SECOND MATINEE MUSICALE will (by kind permission) take place at 59, Lowndes Square, Belgravia, on MONDAY, June 7th, at 3·30, on which occasion she will play works by the following Masters: Ballade in G minor, Op. 23, and Tarentelle in A flat, Op. 43 (Chopin); Fugue Allegro con fuoco in F minor, No. 5 (Mendelssohn); Etude, "Si oiseau j'étais" (Henselt); Andante in D flat, Op. 32, and Fantasia (*Masaniello*) (Thalberg); Grand Octave Galop de Concert (Ketterer). Miss Lillie Albrecht will be assisted by Mdlles J. Sherrington and Enriques, and Signor Monari-Rocca. Conductor—Mr CHARLES E. STEPHENS. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; family tickets (to admit three), One Guinea; to be had at Messrs Cramer, 201, and Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; or of Miss LILLIE ALBRECHT, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

SIGNOR ARDITI

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HIS

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Full particulars will shortly be announced.

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PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. Conductor—Mr W. G. CUSINS. SIXTH CONCERT, at ST JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY, June 7th, Eight o'clock. Festival Overture (Benedict); Concerto for pianoforte, Op. 185 (Raff). Pianoforte—Mr Alfred Jaell (his first appearance this season). Part II.: Eroica Symphony, No. 3 (Beethoven): Overture, *Der Freischutz* (Weber). Vocalists—Mdlle Thekla Friedländer and Mr Santley. Stalls, sofa or balcony, 10s. 6d.; balcony, reserved, 7s. Tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street, W.; usual Agents; Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

MR KUHE'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at the FLORAL HALL, MONDAY, June 14. Mdme Adelina Patti and Mdlle Albani; Mdlles Zaré Thalberg, Marimon, Scalchi, and Smeroschi; MM. Nicolini, Pavani, Graziani, Maurel, Bagagiolo, and Capponi. Violin—Herr Wilhelmj. Violoncello—M. Paque. Pianoforte—Mr Kuhe. Conductors—MM. Vianesi, Bevignani, W. Ganz, and Sir Julius Benedict. Stalls, One Guinea; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; balcony reserved seats, 7s. 6d. and 5s.; gallery, 2s. 6d. Mr KUHE'S address—6, Upper Westbourne Terrace, W.

MDME SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY.—The FIRST CONCERT will take place at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St James's, on TUESDAY, June 22nd, at Three o'clock, when the following Students will appear: Misses Wigan, Vernon, Courtney, Cunningham, Wallace, and Meenan; assisted by Miss Eva Leslie (former pupil), Mr Valentine Fabrini, Signor Federici, Mrs Beesley (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), Mr Thouless and Signor Visetti (accompanists). Particulars of the Concert and of the Vocal Academy can be obtained of Mdme Sainton-Dolby, personally, on Tuesdays, between 3 and 4 o'clock, at her residence, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park. Reserved seats, 7s.; unreserved seats, 5s.; may be obtained of Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; of Messrs Chappell, 50, Old Bond Street; and of Mdme SAINTON-DOLBY, as above.

MESSRS J. LUDWIG and H. DAUBERT'S CLASSICAL CHAMBER CONCERTS, LANGHAM HALL, 43, Great Portland Street. The TWO LAST CONCERTS, June 9th and 23rd, at Half-past Eight. Programme for June the 9th: Sonata in A minor for pianoforte and violin (Schumann); Lieder (Schubert and Reinecke); Solo, violoncello, "Abenlied" (Schumann); Soli, pianoforte (*a*) Prelude and Fugue (Bach), (*b*) Gavotte in E minor (Agnes Zimmermann); Lieder (Clara Schumann and Brahms); String Quartet in C major, Op. 59. Executants—Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Messrs Josef Ludwig, Carl Jung, J. Zerbini, and Hugo Daubert. Vocalist—Mdlle Thekla Friedländer. Conductor—Mr J. ZERBINI. Stalls, 7s.; balcony, front seats, 3s.; admission, One Shilling; to be had of Chappell & Co.; Lucas, Weber & Co.; C. E. Flavell, 26, North Audley Street; and Siegle, 110, Leadenhall Street, City.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, June 11.—LAST SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT, FRIDAY Evening next, June 11, ST JAMES'S HALL, Eight o'clock. Soloists—Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Santley. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s.; at Austin's office; and all Music Publishers.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, FRIDAY next, June 11. In addition to the programme already announced, Mr SIMS REEVES will sing a Duet with Miss EVA LESLIE.

MISS PURDY'S MATINÉE MUSICALE will take place (by kind permission) at 70, Queen's Gate, South Kensington, on MONDAY, June 7th, commencing at Three o'clock. Artists—Mdlle Bartkowska, Mdlle Carnielli, Miss Purdy, Mr Bentham, Mr Trelawny Cobham, Signor Federici, Mr Maybrick. Pianoforte—Signor Tito Mattei. Violin—Mdlle Castellan. Conductors—Signor Vera, Signor Unia, and Signor Pinsuti. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each; to be had of Miss PURDY, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

"O CARE TENEBRE."

THE MISSES ALLITSEN will sing GOLDBERG'S new Duet, "O CARE TENEBRE," on the 29th June, at Mdme Sievers' Concert.

WANTED, an ORGANIST and CHOIRMASTER, for Renshaw Street Chapel. To begin duties on the first Sunday in August. Salary, £50 per annum. Address, stating qualifications, and giving Testimonials—Mr CHARLES W. JONES, 6, Childwall Road, Wavertree.

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His Serene Highness the Duke of TECK.
and
His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

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Principal—Professor MACFARREN, Mus. D. Cantab.

The next PUBLIC REHEARSAL, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY Morning, the 10th inst., commencing at Two.

The Programme will include ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S Sacred Cantata, "THE PRODIGAL SON," G. A. MACFARREN'S "FESTIVAL" OVERTURE, and other works of interest. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

Admission, One Shilling. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 5s.; to be obtained at the Institution; and at St James's Hall.

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MR RICCARDI (the new Bass), who made so successful a *debut* at St James's Hall, March 12th, begs to announce his Return to London for the Season. All applications for ENGAGEMENTS to be addressed, Care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MONSIEUR DIAZ DE SORIA begs to announce his arrival in London for the Season, and that he can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Soirées, &c. Address, 42, Great Portland Street, W.

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Words by H. SAVILLE CLARKE.

Music by EMILY BARDSLEY FARMER.

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SONG.

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MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(*Continued from page* 367.)

We now come to the musician who adorned the art by his genius during the latter portion of the past century and the first quarter of the present—John Andrew Stevenson. This man was born with such happy musical instincts that he could just as much suppress them as the lark could his song in the lovely springtime. Stevenson did not seem to require study. The talent he possessed so abundantly did not appear to require cultivation. Music appeared to flow spontaneously from him—he could not tell why or wherefore; and the only labour he had was setting it down with his pen. Hence he has been dubbed by many learned—but not inspired—in the art, a feeble and uninformed musician. True, Stevenson was not a great contrapuntist, though some of his works—instance "Buds of Roses"—might be held up as examples for the student. He did not glory in *fugues*, neither did he delight in those continuous modulations nor extraneous harmonies which young Germany at the present worships. The theory of sounds thus learnt will make a man of intelligence write suitable pieces for harp or horn, voices or band, wherein the notes will be put against each other, and the phrasing will be correct and according to grammatical construction. But the *mens divinior* will be wanting, and all be a "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." A man cannot be made a poet by a knowledge of words, neither will the art of distinguishing various shades of colour make him a painter; but, above all, the study of sounds, and the capacities of voices and instruments, will not make a man a musician—a musician in the right sense of the word, one entrusted by the Creator with the magic language of feeling—utterances which appear to have had their origin in heaven, and are wafted back to the footstool of the Creator in tones of penitence or harmonious praise. We have always deemed Stevenson's Church compositions his best and most perfect efforts. In these the peculiar tenderness and devotional feeling of the melody, the appropriate setting of the sacred text, whether prayerful or jubilant, cannot be over estimated, while the whole has a spontaneity of expression which gives them an air of inspiration. What can be more touchingly lovely than the solo, "I laid me down and slept, and rose up again, for the Lord sustaineth me," or more prayerful than the splendid solo, "The snares of death." The latter will bear comparison with the best bass or baritone *soli* of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, or Mendelssohn. The "Rejoice in the Lord" is full of tempered brilliancy, and "O Lord our Governor" unsurpassed for skill of design and beauty of construction. The recitative, "Lord, what is man that Thou art mindful of him," and the solo following, "Thou mad'st him lower than the angels," are noble utterances; while the closing chorus, with its delicious harmonies and antiphonal responses, is one of the most fervent specimens of ecclesiastical compositions extant. He also wrote several Church services, two in C, and others in D, E natural, F, and G. There were selections from an oratorio of his called the "Thanksgiving," given at the Festival held here in 1831. These were distinguished by their tuneful brightness; but the oratorio, as a whole, we believe, has never been performed. The first meeting of Stevenson and Moore was in Marsh's Library, where the poet used to read. They were introduced to each other by the assistant librarian, the Rev. Dr Cradock. It was about this time that Moore had completed his "Anacreon." The latter met Stevenson one day coming out of Mr Ferns' (afterwards Sir John Ferns) house at the corner of Mitre Alley. Ferns was then verger of St Patrick's. He told him he wished to read to him some of the translations before publication. "With all my heart, my dear boy," said Stevenson, "but it must be after dinner. So if you and Ferns will dine with me, you shall spout your verses." The invitation was accepted. The young poet—then only eighteen—recited his poems, to the delight of his hearers. Ferns asked Moore's permission to show the translation to the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, Mr Leslie Foster, who was an accomplished scholar. Stevenson afterwards said—"Mr Foster, sir, pronounced my friend's work to be one of the most brilliant compositions he ever read, and, with such an opinion on its merits, it is scarcely to be wondered at that I never lost sight of Moore, in the hope of getting him to write poetry for some of my music." There is one anecdote of the musician that manifests the precociousness of his genius, which we shall relate ere we speak further of his intimacy with the poet. The Amateur Music Club having offered a prize for the best composition of a new glee, many were sent in under feigned signatures. There were fourteen selected from the mass as possessing various degrees of merit. But what was the surprise of the judges, on opening the envelopes containing the names of the composers, to find they were all written by one young man—John Andrew Stevenson. When very young, Trinity College conferred the degree of Music Doctor, March 1791, upon him. He was afterwards knighted by the Earl of Hardwicke, the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the Irish Harmonic Club, May, 1803, on the occasion of the first performance of his splendid trio and chorus "Give me the harp of epic song," to Moore's words from "Anacreon." This honourable distinction being conferred upon him caused a boiling over of envy in some bosoms. One viper spat his venom in a lampoon of several verses from which we will only quote the first two lines—

> "We all of us know there's a knight of the shire,
> But who ever heard of a knight of the choir."

Soon after this Sir John Stevenson found Moore reading in Marsh's Library, and said to him, "We were talking of your translation of "Anacreon" the other night, and So-and-so said 'The harp of epic song' was nonsense! How am I to answer him, Moore?" The poet bounded from his chair, paced up and down the room, exclaiming with much energy, "Tell him he's a fool, tell him he's a fool." Ere we enter upon the period of the arrangement of the famous "Melodies," we shall just state that Moore, who was little of a musician, although he could accompany himself with much accuracy when singing his own songs, must have derived great benefit from the assistance of Stevenson in the arrangements of his first and best compositions. These songs must have aided the poet greatly in the beginning of his career, and it is almost certain that he was assisted in the accompaniments and form by the musician. Moore's sister Kate, afterwards Mrs Scully, was a pupil of Stevenson's. "Come tell me, says Rosa," "Mary I believed thee true," "Will you come to the bower," "When time, who steals our years away," and the pretty simply trio, "Oh, lady fair," bear marks of a more mature hand than that of the young poet. Then there is not a shadow of doubt that the Irish Melodies originated in Stevenson proposing to Moore the task of adapting words to these beautiful tunes. Well it is for the artistic world that the poet acted upon the suggestion. To it we owe our possession of the most beautiful lyrics which ever sprang from the soul of inspiration. Tender, glad, loving, jocund, or sad, such a series of songs was never given to the world before. It was a difficult task to fit such a variety of tunes in such various rhythms to words; but to fit them with such words—where each song is a polished poem, set to the original air in its purity—borders upon the marvellous. Though Sir John's symphonies and accompaniments to these melodies frequently leave themselves open to adverse criticism, yet, since the copyright expired of the first seven numbers, though fresh arrangements have been essayed by musicians learned in the art, strange to say, none have suited the peculiar structure of the airs and aided the singer so much in the recital of the lovely words as the originals of Sir John Stevenson. Stevenson's learning as a musician was scanty. He knew very little of what others had done. With the exception of writers for the Cathedrals, and a slight acquaintance with some of the compositions of Handel and Haydn, he knew but little. Rossini he did not seem to understand, for he hated him and preferred Auber. In our next we shall give a sketch of the life of this gifted Irishman, together with some anecdotes showing forth his eccentricities. We shall also have to remark further upon the melodies and secular works of the composer.

(*To be continued.*)

VENICE.—The great attraction at the Fenice during the summer season will be *Aida*. It is said that Mdlle D'Angeri will impersonate the heroine, while Mdlle Sanz will probably appear as Amneris. M. Marin will be the tenor; and Sig. Cotogni, or M. Maurel, the baritone.

FLORENCE.—Sig. Caiani's new four act-opera, *Velléda*, has been well received at the Teatro Alfieri.—The Teatro Principe Humberto narrowly escaped being destroyed by fire a short time since. Thanks, however, to an equestrian company performing there, who worked an engine till the firemen arrived, the flames were got under without great damage.—The Orchestral Society of this City have elected the Cavalieri Bassini and Faccio honorary members, presenting each with a silver medal, in recognition of efforts in the cause of art.

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CRYSTAL PALACE SUMMER CONCERTS.

(*From an Occasional Contributor.*)

Whoever originated the supplanting of the former summer butterfly-fare called Opera Concerts, by a continuation of those artistic banquets, known almost to the world of amateurs, as the "Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts," conferred a benefit upon musical London deserving of hearty recognition. Why the advent of summer, when our more joyous externals elicit an expansion of spirit so favourable to the enjoyment of art-life, should have been the signal for the suppression of great instrumental and vocal works, and the introduction of mutilated morsels of stage music that are mere platforms for the gymnastics of fashionable singers, is a mystery. Why the patient and devoted amateur, who has braved the autumn rain, the winter snow, the spring east wind, to obtain his weekly meal of symphony, concerto, and overture, should be ignored for the *blasé* fashionable, too shrivelled by surfeit to nourish even a sensation of good honest bore, was a matter for inquiry. The solution of the problem having been rendered in the best possible way, by an extension of the usual winter programmes, no one has any further right to complain. Whether the conclusion has been arrived at out of deference to the demands of the faithful followers of Art who support the winter concerts, or from an idea that there is an improvement in the taste of the loungers who belong solely to the "season," signifies not, so long as the result is obtained, and Beethoven, with his satellites, instead of being, as formerly, dethroned each summer to give place to operatic anarchy, reigns monarch for all time.

That the ninth, or Choral Symphony (commented upon with such learned eloquence by "G." in the concert-pamphlet) should have been chosen as the chief attraction of the second summer programme may be accepted as a token of the steady increase of the popular taste for legitimate art. Although blossoming over with melodic fragments simple enough to gratify the least educated ear almost to the diversion of the attention from the roots and branches of the massive construction beneath, it is perhaps the most loftily ponderous of the wonderful nine. Even cursorily to scan its marvellous beauties, from first to last, requires a firm and constant effort of the mind, and it may be acknowledged impossible at each hearing to give due appreciation to each successive movement. Therefore the necessity of the frequent production of this Symphony by those societies who have assumed the great work of the education of national taste. The first few hearings can but make the listener feel as a pigmy trying to estimate the proportions of a giant. A despair will creep upon him that his little mental eyes bid fair never to view them as they really are. But familiarity bridges over the gulf which divides our capacities from this most extraordinary creation. When the attention need no longer be on the alert to comprehend the value of the materials, it is freer to follow their usage by the master's science, and by degrees one may arrive at the happy condition when listening is an enjoyment rather than an intense strain of every mental faculty.

To render even ordinary justice to the Choral Symphony is a responsible task for conductor, no less than for singers, orchestra, and chorus; but, we are inclined to think, the responsibility is scarcely so much felt by those who undertake it as it might be. Although the orchestra, so ably marshalled by Mr Manns, may hold its own against any, at home or abroad, for precision, wherever there is scope for the elaboration of delicate passages, there is an absence of fire and a heavy deliberation about its broader effects that in such a work as this becomes a serious defect. After the dreamily-poetical *pianissimo* passages that gradually widen, like a dimly-green-lit vista, into the full disclosure of the principal subject, this lack of vehemence and passion was particularly noticable. Some of Beethoven's thoughts should flash lightning-like through the exponents to the auditor, and it is not the characteristic of lightning to creep lazily from heaven to earth. Some of the *forte* passages are intended to be hurled violently into the midst of the undercurrent that is quietly proceeding to its development, not to be calmly played off by the instrumentalists without expression or even sense, as it would be only allowable to do at a first rehearsal. We do not intend to cast the faintest shadow of censure upon Mr Manns, who has already done wonders as regards uniformity. Individually, we are aware it is almost hopeless to expect spirit from orchestral players, who, as a rule, have a tendency to regard music merely in the light of daily bread; but not alone do we believe it possible for a conductor, possessing fire and passion in his own soul, to communicate it to the body of men he leads by the very force of his strong will, but we have daily oral evidence that it is so. Therefore, we call upon Mr Manns to go and do likewise, to prove himself what he aspires to be.

The soprano was Mdlle Levier, who was not heard to such advantage in the Symphony as in her *aria* from *Jean de Paris*, later in the programme. Mdme Antoinette Sterling's rich tones were distinctly traceable throughout. Mr Santley's voice never fails to "carry;" but the tenor of Mr Henry Guy was overwhelmed by the accompaniment. It is almost unfair to young aspirants to place them in such trying positions. A voice that might charm, when heard and judged alone, will often shrink into nothing when blended with others more powerful and experienced. We do not doubt that Mdlle Levier and Mr Guy strained their powers to the utmost; that they proved unequal to grapple successfully with what was required of them is scarcely their fault.

To the Symphony succeeded the song, "Ah du mein holder Abendstern," from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, a characteristic specimen of that tone-sensuality, which in Wagner takes the place of the rhythmic melody, until now accepted as the only true musical beauty. Wagner's mystical processions of dreamy harmonies have a certain fascination; they lull the senses into a forgetfulness of their right and wrong; and, when conveyed by medium of a voice like Mr Santley's, the fascination is intensified. That Mr Santley extracts the entire possibilities from these vague shadows of an alarming futurity, all who remember his remarkable personification of the Flying Dutchman at Her Majesty's Opera, some years ago, will be aware. Mr Santley's phrasing is always above criticism; on this occasion it enabled him to make the Wagnerian effusion not alone agreeable, but so delightful to the audience, that they were roused to an enthusiasm which found vent in a perfect ovation at its close. Twice vehemently resummoned to the platform, Mr Santley was at last compelled to repeat the song. Mdme Sterling's ballad (Hullah's "Three Fishers") coming immediately after, had a severe test to endure; but, as Mdme Sterling seems to reserve all her forces for the rendering of this class of music, she sang it so well that she was honoured with a recall.

Spohr's Concerto (*Scena Cantante*) was played by Madame Norman-Néruda with all that deft skill and exquisite finish for which she is so justly famous, and the Concerto was received with the favour that is always to be found by the fair violinist. After Balfe's Serenade, sung by Mr Henry Guy, the second summer concert came to a successful termination with the overture to *Masaniello*. All praise to the Crystal Palace Concerts, and long may they live! Z.

Saturday, May 22nd, 1875.

VIENNA.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

Wagner has returned and given another concert for the benefit of his Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre at Bayreuth. The programme differed from that of his last concert by the omission of the "Kaisermarsch," and the introduction of "Hagen's Wacht" ("Hagen's Watch"), a fragment from the first act of the *Götterdämmerung*, previously unknown. This new specimen of what is to be expected from the long deferred *Nibelungen-Trilogie* produced generally a favourable impression. On the Wagnerite portion of the audience it acted, of course, as the red cloak acts on the bull in the Spanish Bull-Ring. It simply drove them frantic. By the way, a prominent Wagnerite, Herr Hans Richter, who has succeeded Herr Dessoff at the Imperial Operahouse as *Capellmeister*, bids fair to become a favourite. His conducting Beethoven's *Fidelio* has pleased the Viennese, even those who do not belong to the School of the Future.

NAPLES.—Among the earliest works performed at the Teatro d'Estate, now in course of construction at the Villa Nazionale, will be *Gianni di Calais* and *I Pazzi per Progetto*, by Donizetti, and *Il Diavolo Color di Rosa*, by Petrella.

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RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS *RING OF THE NIBLUNG.*

(*From the "New Quarterly Magazine."*)

(*Continued from page* 366.)

Wagner's next work, the opera of *Tannhäuser*, marks a further step in advance. The hero of the drama is a mediæval knight and singer, who, enthralled by the voluptuous charms of Venus, tarries in the mountain of the goddess, but is ultimately saved by the self-surrendering love of a pure woman. There is a certain parallelism between the subjects of this and the last-mentioned opera. Both Senta and Elizabeth free their lovers from the doom hovering over them; both die in their noble endeavours. This idea of the redeeming power of woman's love is characteristic of Wagner's art; its ultimate completion we shall find in the last scene of his *opus magnum*, our Niblungen drama. Into the musical and poetical beauties of *Tannhäuser* we can enter no further. Suffice it to say that, compared with the *Flying Dutchman*, its music is richer in melodious and harmonious combinations, its poetry more passionate, and, therefore, more expressive of that essence of human pathos which is at the bottom of all legendary lore. Style and verse are, moreover, greatly improved, and the diction is much above the average even of the spoken drama. The music also evinces Wagner's further progress towards greater force and conciseness; still, the victory of the purely *dramatic* over the *operatic* is not yet quite decisive—not as decisive, for instance, as is *Lohengrin*, the master's next work, which was finished in March, 1848, nearly three years after the completion of *Tannhäuser*.

In *Lohengrin*, the positions of hero and heroine appear reversed. The Knight of the Swan leaves his celestial abode to become the champion of a maiden falsely accused of the murder of her brother. As the price of her liberty, he demands Elsa's promise never to ask him who he is or whence he came to her rescue; but she, following that innate desire of human affection to wholly comprehend and be one with the beloved object, asks the fatal question, which seals her own doom. In the carrying out of this idea, Wagner for the first time displays the full power of his dramatic gift. Lohengrin, the representative of divine power, is surrounded with a halo of mystic splendour to which the tender loveliness of Elsa's nature forms the charming counterpart. The action of the piece is full of interest, and the minor characters are boldly designed and artistically grouped round the centre figures. The music also attains a freedom and intensity of expression hitherto unknown. The flow of melody is no more led into the artificial channels of arias, finales, etc., but seems to spring immediately from the urgencies of the dramatic situation. Everything shows that we are nearing a climax of new artistic development.

The first performance of *Lohengrin* is connected with one of the brightest episodes of Wagner's chequered career, his friendship with Liszt. It will be remembered that the completion of *Lohengrin* fell into one of the stormiest years of Continental history, when the revolutionary rising in Paris seemed to threaten destruction to the thrones of the neighbouring countries. Wagner lived at that time in Dresden as conductor of the Royal Opera. He was in a state of morbid disappointment caused by the unfavourable reception of his works at the large theatres, and still more by the thoroughly inartistic cliquism by which most of these institutions were governed. A change at any price seemed desirable under such circumstances. He, therefore, although little interested in politics, took an active part in the revolutionary movement, and when this was crushed he had to fly the country. He first went to Weimar, where Liszt at that time was conducting a small but excellent opera. "The very day"—Wagner writes in 1851—"when my personal danger became a certainty, I saw Liszt conducting a rehearsal of my *Tannhäuser*, and was astonished at recognizing my second self in his achievement. What I had felt in inventing this music he felt in performing it; what I wanted to express in writing it down, he said in making it sound. Strange to say, through the love of this rarest friend, I gained at the moment of becoming homeless, a real home for my art, which I had longed for, and sought for always in the wrong place. . . . At the end of my last stay in Paris" (in 1850), "when, ill, miserable, and despairing, I sat brooding over my fate, my eye fell on the score of my *Lohengrin*, totally forgotten by me. Suddenly I felt something like compassion, that this music should never sound from off the death-pale paper. Two words I wrote to Liszt; his answer was the news that preparations were made for the performance on the largest scale the limited means of Weimar would permit. Everything that men and circumstances could do was done in order to make the work understood. . . . Success was his reward, and with this success he now approaches me saying, 'Behold, we have come so far; now create us a new work that we may go still further.'"

(*To be continued.*)

MDLLE MARIE KREBS.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Some score or so of years ago a tendency arose to exalt instrumental musical art and artists. The public were attracted by the name of some instrumentalist of note, which was even sufficient of itself to "draw" a little crowd of listeners. To this succeeded somewhat of a reaction, an interregnum, when the popular taste leaned so extravagantly to Nature's organ, the human voice, in its various phases, that the offspring of art alone were considerably thrown into the shade. Now, instrumentalists are to the fore again, and it is becoming a usual occurrence for acknowledged artists, whose fingers exhibit their mind, to attract hundreds by force of their own merits alone.

It is to be regretted that Mdlle Marie Krebs, whose performances in this country have been a succession of triumphs, should have decided to give but two recitals, for she is an artist worthy of study, and can hardly be rightly appreciated and judged after a few hearings only. On the occasion of her second and last recital at St James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, the programme was chosen from the works of Beethoven, Handel, Chopin, Bennett, Moscheles, and Reinecke, commencing with the Fantasia in F minor of Chopin (Op. 49), one of the lesser sentimentalities of the romantic Polish composer. The second on the list was, perhaps, the most interesting performance of the whole. Beethoven's Sonata Pastorale is one dear to the amateur heart as a specimen of the great master in one of his most playful and winning moods. The grand Beethoven seems here to descend to the level of our capacities, as a father might unbend to trifle with his children; and yet, genial and pleasant as the trifling is, the most sportive humour can no more veil the greatness of the conceptions than a passing summer cloud can obscure the light of the sun. Demanding much from the interpreter—its very simplicity rendering its right apprehension a work for an artist of the highest order—the Sonata met with all justice at the hands of Mdlle Krebs, whose eminent gift of balance places her in the foremost rank of exponents of classical music. The fair pianist not only has all mechanical means ready to hand, but possesses the rare faculty of rightly using them. Many artists sway whole armies of these means, but, for want of brain-generalship, lavish them at random; but Mdlle Krebs arrays and marshals her forces with such order and compactness that one hardly realizes their vastness. The executant gives place to the artist, and the artist is the humble follower of the composer. When hearing Mdlle Krebs our attention is at once rivetted by the thoughts of the composer, so lucidly made manifest; and in our enjoyment we half forget to admire the exponent. This is how it should be.

In Handel's Fugue, Prelude, Allemande Courante, and well-known "Harmonious Blacksmith," Mdlle Krebs gave no less satisfaction to her audience than in the Sonata. Her tone is full and round, her phrasing majestic and true. If the runs in the concluding variations of the "Blacksmith" did not recall the pearly tones of Mdme Arabella Goddard, we must remember that such a specialty can hardly repeat itself in a generation. Bennett's three charming Impromptus are a test of poetical feeling, and were given with a plaintive and unaffected charm not easily to be forgotten. Reinecke's Variations on a Theme by Handel and Moscheles' "Kindermärchen" and "Der Tanz," were calculated to display the frame of elaborately-developed *technique* which clothes Mdlle Krebe's musical soul, but might easily have been replaced by other selections more acceptable to her listeners. There is a simple purity about all the fair artist's conceptions—a childlike innocence of expression—which should not be wasted upon mere finger-embroidery. She ought to play Mozart as Mozart would have wished to be played. Beethoven is evidently an open book to her. Then let us hope that at the next "Recital," whenever it may be, the programme may be, as a whole, worthier those enviable powers which so delighted Mdlle Krebe's hearers on Wednesday last. Z.

[Did our very intelligent correspondent hear the last of Bennett's *Impromptus*—that marvellous *presto* in F sharp minor? Here, indeed, Arabella Goddard was once more conjured up, mentally and physically, before us.—D. P.]

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Epsom week has seldom been productive of novelty at our Italian Opera Houses, and the week ending on Saturday formed no exception to the rule. Thursday's performance of *Il Trovatore* derived importance from the fact that the part of Leonora was undertaken by Madame Adelina Patti, who, when years ago she first essayed the character before an English audience, was associated with Mario (as Manrico), and has since played it with tenors more or less distinguished. That Madame Patti showed herself from the beginning equal to its requirements, musical and dramatic, is within the memory of most opera-goers; and, as she is not one of those artists who are content to rest upon their laurels, it will easily be understood that she has brought her impersonation to a still higher degree of perfection, and that it is more than ever cordially appreciated. Her Leonora, indeed, may pair off with her Violetta, to the detriment of neither—which, bearing in mind what sort of Violettas and Leonoras we have seen, is saying no little. She must not, however, bring forth Manrico (Signor Marini) from his prison in the tower to share the applause, however well merited, bestowed upon the twice sung "Miserere," and never more reasonably bestowed than on the present occasion. It is enough to add that Signor Marini's "Di quella pira," delivered with stentorian vigour, leads to a double call; that Signor Graziani's "Il balen" is, as usual, encored; that Mdlle Scalchi is the Azucena, and Signor Tagliafico the Ferrando with whom we have been long acquainted. Repetitions of *Dinorah*, *Faust e Margherita*, and *Lohengrin* complete the record of the week.

Faust e Margherita, *Les Diamans de la Couronne* (with Madame Patti as Catarina) *Der Freischütz*, *Il Barbiere*, and *L'Africaine* have all been given this week. *Lohengrin* is announced for to-night. Meanwhile, M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta* is close at hand. Mdlle Zaré Thalberg's next part is to be Cherubino in *Le Nozze*.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Owing to the preparations for Wagner's *Lohengrin*, which Sir Michael Costa is understood to be superintending with the carefulness and zeal for which he has so long been noted, to devote much time to the rehearsal of any novelty, or even of any revival, would be just now barely possible. Thus, Mr Mapleson, since our last reference to the doings at his establishment, has been compelled to fall back upon such operas in his repertory as are the most popular, and, during the present season, have already done excellent service. Among them may be named *Faust*, the *Sonnambula*, *Il Talismano*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *Il Trovatore*. In the last-named, Madame Christine Nilsson, who has but recently displayed an ambition to excel in the higher walks of the lyric drama, fully vindicates her privilege—the privilege of every artist conscientiously desirous of exhibiting the variety of her endowments so as to enlarge the sphere of her attraction. That Madame Nilsson has studied the part of Leonora *con amore* is evidenced by the result. The music of Verdi, trying as it is in certain passages, offers no difficulties that she cannot surmount with ease, and her performance from beginning to end affords unqualified satisfaction to connoisseurs. To impart characteristic individuality to the Leonora of *Il Trovatore*, as characteristic individuality may be imparted to Margaret, Lucia, Ophelia, or Mignon, is out of the question; for the poet, Salvatore Cammarano, presented Verdi with a mere abstraction. In revenge, however, Madame Nilsson, like her gifted contemporary, Madame Patti, clothes the part with her own individuality, which is enough to make it generally acceptable. No one knows precisely who or what Leonora may be; and so long as she is thus represented no one cares. Mdlle Varesi, by her performance of Amina (*La Sonnambula*), has advanced another step in public opinion, and persuaded amateurs of her entire proficiency as a vocalist in the genuine Italian school. She has again played in the *Sonnambula* with increased and well-merited success. The repetition of *Le Nozze di Figaro* was marked by a solitary change in the cast of the *dramatis personæ*, Mdlle Anna de Belocca appearing as Cherubino, in lieu of Madame Trebelli, who has long claimed, and with good cause, a prescriptive right to the character at Her Majesty's Opera. We are not going to make comparisons between the pourtrayal of the youthful *débutante* and that of her experienced predecessor. Mdlle de Belocca must stand upon her own merits, and they suffice to carry her through the ordeal. Her acting is thoroughly natural, while devoid of much of the conventional flippancy which too often offends the sober judgment of those to whom playful comedy need not be obtrusive. Mdlle de Belocca sings her two airs with the appropriate feeling, and we think, would sing them still better if she did not transpose them. For "Voi che sapete," charmingly sung, she obtained the accustomed *encore*, and repeated it accordingly.

Lucia, the *Huguenots* and *Il Talismano* have been performed this week. *Semiramide*, with Mdlle Tietjens as Semiramide, and Madame Trebelli as Arsace, welcome to all amateurs, is advertised for to night. *Lohengrin* will, we understand, be positively produced on Saturday, the 12th of June.

STAGE POMP.

(*From "Le Ménestrel"*)

La Juive has reappeared in the bills of the Grand Opera with its new Rachael, Madlle Krauss, and its magnificent procession, the most splendid, perhaps, of modern theatrical art. In France, the *mise-en-scène* always possessed a great charm for the public, and we ask if, in this respect, even the Grand Opera has progressed. People still remember the famous cavalry charges commanded by Franconi in Spontini's *Fernand Cortez*. Well, these were nothing to what had been done previously. We learn from a *Gazette* of 1773, discovered by M. de Forges, that, on the 12th December in that year, the tragedy-opera entitled *Ernelinde*, of MM. Poinsinet and Philidor, was played at Versailles, where it obtained the greatest success. There was, adds the paper, a scene in it representing on the stage an action between 400 mounted grenadiers. We can easily imagine what an effect such a novelty would produce.

It is certain that, if the chronicler has not exaggerated somewhat, this regiment of cavalry, manœuvring behind the footlights, leaves far behind it the few horses forming part of the procession which we now so much admire in *La Juive*. Only we should like to know on what stage at Versailles 400 mounted grenadiers *could* manœuvre. The only place with which we are acquainted suitable for such a display of military force is the Grand Court of Honour.

M. De Forges informs us also that: "while attracting the crowd to the Gaîté by the magnificence of his mythological opera of *Orphée*, M. Offenbach, the clever *impresario*, has simply followed in the footsteps of Nicolet, the founder of this theatre, who, likewise, turned the Gods of Olympus to good account in a travesty. In the *Mémoires secrets*, under the date of the 7th November, 1773, we read: 'Nicolet, towards whom the public have exhibited coolness for some time, has again brought them back to his theatre by a burlesque heroic pantomime entitled *L'Enlèvement d'Europe*. It is inconceivable to what a pitch of industry this player has attained. His theatre is now the rival of the lyric theatre, surpassing the latter by its machinery, which is admirably combined and works with great accuracy; by the magnificence of the scenery; by the good taste of the dresses; by spectacular pomp; by the number of actors, and, lastly, by admirably perfect execution. Jealous of the success of this pantomime, the Opera endeavoured to obtain an injunction against it, but the wise magistrate at the head of the police considered himself bound in equity to defend Nicolet against unjust solicitations.'"

THE YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION ORGAN OPENING.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent "Veritas" perseveres in his attacks upon me. Being now well acquainted with his identity, I am not at all surprised that he should address to you a string of misrepresentations, direct falsehoods, and insinuated untruths. He is somewhat famous for this sort of thing in Leeds, and was especially successful at the time of the *Eli* performance. I decline to bandy words with such a man; but will, when I visit town in a short time, show you the correspondence with the Exhibition committee, in which you will see that I *was* specially retained, at my own fee, for the purpose of "inaugurating the organ." Mr Best has seen this letter; and it is evident that "Veritas" has no concern whatever with this, or the *Eli* business, excepting to exhibit an unworthy, unenviable, and undeserved ill-feeling towards yours, faithfully,

WM. SPARK.

Leeds, June 3, 1875.

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BERLIN.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

At the Royal Operahouse, Herr Beck concluded his "*Gastspiel*," *i.e.*, temporary, or starring, engagement, by appearing as Conte di Luna in *Trovatore*. He has reason to be satisfied with his visit to the Prussian capital, seeing that Hülsen has engaged him for three years. The Manrico was Herr Peschier, from the Ducal Theatre, Coburg, who possesses a fine voice, which bad training has already greatly injured, and will eventually ruin, unless he retires for a while to study under a good master.

Die Zauberflöte was the second opera given at the reduced prices. The crowded state of the house proved that Hülsen acted wisely as well as liberally when he determined on enabling musical amateurs with limited means to hear works by the great masters of the lyric stage adequately represented. The class in question properly appreciate the boon.—Q.

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THE WELSH CHORAL UNION.

At the second concert of the Welsh Choral Union, which took place on Monday night at St James's Hall, the members attempted a performance of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, and with very fair success, considering the innate and exacting difficulties of the work in question. The singers were, however, reinforced by some of the students of the Royal Academy of Music, and a strong choir, in the matter of numbers, was consequently got together. The cantata was given in the prescribed form, that is, the intervening paraphrases of so much of Racine's tragedy as is necessary to explain the purport of the music, were read by Mr Charles Fry with sufficient elocutionary effect, though the absence of the original text in the book of words was an inconvenience naturally felt, inasmuch as the reading of long measures of blank verse could not well be made intelligible beyond the immediate vicinity of the speaker. The recital of these, however, has now become a recognized necessity. It was once thought they could be done without, and the cantata was publicly tried in this fashion; but the close sequence of movements without tonal relationship or preparation occasioned an obvious impropriety, and of late years the "Lyrics" have never been given without the aid of the descriptive narratives of the interlocutor. The rendering of the choral passages on Monday night was, upon the whole, creditable to the ambitious tastes of the members of the Welsh Union, notwithstanding the uncertainties and coarsenesses necessarily inseparable from the efforts of a body of singers for the most part unprofessional; added to which the orchestral foundations of the cantata were absent, and the accompaniments confined simply to duet playing on the pianoforte, and a septet of harps, which, to a certain extent, enfeebled the quality of the delivery, and unduly exposed the shortcomings of the choristers. The cantata, nevertheless, was boldly sung, and the music told its own suggestive story without any let or hindrance to speak of. The solo vocalists consisted of Miss Mary Davies, of the Royal Academy of Music, and Miss Lydia Elsmore, who undertook the duties of first and second sopranos; and the contralto part fell into the hands of Miss Purdy, who is rising in reputation as a steady and unaffected singer, and—when a certain air of reserve is got rid of—one of probable future value as an exponent of the worthier forms of concert-room music. Encores were accorded to the beautiful chorus, "Hearts feel that love thee," and the War March of the Priests, the martial rhythm of the latter exercising its usual spell upon the audience, notwithstanding the meagreness of the instrumental basis, and the consequent loss of all sonority. The cantata was conducted by Mr John Thomas. The second part of the programme was devoted to miscellaneous matters. To the Welsh adaptations of Mr John Thomas prominence was given, and not without reward, for the choral settings by that gentleman of the well-known Welsh tunes which were done were received with triumphant pleasure, and, in one instance ("The rising of the sun"), encored. The music of the Principality was further illustrated by the performance of Mr Thomas's capital duet for two harps, "Scenes of childhood," which, played by the arranger, and the equally skilled Mr T. H. Wright, pleased universally, and was, as universally, redemanded. Mr Brinley Richards, another bard "of credit and renown," was also heard in his pretty part-song, "Up! quit thy bower;" and separate songs were sung by Miss Lydia Elsmore and Miss Purdy. Weber's great *Freischütz scena* was likewise on the list, to the singing of which Miss Marian Williams addressed herself with unquestionable spirit, and won an enthusiastic recall. Mendelssohn's magnificent setting of the forty-third Psalm, "Judge me, O God," which has taken so firm a hold of the choirs of the metropolis, was among the best events of the second part of the concert, and was sung with suitable breadth. Mrs J. Balsir Chatterton, Mrs Wright, Mr Frost, Miss V. Trust, Miss Edith Brand, Mr Taliesin James, and Mr T. H. Wright constituted the band of harps which afforded such characteristic service during the evening; and Mr Puddicombe and Mr W. W. Bamfylde officiated, duet-wise, at the pianoforte. D. H. H.

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MR BRINLEY RICHARDS' LECTURE ON NATIONAL MUSIC.

Mr B. Richards gave an interesting lecture on National Music, with illustrations, at St George's Hall, on Thursday evening the 27th ult. Lord Clarence Paget acted as president, and delivered a short preliminary address on the success of Welsh music, and Welsh music in England and elsewhere, more especially as exemplified in the case of Mr Richards. Lord Clarence Paget was warmly cheered at the conclusion. Mr Richards then came forward with the illustrators of his lecture—Miss Marian Williams, Miss Mary Davies, and Miss Lizzie Evans, all Welsh vocalists. We think, in a lecture on National music, Mr Richards might have found an English, Irish, and Scotch vocalist to illustrate the songs of their own countries; not, however, that we mean to insinuate that the three Welsh ladies above-named were incapable of singing the songs of other lands; only that Mr Richards might have had some regard for the patriotic feelings of the Irish and Scotch who were, in all likelihood, present to listen to their national music. The first part of the lecture consisted of copious information gleaned from Mr William Chappell's well-known book on ancient English music, and some illustrations of Welsh, English, and Scotch melodies, finishing with an excellent song by Mr Richards, called "The Harper's Grave." It was encored, and deservedly so. Miss Mary Davies sang it to perfection, but it bears no resemblance to Welsh music. The second part opened with Welsh songs, all of which were duly eulogized by the lecturer. A few remarks were then made on Scotch music, and "John Anderson, my Jo," and "Auld Lang Syne," were given as specimens. Irish music was then alluded to by Mr Richards, whom, however, we must inform that the melody of "The Last Rose of Summer" is not old, but of comparatively modern date, viz., 1793. It was composed by a gentleman named Joseph Miliken, of Cork, the original words being the well-known "Groves of Blarney." And again, "The harp that once through Tara's hall," are not the original words of the melody to which they are set. The melody was composed and the words were written by the Hon. George Ogle, of Banna, Co. Wexford, under the title of "The Banks," or "Gramachree Molly." Some other errors we may allude to, such as "Robin Adair" being called a Scotch melody. It has long been acknowledged as Irish, notwithstanding the claim of the Scotch to that and other Irish melodies, such as "Lochaber no more," &c. Mr Brinley Richards played, on the pianoforte, illustrations of Hungarian music. An arrangement by the Abbé Liszt of the celebrated revolutionary "Rakotzy" March we are not bound to receive as a pure example of national music. Liszt has so ill-treated the melody by his exaggeration, that no gipsy fiddler in all Transylvania would be able to recognize it. The same remark will apply to Chopin's arrangements, which are but an imitation of the beautiful old Polish music, cooked up in the modern style. However, the audience were pleased, and went away satisfied with what they had heard. Mr Richards delivered his discourse with energy and fluency. The Welsh portion of the audience applauded their countryman most vehemently, especially when he alluded to the greatness of the music of Wales.—W. G.

MANNHEIM.—"First movement of the 'Jupiter Symphony,' W. A. Mozart. To be followed by a *Festspiel*. The whole to conclude with *Die Zauberflöte*, Grand Opera in two Parts. Music by Mozart." Such was the bill of the performance given to celebrate the first production in this "city of strait streets" of the *Zauberflöte* (29th March, 1794).

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ST JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S

Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that his Fifteenth Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following afternoons:—

FRIDAY, June 11, 1875. | FRIDAY, June 25, 1875.
FRIDAY, June 18, 1875.

SIXTH RECITAL,

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 11, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLE, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr STRAUS, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA .. .. *Mozart.*
SONATA in E minor, Op. 90, for pianoforte—Mr CHARLES HALLE *Beethoven.*
"DEUTSCHE REIGEN," 2nd Book, for pianoforte and violin (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLE and Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA *F. Kiel.*
QUARTET in A, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLE, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr STRAUS, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA .. .. *Brahms.*

Sofa Stalls, 7s.; balcony, 3s.; area, One Shilling.

Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Ollivier's, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prowse & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays's, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AMATEUR.—A translation of the book of Herr R. Wagner's opera, *Lohengrin*, appeared in the *Musical World* during the month of April, 1855.

DEATHS.

On May 22nd, at Windsor, Mr G. A. GRIESBACH, aged 74.
On June 1st, at 9 St George's Square, S.W., ROBERT BARNBY, Esq., aged 54.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875.

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IN the actual period theories abound. We have, therefore, no hesitation in calling the attention of our readers to *ce qui suit*—with a firm hope that they may ponder it carefully. We are not mystic; nor do we believe that there is a mystic even on our free list. But it will not be forgotten that we are hanging listlessly on the tail of the Nineteenth Century—and who can predict (Wagner excepted) anything about the Twentieth? A German does German into English—Dutch-wise—as follows:—

The question you propose to me in your impression of yesterday is of such an attractive character, that, although I am over-whelmed with professional duties, too much so to enter now fully into it, yet I cannot resist sending you briefly my opinion on the subject.

The question—"Are Skakspere's dramas, and in particular his *Macbeth*, appropriate for operatic texts?"—has certainly been raised through Herr Taubert's "setting" of the latter work; but its significance reaches far beyond this individual case. In no exercise of any art has it been more strikingly and portentously manifested, how important the choice of material is for the fate of the artist and his work, than in the opera. Hundreds of operas, by really talented and clever composers, have been shipwrecked on this point alone—have been destined to this fate before the penning of a single note, simply because such composers have wasted their art in impossible and insurmountable labours, instead of first making clear to themselves, by study and reflection, what their art, and their personal inclinations and powers, have been capable of. But this insatiable desire for rushing into print! So soon as a few sounding sentimentalities, and a dozen or so modulations, *new* for the hundredth time, have been strung together, no respite is granted, and the affair is driven irresistibly along, till the last atom of strength has been consumed! And where could a broader field be found for it than in the opera, with its succession of airs, and recitatives, choruses and ballets; with its trombone pathos, and its storm piccolo-flutes; with its tremulant quartetts, significant of the presence of wandering spirits and somnambulists; with its well-drilled quintetts and sestetts? All this—and how much more—the composer feels prickling and raging in his veins. Only quick with a text! and see that it be a grateful one! where the usual effects can be produced, and in which the composer can find opportunity for the due display of his particular *forte*. About the rest he is perfectly indifferent, and cares not whether the web of his text is of gossamer or of the coarsest thread.

Of what concern is it to our operatic composers that the greatest dramatist amongst musicians, Gluck, and the great Parisian school, have gone about their work in quite another manner? That in *their* art, Shakspere, Raphael, and in former times the Greeks, never attempting impossibilities, have always chosen a sure foundation upon which they have erected imperishable works? In one respect alone have affairs assumed another aspect. In the good old days of the *Zauberflöte*, *Seraglio*, and *Fidelio*, people were less concerned about the poetic worth of the diction and of the plot. Mozart, Cherubini, Weigl, and Winter, were content to associate their precious song with the productions of a *Shickaneder*—or however else the libretto fabricators were called—which seldom advanced beyond mediocrity. Now—perhaps, since Weber—a literary taste has spread itself among musicians. Be this, however, as it may, the old material appears consumed, and what more remains to be done than to place a pistol at the breast of the great poets, with a thundering *Facia a terra!*—to knock them down, and plunder them of their inestimable treasures? What has not already fallen a victim to the savage hunger of the opera-raving composer? The Nibelungen have twice been made prisoners. Schiller has seen his *Maria Stuart*, *William Tell*, and his *Maid of Orleans* entrapped. Faust, even in his second existence, has not been spared. Shakspere—whose "I gave you everything!" is become a truism—has not only been robbed of his *Romeo and Juliet*, but of his *Merry Wives* too; his *Othello* and *Lear* must rage and sigh in recitative and aria; Mendelssohn has laid rude hands on the translucid, fragile forms of his "Storm;" Chelard and Taubert and Verdi on the benighted grandeur of *Macbeth*. Why should not Hamlet philosophize musically on "To be, or not to be?"* But has not the advance in education, which has put Shakspere into the hands of our composers, put at the same time into their hearts some reverence for his immortal creations, which, in their ambition to compose, they "arrange" and disarrange to their own tastes? And if they cannot resist this ambition themselves, does a warning voice never sound in their ears, that the rest of us see not these God-like creations mutilated and defaced without chagrin and pain?

Granting that the Italians—who do not comprehend Shakspere, and in their political weakness and inactivity cannot have a drama of their own—have profaned *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and flooded our stage with their contemptible works. Yet in the German artist such thoughtlessness and irrespect are in no ways fitting; and he must not premise in us Italian shallowness and superficiality, however misled we Germans may be in our conception of the ideal, and of

* Ask Ambroise Thomas.

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our destination. Yes, so deeply rooted is our fundamental conscientiousness, that we allow such wares to be offered us much more readily by such stranger hands as Bellini and Verdi, than by our own countrymen's, from whom we with right expect something worthy of the German nation.

This veneration for the original creations most certainly lives in Herr Taubert, and in all German "tone-poets;" it is easy to be conceived what pain every rent and every cut into the original must have caused them, and how they must have been haunted step by step by the recollection of that which fell a prey to their scissors. That is the first punishment, and it is indeed no favourable position for an artist desirous of creating in his art. Nevertheless, when it concerns the existence, or non-existence of his opera, what sacrifices were too great for him? Let us forget Shakspere for the sake of the opera! Yet he lives, and will outlive all operas, as the marble temple of antiquity the nests which the twittering swallow attached to its roof.

If something good could only emanate from the opera! Let it be perfectly understood that I am not now speaking at all of Herr Taubert's opera. I do not know a note of it, and love too well Taubert's charming *naïve* songs for children (and what has he not written besides!) to hurt his feelings by any hasty word of mine. The question must be considered apart from personality; it must be considered in its general significance, as it stands at the head of this epistle. Do Shakspere's dramas, and in particular his *Macbeth*, appropriate themselves for operatic texts? If you wish to be clear on the point, first of all ask what the opera is capable of, and, nextly, what do Shakspere's dramas contain, and what demands do they advance.

The idiom of the true opera is music; the mixed opera, (alternately singing and speaking) is only half a thing, is in fact an unprincipled chimera. With that begins the domination of the fatality which has prevailed over opera from the beginning, often blamed, often disputed, but yet ever returning.

The singers are to represent men; the song—so often alas, rendered perfectly unintelligible by the clamour of the instruments—is to replace speech. The bodily entrance of the executant on the stage for dramatic activity, precisely converts the language he sings into a fable, into an unreal play of phantasy. That which we never believed, never attempted to talk away nor to shun; all that is fabulous, adventurously impossible, every storm of unjustifiable and exaggerated passion, every intoxication of the senses, here it is supposed we are justified in doing. And again, these words to the music, the music itself, that enigmatical language of the hidden world, this is to be suitable, and mobile enough for the harsh and hasty progress of excitatory action, where very often even the easy flowing word of the poet seems too massive. The drama urges forward with restless decision; the music must tarry till her sounds have resolved themselves into time, and placed us in accordance with the same. How are these two opposite principles to be united? Necessarily that dramatic decisiveness must be sacrificed, the plot must be simplified, not complicated,—a procedure which the dramatist has always esteemed most highly,—but must be represented in a few united monumental moments, in which the music can extend itself, and in which our attention can become absorbed. And in order that this may be possible, the poet must retire from the bustling arena of life to those numerous events and characters, in which the inward life of the heart is significant enough and otherwise appropriate to make us forget the profundity of the soul beyond the reach of music, and our life ever being impelled onwards "from without." This natural antagonism in the dramatical and musical characters (if at any rate I have comprehended the matter rightly) decides our question. The drama demands action, our impelling forwards; the music will impress itself on our minds, and requires for that operation time; the drama forms characters and develops them. Music expresses sensations, and requires "situations." *Don Juan*, *Fidelio*, all the master works in the opera, offer such situations; the highest to which character-development has been brought on the lyric stage, are the pictures which Gluck has created from *Clytemnestra* and *Orestes*—and from them alone. And yet how limited are these developments by the pre-eminently dramatic *tone-poet* to delineations of character by even a moderate dramatic poet!

And now, Shakspere, with whom there is no semi-conscious dreaminess, but all is positive; every word a thought, every thought an action; no being or thing exists there as it previously had existed, but everything progresses, develops itself, increasing or diminishing in accordance with the everlasting laws of Nature. Shakspere, with whom the gentlest touch becomes a necessary feature in each admirable characteristic, and with whom the wildest outburst of unbridled passion is a necessary, though often overlooked, consequence in the course of the character true to life. Shakspere, with his army of characters in each drama, every individual one of which develops itself freely and independently, according to the inward law of his nature, the servant as well as his lord, the courtier "who chafes" Hamlet, just as well as Hamlet himself. Ye fabricators of opera may tear up Shakspere, as one might tear up a dead lion, but you cannot inspire the corpse again with life—the majesty of the lion will not suffer *that*. What sacrifices will ye not make to humiliate the lion, and yet find him ungrateful for your musical designs?

Is it necessary to say more of *Macbeth* for instance? What is there attainable to the music? Surely not he who murders sleep, and from his gloomy taciturnity rushes forth to murder and to witchcraft, and is still so great, and in his greatness and fury so worthy of pity! Surely not she? Or do you, perhaps, venture with your used-up tremoli, or with whatever else may be running in your head concerning that dreadful night when all the cosmetics of Arabia fail to purify that little blood-stained hand? Do not deceive yourselves, there you have no somnambulating puppet of Bellini: no, it is a "giant wife," gigantic in self-confidence and ambitious desires, urging forward to the bourne, with all her fire and passion, alike without consideration and reflection; blending into one the thought and deed, both restless, unwearied, the never-silent alarm-bell, which wakes him from a dream to living desires, till he has "done the deed," and the whole succession of their deeds nourished in the womb of unchangeable fate.

These remarks, I repeat it, are not made against Herr Taubert, nor could they be, as I do not know his *Macbeth*. They do not apply to any individual musician, but to all. They are not directed *against* any musician, but *for* all, in order to protect them (the justice of the remarks being acknowledged) from error and regrets, and to maintain for the people as high a cultivation—as far as concerns music—as it and the times will receive and bear. Woe to us if that universal process of decomposition in all that is ideal, which makes itself apparent enough, took its further course unheeded and unchecked!

What may be drawn from the foregoing, except to dramaturgists of extreme penetration and unfathomable sagacity, it is difficult to imagine. That Taubert is not a proper intensifier of Shakspere—who, as Wagner has it, slams the door, when it suits him, in the face of History—we are willing to admit; but that David *percutiebat cytharum manu suâ*, is a truth nevertheless; and, as Thaddeus Egg would add, "*refoccilabatur Saul.*" The question, however, whether even Wagner himself could defossilize Shakspere is still an open one.

Otto Beard.

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THE following is a list of the managers of the Grand Opera, Paris, from its foundation down to the present day:—

1659, the Abbé Perrin, introducer of Ambassadors to Gaston d'Orléans. He had as a partner, Cambert, organist of the church of St Honoré.—1671, Lulli, composer.—1687, Francine, Lulli's son-in-law, and several partners.—1700, Belleville and Pecourt, a dancer.—1701, Francine, for the second time.—1704, Guyenet, capitalist.—1712, Francine, for the third time, with Dumont as a partner; then as liquidator in Guyenet's bankruptcy; and lastly with the Duc d'Antin.—1728, Destouches, composer.—1730, Gruer, under the superintendence of the Prince de Carignan.—1731, Lecomte, in partnership with President Lebœuf.—1733, Eugène de Thuret, officer in the Regiment of Picardy.—1744, Berger, financial receiver of Dauphiny, in partnership with the Chevalier de Mailly.—1748, Tréfontaine.—1749, the City of Paris, represented by the Marquis d'Argenson.—1753, Rebel and Francœur, composers, in the name of the City of Paris.—1754, Royer, chamber-composer to the King.—1755, Bontemps and Levasseur.—1757, Rebel and Francœur, for the second time, but

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this time on their own responsibility.—1767, Berton and Trial, composers.—1769, Berton and Trial, acting for the City of Paris, with Joliveau and Dauvergne, as partners.—1777, Buffault and Berton, the latter for the third time.—1778, De Vismes du Valgay, for the City of Paris.—1780, Berton, fourth time, acting for the King.—1780, Dauvergne, second time, in partnership with Gossec, a composer.—1792, Francœur and Cellerier.—1793, an administrative committee, consisting of Lays, a singer, Ray, conductor of the orchestra, Lasuzé, Rochefort, Parry, etc.—1799, De Vismes, for the second time, and Bonnet de Treiches—1801, Cellerier, second time.—1802, Morel, librettist.—1807, Picard, dramatic author.—1816, Papillon de la Forté.—1817, Persuis, composer.—1819, Viotti, composer and violinist.—1821, Habeneck, violinist, and afterwards conductor of the orchestra.—1824, Duplantys.—1827, Lubbert.—1831, Dr Véron.—1835, Duponchel, architect.—1839, Duponchel and Edouard Monnaie, a literary man.—1841, Léon Pillet.—1847, Duponchel, second time, and Nestor Roqueplan, a journalist.—1849, M. Roqueplan.—1854, Crosnier, member of the Corps Législatif.—1856, M. Alphonse Royer, dramatic author.—M. Emile Perrin, painter.—M. Halanzier.

Why does not some enthusiastic bibliopholist undertake and present us with a similar chronological list of those who from the beginning have directed—say Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Her Majesty's ("The King's") Theatre, and "the little theatre in the Haymarket"? This, with a running historical and critical commentary, would form a most interesting volume—if "G. G." would write it.

M. ADOLPHE JULLIEN, musical critic of *Le Français*, has discovered something curious in a supplementary volume of Grimm's *Correspondence*. As far back as 1766, Grimm had hit upon the leading idea in the libretto of *Les Huguenots*:—

"The only reason why the ballets are so agreeable and so much liked at the Opera is because the book is insipid, cold, and wearisome; but, in a really interesting piece, I defy the most skilful author, however great the art he may possess, to introduce a ballet without stopping the action, and, consequently, without each time destroying the effect of the whole performance. I may observe that the dances in a piece may be historical just as well as the singing. Give me a sublime genius, and I will show you Catharine di Medici making her preparations for the carnage of St Bartholomew amid the marriage festivities and dances of the King of Navarre. The contrast of apparent tranquillity, a tranquillity to be followed by such frightful crimes—this mixture of libertinism and cruelty—would, if I know aught of the art of moving the passions, freeze the very marrow of one's bones; but I am not afraid of your ever seeing anything of the kind at the Opera, nor that anyone whose business it is can even conceive the effect which might be thus produced. They give us in our theatres things fitted only for children, because they know they are not playing before men, and that, even in our amusements, we dread a certain dignity and a certain energy."

When we recollect that, in the original sketch of the opera, Catharine di Medici herself figured on the stage, and was not replaced till subsequently by the imaginary Saint Bris, we perceive that, without, perhaps, knowing it, Scribe completely carried out the idea of the German critic.

SIGNOR MARIO has come from Rome to England on a short visit. The great artist was present at Sig. Salvini's magnificent performance of *Hamlet*, on Monday, at Drury Lane Theatre.

LISBON.—Mad. Sass is re-engaged for the San Carlo of this city.

FERRARA.—Verdi's *Aida*, with Signore Pozzoni, Singer, Signori Patierno, Aldighieri, and Nannetti, has proved a great success here.

GENOA.—The spring season at the Politeama has proved successful with *Saffo*, *Lucia*, *Norma*, *La Sonnambula* and *Il Giuramento*. A young English lady produced a favourable impression as Lucia. She plays under the name of Signora Anna Renzi, and is a pupil of Sig. Graffigna's.

MILAN.—*Madame l'Archiduc* has been produced at the Teatro Manzoni; *Lucrezia Borgia*, at the Teatro dal Verme, despite the hot weather, is to be followed by *Dolores*, a new opera of Sig. Auteri; Auber's *Cheval de Bronze*, will soon make way, at the Teatro Santa Radegonda, for the *Vinciguerra*, of Bottesini, while *Le Precauzioni* occupies the place of *Il Duca di Tapigliano* at the Teatro Castelli.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE following are the receipts of the Paris theatres for 1874-5:—

Grand Opera, 1,849,312 fr., 77 cent.; Gaité, 1,754,985 fr., 95 cent.; Porte-St-Martin, 1,679,947 fr.; Théâtre-Français, 1,474,927 fr., 38 cent.; Opéra-Comique, 1,067,226 fr., 50 cent.; Palais-Royal, 991,658 fr.; Variétés, 919,417 fr., 50 cent.; Châtelet, 763,762 fr.; Bouffes-Parisiens, 666,996 fr., 50 cent.; Renaissance, 592,497 fr., 50 cent.; Gymnase, 585,867 fr., 50 cent.; Odéon, 503,384 fr., 20 cent.; Folies-Dramatiques, 480,015 fr., 40 cent.; Ambigu, 330,264 fr., 45 cent.; Vaudeville, 330,963 fr., 50 cent.; Château-d'Eau, 282,196 fr., 85 cent.; Lyrique-Dramatique, 251,322 fr., 50 cent.; Déjazet, 172,473 fr., 5 cent.; Cluny, 174,883 fr., 25 cent.; Théâtre-des-Arts, 141,821 fr., 75 cent.; Beaumarchais, 111,301 fr., 65 cent.; Folies-Marigny, 73,449 fr., 90 cent.; Grand-Théâtre-Parisien, 31,667 fr., 70 cent.; Théâtre-Scribe, 3,398 fr., 50 cent.

The most to be envied by ordinate spirits is the Scribe Theatre; the most to be envied by inordinate spirits is the Grand Opera. We, neither ordinate nor inordinate, would feel inclined to envy the Variétés. *Be chesm!*

THE authors' rights in the theatres of France for 1874, amounted to 2,309,516 francs 20 centimes.

ACCORDING to the *Journal Officiel*, there are 26 theatres in Paris, and 367 in the French provinces, making a grand total of 392. The towns having more than one theatre each are Amiens, which has 3; Bordeaux, 6; Brest, 3; Elbeuf, 4; Le Havre, 5; Lyons, 6; Marseilles, 5; Nantes, 4; Nimes, 5; Rochefort, 4; Rouen, 4; Versailles, 3; Saint-Etienne, Saint-Quentin, Toulouse, Cette, Dieppe, Rheims, Tours, Aix, Angers, Lille, Montpelier, and Poitiers, 2 each.

THE month of May just passed is noted for many events interesting to musicians; such, for instance, as the death of the Abbé Vogler (the master of Weber and Meyerbeer), which took place on the 6th, at Darmstadt, in 1812; and that of Nicolai, which happened on the 11th, 1849, at Berlin. On the 25th May, 1808, Balfe was born at Limerick; on the 20th, 1871, Louis Maillart died, at Moulins; and on the 22nd May, 1813, Richard Wagner first saw the light at Leipsic.

Two historical pianos have been placed in the Naples Conservatory. One of them is the instrument presented by Catherine II., to Cimarosa. Bought, after his death, by Mad. Bersché, it was given by her to her daughter, the wife of Sig. Cefali, of Calabria. Yielding to the entreaties of Sig. Florimo, the Cefali family have given the interesting relic to the Conservatory. The other instrument is a piano with three key-boards, one furnished with quills and two with hammers. It was offered by the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, as a momento of his admiration of the concerts he had attended of the Conservatory *Della Pietà dei Turchini*.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MR T. H. WRIGHT delivered a lecture before the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, on Thursday evening, May 27th, on "The History of Bardism, the National Songs of Wales, and the Music of the Harp." The lecturer treated the subject in a most exhaustive manner, demonstrating the intimate connection between music and freedom in the early periods of Welsh nationality. The bards were invariably patriots; and, by their continuous endeavours, were successful in imbuing the people with similar sentiments, hence the antipathy felt by the English towards them, and their subsequent massacre. The distinctive traits of Welsh music had, however, been preserved in as complete a manner as their language. Several pieces chosen by the lecturer to illustrate his text were loudly applauded, as were also some songs, given with taste and expression, by Mdme Harriette Lee.—H. L.

SIGNOR CARAVOGLIA'S eighth annual morning concert, on Tuesday, the 1st inst., in St George's Hall, was fashionably attended. The programme gave unanimous satisfaction to numerous friends. The length of the concert precludes the possibility of our going into details; we therefore confine ourselves to mentioning that Signor Caravoglia was assisted by Mdlle Enequist, Mdlle Josephine Sherrington, Mdlle Risarelli, Miss Purdy, Mdme Lia Rohan, Mdlle Carnielli; Signori Uric, Rizzelli, Romani, Bignardi, Campobello, Federici, and Mr Trelawny Cobham, all of whom acquitted themselves most satis-

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factorily, and received well-deserved applause. Signor Caravoglia was in fine voice, and proved himself a genuine artist. The instrumental part of the entertainment was in the hands of Mdlle Castellan (violin), Signors Tito Mattei and Li Calsi (pianoforte), and Mr Oberthür (harp). The conductors were Signor Mazzoni, Mr Lindsay Sloper, Mr Parker, and Herr Lehmeyer.

The Misses Agnes and Violet Molyneux (two youthful and intelligent pianists), gave a concert on Monday, the 27th of May, at the Beethoven Rooms, which were filled by an appreciative audience. The young ladies gave an effective performance of Mozart's Andante and Allegro (in D), for two pianofortes; Mr G. A. Osborne's duet, for two pianofortes, on airs from Gounod's *Faust;* Sir Julius Benedict's duet on airs from *Der Freischütz;* Schulhoff's "Grand Valse Brillante," and the same composer's "Galop di Bravura." In all these pieces their talent was duly appreciated. The duet playing of the Misses Molyneux is exceptionally good. Miss Violet Molyneux gave, as her solo performances, Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, and Moscheles' "Recollections of Ireland;" Miss Agnes Molyneux, Thalberg's "We're a noddin'," and Sir Julius Benedict's "Flowers of Ireland." All these were greatly applauded. Mdme Poole agreeably varied the programme with some popular songs, and Mr Lindsay Sloper accompanied her on the pianoforte with musicianly skill.

Mr Henry Stiehl, a professor and conductor at Belfast, gave a concert at the Beethoven Rooms on Wednesday morning. Mr Stiehl is a clever pianist, and a composer of decided merit. Several of his works, both vocal and instrumental, were given on the occasion under notice. A sonata concertante, for the violoncello and pianoforte, deserves more than ordinary praise, both for the originality of the subjects and the musicianly way in which they are worked out. It was capitally played by M. De Swert and the composer. Mr Stiehl proved his efficiency as a solo pianist by his excellent performance of pieces by Chopin, Schumann, and Henselt, exhibiting a brilliant touch and perfect command over the instrument. He also played "a bouquet" of four of his own compositions, which were much and deservedly applauded; and, with Miss Folley, Moscheles' and Mendelssohn's brilliant variations on the march in *Preciosa*. M. De Swert, on the violoncello, and M. Claude Jaquinot, on the violin, each played solos. Miss Jose Owen, in "Voi che sapete," and a new song, "Sleep, O sleep," by Mr Stiehl, and Miss Helen Arnim, in "Through the green wood," and a song by Rubinstein, gave general satisfaction.

Miss Alice Roselli's concert took place on Thursday evening, June 3rd, at St George's Hall, when she was assisted by Mdme Patey, Mdlle Levier, Messrs Cummings, Pyatt, Thurley Beale, Federici, and Mr Santley; the instrumentalists being Mr Charles Fletcher and Herr Stoeger. Miss Roselli sang "Qui la voce" (*Puritani*), "Nella dolce trepidanza" (*Talismano*), and a new song, "Ronald and I," by Louisa Gray, being warmly applauded in each. Mr W. H. Cummings was heard to advantage in Blumenthal's "Yes" and Roeckel's "Only for thee." Madame Patey's fine voice and delivery delighted the audience; her contributions to the programme being Mr F. H. Cowen's ballad, "Almost," and Mr Barnby's "Thou whom my heart adoreth" (encored). Mr Pyatt has a sonorous voice, and uses it judiciously. He sang "Regret" (Zoeller), and "Under the lime" (Cowen). Mr Santley's realization of Byron's "Maid of Athens," set by Gounod, is too well-known to call for comment. Poet, composer, and artist are in this so perfectly three in one, that the result is an exceptional art-display to which no audience can remain insensible. Mr Santley was compelled to yield to the general enthusiasm; and, returning to the platform, gave Hatton's "To Anthea." In Louis Diehl's new song, "Absent, yet present,"—a song of considerable breadth and passion—he was no less successful, and it was vociferously re-demanded. Sir Julius Benedict, Signori Arditi, Visetti, Campana, and Mr Lindsay Sloper were the conductors.—Z.

M. Paque's annual *Matinée Musicale* is invariably looked forward to with pleasure by amateurs of the violoncello, as they are sure to be delighted with the performance of the concert giver, on the instrument of their predilection, and of the general programme of the music provided for them. On Thursday morning the Beethoven Rooms were well filled, and M. Paque's friends and admirers welcomed him with becoming fervour on his entry, accompanied by his coadjutors, Mr Cusins and Herr Straus. Schubert's Trio in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with which the concert commenced, received ample justice from the executants, and M. Paque's solo, which followed shortly afterwards (two movements of a Sonata in G, by Boccherini), elicited universal approbation. M. Paque's concluding performance was a "Caprice Hongrois," by Dunkler, in which the command over his instrument which M. Paque is known to possess, was fully brought out. Herr Straus, besides his share in the performance of Schubert's Trio, played in first-rate style an "Introduzione e fuga," by Corelli; and Mr Cusins contributed a "Nachtstück," by Schumann, and one of the "*Soirées de Vienne*" (No. 6), by Liest. The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Josephine Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Signor Conti, and Mr W. Shakespeare; Miss Wynne charming every one with Sullivan's "Living Poems;" Miss Sherrington exhibiting the flexibility of her voice in the "Shadow Song" (*Dinorah*); Miss Elton delighting all with Signor Randegger's admired "Cradle Song;" Signor Conti giving an *aria* from Donizetti's *Marie de Rudenz;* and Mr Shakespeare showing his artistic qualifications in "Spirito Gentil" (*La Favorita*), and, with Miss Wynne, Lucantoni's duet, "Una notte a Venezia." Mr H. Parker and Herr Ganz were announced as the accompanists, on the pianoforte, of the vocal music.

PROVINCIAL.

Newton Abbot.—A local journal writes that it has not words sufficient to congratulate Mr James Chapple upon the success which crowned his efforts in providing two of the best concerts ever given in this town. Mesdames Patey and Nouver, Messrs Fowler and Löhr, with the band of the Royal Marines, under the *bâton* of Mr Froehnheit, "assisted." It would need a more eloquent pen than that of the writer to sufficiently eulogise the performances of our Queen of Song, Madame Patey. Our great hall, although probably never intended for a concert-hall, proved itself to be a first-rate medium for sound. Madame Patey's sweet, rich, melodious notes reverberated through the building clearly and distinctly. Her songs were "Always alone" (Henriette); "Thou whom my heart adoreth" (Barnby); "Caro mio ben," and "Hunting-tower," the last encored. Mr Fowler's performances on the steel grand pianoforte, supplied for the occasion by Messrs Kirkman, were extremely pleasing. We must not omit to mention the conductor and pianist, Mr Fred. N. Löhr, of Plymouth, who was thoroughly up to his work; Mr Chapple being lucky in securing the offices of so able an accompanist. The performances of the Marine Band were excellent, their selections from *Faust, Il Talismano*, and *La Fille de Madame Angot* being admirably rendered. Madame Nouver deserved all the applause with which she was welcomed. This lady is comparatively new to us, but the natural beauty of her voice, combined with the careful training it has evidently received, will soon make her a favourite. Her chief success was in Bishop's "Bid me discourse." Thanks are due to Mr Chapple for providing such a musical treat.

MUSICAL SCHOLARSHIPS.

We understand that the Prince of Wales has written to the Lord Mayor of London to invite his lordship to join a conference to be held at Marlborough House on the 15th June, for the purpose of establishing free scholarships of metropolitan students in the National Training School of Music, the building of which now approaches completion through the liberality of Mr C. J. Freake. The following is the letter which was read at the Court of Common Council:—

"*Marlborough House, May 25.*

"My Lord,—Your lordship is doubtless well aware that efforts have been made for some time past by the Society of Arts to establish a National School of Music. A suitable building for a school has been erected by the liberality of Mr C. J. Freake, close to the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, which is nearly finished. The admission to the school will be by means of free scholarships obtained by public competitions, held in various centres of the United Kingdom. The best instruction will thus be given to young persons of musical talent. Your lordship will see from the accompanying statement that valuable and extensive support has been promised for the foundation of those free scholarships by the great towns in the country, and the organization has proceeded so far that I have thought that the work of establishing scholarships for the City of London and the metropolitan district might now be entered upon. I propose, therefore, as President of the Society of Arts, to hold a conference at Marlborough House, on Tuesday, the 15th of June, and to invite gentlemen representing the Corporation, the great City Companies, and the merchants and bankers of London, to take part in it. I address myself virtually in the first instance to your lordship to request you to afford me your valuable assistance and experience, so that the Conference may have successful results, and may contribute towards giving to musical talent a free musical school worthy of the country, and equal to those which are established in so many parts of the Continent. This was an object in which my father took a great interest, and it is my great desire to help to carry it into effect.—I am, my lord, your obedient servant,

"Albert Edward, President of the Society of Arts."

The court resolved, upon the motion of Mr Lawley, that the necessary arrangements be made for holding the conference as suggested by His Royal Highness.

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DORN (!) ACROSS MENDELSSOHN.

I was a young man of three-and-twenty, prosecuting my legal studies in Berlin, when I first knew Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad of twelve years old. One winter's experience showed me, that though I could get through my college terms, I should never be able to pass all the necessary law examinations, as I had so much musical business on my hands. At evening-parties I was in constant request, being found very useful, as I was at once a pianoforte-player, an accompanist, and a solo-singer—a rare combination in one individual, of which I can recall no other instances than Gustav Reichardt and Reissiger. Musical parties in Berlin at that time were at the height of their glory, and attended only by ladies and gentlemen who really loved music and cultivated it as an art, and who were able upon emergency to perform whole operas or oratorios. Tea was handed round before the musical business of the evening began, and we wound up with cold refreshments and quartet-singing.

One Friday, at the "at home" evening of my old countryman, Abraham Friedländer, as I was in the midst of the well-known duet of Spohr's between Faust and Röschen, with a talented young singer, a commotion arose in the anteroom, which was most unusual, for a profound silence always prevailed when anything was going on. During the pathetic air, ("Fort von hier auf schönere Auen,") my partner whispered to me, "Felix is come;" and, when the duet was finished, I made the acquaintance of Felix Mendelssohn, then a lad of twelve years old, residing with his parents on the Neue Promenade, only a few steps from Friedländer's house. He apologised for having interrupted our song by his entrance, and offered to play the accompaniments for me; "or shall we play them alternately?" he said—a regular Mendelssohn way of putting the question, which, even twenty years later, he made use of to a stranger in a similar position. At that time it would have been difficult to picture a more prepossessing exterior than that of Felix Mendelssohn. Though every one made use of the familiar "Du" in addressing him, it was very evident that even his most intimate acquaintances set a great value on his presence amongst them. He was rarely allowed to go to such large parties; but when he did so, the music, and the *con amore* spirit with which it was carried on, seemed to afford him real pleasure, and he, in his turn, contributed largely to the enjoyment. People made a great deal of him, and Johanna Zimmermann, Friedländer's niece, who had lost her husband while bathing in the Tyrol, regularly persecuted the young fellow, so that he could scarcely escape from her attentions. Young as he was, he even then accompanied singing in a manner only to be met with amongst the older and more thorough musicians who possess that especial gift. At Königsberg the orchestral management of the piano was an unknown thing, and even in Berlin I had as yet had no opportunity of admiring this skill and facility in any one. That man was considered a very respectable musician who played from the printed copy *con amore*, and thus helped the singer now and then; but he who was able to enrich the slender pianoforte accompaniment with octave basses and full chords, of course stood in a much higher position. Such a gifted being was Felix, even at that time; and in the duet between Florestan and Leonora, which he accompanied, he astonished me in the passage, "Du weider nun in meinen Armen, o Gott!" by the way in which he represented the violoncello and contra-basso parts on the piano, playing them two octaves apart. I afterwards asked him why he had chosen this striking way of rendering the passage, and he explained all to me in the kindest manner. How many times since has that duet been sung in Berlin to the pianoforte, but how rarely has it been accompanied in such a manner! In the winter of 1824-25 I was quite at home in the Mendelssohns' house—that is to say, I made my appearance there every Sunday morning at the musical entertainments, and was always invited to their evening parties, as a singer to be reckoned upon, and as one always ready to take a part in the dance. At the *matinées*, I became by degrees personally acquainted with all the musicians of importance in Berlin. Men, such as Lanska, who had instructed both Felix and his sister Fanny (Fanny Mendelssohn, at this time playing more brilliantly than her brother Felix), Wollank (councillor of justice, and the composer of many well-known songs), and Karl Friedrich Zelter, almost alone marked that heavy period of Berlin's musical history, during which time no creative talent of any importance appeared. Simultaneously, however, with the recall of Spontini from Paris, three stars arose, and the whole attention of the musical world was directed to the native genius of Berlin, in the persons of Ludwig Berger, Bernhard Klein, and Felix Mendelssohn, all in different ages of life.

(*To be continued.*)

PARIS.

(*From an old Correspondent.*)

At a gala performance got up at the Grand Opera, on the 30th May, for the benefit of the Pupilles de la Guerre, M. Gounod was to have conducted two scenes from his own opera of *Faust*. But the members of the orchestra, basing their opposition on an antiquated custom in the theatre, refused to acknowledge any but their usual conductor; so M. Gounod retired, and M. Deldevez occupied his accustomed place before the foot-lights. The following letter addressed to the last-named gentleman will, perhaps, be read with interest:—

"My dear Deldevez,—I have been informed that the gentlemen of the orchestra, desirous of preserving intact a principle which has hitherto governed the performance of all the works produced at the Opera, would be pained to see an exception which might, at some future time, be invoked as a precedent. I hasten, therefore, to leave in your hands the conducting-stick which you so kindly offered me for a part of the programme of the gala performance on the 30th inst. Cordially yours,

"C. Gounod.

"P.S.—I have thought it my duty to acquaint the organizers of the Soirée with a determination which permits me to remain in a position that my own wish would never have prompted me to leave.

"*Paris, May*, 1875."

It appears that the Opéra-Comique will not be closed this summer, and that the revival of *Le Val d'Andorre* will take place at once, instead of being deferred, as was at first proposed, till the autumn.—There is a probability that opera will be given at the Théâtre du Chatelet, and that a French operatic company will occupy the Ventadour.—A three-act vaudeville operetta, music by M. Serpette, has been brought out at the Variétés. It is entitled *Le Manoir de Pictordu*.

La Liberté writes as follows:—

"Spontini's *Vestale* has just achieved a very great success at Rome. It was not performed in a theatre; the score alone was executed at a concert given by the Musical Society. Two performances have not exhausted the success of this experiment, and a third is announced to come off shortly. Could we not imitate, in Paris, this example? There are a great many works which cannot be placed upon the stage on account of the expense, but which could easily be got up as regards the music alone. If they were so prepared, the public would be able to complete their musical education, and become acquainted with a number of masterpieces now consigned to unmerited oblivion. The system might be applied to works never published. It would thus afford modern composers an opportunity of producing creations which the difficulty of getting brought out at a theatre now obliges them to keep in their portfolio."

I reprint this suggestion for what it is worth. What will English, Irish, Scotch, American, Dutch, Australian and Italian composers say to it? Remember the bundle of sticks. I can guess how the late Mr Montague Shoot, so long the able correspondent of the *Musical World*, would have discussed the question.

Distinctions with some Differences.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Sir,—It is difficult to understand why an artist possessed of the qualities indispensable to excel in parts like Donizetti's Lucia and Gounod's Margaret should be abashed by the vocal and histrionic requirements of Verdi's Leonora. There is nothing especially heroic in Leonora, who is simply a love-struck and devoted woman, as ready to make sacrifice for the man to whom her affections are wedded, as either Margaret or Lucia. Nor is the music of Verdi, except here and there, much more exacting for the voice than that of Donizetti and Gounod. True, Lucia, Gretchen, Ophelia, Mignon, and the rest, are *bona fidé* creations, resembling each other only in the fact that they are women; whereas the Leonora of Verdi's libretto is what Wagner would designate as "spectral bones and ribs." Adieu,

Croker Rooves.

[Avaunt, old Double!—we had hoped thee dead; or, at least translated, with thy master.—Otto Bearb.]

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ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

By Gibbs Gibb Gibbs, Esq.

No. 1.

Antomy Brumel, a composer of sacred music about the year 1500, is considered as the founder of the French School of Music.

Giovani Maria Buononcini, one of the first masters of the Lombard School and pupil of Carissimi, published, in 1763, a work entitled *Il Musico Prattico*, dedicated to the Emperor Leopold. At page eighteen of this work he speaks of a cannon, in his opera of *Terza*, for 1,592 voices, or 648 choirs; which, on account of the difficulty of finding such a number of singers assembled together, he has reduced to twenty-two.

Giulio Caccini composed, in conjunction with Jacop Peri, the opera called *Euridice*, which was produced on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. of France to Mary de Medicis, and acted at Florence in 1600. Dr Burney considers *Euridice* to have been the first opera ever performed in public, though primary attempts at dramatic music were probably made at an earlier period.

Emilio del Cavaliere, a celebrated Roman nobleman and amateur composer, set to music the first known oratorio, which was performed at Rome, in the year 1600. It is called *Rappresentatione di Anima, e di Corpo*, and was represented in action on a stage in the church of La Vallicella, with scenes, decorations, and chorus, *à l'antique*, and analogous dances. The instruments of accompaniment (which were placed behind the scenes) in the first oratorio were the following:—*Una lira doppia* (a double lyre, perhaps a *viol da gamba*); *Un clavicembalo* (a harpsichord); *Un chitarone* (a large double guitar); *Due flauti, o vero due Tibri all'antica* (two common flutes). No violin is mentioned. In the instructions for the performance are the directions for the dances, and it is recommended for the actors to have instruments in their hands, as the playing, or appearing to play upon them, would assist illusion more than a visible orchestra.

Francesco Cavalli, chapel-master at Venice, and composer of thirty-five operas, between the years 1637 and 1667. Dr Burney says that the "grave recitative began first to be interrupted with that ornamented sort of stanza called *aria*, in the opera *Giasone*, set by Cavalli in 1649."

Richard Clark, born at Datchet, near new Windsor, in 1786, set himself about finding the real author of "God save the King," and after more than eight years' research (in which time he appears to have been most indefatigable), by a strong chain of circumstantial evidence, proves that the National Anthem was written by Ben Jonson, the music by Dr Bull, and that it was first sung at Merchant Tailors' Hall, on July 7th, 1607, by the gentlemen and children of His Majesty's Chapel Royal, when King James I. was present, at a dinner given by that company on his escape from the powder plot. This curious account was published in 1821 with forty-three plates, among which are portraits of Jonson, Bull, King James, &c. The work appears, by the list of subscribers, to have been very highly patronized. There are, indeed, some curious facts in it which had previously not appeared in print. After the work was published, Clark produced three tunes from very rare collections, which he had spoken of, but, from their scarcity, could not meet with in time to print for his subscribers. By these it is further proved that the same air of "God save the King" existed in the reign of King Charles, and was composed by Dr Bull.

A WARNING TO YOUNG ARTISTS.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Sir,—As a warning to young artists, may I request that you will give publicity to the following letter, with a few words of explanation from myself, to whom it was sent:—

"65, *Holland Road, Loughboro' Junction,*
"*27th May*, 1875.

"Madame,—I should like to have an interview with you on the subject of an engagement. Will you call at the above address on Saturday morning, at eleven o'clock, and, as I have many visitors, be good enough to send this note up, and you will see me immediately. I am, Madame, yours obediently,

"Miss ——." "E. C. English.

Not being wholly unknown in the musical profession, it is usual for me to receive communications from parties quite strangers to me. I kept the appointment, accompanied by a relative. On quitting the station, we soon reached the road and house indicated—the latter, a neat, respectable-looking villa. An old person, with the dress and—at first glance—the appearance of a gentlewoman, opened the door to my summons, showing me a well-furnished hall. My relative paused at the end of the little garden. On perceiving her, the woman I addressed answered me, in an undertone, "Mr English is at home; he would admit you if you were *alone*; but he cannot do so with your mamma, as it might get you into trouble." Highly incensed, beckoning to my companion, I asked—demanded—an explanation. Denying, now, that the gentleman was at home, we received contradictory and impertinent answers to our enquiries, and even threats, from this (so she informed us) naval officer's daughter. Several attempts were made by the woman to get possession of the letter mentioned above, which I held in my hand. Insulted, shocked, and greatly annoyed, we turned away, losing no more (happily) than our railway fares, our time, and our tempers. But what—as any young, unsuspecting artist might have done—had I gone to *that house alone?* I enclose my name and address.

Your obedient servant, A Young Pianiste.

OPERA-GOERS IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

I have often read that the Italian public listen only carelessly to music, and never fail to indulge in tolerably noisy conversation between two cavatinas. This may, perhaps, have been true in the time of Cimarosa and Paisiello, but things are very much changed to-day. Let us take, for instance, a performance of *Aida* at the Teatro Apollo, Rome. It begins at eight o'clock precisely. Five minutes before the rising of the curtain the house is crammed, and, at the first stroke of the bow, a religious silence reigns around. During the first act enthusiasm is kept down and does not overstep reasonable limits. In the second, the public gradually warm up, some of them venturing to hum with the *prima donna* the favourite phrases, while the more reserved among the audience endeavour to reduce them to silence. In the third act, people get excited, and the feverishness becomes more general. During the duet between Aida and Amonasro, exclamations are heard from all parts of the house, and when, at length, Radames appears and avows his treachery: "Son disonorata; io tradii la patria," all the spectators burst forth, like so many volcanoes, and every voice sings in unison with that of the artist. Hands are clapped and feet are stamped with frantic enthusiasm; the ladies' handkerchiefs float like oriflammes all round the various tiers; there is an infernal hubbub, a fearful noise in which everyone takes part; the pit, the boxes, the musicians in the orchestra, and even foreigners, are carried away by this inundation of enthusiasm. Verdi's soul has passed into the souls of two thousand spectators, who dispersed, trembling with emotion, along the lobbies and in the crush-room, where all sorts of exclamations are heard crossing each other like rockets. The fourth act proceeds amid less lively transports and the burning atmosphere is a little cooler. But, at the end of the performance, about midnight, the musical fever breaks out more violently than ever. Everywhere—on the staircases of the theatre, in the vestibule, in the streets—Verdi's melodies are again audible, and are carried into every part of the city, till the hour for repose at length comes to calm down the agitation, and silence the echoes of the enthusiastic vocalists.—*Neue freie Presse.*

The London representative of the International Mozart Institution (Mr Sigmund Menkes) has arranged a concert for the benefit of the society, at the Alexandra Palace, on Tuesday, June 29th. The concert is to be conducted by Sir Julius Benedict, Mr Edward Dannreuther, and Mr Weist Hill. Several distinguished vocal and instrumental artists have promised their support.

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REVIEWS.

METZLER AND CO.

She and I. Song. Words by COURTENAY BOYLE. Music by LOUISA GRAY. LOUISA GRAY, known at all times as a clever ballad writer, has seldom been happier in her inspiration than in the present instance. She has been fortunate enough to obtain in Mr Boyle's lyrics a little poem worthy of a rich musical setting, and she has succeeded in illustrating it perfectly. For amateur vocalists, as well as for the public concert-room, "She and I" will doubtless prove attractive. It is written in the key of B flat for tenor, and is also published a third lower for average voices.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

After so long. Song. Words by HELEN MARION BURNSIDE. Music by LOUISA GRAY.

A song simple in theme, but exquisitely tender in sentiment, both in the words and music. Miss Burnside's muse is certainly sympathetic, if a trifle vague, and Louisa Gray's music is melodious and expressive, without being either ambitious or straining after effect. The voice part is skilfully written, and the song is available for all qualities of voice. It is printed both in G and E. The accompaniment is showy, though presenting no difficulties in the way of an average performer.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

Fancy's Dream. Vocal Waltz. Written by FRANK W. GREEN. Composed by AMY WEDDLE.

Miss AMY WEDDLE perseveres steadily in the path she has struck out for herself as a composer of light vocal music. The present effort is tuneful, rhythmical, and eminently singable—qualities which are sufficient of themselves to recommend it to consideration. Mr Green's words are above the average; and altogether "Fancy's Dreams" is a production of which the young composer may feel proud. Key D major, highest note G.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FIRST PAGE OF A LADY'S ALBUM.*

These fair, unsullied pages aptly seem
To me an image of an infant life,
Ere yet from off its soul the angel-gleam
Has passed away before the clouds of strife.

And as each cycle of old Time bereaves
Or adds a joy unto our miser store—
Leaving the while upon the heart's red leaves
A touch to sere or charm for evermore;

So shall thy book, dear friend, ere long become
A reflex of the living world around;
A shrine whereat, though tongue and lips be dumb,
The heart will speak—its hopes and fears resound.

Here pale-browed Grief, arrayed in sable guise,
Will sadly brood o'er longings unfulfilled;
While her twin-sister, Joy, with laughing eyes,
Will sweetly sing of things attained as willed.

Here Love, the April-eyed, will often rest
His wayward wing, and, stringing Poesy's lute,
Give echo to the burning thoughts that vest
The soul with bliss—keeping the dear lips mute.

Here Hope and Faith—the timid and the bold—
Will hie, with Fancy from her astral throne;
And gentle Art her radiant gifts unfold—
All hither won by Friendship's magic tone.

Thus, dearest friend, thou'lt find in after days
Herein a semblance of the mighty heart
Which stirs our being in its every phase;
God grant that Joy may be the major part.

HUGH CAMERON.

* *Copyright.*

RAILWAY FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—On Wednesday, June 16th, there is to be a novel entertainment at the Crystal Palace, which will deserve extensive public support, if only it were to benefit the funds of the Railway Benevolent Institution. This is one object, and to draw together for the day a great many of the staff and their friends is another. Moreover, in addition to a most popular programme of special attractions, we may mention that there is to be a grand concert by the united musical societies of some of the larger companies, and a dramatic performance by amateurs of the Railway Clearing House. The exhibition of models, pictures, and scientific inventions, to illustrate railway history and progress cannot fail to be highly interesting. Excursion trains at cheap fares will run for this occasion from all parts of the country, both day and five day trips.

THE VOICE & SINGING

BY

ADOLFO FERRARI.

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ORGANIST OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

CONTENTS.

1	1st Sunday in Advent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
2	2nd Sunday in Advent	Deus tu convertens	Qrtt. or Chorus	Henry Smart
3	3rd Sunday in Advent	Juste et pie vivamus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
4	4th Sunday in Advent	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
5	Any Sunday during Advent	Rorate	Chorus & Solo	Webbe
6	Christmas Day	Adeste Fideles	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
7	Sunday within Octave of Christmas	Attollite	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
8	Circumcision	Tui sunt coeli	Ten. So. & Chor.	A. Sullivan
9	Epiphany	Reges Tharsis	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
10	Sunday within Octave	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
11	Holy Name	Jesu dulcis	Qrtt. & Chorus	Beethoven
12	3rd Sunday after Epiphany	Dextera Domini	Chorus	Schumann
13	Septuagesima Sunday	Bonum est	Solo & Chorus	Benedict
14	Sexagesima Sunday	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
15	Quinquagesima Sunday	Super flumina	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
16	1st Sunday in Lent	Ecce nunc tempus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
17	2nd Sunday in Lent	Preces populi	Chorus	Webbe
18	3rd Sunday in Lent	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	4th Sunday in Lent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
19	Passion Sunday	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Webbe
20	Palm Sunday	Improperium	Chorus	André
21	Easter Sunday (Gradual)	Hæc dies	Chorus or Trio. T.T. & B.	Webbe
22	,, ,, (Offertory)	Victimæ	Chorus	Webbe
23	Low Sunday	Angelus Domini	Chorus	André
24	2nd Sunday after Easter	Deus misereatur	Chorus & Soli	Webbe
25	3rd Sunday after Easter	Lauda anima	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
10	4th Sunday after Easter	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
26	5th Sunday after Easter	Benedicimus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
27	Ascension Day	Ascendit Deus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
28	Sunday within Octave of Ascension Day	Rex Gloriæ	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
29	Whit Sunday (Gradual)	Emitte / Veni sancte spiritus	Trio or Chorus / Duet or Chorus	Webbe
30	,, ,, (Offertory)	Confirma hoc Deus	Soli or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
31	Trinity Sunday	Benedictus est	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
32	1st Sunday after Pentecost	Intende voci	Chorus	André
33	Corpus Christi (Gradual)	Lauda Sion	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
34	,, ,, (Offertory)	O sacrum convivium	Solo	Webbe
35	2nd Sunday after Pentecost	Domine convertere	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
36	3rd Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
37	4th Sunday after Pentecost	Illumina	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
38	St Peter and St Paul	Roma felix	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
39	5th Sunday after Pentecost	Audi hymnum	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
14	6th Sunday after Pentecost	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
40	7th Sunday after Pentecost	Sicut in holocaustis	Qrtt. or Chorus	Mozart
41	8th Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria	Bass Solo	Webbe
18	9th Sunday after Pentecost	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	10th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett	Webbe
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exurgat Deus	Chorus	Webbe
43	Assumption	Assumpta est	Chorus	Neukom
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Chorus	Eybler
45	13th Sunday after Pentecost	In te speravi	T. So. (& Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
36	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
13	15th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum est	Solo or Chorus	Benedict
46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavere	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
55	Nativity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
56	Holy Name	Ave Maria	Solo	Cherubini
57	Seven Dolors	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Gregorian
4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
58	Purity	Succurre miseris	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
4	Patronage	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
59	Confessor	Ecce sacerdos	Duet	Webbe
60	Martyrs	Qui seminant	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
61	One Martyr	Justus ut palma	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
63	Virgins and Holy Women	Diffusa	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
64		Asperges	Chorus	Gregorian
65	In Paschal time	Vidi aquam	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
66	Prayer for the Queen	Domine salvum fac	Chorus	Martini

APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Coeli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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Special Notice.—On the occasion of the production of "LOHENGRIN," This Evening, the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Mdme Christine Nilsson.—Extra Night.

MONDAY next, June 14 (by desire), "FAUST." Faust, M. Capoul; Mephistopheles, Signor Rota; Valentino, Signor de Reschi; Wagner, Signor Costa; Siebel, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Marta, Mdme Demeric-Lablache; and Margherita, Mdme Christine Nilsson.

Tietjens as Norma.

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Extra Night.—"Lohengrin."

THURSDAY next, June 17 (for the second time), WAGNER'S Opera, "LOHENGRIN." (Characters as above.)

Mdlle Tietjens.

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MASTER HENRY WALKER begs to announce that his FIRST PIANOFORTE RECITAL (under distinguished Patronage) will take place on MONDAY Morning, the 28th inst., at ST JAMES'S HALL, commencing at Three o'clock. Master Walker will be assisted by Mdme Norman-Néruda and Mr Charles Hallé. Stalls, 5s.; balcony, 3s. Tickets, 2s. and 1s.; at the usual Libraries, and the Hall.

MISS FLORENCE SANDERS (Pupil of Mr W. H. HOLMES) has the honour to announce that her EVENING CONCERT will take place (under distinguished Patronage) at ST GEORGE'S HALL, on SATURDAY, the 19th June, 1875, when she will be assisted by the following Artists: Vocalists—Miss Florence Ashton, Miss M. J. Williams, Mr Wadmore, Mr Frank Holmes, Mr Marre, and Mr Stedman. Instrumentalists—Herr Schuberth and Miss Florence Sanders. Conductor—Mr ALFRED GILBERT. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., and 2s.; at the Hall, and at all the principal Musicsellers.

MRS ELIZABETH BEESLEY'S MATINÉE MUSICALE, at 18, Queensberry Place, Cromwell Road, S.W. (by kind permission of George B. C. Leverson, Esq.), on WEDNESDAY, June 16th, at Half-past Three o'clock. Miss Linda Kaiser. Violin — Mons. Sainton. Violoncello — Mons. Lasserre. Pianoforte—Mrs Elizabeth Beesley. Accompanist—Mr Henry Parker. Tickets, One Guinea each; of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and of Mrs ELIZABETH BEESLEY, 19, Bentinck Street, W.

THE MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY.—The FIRST CONCERT will take place on FRIDAY Evening, June 25th, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Family tickets (to admit Three), 10s. 6d.; single tickets, 5s. each; may be had of the principal Musicsellers.—ARTHUR O'LEARY, Hon. Sec., 84, New Bond Street.

MISS EDWARDS' ANNUAL MATINÉE MUSICALE, at the BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, SATURDAY, June 26th, at Three o'clock. Eminent Artists will assist. Tickets and Programmes at Messrs Duncan Davison, 244, Regent Street; Messrs Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; and at her Residence, 100, Ebury Street, Eaton Square.

THE LONDON ACADEMY of MUSIC.—Instituted 1861. Principal—Professor WYLDE, Mus. Doc. Cantab. The next CONCERT, by the Professional Students of the London Academy of Music studying in the classes of the following Professors, will take place in ST GEORGE'S HALL, in the third week in June:—Signori Garcia, Schira, Messrs J. F. Barnett and C. K. Salaman, Herren Ganz, Henseler, Beavan, Marlois, Lehmeyer, Manns, and Barth, Signori Lablache, Traventi, and Tartaglione, Herren Pollitzer, Ludwig, Signor Scuderi and M. Paque. Tickets, 5s., 2s. 6d.

The Half Term for Amateur and Professional Students commenced last Tuesday, June 8. Fee, £2 12s. 6d. Prospectuses at the Office, St George's Hall, Langham Place, Regent Street.

G. R. WILKINSON, Sec.

MR KUHE'S GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, at the FLORAL HALL, MONDAY, June 14. Mdme Adelina Patti and Mdlle Albani; Mdlles Zaré Thalberg, Marimon, Scalchi, and Smeroschi; MM. Nicolini, Pavani, Graziani, Maurel, Bagagiolo, and Capponi. Violin—Herr Wilhelmj. Violoncello—M. Paque. Pianoforte—Mr Kuhe. Conductors—MM. Vianesi, Bevignani, W. Ganz, and Sir Julius Benedict. Stalls, One Guinea; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; balcony reserved seats, 7s. 6d. and 5s.; gallery, 2s. 6d. Mr KUHE'S address—6, Upper Westbourne Terrace, W.

MDME SAINTON-DOLBY'S VOCAL ACADEMY.—The FIRST CONCERT will take place at WILLIS'S ROOMS, St James's, on TUESDAY, June 22nd, at Three o'clock, when the following Students will appear: Misses Wigan, Vernon, Courtney, Cunningham, Wallace, and Meenan; assisted by Miss Eva Leslie (former pupil). Mr Valentine Fabrini, Signor Federici, Mrs Beesley (pianoforte), M. Sainton (violin), Mr Thouless and Signor Visetti (accompanists). Particulars of the Concert and of the Vocal Academy can be obtained of Mdme Sainton-Dolby, personally, on Tuesdays, between 3 and 4 o'clock, at her residence, 71, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park. Reserved seats, 7s.; unreserved seats, 5s.; may be obtained of Messrs Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; of Messrs Chappell, 50, Old Bond Street; and of Mdme SAINTON-DOLBY, as above.

"O CARE TENEBRE."

THE MISSES ALLITSEN will sing GOLDBERG'S new Duet, "O CARE TENEBRE," on the 29th June, at Mdme Sievers' Concert.

REMOVAL.

MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce his REMOVAL from Keppel Street to No. 50, Albany Street, Regent's Park.

THE GUITAR.—MDME SIDNEY PRATTEN, Teacher of this elegant Instrument, is in Town for the Season. For LESSONS and Private CONCERTS, address to her residence, 224, Dorset Street, Portman Square, W.

MR RICCARDI (the new Bass), who made so successful a *debut* at St James's Hall, March 12th, begs to announce his Return to London for the Season. All applications for ENGAGEMENTS to be addressed, Care of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

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MESSRS SHARRATT & CREE'S SALE by AUCTION, at Messrs ROBINSON'S ROOMS, 21, Old Bond Street, on June 22nd and 23rd, will include a very handsome PIANOFORTE (by Imhof & Mukle) in walnut inlaid marqueterie, a valuable VIOLIN, CONCERTINAS (by Wheatstone), MUSICAL BOXES (by Nicole Frères); also about 100 Volumes Music (Rossini and Meyerbeer); Operas, the Quartet Society, &c. Catalogues of the Auctioneers, 6 and 7, Coleman Street, E.C.

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THE "TALISMAN" CHORUSES.

(IN BALFE'S GRAND OPERA.)

No. 1. Chorus of Arabs.
" 2. Salve Regina (Trio and Chorus).
" 3. Draw Your Swords (Concerted Morceau).
" 4. Hours and Hours Roll Slowly on (Chorus of Ladies).
" 5. Thy Kinswoman Edith (Concerted Morceau).
" 6. Farewell, my Beloved Edith (Finale to Act 2nd).
" 7. A Song to Merrie England.
(Part Song—Soprano, Tenor, Alto, and Bass.)
" 8. Glorious England (Finale).

No collection of Choruses equal in merit to the above has been published for years. The great success with which the "TALISMAN" has been received is sufficient evidence of the beauty of the entire Opera, in which the Choruses form, of course, one of the most effective features.

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MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(*Continued from page 373.*)

In the last essay it was mentioned that Stevenson may be said to have originated the edition of the Irish Melodies which has come down to us, by suggesting to Moore the idea of writing words to those charming airs. Moore was anxious the work should be undertaken, and says, in a letter to Stevenson—"Our national music has never been properly collected, and, while the composers of the Continent have enriched their operas and sonatas with melodies borrowed from Ireland—very often without even the honesty of acknowledgment—we have left the treasures in a great degree unclaimed and fugitive. The task which you propose to me, of adapting words to the airs, is by no means easy. The poet who would follow the various sentiments they express must feel and understand that rapid fluctuation of spirits, that unaccountable mixture of gloom and levity which composes the character of my countrymen, and has deeply tinged their music. If Burns had been an Irishman (and I would willingly give up all our claims upon Ossian for him), his heart would have been proud of such music, and his genius would have made it immortal." Such are the modest words of the poet to his coadjutor in this arduous undertaking—one carried out with so much excellence by both; for, after all that has been said and done with the melodies, Stevenson's arrangements will stand the test, and claim superiority over all subsequently done—even those of Balfe, who was a thorough Irishman. Moore's criticism upon these arrangements we think the best and most lucid we have met with, and we give it in his own words. He says—"Through many of his (Stevenson's) own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and far from agreeing with those fastidious critics who think that the symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs they introduce, I would rather say that, on the contrary, they resemble in general those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented." Here we leave those unique lyrics, which are both musically and poetically immortal. In O'Keefe's "Recollections," speaking of his drama of *Dead Alive*, he says—"I had already written some of the songs and given them to a very young gentleman. He was not above fourteen years of age, of most promising talents; his name was Stevenson. He composed some of the airs and played and sung them to me at my house in Capel Street, and very beautiful they were. The youthful musical genius of that day (1779) is now the admired Sir John Stevenson, the successful composer of sacred and sublime melody." Stevenson wrote the music to several operas—*The Bedouins, or the Arabs of the Desert*, the *Burning of Moscow*, the *Outpost*, the *Border Feuds*, the *Patriot*, the *Spanish Patriots*—none of which have survived; therefore it may be concluded they were unsuccessful. The *Burning of Moscow* was damned on the first night of representation, to his great mortification. Subsequently he was fond of hearing a quartet from this opera—we believe all that has survived of it—"Sweetly sounds the trembling lyre." When concluded, he would say, "Think of them damning an opera with such music as that in it."* It was after dinner at Mr George Alley's that he wrote the beautiful song for the late Dr Spray, "Faithless Emma." Stevenson was praising Spray for his singing of the Anthem the previous Sunday, when the latter said, "Why don't you write something for me." "Agreed," said Stevenson. "Give me some music paper." Alley provided the words, and in a very short time the composer placed the music in the hands of Spray, who at once sung it. The original MS. of "Faithless Emma" was in the possession of the late Dr Todd, Fellow of Trinity College. Another composition he produced with similar facility. Dining with Dr Wallcott (Peter Pindar) in the neighbourhood of London, the host handed him a copy of verses before dinner, which he wished to have set to music. Stevenson retired to an adjoining apartment, from which he in a few minutes emerged with the copy in his hand. Charles Incledon, who had been also invited, had that moment arrived. The composer immediately turned the song into a duet, which they sung together that night to the great delight of the company. The beautiful song, "Oh! then, dearest Ellen," he composed on the counter in Power's music-shop, and the first person who sang it was Terence Magrath, of facetious memory. We well remember one summer evening, many years ago, dining with the late Dr Smith, who then lived opposite to Sir John. A street singer, seeing the front parlour window open, set to warbling "Oh! then, dearest Ellen." A shilling was sent out to her, with a direction to go to the opposite house and sing the same song as loudly as she could scream. The street vocalist accomplished her task most violently. Money was sent out, with a vociferous request that she would depart from the neighbourhood. Shortly after Sir John came over, not in the best temper, and swore lustily—for this was one of the knight's infirmities—"That he would rather not have composed a note than have his songs butchered by itinerant squawlers." Nevertheless we have heard him say, when his music has been praised, "Ah! by —, I would rather be the author of "Cherry Ripe," for it is sung at every street corner and played on every barrel-organ; that is fame, sir, that is fame." His glees are still the delight of the Hibernian Catch Club, and they are so numerous and varied as to suit all tastes. Indeed it would be hard to speak too highly of these compositions. They abound in melody, and are harmonized with so much grace, that there is tunefulness in every part. "Buds of roses," "Alone on the sea-beaten rock," "Raise the song," "Lovely roses," "Come sing with me," &c., may be mentioned. Then the dramatic setting of "Tell me where is fancy bred" amounts almost to inspiration. His interpolation of the word "Reply," which is printed between the verses, was a happy and original thought.

(*To be continued.*)

* The reader is requested to bear in mind that the operas named above were but dramas illustrated by music; and the causes of their failure might have arisen from their lack of interest in plot and dialogue, than from want of charm in the music.

ZARÉ THALBERG AS CHERUBINO.

As the amorous page, Cherubino, in Mozart's incomparable *Nozze di Figaro*, Mdlle Zaré Thalberg has added another to her successes, and thus firmly established her position at the Royal Italian Opera. The wonder is, not that she should sing the music well, for that was very generally anticipated; but that she should portray the character with so nice and correct an appreciation of its significance. Mdlle Thalberg's Cherubino is not the half-boy, half-girl, and whole nonentity, to which we have too often been accustomed. She presents us with the genuine unadulterated youth, just shooting into prime, longing for something, he knows not what, and for ever keeping on the theme. Her delineation is exempt from the tricks and gambols which not seldom make the character both irrelevant and obtrusive. Her reading of the two romances, "Non so più cosa son" and "Voi che sapete," is in strict keeping with her general conception; and the fervid, while, at the same time half retiring, manner in which she sings the last, and, perhaps, most engaging of the two, fully accounts for the impression it makes upon her hearers, and the hearty "encore" with which it is greeted.—*Graphic.*

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The public rehearsal of the Students, at St James's Hall, on Thursday morning, was more fully attended than any previous one during the present season. The audience, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, was very demonstrative, applauding the young students after each of their performances with more than usual vigour. We subjoin the programme:—

Festival Overture, in F—G. A. Macfarren; Romanza, "Selva opaca" (*Guillaume Tell*) (Miss Marietta)—Rossini; Concerto, in G (first movement), pianoforte (Miss Martin)—Beethoven; Sacred Cantata, *The Prodigal Son* (solos by Miss Beasley, Miss Bolingbroke, Parepa-Rosa Scholar, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Wadmore)—Arthur Sullivan; Rondo Brillante, in B flat (on a Russian theme), pianoforte (Miss Hopkins)—Hummel; Recit. and Aria, "O luce di quest anima" (*Linda di Chamouni*) (Miss Beata Francis)—Donizetti; Concerto (two last movements) in A, pianoforte (Mr Deas—a clever pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes)—Grieg; Graduale, "Quod, quod in orbe"—Hummel.

Mr Walter Macfarren was the conductor, and Mr Fitton presided at the Organ during the performance of Mr Sullivan's *Cantata*.

The next Student's concert is announced to take place on Thursday evening, July 1st.

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DORN (!) ACROSS MENDELSSOHN.

(*Continued from page* 382.)

I very seldom missed one of those interesting gatherings at the Neue Promenade, where, besides the greater compositions, which were henceforth studied under Berger's guidance, the newest works of the wonderful boy, Felix, were regularly played over—mostly sets of symphonies for stringed instruments with pianoforte accompaniment—by a small number selected from the Royal chamber-musicians. Professor Zelter, with whom Felix had studied counterpoint, was his most eager auditor, and at the same time severest censor. More than once after the performance, I myself have heard Zelter call out in a loud voice to his pupil that several alterations were necessary, whereupon, without saying a word, Felix would quietly fold up the score, and before the next Sunday he would go over it, and then play the composition with the desired corrections. In these rooms also, before the family removed to Leipziger Strasse, a three-act comic opera was performed, all the characters being apportioned and the dialogue read out at the piano. The libretto for *The Uncle from Boston* was written by a young physician, Dr Caspar, who afterwards became a famous man. Every one who came in contact with him had something to relate of his wit; and I remember, even now, Holtei telling me, when I was at Riga, of the sparkling witty farewell speech addressed by Caspar to the Councillor Nernst, on the removal of the latter as Postmaster-General from Berlin to Tilsit. He finished with "Depart, and the peace of Tilsit be with you!"

Although the music of this *American Uncle* pleased all connected with it, the subject was weak. Dévrient, and his *fiancée*, Therese Schlesinger, Johanna Zimmermann, the Doctors Andriessen and Dittmar, all took part—I also as chorus-singer. One circumstance this evening I can never forget. When the opera was finished, there were the regular bread-and-butter, anchovies, cold meat, cheese, &c. Edward Rietz and myself were enjoying our portion, when Felix, who was going round the room to thank the singers personally, stopped to ask how we were fairing. I showed him my share of the spoil.

"Which do you consider your *dux?*" (leading subject), he asked; "and which is your *comes?*" (secondary theme).

"Well, I consider my bread-and-butter my *dux*."

"Oh, no," said he, "a guest must regard his bread-and-butter as only *comes*."

Just then Zelter said loudly: "Felix, come here."

The old gentleman, standing, glass in hand, said: "Felix, you have only been an apprentice; to-day you are assistant, work on till you become master." Therewith a tap on the cheek, as if dubbing him a knight, the whole party pressing forward to congratulate the astonished parents, as well as Felix, who warmly shook his master's hand. This is one of those scenes that can never be effaced from one's memory. It made such a powerful impression on me that I wrote the following day to my guardian to ask if I might become a pupil of Zelter's, and by his help rise to the higher grades. This permission I certainly received, but how different anticipation is to reality! Zelter was a whimsical old fellow, to whom it was all the same whether his pupils were young or old, gifted or without talent, beginners or advanced. All were treated alike, except as in the case of Mendelssohn's private lessons, when he really did instruct. I bore it for half a year, then I could not put up with it any more, and so I went over to Bernhard Klein, and never had reason to repent doing so.

With the removal of the Mendelssohn family from the Neue Promenade to Leipziger Strasse, to the same house where our present Chamber of Deputies hold their sittings, the circle of their acquaintance was much extended, owing in a great measure to Felix's increasing fame. Among the more intimate acquaintances may be reckoned Rietz, Klingemann, Marx, Franck, and Dévrient. Rietz, elder brother of the Royal chapel-master at Dresden, was himself a member of the Royal orchestra, and Mendelssohn's instructor on the violin. I may safely say that of all Felix's friends no one loved him more enthusiastically than Rietz. He was a grave silent person, of a middle size and spare figure, endowed with a large share of nose between two fiery eyes, and always dressed in a tail-coat. When the two friends were together, the idea was always suggested to me of Faust and Mephistopheles, though there was certainly little enough of the diabolic in either of them. Robert and Bertram might perhaps have been more suitable, but such a connection had not then been proclaimed by Scribe and Meyerbeer. Rietz's artistic career was early cut short, the nerve of his third finger being injured during the performance of Spontini's *Olympie*. He died in 1832. Mendelssohn has dedicated his famous "Octett" to him.

(*To be continued.*)

GOOD WORDS.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Sir,—Your correspondent, who signs himself "Musical Doctor," in last week's impression of the *Musical World*, can surely never have seen two letters on the musical treatment of disease which appeared in your columns during the first part of last year. The first was in the month of February, and criticised a book written by M. le Dr Chomet, of Paris, in which he advocated music as a cure for all sorts of diseases, ranging from sciatica to strimous diseases in children. The concluding words, if I remember rightly, were, "If I get an opportunity of trying the musical treatment, I will certainly avail myself of it, and let you know the result." The result of a very successful treatment of a young woman suffering from melancholia was reported in the second letter, in the month of June.

It may be interesting to know that the cure has been a radical one, the young woman never having had a tendency to melancholy or hysteria since the last time music was applied (May 6th, 1874). Change of scene and occupation have also had something to do with the successful treatment in this case.

X. T. R.

YORKSHIRE EXHIBITION.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Sir,—Dr Spark has made a very rash guess regarding the identity of Veritas; he (Dr Spark) is altogether wrong. My letter, which appeared in the *Musical World* for May 29th, was not an attack on the doctor, but simply a truthful explanation of certain facts which he would prefer to keep secret. I most emphatically deny that my letter contained either misrepresentation, direct falsehood, or insinuated untruth. Doctor Spark is careful to give a very vague general reply to my letter (the usual course adopted by persons who make assertions which they are unable to substantiate); details would have been rather too much for him. If the engagement to inaugurate the organ—the day after it HAD been inaugurated—was a genuine official appointment, I cannot help thinking that Dr Spark (who, by the way, never misses the chance of a little publicity), would have been only too glad to have published it in the local papers—as an answer to the official letter which denied that he was engaged for the inauguration of the organ—and also to have sent it to you for publication in your last impression. This official engagement is evidently one of our borough organist's treasures, as he reserves it for the sacred inspection of Mr Best and the Editor of the *Musical World;* of course, when these two gentlemen have seen Dr Spark's precious document, all the world must be satisfied that it was a genuine appointment, duly signed by the chairman of the musical arrangements committee, and that the doctor quietly consented to be sat upon, and allowed the official denial to go forth to his friends and the public without a word from himself in explanation. Now, sir, this is not the way a zealous business-like man—as Dr Spark is—does things generally; I should say he is the last man in the musical profession who would quietly submit to be snubbed. Regarding the notice of Dr Spark's inauguration of the organ—so-called—which appeared in the *Musical World* of May 1st, Dr Spark does not deny that HE sent the notice to you, he probably thinks it would be difficult to do so, as you are in possession of the authorship of the notice. I have continually observed that the only musical performances given here that are referred to in the various musical papers are those at which Dr Spark assists. Will the doctor deny that he sends these notices? People who read the musical journals are liable to form a very erroneous idea as to music and musical art in Leeds, because Dr Spark rarely shines in public except at his organ performances, and occasional threepenny concerts, both of which are generally miserably attended. Of course these little notices are a cheap way of keeping Dr Spark's name before the public. The musical arrangements committee of the Exhibition continue to supply us with musical entertainment of very variable quality; we have heard some peculiar bands, and some amusing solos on the organ and other instruments. The band of the Queen's Bays (conducted by Mr W. C. Smith), has given the only really effective musical performance since the opening of the Exhibition. Kindly oblige me by inserting this in your issue for Saturday next. I am, Sir, yours obediently,

Leeds, June 9th, 1875. VERITAS.

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BERLIN.

(From our Correspondent.)

There has not been much doing worthy notice at the Royal Operahouse beyond the last appearance of Herr Landau and the first of Mdlle Hofmeister. Herr Landau took his farewell as Lionel, in *Martha*. He would do well, by the way, to get rid of the guttural and nasal sounds which mar the effect of his singing; but nothing can change his figure, which is not what we picture to ourselves in connection with a hero of the lyric drama. The concert room is better adapted for Herr Landau than is the stage. Mdlle Hofmeister, who comes from the Stadttheater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, opened as Valentine, in *Les Huguenots*. Nature has endowed her, vocally and dramatically, with no mean powers; but she has much to learn before she can do justice to the heroine of Meyerbeer's grand work.

Great things are promised of Herr Kannberg, pupil of the Royal High School of Music, where he has studied under Dr Gustav Engel. He is said to possess a fine tenor voice, and will appear, after the holidays, as Manrico, Arnold, and Florestan, at the Royal Operahouse.

The opera for the gala performance in honour of the King and Queen of Sweden was, in obedience to the wish of their Majesties themselves, *Tannhäuser*, with Mad. Voggenhuber, Herren Niemann and Betz, in the principal parts.

Herr R. Wüerst's *Faublas* has been performed at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater. It is to be followed by Lortzing's opera, *Die beiden Schützen*, and then by the revised version of Herr Johann Strauss's *Indigo, oder die 40 Räuber*, which, as *La Reine Indigo*, was so favourably received in Paris.

Kroll's Theater was to open for opera on the 1st inst., with a company including 5 ladies for dramatic parts, 4 for bravura, 3 for soubrette, 2 for contralto and mezzo-soprano, and 1 for old women; 4 tenors, 1 buffo tenor, 3 first baritones, 2 first basses, 1 bass buffo, and a second bass, make up the other departments. The orchestra is under the direction of Herr Preumeyer.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Your readers probably will have wondered why nothing has lately appeared in your columns from this music-loving town. Without further preface, the operatic season is finished, and the new one is to commence on the 24th of June. The season was brought to a close on Sunday last, and was "solemnized" by the performances of MM. Bresson and Ketten (tenors) and M. Ben Aben (baritone). The singing of the latter as Alphonse XII., in *La Favorita*, left nothing to desire. He was ably supported by M. Bresson as Fernand, Mdlle Noailles as Leonore, and Mdme Yerna Robert as Ines. "Terpsichorean displays" have also delighted the frequenters of the Salle Monsigny during the last month, Mdlles Ricci, Maggioni, Beau ("elle était pourtante *belle*"), and Cardot taking part in the same. A local journal states that the "artists" woke up several *habitués* of the stalls from the usual lethargic state in which they look upon "nos spectacles" (the gentlemen referred to are mostly decorated old *garçons, ou veufs*). The dancing of the quartet of ladies (who, by the bye, hail from Italy and Spain) pleased the audience, and evidently pleased themselves.

M. Troy has NOT the direction of the opera for the coming season, which is rather hard upon him, when it is taken into consideration that he undertook to provide operettas, vaudevilles, &c., and afterwards two months of grand opera, at the dullest season of the year; but where everything is under the municipal thumb, what can be said ———?

M. Lemaitre—late directeur du Théâtre de Versailles, and son of the well-known actor at the Théâtre Français, in Paris—undertakes the direction of the Salle Monsigny from June 24th, as well as of the daily concerts at the Etablissement des Bains. In addition to the daily concerts, there are to be some attractive ones, especially that fixed for August 9, in which Mdlle Carlotta Patti, Mdlle Sanz (contralto, from San Carlo, Naples), M. Alexandre Batta (violinist), and M. Theodore Ritter are to take part.

Our season, I expect, will be unusually brilliant; and, possibly, not less brilliant had it been left to those who generally contrive to attract a large number of visitors.

Among the attractions for the coming season is the formation of a skating rink on the croquet ground between the Etablissement and the Sands. It is taken on a lease of seven years by an English company, and is announced in the *Saison*, our local season journal (of which the first number appeared this morning), as a "STAKING *rink*" ("*patinage a* ROULETTES"). X. T. R.

June 2nd

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS *RING OF THE NIBLUNG.*

(From the "New Quarterly Magazine.")

(Continued from page 375.)

Wagner's response to this call was the drama of the *Niblungen*, originally intended for Weimar, although never performed there. The work was planned on a much smaller scale than that on which it was ultimately executed. At first Wagner treated the *Death of Siegfried* as a separate piece; but soon he found that the narrative portions necessary to explain the motives of the action would reach undue dimensions, and were moreover so eminently dramatic in themselves as absolutely to require the addition of a second, or rather first, *i.e.*, introductory piece. This was to be called *Siegfried's Youth*. But here again Wagner found his former experience repeated, and twice again he was compelled to condense the old epical types into dramatic creations, till at last the trilogy of the *Ring of the Niblung*, with an introductory piece, the *Rhinegold*, was completed. The poetry, in its present form, was finished by the end of 1852, and, during the three following years, Wagner wrote the music to the *Rhinegold* and to the first part of the trilogy, the *Valkyrie*. About this time his great plan was interrupted by another work of no lesser excellence and grandeur. We are speaking of *Tristan and Iseult*, by many believed to be the highest effort of its composer's genius. Its subject may be considered as in a manner complementary to the Niblungen drama. For the Celtic Mabinogion and the Eddic Sagas are the two cycles of epics from which a truly national poetry of both Celtic and Germanic races must draw its mythical inspiration, an inspiration quite as necessary to our modern dramatists as the tales of Homer and Hesiod were to Sophocles and Æschylus.

The composition of the *Niblungen* was resumed in 1859, in which year Wagner began the music to the second part of the trilogy *Siegfried*. This occupied him, with many interruptions (one of which was the composition of a comic opera, *The Mastersingers of Nurnberg*), for nearly thirteen years. The musical execution of the final drama, *The Götterdämmerung* ("Dusk of the Gods"), has been finished only a short time ago. Its publication is anxiously expected by the admirers of the previous parts.

It may be easily perceived that in the present state of theatrical affairs on the Continent, a work of this scope, even if accepted for performance, would stand little chance for an appropriate rendering by mediocre singers, or of a congenial reception on the part of the *blasé* public of the German capitals. Wagner, indeed, never intended his work for the ordinary operatic stage, and has persistently refused to take an active interest in the performance of parts of his work attempted at Munich. His desire was to see the *Niblungen* performed at a theatre erected for the purpose and by a select company, in the manner of a national festival. For only in this manner would it be possible to remove both audience and artists from the atmosphere of ordinary theatrical shows.

A scheme of such vastness appeared at first Utopian, and was, indeed, treated with scorn and ridicule by an inimical press. But, in spite of these attacks, the previous works of Wagner began to take a firmer and firmer hold on the minds of the public; particularly the reawakening of patriotic feeling after the French war may have contributed to direct the attention of the best among the German nation to a work so eminently national both in its sources and manner of execution. When, therefore, a few years ago, the late celebrated pianist Tausig, in connection with a small number of artistic friends, decided upon appealing boldly to Wagner's admirers for the means necessary to carry out the master's original intention, this appeal was responded to with enthusiasm. Wagner societies for the purpose alluded to were founded not only in the important German cities, but also in Brussels, Milan, New York, London, etc., and the performance of the work under the master's own direction, at Baireuth, in 1876, is no more a matter of doubt.

(To be continued.)

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PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

The gala performance at the Grand Opera, for the benefit of the "Pupilles de la Guerre," though by no means a failure, did not prove so successful as people generally expected it would. The receipts amounted to only 25,000 francs, by no means an out-of-the-way sum now-a-days, especially if the object of the performance be taken into consideration. Had M. Gounod been allowed by the gentlemen of the orchestra to conduct the scenes from *Faust*, the treasurer's returns, there can be no doubt, would have been much larger. With reference to the disagreeable incident recorded in the *Musical World*, between M. Gounod and the gentlemen aforesaid, the following additional facts may prove interesting. At the last rehearsal, M. Gounod attended in his capacity of composer. Directly he appeared on the stage he was warmly welcomed by—or, to adopt the modern phraseology obtaining in these latitudes, he was the object of a most hearty ovation on the part of—the band.

"You perceive, my dear Gounod"—said M. Halanzier—"by the way in which you have just been welcomed, that, in all that has occurred, there has been nothing which could be taken as directed against yourself personally, and that among the members of the band, as among all the other members of the establishment, you possess only admirers and friends."

Hereupon, M. Gounod, advancing to the front of the stage, spoke as follows:—

"I entertained no doubt, gentlemen, of your sympathy towards me. I have no reason to reproach myself with any attempt to disturb the customs of the institution. I was asked for my work and my personal co-operation; I was borne to the Opera as though on the top of a wave. You possess traditions which I will neither discuss nor judge. Now that you and I have met one another in our respective places, we will have a little music, and I trust that the trifling incident between us will not interfere with our feelings of mutual friendship."

When the speaker had done speaking, he was greeted with three rounds of applause, but the question of the principle involved still remains undecided, though an old regulation has been discovered authorizing composers to conduct their own works at the Grand Opera.

Owing to indisposition, Mdlle Krauss was unable to appear, as she was announced to do, in the gala performance. Her part was taken at a very short notice by Mdlle Jenny Howe. Her illness, however, is not serious.

Hamlet is being actively rehearsed for the *début* of the new Ophelia, Mdlle de Reské. M. Lassalle will sustain the character of the melancholy Prince. The management is, moreover, making every effort to complete the *mise-en-scène* of *Faust*.

A deep impression of regret has been produced in artistic circles by the death of M. Georges Bizet, composer of *Carmen*, *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*, and *La Jolie Fille de Pesth*, who died on the 2nd inst., at Bougival, of an abscess of the throat, according to some, or of suffocation arising from the clogging-up of an artery by a clot of blood, according to others. His widow is a daughter of Halévy. He was buried on Saturday, the 5th inst., in the cemetery of Montmartre, the corners of the pall being held by M. Camille Doucet, Chairman of the Dramatic Authors' Society, M. du Locle, manager of the Opéra-Comique, M. Ambroise Thomas, and M. Gounod. Speeches were made at the grave by MM. Jules Barbier (in the name of the Society of Dramatic Authors), Du Locle, and Gounod.

A committee has been formed with a view of raising a monument to Samson, the celebrated actor of the Théâtre-Français, who died during the reign of the Commune. The Théâtre-Français has subscribed a thousand, and the Minister of Fine Arts, five hundred francs.

The works at the Hippodrome in the Champs Elysées are being pushed forward with such vigour, that the opening will probably take place on the first of next month. The new edifice will be capable of containing 12,000 persons.

BRESLAU.—In consequence of the retirement of Hans Ravené, the management of the Stadttheater will, from the 1st September, pass into the hands of Herr Tescher (formerly director of the Grand Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt), and Auerbach, the once renowned tenor.

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

BY GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, ESQ.

No. 2.

Neville Butler Challoner, born in London in 1784. At nine years of age he performed a concerto on the violin; at thirteen he was found competent to assist in the orchestra of the oratorios at Covent Garden Theatre. Challoner opened the first music-shop in Regent Street.

Domenico Dragonetti, the celebrated performer on the double-bass, was born in Venice. It was at Vicenza, where he played at the Grand Opera, that he was so fortunate as to get possession of the celebrated double-bass manufactured by Gasparo di Salo, master of the famous Amati. This instrument had formerly belonged to the convent of St Pietro. Delighted with so precious a gift, Dragonetti hastened to get the instrument repaired with the utmost skill, on the completion of which he made a trial of it in the hall of his residence, at Vicenza. How great was his surprise when, after a few sounds, he observed the servants running from a distant kitchen in alarm, many of the brass vessels on the shelves having vibrated so powerfully to the tones of the double bass as to ring and shake as if they were all ready to fall. On quitting Vicenza, Dragonetti proceeded to Padua to pay his accustomed friendly visit to the inmates of the celebrated Convent of St Giustina. He took his newly-acquired instrument with him; and, in describing its excellences to Signor Turvini Bertoni, the celebrated chapel-master and organist of the Convent, ventured to express an opinion that the lower strings of it might be made to produce a more powerful effect than could be derived from the bass of the magnificent organ of the Convent. Turvini treated this proposition with ridicule, which so piqued Dragonetti that he resolved to have his little revenge; and, accordingly, furnished himself in private with some immensely thick bass strings, which at night he attached to his instrument. The weather was perfectly calm, and, when sleep reigned through the whole Convent, he quickly carried his double-bass into one of the spacious corridors, and there produced, from the thick strings, sounds so strange and characteristic, as precisely to counterfeit the rising of a horrid tempest. The imitation was so complete that nothing was talked of the next morning in the Convent but the storm of the preceding night. Great, indeed, was the surprise of the fraternity when they discovered from the neighbours that the weather had been unusually serene. On the following night Dragonetti, having remained unsuspected, was desirous again to conjure up the spirits of the air; but, unluckily, he so alarmed one of the monks, that, rushing precipitately from his cell, he tumbled over the double-bass, and the necromancer was thus discovered. After this anecdote, it may be well supposed that the organist allowed the double-bass to be more powerful than his own instrument. This happened to Dragonetti at the age of twenty-four. It is to be regretted that this valuable instrument has been lost to posterity. Dragonetti, by his will, ordered this instrument to be returned to the Convent of St Pietro, the abbess of which was so disgusted upon being obliged to pay a large sum of money for the transportation, that she ordered it to be placed in the vaults of the Convent. It is now supposed that it has entirely rotted away. Large sums of money were offered and refused for this instrument upon the death of Dragonetti.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Since we recorded the doings at this house there have been repetitions of *Faust e Margherita*, *Der Freischütz* (with M. Faure as Caspar), *Il Barbiere*, *L'Africaine*, and *La Traviata*. The one *quasi*-novelty was the reproduction of *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, chiefly welcome on account of Madame Adelina Patti's thoroughly individual and attractive impersonation of the adventurous Queen of Portugal, who, in order to lighten the taxation which so onerously oppresses her faithful subjects, sells the Crown jewels, and has them counterfeited by a band of coiners with whom she associates as leader, under the assumed name of Catarina. We need not enter again into details about this performance of Mr Gye's accomplished *prima donna*, or say more than that it created the accustomed impression, that all the well-known points told as before, and that the *Bolero* duet, in which the Diana of the evening (Mdlle Smeroschi) proved of essential service, and the famous air with variations was sung in the perfect style to which Madame Patti has accustomed us, and applauded with all the old enthusiasm. On the other hand, we cannot approve the innovation at the end of the opera, where the Queen, descending from her throne, executes a *bravura* air, which robs the intended climax of its significance, and the exquisitely finished music of its consistency. How preferable the last words of the Queen in the French original,—"Il n'y a que celà de faux"—quietly addressed to Henrique while pointing to the newly manufactured jewels on her brow! In fact, so much is done for the *Diamans de la Couronne* by way of additions, curtailments, &c., that genuine lovers of Auber's music cannot hear it with the same pleasure thus encumbered with extraneous matter. Why did not the adapter take *Fra Diavolo* as a guide? There everything added to the score is in character and in place. After all, perhaps, when the master himself is not at hand, or may be disinclined to remodel his work, it had better be left untouched. The other characters were in the sure keeping of Mdlle Smeroschi (Diana), and Signors Naudin, Sabater, Capponi, and Ciampi (Enrico, Sebastiano, Rebolledo and Campo-Mayer). The ever-graceful, symmetrical, and engaging strains of the gifted French composer, against which, and other things of the kind, Herr Wagner and his disciples have inveighed so persistently, to little or no purpose, still enjoy their primeval freshness. They charm as of old, and must always charm while the great truth, that rhythmical melody is the soul of music, continues to obtain general acceptance.

The operas this week have been:—*Le Nozze di Figaro*, with Mdlle Zaré Thalberg as Cherubino; *La Figlia del Reggimento*; and *Il Flauto Magico*. To night we are promised *Dinorah*. By the way, at the next performance of *Lohengrin*, advertised for Thursday in next week, a new tenor, Signor Carpi, is to take the place hitherto held by Signor Nicolini as representative of the "Knight of the Swan." Can it be that the clever French tenor, a little tired of incessant declamatory recitative, would like, just for a change, to sing a romance or a *cavatina*?

—o—

REVIEW.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

Gigue, by CORELLI; and *Gavotte*, by CORELLI. Transcribed for the pianoforte by JULES BRISSAC.

HERE we have the two most attractive movements of the famous duet familiarly known to our fathers as the "Golden Sonata," when Linley and Dragonetti used to play the top and under parts on their respective instruments, the English violoncellist always making a marked effect in the gigue, and the Italian contrabassist creating a sensation in the gavotte. Recently Herr Joachim, Mr Henry Holmes, and others have played the gigue as a violin solo; and now the quaint and tuneful phrases of Corelli, in which the votaries of stringed instruments have hitherto enjoyed a monopoly, are transferred to the pianoforte. So happily has M. Jules Brissac carried out the spirit of the old school in his two capital pieces that, in their new form, both gigue and gavotte will probably become more popular than ever.

STUTTGART.—Mdlle Marianne Brandt, from the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, has been singing in *Le Prophète*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Aïda*.

HOMBURG.—The Kursaal Theater will be opened for opera and ballet from the 15th of the present month, till the end of August. The company, from the Grand Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, is under the management of Herr Albert Siems—Herr Josef Neswadba being conductor.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Last week was again for the most part given to repetitions, and among the rest, to *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the *Huguenots*, and *Il Talismano*. In Balfe's opera, which, thanks to Madame Christine Nilsson's Edith Plantagenet and its own intrinsic merits, has fairly made way and earned popularity, Madame Marie Roze was once more welcomed as Queen Berengaria, the character originally assigned to her last year when the opera was produced. The first performance for the season of Rossini's *Semiramide*, familiar as is the music of that most mysterious of lyric tragedies, must always be welcome with such a superb representative of the Assyrian Queen as Mdlle Tietjens, and an Arsace boasting the voice and facile delivery of Madame Trebelli-Bettini. Here we have a soprano and contralto who, though one is German and the other French, now, in the class of Italian lyric drama to which *Semiramide*—its composer's final triumph in his own country—essentially belongs, know few, if any, rivals. It is worth a visit to the Opera, if only for the sake of hearing these artists in the two duets between Semiramide and Arsace—"Serbami ognor si fido," and "Ebbene! a te ferisci!"—the last especially, which contains the *andante*, "Giorno d'orrore," and the always effective peroration, "Tu serena in tanto il ciglio." The *cavatina* of the Queen, "Bel raggio lusinghier," and the slow movement, "In si barbara sciagura," which forms the middle portion of Arsace's scene with Oroe, Chief of the Magi (Herr Behrens), are scarcely less attractive in such competent hands. The other parts in *Semiramide* are allotted to Signor Rota (Assur—excellent), Signor Rinaldini (Idreno), Signor Costa (Ghost of Ninus), and Herr Behrens (Oroe). About the chorus and orchestra, for which Rossini has written so much which is characteristic, striking, and admirable, reaching in the first *finale*, where the ghost of Ninus suddenly emerges from the monumental tomb of Assyrian Kings, an impressive and powerful climax, little need be said. In no opera does Sir Michael Costa show more earnest desire to attain perfection, and in no opera is he more uniformly successful, from the overture (encored as usual) to the end. It is something to obtain so fine a performance of *Semiramide* with the rehearsals of *Lohengrin* claiming unceasing attention day after day from all concerned.

The operas during the current week have been—*Faust*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Semiramide*. *Lohengrin* is to be given to-night—at last. This promised performance of Wagner's opera, with an entirely different cast of the *dramatis personæ*—Madame Nilsson, *vice* Mdlle Albani (Elsa), Mdlle Tietjens, *vice* Mdlle D'Angeri (Ortrud), Signor Campanini, *vice* Signor Nicolini (Lohengrin), Signor Galassi, *vice* M. Maurel (Telramund), Herr Behrens, *vice* Herr Seidemann (the King), together with another orchestra and chorus, and Sir Michael Costa, *vice* Signor Vianesi, as conductor—would alone excite curiosity; more especially as no fewer than five representations of the work will already have been given at the theatre close at hand. Herr Wagner is now fairly on his trial in London. Equally so is the London public, which must again perforce give serious attention before deciding whether Herr Wagner's new idea of the lyric drama shall supersede all that existed before he took a conspicuous part in art-controversy, and all that still exists, despite the continuous preaching of himself and his devoted adherents.

—o—

VIENNA.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Weber's *Euryanthe* was recently performed at the Imperial Operahouse for the first time since the International Exhibition, Herr Hans Richter being the conductor. The principal characters were sustained by Mad. Friedrich-Materna, Mad. Dustmann, Herren Beck and Walter.—Some time since an order was issued by the Imperial Intendant prohibiting any artist under his authority from obeying recalls or even acknowledging applause during the progress of a piece. But the Imperial Intendant is now a being of the past, so far at least as the Imperial Operahouse is concerned. The management of that establishment was recently confided to private hands, and one of the first acts of the new manager has been partially to repeal the order in question. Henceforth, artists of the Imperial Operahouse will be at liberty to come forward and bow their thanks at the conclusion of every scene—if they happen to be recalled as often.

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SOLO, violin, { Adagio from Concerto in E minor / Barcarolle in G } .. .. *Spohr.*
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QUARTET in E flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLE, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, Herr STRAUS, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA .. .. *Gernsheim.*

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NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

The Last Days of Auber.

"WHEN"—says the *Berlin Echo*—"just four years ago, on the 13th May, 1871, the telegraph, in a few common-place words, flashed through the world the news that the composer of *La Muette de Portici* was dead, the fact created no particular impression either in France or abroad, and it was only the class papers which thought of dedicating a more or less long obituary notice to the hero of the operatic stage. The eyes of the rest of the world were too intently fixed on the theatre of war, and every one was anxiously awaiting the latest accounts of the great campaign. What mattered then a single human life, when Death was mowing down his thousands, and when everyone was trembling lest some member of his own family had fallen beneath the destroyer's sharp and ever busy scythe?" Auber died under circumstances which placed him without the sphere of universal sorrow, and it was not until after some years that the world was destined to feel to its full extent the greatness of his loss. It was no young life, full of hopes, which had been cut prematurely short; he whose death was announced had already passed the limit assigned to human existence. His task on earth appeared nearly accomplished even when, venerable laureate as he was, he brought out at the age of 86, in 1868, amid the acclamations of his fellow-countrymen, who once more had occasion to admire and applaud him, his *Premier Jour de Bonheur*, the day on which he did so being the last day of happiness, perhaps, for him. In a state of things like that which supervened during the years 1870 and 1871, men's deeper feelings of sympathy are generally restricted to the narrow family circle, and family Auber had none. The conventional condolence, therefore, which those more distantly affected are accustomed to offer nearly-related survivors was not forthcoming. The journals, too, which above all others would have been called on to dilate in pompous articles on the master of French art, had, in the gloomy and terrible period of the siege of Paris, suspended their publication, which they did not resume until more peaceful times.

Thus it came to pass that, up to the present moment, we know next to nothing concerning the last days of Auber, and it was left to the imagination to paint them in as fearful colours as possible. This gap has now been filled up by Ed. Hanslick, who has been staying for some weeks past in the French capital, and we here subjoin the article which he has forwarded on the subject to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*:—

Hanslick on Auber.

"The stranger who, after a lapse of several years, revisits a city which he has grown to love, feels more acutely than a regular inhabitant the absence of prominent men once dear to him, but who have since died. On the spot, their death affects him, and him only, as a painful novelty. In the all engulphing whirlpool of Parisian life, who has now much to say of Auber, Rossini, or Berlioz, leaving out of consideration the many less celebrated but charming artists with whom we spent so glorious a time in the brilliant Exhibition Year of 1867?

'Dans ce pays-ci, quinze jours, je le sais,
Font d'une mort récente une vielle nouvelle.'

"Alfred de Musset speaks but too truly in these mournful lines. For myself, however, as I stood before the deserted residences of the three masters, it seemed as though I was standing before three freshly made graves; my intercourse with those three masters I gratefully reckon among the happiest incidents of my life.

"I instituted the most pressing enquiries about Auber's last days; we had, in Germany, received such scanty and uncertain information respecting them. Even as regards the day of his death, the papers did not agree. Auber died in the night of the 12th to the 13th May, 1871, half an hour after midnight. Amid the political thunder-claps of the time, his death excited scarcely any attention, almost as Donizetti's did in 1848. The news of Donizetti's death died away in Germany and France amid the joy-cries of new born freedom. Who, during the general intoxication of that spring-time for the nations, troubled himself about a solitary coffin as it was silently borne past him to the grave! Yet there lay in it one who, highly honoured and beloved, had, by his melodies, delighted thousands and thousands in every country thousands of times. Donizetti died at the wrong moment. So did Auber, only with this difference, that his last gasps were drowned not by the universal joy-cry of nations, but by the horrors of a terrific political catastrophe. 'Toute exaggération est une faute,' he said in his last illness. 'We must not be guilty of excess in anything, and a man must not, like me, live too long.' It is, by the way, a very general mistake to suppose that Auber died alone and deserted; Ambroise Thomas, his faithful friend and pupil, who, during the siege and the reign of the Commune, never left Paris an instant, was with him every day and closed his eyes.

"From the lips of Ambroise Thomas I learned the following particulars:—Auber's greatest source of expense was luxurious carriages and horses. Except his horses, he really cared for no living creature. When famine overtook the beleagured city, the Communards everywhere placed horses of all kinds under requisition, for the purpose of slaughtering them, giving in exchange a very insignificant amount. Of four valuable horses which Auber then had in his stables, they began by taking three. He was deeply grieved by this, but without complaining or raising the slightest objection. They now came to fetch away the last of the four, a black English horse of great value. Ambroise Thomas wanted to take measures for the purpose of inducing the autho-

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rities, out of respect for the celebrated and grey-headed master, to make an exception, and leave him his last and favourite horse. But Auber would hear of no such thing. 'C'est la loi,' he repeated with unshaken resolution, although his grief at the idea that the horse would be slaughtered nearly unmanned him. Ambroise Thomas hit upon a happy expedient. He begged and obtained permission from an influential official of the Commune to substitute another horse for Auber's. Thomas's intimate friend, Auguste Wolf, head of the celebrated pianoforte manufactory of Pleyel & Wolf, had been allowed, out of his ten or fifteen horses, to keep three for the most urgent work of his factory at St Denis. One of these was secretly taken to Auber's courtyard, while his own favourite horse, harnessed to a cart filled with planks, trotted off to the factory. Exactly the same as many a story of the preservation of human beings! Every day did Auber, tortured by constantly increasing agony, inquire whether his horse was alive and well tended. He did so the evening before his death. His mind, though he was nearly ninety, remained remarkably clear during his last and painful illness. He attempted to write a piece of chamber music, and sent for some quartets by Mozart and Beethoven from his library. 'A glance at these works,' he observed, smiling, 'will, it is to be hoped, induce me to burn what I have just written.' A life of such uninterrupted happiness as that of Auber falls to the lot of few mortals; still the day at length arrived for him to pay his debt of suffering. The fate of France caused him anxiety and grief; the sway of the Communards filled him with boundless disgust. No one could then offer him political consolation; for consolation of a religious nature he did not ask. Thus ended the composer of *Fra Diavolo;* ever young, even at a patriarchal age, tortured by bodily pain and oppressed with sorrow for his countrymen and anxiety for Paris, which he loved above aught else, and which, in summer or in winter, he never left. The Communards wanted to take advantage of his death for getting up a demagogical manifestation, proposing to convey the body to the grave with red flags and blaring military music. The demagogues hated Auber, whom they called 'le musicien aristocratique,' and would not have failed to seize on such an occasion for indulging in hostile demonstrations. Ambroise Thomas, to whom these people were quite as repugnant as to his deceased master, determined, at any price, to prevent a demonstration, and preserve the body till it could be borne to the grave in a more honourable manner in more peaceful times. He insisted that the funeral ought to be deferred till the composer's sole relatives, two nieces residing in the country, could come to Paris. On this pretext he succeeded in obtaining permission to remove the corpse secretly from Auber's house, in the Rue St Georges, to a vault of the Ste-Trinité Church. There it lay three months. It was not till after the entry of the French army into Paris, on the 15th July, 1871, that the body was solemnly transported to Père-Lachaise, when Ambroise Thomas, Alexandre Dumas, and others, uttered some glowing and ennobling words at the open grave. But the latter is simply temporary, and the composer's remains will not rest in it always. A short time since, his friends and colleagues purchased the freehold of another, and are now collecting subscriptions for a fitting memorial. Ambroise Thomas and the highly respected principal of the musical firm of Brandus, put themselves at the head of the movement, and made an appeal to the general public. Out of gratitude for the monuments which Auber raised in his works to the Nation, the latter is now called upon to erect a fitting monument in return. I saw the subscription list at M. Brandus's. It contains the names of nearly every celebrated composer. It struck me as a touching fact that the first persons to sign the paper, and for the largest amounts, were the widows of Auber's deceased friends (Mad. Scribe, Mad. Halévy, Mad. Meyerbeer, Mad. G. Kastner, etc.) A genuine instance of the sacred and reverential affection of woman!

"General astonishment was excited that the cost of the tomb should have to be defrayed by a public subscriptiou. 'What!' people exclaimed; 'has a grand gentleman, with an income like Auber's, who had no one to provide for, not left sufficient even for this?' The explanation given is that—firstly, Auber spent nearly all his income on himself and his various fancies; and, secondly, that his income was not so considerable as it was believed to be. At the period of his greatest theatrical successes, the pay and per-centage of composers had not reached the height to which they have since attained. In four or five years Auber has frequently not made so much as Offenbach has over and over again received in a month. On the approach of old age, too, Auber had commuted his author's rights for a moderate annuity. Thus he left only a modest sum, which went to two nieces—old devotees, who were never on particularly friendly terms with him, and who resided in the country. At no distant epoch, a monument in Père-Lachaise will mark the resting-place of the master whose brilliant talent was surpassed only by his indefatigable capacity for work. France, who knows how to honour her great men, both in life and death, has thus done her duty. Despite of this, however, we cannot avoid thinking that, during his last days and after his death, fate avenged the egotistical cold-heartedness of Auber as a man. Streams of admiring and admirable eloquence flowed by his grave—but no tears flowed with them. His indifference towards his fellow-men is paid back now he has gone, and his death appears to have left no void in Parisian hearts."

The last sentence of the foregoing shows that Hanslick, after all, had but a very superficial acquaintance with the illustrious French composer. Happily, there are some who knew him more intimately, and can vouch for antecedents evidently unknown to the justly-celebrated Viennese critic. The notion of "tears" for any departed one—no matter what his character, or however great his claims—after the most brutal series of heathen and demoniacal excesses even in the history of the French people, is enough to make ordinary people smile. Fishley Peters.

DONIZETTI'S MANUSCRIPTS.

THE members of the committee for the publication of Donizetti's MS. works met recently at Bergamo (his birthplace), in the office of Sig. Marco Pegurri, public accountant, who, in the presence of Sig. A. Campana, notary, and Sig. Limonta, advocate, opened a square tin box, in which Donizetti's manuscripts have lain sealed up for so many years. These MSS. include:—

1. Some manuscripts of unpublished romances and cantatas.
2. Forty-seven packets, also manuscript, of the score of the opera with ballet, *Il Duca d'Alba*. The words are in French.
3. The libretto of the above opera, manuscript and French, by Eugène Scribe.
4. Eight thick packets of music, all in the composer's own hand, and constituting the one-act operetta, *Deux Hommes et une Femme*.
5. The manuscript libretto, by M. Gustave Vaez, of the above opera.
6. A libretto, entirely in the composer's own hand, and in Italian verse. This is the farce, *Il Campanello dello Speziale*, the music and the words by Donizetti.

The almost illegible handwriting, and the manner in which Donizetti generally noted down his music, rendered it no easy task for Signors Nini, Bertuletti, and Zanetti to decipher the manuscripts; consequently, after a long examination, these experts have undertaken to study them carefully and minutely, before pronouncing an opinion as to the mode of presenting them to the world.

Coventry Fish.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE OPÉRA-COMIQUE.

Dear Mr Editor,—Mr Pitron's comedy season terminated on Saturday week, with a performance of *Les Jocrisses de l'Amour*. In this comedy Mdme Wilhem again displayed the versatility of her talent, her Leontine Crochard being an admirable bit of low-comedy acting. Messrs James, Perrier, Lecourt, Noblet, and Monti, played with all their usual intelligence and *verve*. The performance was for the benefit of the courteous and obliging manager, Mr Currans, and I was glad to see the house well filled. Mr Pitron opened on Monday at the Criterion, for a few weeks, with M. Humbert's Opéra-Comique company, of *La Fille de Mdme Angot* celebrity. Yours faithfully,

Ignace Gibsone.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE number of new operas by native composers produced in Italy during the year 1874 was 35; and it was, also, 35 in other parts of the continent, namely:—16 in Germany; 9 in France; 8 in Russia; and 2 in Hungary.

THE first Schleswig-Holstein Musical Festival will take place at Kiel, on the 27th and 28th inst., under the direction of Herr Joachim. Among the works performed will be Handel's *Samson* and Mendelssohn's *Walpurgismacht*. Bravo!—J. J.

LISZT has returned to Weimar from visiting the King of Holland at Loo. His Majesty conferred on the perturbed Abbate the Commander's Cross of the Order of the Iron Crown, and presented him with a writing-desk valued at 24,000 marks. The perturbed Abbate intends remaining at Weimar permanently. *Be chesm!*

THE post of Director of the Conservatory of Music is a guarantee of long life to those who hold it. Sarrette, the founder and first director of the institution, attained the age of ninety-two; Cherubini lived till he was eighty-two; and Auber did not die till he was in his ninetieth year. This is cheering for M. Ambroise Thomas, the present director.

THE departure of Hans Richter from the National-Theatre of Pesth has been followed by the expression of very diversified opinions on the part of the public and the press. The Hungarian papers are unanimous in asserting that, led away by his Wagner fanaticism, Herr Richter surfeited the public with works by the musician of Bayreuth, to the exclusion of masterpieces by the recognized great composers.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MDLLE VICTORIA BUNSEN'S evening concert on Wednesday, the 26th ult., given, by kind permission, at the mansion of Major Wallace Carpenter, was patronized by a large and fashionable audience, including the Swedish Ambassador, Mdme Jenny Lind, &c. Among the most successful events of the evening was Miss Edith Wynne's singing "It was a dream" (Cowen), which was deservedly encored; Signor Campobello's "Hai gia vinto la causa" (Mozart), also encored, and Herr Werrenrath's Danish National song (encored). The singing of the fair *bénéficiairs*, Mdlle Victoria Bunsen, was admirable. She possesses a contralto voice of excellent quality, and she sings like a thorough artist. Mdlle Bunsen was enthusiastically encored in Rossini's "N'acqui all'affano," with its brilliant pendant "Non più mesta," (*Cenerentola*), and in response sang the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, "Il segreto per esser felice" with characteristic expression. Meyerbeer's "Nobil signors, salute" (*Les Huguenots*) was given by the accomplished lady with due "emphasis and discretion"; and in some national Swedish melodies the fair artist completely won the hearts of her audience, who, with one accord, applauded her enthusiastically. Signori Urio and Caravoglia, and Mr Shakespeare, were the other vocalists who assisted Mdlle Bunsen. Each was in capital voice, and sang his best. Of the instrumentalists we can speak highly: the violin playing of Mdme Varley-Liebe was capital, especially in a menuetto by Mozart; and the pianoforte performances both of Mdlle Felicia Bunsen and Signor Tito Mattei must be recorded as excellent. The concert was altogether successful; and Mdlle Bunsen must be congratulated on the high and firm artistic position her talent and intelligence have obtained for her in this country.—A. W.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT'S second *matinée musicale*, which (by kind permission of G. Eyre, Esq.) took place in Lowndes Square, on Monday last, the 7th inst., was crowned with the success which this talented and rising young artist so well merits. The pieces chosen by her for performance brought out in a prominent degree her great execution and delicate taste, and proved her to be a finished pianist. The fair *bénéficiaire* commenced with Chopin's well-known Ballade in G minor, followed by the same master's Tarantelle in A flat, both of which she played admirably; Mendelssohn's Fugue in F minor (Allegro con fuoco) was sustained throughout with clearness and rapidity, and called forth warm and universal approbation. Next in order came Thalberg's Andante in D flat, and his Fantasia on *Masaniello*, which gained her a hearty recall. Henselt's charming *étude*, "Si oiseau j'étais" and Ketterer's grand Octave Galop de Concert brought out Miss Albrecht's remarkable executive powers, and concluded this delightful *matinée*. We must not omit to name a graceful little solo, "The New Forest Valse," specially composed (by desire) for the occasion by the young *bénéficiaire*, as also a song, "When all is hush'd," sung by Miss Enriquez, and accompanied by the composer, both of which met with loud applause. Miss Josephine Sherrington delighted the audience with Meyerbeer's "Shadow Song," and "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire." The voice of Miss Enriques was heard to advantage in "Duty done," by Mdme Sainton Dolby, and "Sad heart" (*Evangeline*), by Miss Gabriel. Signor Monari-Rocca was in excellent voice. He sang Mazzoni's "Sogni d'amore," and Mozart's "Non più andrai." The matinée was most ably conducted by Mr Charles E. Stephens, and the audience, which was very numerous and very fashionable, expressed their gratification at the excellence of the programme, and the able manner in which it was carried out. We heartily congratulate Miss Lillie Albrecht on her success. By the bye, it is worthy of note that the young artist played all her pieces without the aid of book.—A. B.

MISS PURDY, a young vocalist, who has already won a good position as a concert-room singer, gave a *matinée musicale* on Monday, at No. 70, Queen's Gate, South Kensington. Her *réunion* upon the present occasion was fashionably attended, and the programme good of its kind. Miss Purdy herself was naturally the chief attraction, and she sang several times in the course of the morning. Her selection consisted of a pretty romance called "Chant d'ondine," by a nameless composer, and Lover's ballad, "What would you do, love?"; taking part also in Rossini's duet, "La pesca," Pinsuti's quartet, "I canta storie," and Lucantoni's duet, "Una notte a Venezia." This selection was suitably chosen to exhibit her capabilities both as a solo and a part singer, and gave satisfactory evidence that she has of late largely profited by her public experiences. She was warmly applauded in her separate songs. Her coadjutors were Mdlle Carnielli, Mdlle Bartkowska, Mr Trelawny Cobham, and Mr Maybrick, whose vocal efforts, in a series of light and popular pieces, afforded more or less pleasure to the listeners. Instrumentalisms were, of course, not wanting. Mdlle Castellan played a fantasia on the violin with considerable cleverness, and Signor Tito Mattei two of his own pianoforte solos, in which power and brilliancy were, as usual, the prominent characteristics. Signor Vera, Signor Unia, and Signor Pinsuti were the conductors.—Q.

MDLLE DELPHINE LEBRUN.—By permission of Lord and Lady Dudley, this young and rising pianist gave her *matinée musicale* on Thursday afternoon, June 3rd, in the picture-gallery of Dudley House. The attendance was numerous and select, and the programme, vocal and instrumental, was of the best. Among the most attractive pieces were naturally those chosen by Mdlle Lebrun herself, in two of which she was associated with other artists of distinction. The first part of the concert began with the Quintet in E flat of Schumann, for pianoforte with stringed instruments—perhaps, excepting the quartet in the same key, the most popular "chamber-composition" of that master. About the work itself we need not speak; all amateurs know it. The performance, however, of Mdlle Lebrun and her companions, Messrs Wilhelmj, Franke, Kummer, and Daubert (violins, viola, and violoncello), may be praised without reserve. At the beginning of the second part Mdlle Lebrun played an Introduction and *Allegro* for two pianofortes, written by Mr Otto Goldschmidt, whose co-operation she had the advantage of enjoying. The duet fully bears out the spirit of its motto, "When spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil," being joyous and brilliant throughout, with an occasional hint at Mendelssohn by no means unacceptable. It was executed with a vigour and precision which left nothing to desire, and amid the paucity of existing available works, in which the joint resources of two pianofortes are employed, may be regarded as a boon to concert pianists. Mdlle Lebrun's capacity as solo player was exhibited in a "*Ballade*" by Chopin and Liszt's "*Valse caprice d'après Schubert*," in each of which she exhibited qualities, not only of manipulation, but of style, sufficient to justify the warm recognition of her hearers and to warrant the highest hopes as to her future career. Herr Wilhelmj selected for solo his own "Romance," followed by his "Paraphrase" for violin of the slow movement from one of Chopin's pianoforte concertos, which, as usual (accompanied by Mr Otto Goldschmidt), he played to absolute perfection; and Herr Daubert gave an expressive reading of Schumann's peaceful *Abenlied* ("Evening song"), arranged for the violoncello. A fair selection of vocal music varied the interest of the programme. Mdlle Josephine Sherrington chose the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, Schumann's "Widmung," and an arrangement for the voice of one of Chopin's Mazurkas; Signor Caravoglia sang a ballad by Louisa Gray; and Mr Bertham gave two somewhat plaintive ditties, the one by Signor Luzzi, the other ("O that we were Maying") by Gounod. About these well-known vocalists it would be superfluous to say anything; but a compliment was justly earned by two young ladies, the Misses Allitsen, pupils of Herr Goldberg. In "Giorno d'orrore," from *Semiramide*, and the pretty barcarole, "Vieni la barca è pronta," the composition of their preceptor, who accompanied them on the pianoforte, the Misses Allitsen made a very favourable impression, their voices—soprano and mezzo-soprano respectively—being of agreeable quality, and their manner of singing easy and unaffected. Sir Julius Benedict also gave valuable aid in accompanying the vocal music.

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Mr Sydney Smith's pianoforte recital on Wednesday afternoon, June 2nd, attracted a large number of his friends and patrons to St George's Hall. The composer of so many charming *morceaux de salon* did not, however, behave very liberally to his admirers, giving them but two novelties—a fantasia on airs from *Don Giovanni*, and a characteristic piece, entitled "Undine." Mr Smith's admirers, however, seemed determined to have as much as they could from him, and vehemently re-demanded "Undine," but without effect, for Mr Smith returned to the platform, "followed the fashion of the day," and played one of his best known and most admired pieces. The concert-giver, nevertheless, did not spare his exertions in another way to please his audience, for he played Liszt's arrangement of Mendelssohn's Wedding March and Fairy Revels from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor (the orchestral parts arranged for a second piano) and cleverly played by Miss Minnie Simons—an amateur, a pupil, we imagine, of Mr Smith's; with the same lady, Weber's "Polacca brillante," Op. 72, arranged for two pianos; his own popular compositions, "Fairy Whispers" (Nocturne), "L'ange de foyer" (Mélodie), "L'Danse Napolitaine," and Chopin's Nocturne in D flat, and Valse in A flat. We think our readers will agree with the remark we made above, that Mr Sydney Smith did not spare his exertions to please his audience, and that he succeeded, we need hardly insist. The programme was varied by some vocal music entrusted to Madame Patey and Mr Vernon Rigby, two thoroughly accomplished vocalists, whose exertions were fully appreciated, and whose songs were ably accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr Zerbini.

Mdlle Antonia Zellner gave a *matinée*, by kind permission, at 87, Portland Place, W., assisted by Miss Josephine Sherrington, Herr Ludwig, and Herr Lehmeyer. The young lady, a pianist of decided merit, played with success pieces by Liszt, Rubinstein, Mendelssohn, and a serenade of her own composition with Herr Ludwig; the latter gentleman played two solos by Paganini and Ernst like a true artist, and the concert was highly appreciated by a numerous audience.

The Noblemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club, instituted A.D. 1761, held its fourth meeting for the season on Friday, 4th inst., at Willis's Rooms, presided over by the Duke of Beaufort, vice-chairman; G. Roots, E-q. The Earl of Wilton, the Earl of Wicklow, Jno. Leslie, Esq., M.P., R. B. Hale, Esq., Maxwell Close, Esq., M.P., C. Bruce, Esq., B. Young, Esq., and a large number of members attended. This time-honoured club is regaining much of its former *prestige* under the energetic management of the present secretary, Mr Land, who is supported *con amore* by the leading members of the profession.

Mr Ganz gave a *matinée musicale* at his new residence, Harley Street, on Monday, June 7, and provided a very agreeable entertainment for his numerous patrons. Mr Ganz played Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (in conjunction with Herr Wilhelmj and M. Paque); "Six variations for the pianoforte, on an original air" (Beethoven); "Mélodie in F" (Rubinstein); "Scherzino" and "Arabeske" (Schumann); Impromptu in A flat (Schubert); and his own popular galop de concert, "Qui Vive." It is hardly necessary to say that Mr Ganz's performances met with due appreciation from his numerous friends. The vocal and instrumental artists who assisted him were of the highest class. The conductors were Sir Julius Benedict and Mr Frederic Cowen. Mr Ganz announces a "*soirée musicale*," in the same *locale*, to take place on Tuesday, June 22.

Mr Sidney Waymouth gave a concert, under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell, on Saturday last, at the Store Street Concert Hall, which attracted an overflowing audience. Mr Waymouth gave several humorous songs by the late Tom Hood, and, with Miss Fortescue, Mazzhinghi's well-known duet, "When a little farm we keep," in which both singers acted and sang well. George Macfarren's trio, "The Troubadour," was sung by the Misses Edith Shield and Rice, and Mr Wilbye; the latter sang Mr Brinley Richard's "Suliote war song." Mdlle Alguro was encored in the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and, with Sig. ——, sang some Italian duets. Miss Emily Fortescue, a pupil of Mr Lansdowne Cottell, gave with much taste a new song, "Oh! buy my flowers," which she was called upon to repeat. Several other songs and duets, as well as solos on the pianoforte, were given by different young artists with more or less effect. Miss Blanche Roope, with Mr C. Linter and Mr Cottell, presided at the pianoforte.

The Aldermanbury Musical Society, which numbers upwards of 200 members, closed its first season with a *soirée musicale* on Monday, the 7th inst., in The Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, City. The numerous attendance, and the harmony (in both senses of the word) that prevailed, bespoke the success of the evening, and augurs well for the future of this young society. The vocal portion of a well-selected programme was effectively rendered by Miss Stiles, Miss Wood, and Messrs Salisbury, Markham, Reece, Harris, and East, and Herr Lehmeyer's able and artistic performance on the pianoforte added considerably to the enjoyment of the evening. The arrangements were ably carried out by Mr Edward Craig, the musical director and conductor of the society, assisted by the energetic secretary, Mr Arthur Markham; the former gentleman receiving such an ovation at the opening, as well as at the close of the proceedings, that at once showed his popularity and the confidence reposed in him both by the members and the committee.—A. B.

The fourth concert this season of the Schubert Society took place on Wednesday, the 2nd of June. The first part of the programme was devoted to the compositions of the President of the Society (Sir Julius Benedict), and included his string quartet (Op. 87). The following members of the society appeared, and rendered their several vocal and instrumental pieces in a highly creditable manner:—Messrs Walters and Douns, violins; Mr Deane, viola; Herr Schuberth, violoncello; Miss Lousie Diche and Mdlle L. de Lucie, pianoforte; Mr Odell, Mr G. Cleather, Miss Holcroft, Miss Buley, and Miss Palmer, vocalists. The second part of the programme was miscellaneous, Miss Palmer earning an encore for her ballad, "Far away from thee," also Mdlle Uhle for a song of Raboudi (violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Schuberth). The rooms were crowded. The fifth and last concert this season is announced to take place on the 30th inst., for the benefit of Herr Schuberth, who we have no doubt will be honoured with a "bumper."

Messrs J. Ludwig and H. Daubert's third "chamber concert" took place on Wednesday, at the Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, and was quite equal in interest to the preceding ones. Schumann's Sonata in D minor (Op. 121), for violin and pianoforte, was played in the most perfect manner by Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Herr Josef Ludwig, and was listened to with the most profound attention. Miss Agnes Zimmermann played, also, a prelude and fugue by Bach, and a work of her own, entitled "Sunshine," in which she appeared to advantage, both as executant and composer. Herr Daubert gave an elegant interpretation, on the violoncello, of Schumann's "Abschied," for which he was greatly applauded. Beethoven's string quartet in C (Op. 59), was done every justice to by Messrs Ludwig, Jung, Zerbini, and Daubert. The vocalist was Mdlle Thekla Friedländer, who sang several *lieder* by Schubert, Brahms, Reinecke, and an elegant little song by Madame Clara Schuman, "How can I woo her?" Mr Zerbini accompanied the songs on the pianoforte with his usual tact and judgment.—G.

Mdme Marie Angelo, a pianist of high reputation in patrician saloons, gave a pianoforte recital in St James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, May 12, with the assistance, as vocalists, of Miss Edith Wynne and Mr Santley. The programme was selected from the works both of "classical" and modern composers. We subjoin the titles of the pieces played by the accomplished *bénéficiaire*:—"Le Reveil du Lion," caprice heroique, as played by the composer (De Kontski); Grand Sonata, in C major, Op. 53 (Beethoven); Rondo, from Concerto, Op. 32, and Grosse Polonaise, Op. 21 (Weber); and the following short but interesting works: Canzonetta (left hand only) (W. Taubert); Romance (left hand only) (A. H. Sponholtz); "Hunting Song," and "The Wheel" (Mendelssohn); and "Rêverie d'Amour" (Mdme Marie Angelo). We need hardly say that Mdme Angelo's performance was listened to with pleasure by her admirers, and that the applause she received was well merited. Mr Alfred Gilbert and Mr F. H. Cowen accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte with their accustomed musicianly ability.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.*

This lovely flower, by Nature wrought,
Will whisper thee "Forget-me not;"
In pleasure sweet, or pain severe,
Still think of me, my sister dear.

Think still of me, though far away
In other lands I chance to stray;
A wanderer's life may yet be mine:
Then let me breathe a prayer for thine.

May every earthly blessing be,
Until life's close, surrounding thee;
Domestic joys, and friendship's charms,
Crowned with that hope which death disarms.

Should fortune smile upon my aims,
I'll recognize a sister's claims;
And gladly aid to cheer thy lot,
And prove that thou art not forgot.

But, if to pain and grief I bow,
If happiness I may not know;
Let flowers like this reminders be,
And help thee—to remember me. J. R. R.

* *Copyright.*

Hamburg.—Herr Wachtel has been singing at the Stadttheater.

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PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.—On Wednesday, 2nd inst., Mr D. J. Wood's choral class gave an excellent performance of Sir W. S. Bennett's *May Queen*, in the Shodfriar's Hall, before a large audience. The principals were Madame Billinie Porter, Mrs Lee, Mr Wilford Morgan, and Mr Chaplin Henry; the accompanists were Miss H. Porter (organist of the Parish Church, Louth), harmonium; and Mr William Porter, of Bourn, pianoforte; Mr Wood, Mus. Bac. Oxon., conducted. The second part of the concert consisted of a miscellaneous selection. Madame B. Porter was encored in "Bid me discourse," and the other artists were similarly honoured in several *morceaux*.

NEW CROSS.—The fifth concert of "The Instrumental Music Society" of New Cross took place on Wednesday evening, the 2nd of June. The orchestra was effective, and rendered more so by being reinforced by some of our most efficient players from London, among whom were Messrs Lazarus, Rockstro, and Hughes. Beethoven's Symphony in C and his overture to *Prometheus*, with Mozart's *Figaro* and Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche*, were capitally played and were deservedly applauded. M. Lazarus gave a clarionet solo, on airs from *Der Freischütz*, and Mr R. S. Rockstro his "Carnival of Venice," and joined M. Lazarus in a Duo Concertante, by Bochsa, for flute and clarionet, entitled "Dialogo brillante, which both artists played in first-rate style. Mr Hughes, in his famous ophicleide solo on Handel's "Oh, ruddier than the cherry," brought down loud applause. The vocalists were Mrs Harry Brett and Mr Edward Lloyd. The former gave a song by Beethoven and Henry Smart's "Lady of the Lea;" the latter a song by Schubert and Blumenthal's "The Message." Both singers did justice to themselves and to the songs entrusted to them. Mr N. Wedemeyer was the conductor of the orchestral music, and Mrs H. Brett and Miss Baillie accompanied the vocal music on the pianoforte.

LOUGHBOROUGH.—The Convalescent Home concert took place at the Town Hall, under the patronage of Mrs Perry Herrick, who was present. The reserved seats were well occupied, although the back part of the Hall was scantily attended. The concert had a double attraction and claim upon public favour, first, because of the benevolent object to be aided by it, and second, because *The Land of Promise*, a new oratorio by Mr Frances Howell, was performed for the first time in Loughborough. Thanks are due to Mr Deane, sen., Mr Frank White, and Mr George Adcock, for kindly initiating and conducting the concert; and praise is due to the Philharmonic Band, and to the chorus singers, for having prepared themselves in so short a time to render so efficiently this altogether new work. The solo parts were well sustained by Miss Gill (soprano), Mr Jno Adcock (tenor), and Mr Charles Lacey (basso). The instrumental parts were of the usual superior character to which we are happily accustomed in this town, and the oratorio is of such a new and varied style as to afford scope for the display of ability by both vocal and instrumental performers. We have no doubt it will grow in public favour, and take a very respectable rank in high class musical compositions. An encore was demanded and given of the beautiful trio, "There remaineth a rest," &c. The net proceeds of the concert, amounting to five pounds, has been handed over to "The Home."

RICHMOND (Surrey).—A grand concert was given here on Thursday evening, the 3rd inst., in aid of the fund for building the new Cemetery Chapel. The concert, which was under distinguished patronage, took place in the Star and Garter Hotel, and was fully attended by the *élite* of Richmond and its neighbourhood. The first part consisted of Sir Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*, performed by an efficient chorus of amateurs, from which body, also, the solo singers were selected. The cantata was skilfully conducted by Mr R. J. Hopper. The Rev. H. W. Miller (Mus. Bac. Oxon.) and Mr W. Burnham Horner played the accompaniments on the piano and harmonium with judgment. Great pains had evidently been taken in the preliminary rehearsals for this performance, and it is not, therefore, surprising that the result was highly satisfactory. The choruses went with spirit and precision, especially "Therefore with joy" and "Now we believe." Among the solos we may particularly notice the recitative and air, "Art thou greater than our father, Jacob?" (Miss Frances Courtenay); "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out" (Miss Prothero); "Whosoever drinketh of this water" (Mr T. L. Robinson); "His salvation is nigh them" (Sir G. Innes); and the beautiful quartet, "God is a spirit," in which the Rev. H. W. Miller took the tenor part. The second part of the concert was miscellaneous. Mdlle Bartkowska sang Rossini's "Bell raggio," receiving warm applause; Miss P. Courtenay, "Where the bee sucks" (encored); and Miss Prothero, "Kathleen Mavourneen." Mr Oberthür, who received quite an "ovation" on his *entrée*, played (with Mr Hopper) his brilliant duet for harp and piano, on airs from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and afterwards his effective solo, "Clouds and sunshine." Mr Cotsford Dick's recital of John Parry's "Mrs Roseleaf's evening party" gave universal pleasure; and two part-songs, "Blanche" (Kücken), and "Good-night" (Garrett), were highly effective. Between the parts the honorary secretary, Mr Alexander, to whose indefatigable exertions the ultimate success of the concert was mainly due, gave a statement of the results, which were received with expressions of general satisfaction.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The first of the opera concerts of 1875, at the Albert Hall, given under the auspices of Mr Mapleson, took place on Saturday afternoon June 5, under the usual brilliant circumstances. The hall was full, the ladies' dresses gay, and the interest—if not, except in certain instances, strongly expressed—general. Nor could it be otherwise. The cream of Mr Mapleson's company was in attendance, the only artist of high rank not present being Mdlle Tietjens. But, then, there was Mdme Christine Nilsson, who will doubtless give place to her great contemporary at the next concert, which is promised early in July. The selection, like all selections of the kind, was not characterised by novelty, the singers deriving what they sang wholly from popular operas—gems, nevertheless, in their way, and always welcome. Mdme Nilsson was in her best voice, and sang the Jewel Song from *Faust*, and the scena from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, "Ardon gli incensi," in her own faultless and bewitching manner. Mdlle Elena Varesi met with a hardly less friendly acceptance—her delivery of Bellini's cavatina, "Qui la voce," was facility itself, and a specimen of executive art which unquestionably could not be surpassed. Another soprano of high attainment was also heard in Mdlle Louise Singelli, who gave Meyerbeer's Shadow Song with pleasing dexterity, and without fear of unfavourable comparison elsewhere. The new mezzo-soprano, Mdlle Anna de Belocca, was set down for "Di tanti palpiti" and "Il segreto," and acquitted herself satisfactorily, though without achieving for the latter the encore that ordinarily awaits it. Mdlle Pernini was also in commission. The gentlemen singers were headed by Sig. Campanini and M. Capoul. Nothing could exceed the tastefulness of the former's delivery of Donizetti's pretty romanza, "Deserto in terra," or the impassioned tenderness of M. Capoul in Gounod's "Salve dimora" (encored), to which the airy warbling, by the same artist, of "La donna è mobile" came subsequently in graceful contrast. The other tenors, Signori Gillandi and Fancelli, chose *morceaux* by Méhul and Donizetti, the last mentioned of these singers distinguishing himself conspicuously by his energetic reading of the aria from *Maria di Rohan*, "Alma soave." The basses were in equal force with the tenors, and consisted of Signor Galassi, Signor de Reschi, Herr Behrens, and Signor Castelmary. They, too, resorted to the well-worn, but not worn-out, tunes of the opera-house—the *Traviata*, *Dinorah*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Ernani* supplying them not only with familiar materials, but with excellent vehicles for the illustration of their several abilities. The concerted music did not, in quantity, amount to much. Donizetti's quartet, "Chi me frena," sung with excellent effect by Mdlle Varesi, Signor Fancelli, Signor Galassi, and Herr Behrens, closed the first part. In the second, "Crudel perchè" was sung in good average style by Mdlle Pernini and Signor de Reschi; and, by-and-bye, came Balfe's famous duet from *Il Talismano*, "Teco il serba," which, sung by Mdme Christine Nilsson and Sig. Campanini, awakened all the enthusiasm which commonly befals it upon the stage. The orchestra, a small one, was conducted by Mr W. G. Cusins, but its performance of the two overtures, *Der Freischütz* and *La Gazza Ladra*, was by no means among the best features of the entertainment.

D. H. H.

PRAGUE.—Anton Rubenstein's *Macabäer* will shortly be produced at the Royal German Landestheater.

PESTH.—Verdi's *Aida*, with Miss Minnie Hauck in the principal female part, has proved exceedingly attractive.

MUNICH.—Mad. Mallinger has appeared at the Theatre Royal as Norma, and as Frau Fluth in *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*.

HANOVER.—The concert in which Liszt took part, some time ago, for the benefit of the Bach Monument at Eisenach, brought 6,000 marks.

VIENNA.—Verdi has arrived here, where, besides introducing his *Requiem*, he will conduct several performances of his last dramatic work, *Aïda*, at the Imperial Opera.

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MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

By Joseph Seiler.

III.

JOHANNES BEER.

(*Continued from page* 195.)

Cap. XIX.

OF GERMAN, ITALIAN, AND FRENCH SINGERS AND INSTRUMENTISTS.

The whole world hath gradually come to be of the fixed opinion that there are no better singers than in Italy, and no better instrumentists than in France. In what, however, concerneth trumpets, trombones, zinkes,† the cornet *muto*, *item* flute, and such like, Germany might *pari passu* be included in the list. As regardeth the first, it must be known that no folk under the sun is naturally more given to music than the Italians, who are, therefore, *musici naturales*. Not to be disputed is it, however, that if the *usus* attained such a pitch among us we should modulate much more devoutly than the Italians. For their manners, that is to say: of the Italians, are so prone unto freedom, that of twenty bars they will scarcely go through one without *colloris*ing or indulging in the *trillo*. They are, likewise, naturally more disposed to singing than the Germans, because their language is full of vocals, while ours, on the contrary, is full of consonants, which cannot well be pronounced. In addition to this, all Italy swarmeth with Castrati, so that, from their earliest years, the youth naturally inclined toward music have good and splendid opportunity for being instructed, according to the proverb: *A bove maiore discit arare minor*. In Germany, on the contrary, from the want of such *quanti costi questa pomeranza*, things do proceed in a wearisome fashion, when a youth hath to be taught by an old man. For then do they sing the *ut*, *re*, *mi*, *fa* in tenor, which the boys have to repeat in discant. Sometimes they introduce a squeaking falset, as pleasant as a nest of young rats. Moreover, people in Germany expend little, or, at any rate, not as much as people do in Italy, on music, so they thus everywhere stick fast. For all this, I have heard German Castrati, who did much better than the most celebrated Italian ones of the same period. But it is favourable to the Italians that they are foreign in Germany, and, in conformity to the old proverb, *asinus peregrinus* is esteemed more highly than *equus domesticus*. I will not by this overlaud anyone, nor will I detract from him, and, as concerneth high voices, *cum a potiori denominatio fiat*, willingly leave them the rank of honour. With respect, however, to the Tenor and Bass, they are very poor potentates therein, and I shall always be of the mind that I prefer hearing a "Miserere" sung by Germans to hearing it sung by Italians, because the latter cannot possibly refrain from taking immoderate liberties, and executing one run after another, although the piece may be: *Cor contritum et humiliatum*, etc. *Summa:* There are many Italians who sing better than Germans, and there are, also, many Germans who sing better than Italians; consequently, the Italians are superior only in as much as they possess a greater natural predilection for music, and consequently more inventive power than the Germans.

The instrumentalists, however, both French and Italian (considered man for man) must strike their colours to the Germans, and, as regards the foundation of the composition, the Germans, apart from what concerns the full movement and the purity thereof, have ever taken the lead. Their productions, partly airs and partly theatrical compositions, are pleasant to hear, but, as respects church music, the Italians so bedizened it out, that, as may already be known to the gentle reader from his *Advises*, the late Pope, in order to mitigate the jingle jangle and to prevent it becoming too outrageous, had public letters patent affixed to all the church doors in Rome and elsewhere. For their music generally glides into dances, and they seldom compose a piece in which to a certain degree there are not the indications of a *Saltarello*. Barthali‡ alone hath unusual gravity in what he doth, and in this, as far as regardeth musical pomp, he is followed tolerably well by Berande* in Dresden, so that it appears it is not till they are in Germany that Italians become quite perfect and achieve exactly that which we Germans look for in them.

Occasione of this, I must here state something, also, of a Polack whom I saw at the Pauliner Collegio, Leipsic, play so fast and loose, cut about, hop and spring here and there, up and down, above and below, on his violin, that I kept thinking the fellow would jump with it through the window. But the German who fiddled with him would by no means be left behind. If the Polack led the way with a musical squib, the German followed with a half-a-pound rocket, so that one heard such a scraping and fiddling, such a *quidel quadel*, *ropeldi popeldi*, *rumpidi*, *pumpidi*, that no one knew what to call it, cutting or thrusting, sawing or beating, herbs or carrots, must or milk; in a word, they moved their heads so in these capers, that the peruke of one of them was like half-past eleven, and he could see his part with one eye only. I was indeed alarmed when I perceived their faces. For they bit through both lips, like the cross on a Coburg butter-cracknel, and glared out at their eyes like stake-makers, and if the bearer of his fiddle-stick had not started out of its place, I believe the Polack would not have finished even now, so bitterly incensed was the fellow with his fiddle. The end of it was that both were obliged to wipe the sweat from their foreheads, and sit puffing and blowing for half-a-quarter of an hour.

French music being of a peculiar kind, requireth peculiar tastes in those who like it. Their Suites sound bravely at table. Their muted shawms, too, together with the newly invented bassoon, are not bad, and whoever is fond of them may now enjoy much satisfaction from such compositions and instruments at many German hotels. With regard, however, to the violin *in specie*, I have up to this present datum never met a Frenchman who played one of Biber's solos.† Their singers, also, are of no great importance. Their greatest glory is derived from the Brandels.‡

(*To be continued.*)

—o—

WAIFS.

M. Stephen Heller has received from the King of Portugal the Cross of Chevalier of the Order of Christ.

Le Théâtre de Leeds (Ecosse) vient d'être complétement détruit par un incendie.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale.*

A monument is about to be erected, in Paris, to Samson, the late eminent comedian of the Théâtre Français.

It is reported that the eminent violinist, Wilhelmj, intends for the future to make London his home. So much the better for London.

Mdme Teresina Stolz, one of the four artists who have been singing in Verdi's *Réquiem*, is engaged, for next autumn, at the Italian Opera, St Petersburg.

The Royal Philharmonic Academy at Rome is preparing a grand concert, at which Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St Paul*, and his famous Motet, are to be the principal features.

Organ Appointment.—Mr Billinie Porter (late organist of Bromborough Parish Church, Cheshire) to be organist and choirmaster of St Andrew's Renshaw-street, Liverpool.

Mdlle Victoria Bunsen was presented, after her concert (given last week), with a magnificent fan, as a testimonial, by a lady of rank, for the pleasure the singing of the fair Swede had given the donor.

The sudden death of M. Georges Bizet, the young and promising composer, whose last work, *Carmen*, achieved so signal a success at the Opéra Comique, has caused an unusual sensation in Parisian artistic circles.

The *Huguenots* has recently been performed at Ravenna, for the first time, and with immense success, the Raoul being Signor Carpi, who is next week to take the place of Signor Nicolini, as Lohengrin, at the Royal Italian Opera.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

† A *zinke* was a kind of rustic cornet, now fallen into disuse.—J. V. B.

‡ Antonio Bertali, Imperial Chapelmaster at Vienna in 1680, and, in his day, highly esteemed as a composer. He published at Dillingen, in 1671: *Thesaurus musicus trium Instrumentorum*. Folio.

* This name is to be found neither in Walther nor in Gerber. Can it be meant for Chr. Bernhardi? The latter was Chapelmaster in Dresden, 1682-1692, though not an Italian, but a Pole.

† Franz Heinrich von Biber, 1650-1698, one of the greatest violin virtuosos and composers of his time, died as Chapelmaster of Salzburgh, after being on various occasions presented with golden chains of honour, and at length being created a baron of the Empire.

‡ *Branle*, an old French dance with singing. Quick movement and strongly marked rhythm.

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Sir Michael Costa is said to be diligently perusing the score of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*.

M. Georges Pfeiffer, a composer and pianist of repute, and member of the well-known house of Pleyel, Wolff and Co., pianoforte manufacturers of Paris, has arrived in town.

Dr Grunt writes to us, from Ingpqtzmmg, that "the Akhoond of Swat is said to be dying." We are sorry. Dr Shipping and Dr Bool, accompanied by their interpreter, Mwtngg, have gone to Swat, to see if anything can be done. Luck go with them, if only for the sake of the Akhoond.

Mr Thomas Armstrong, who for many years has conducted the performances of the *Societa Armonica*, of Liverpool, has been presented with a handsome silver tankard. Mr W. Laidlaw, the President of the Society, gave the testimonial to Mr Armstrong, in presence of a large number of the members. Prior to doing so he alluded to the objects of the Association, and eulogised the conductor, holding up Mr Armstrong's punctuality and zeal as virtues to be imitated. Mr Armstrong, having acknowledged the gift, spoke of the work of the Society, and pointed to the fact that within a comparatively short period it had introduced to Liverpool for the first time nine symphonies, six or eight overtures, and a similar number of marches, all of a very high order. Its labours were unattended by any pecuniary gain, being solely for the furtherance of the cause of music.

BAIREUTH.—Wagner has begun a new opera, to be entitled *Percival*.

MAYENCE.—The business of the well-known musical publishing firm of B. Schott's Sons has been bequeathed by Mad. Betty Schott, who died a short time since, to her two nephews, Peter Schott and Franz von Landwehr, who are still minors, and Dr Ludwig Strecker. It will continue to be managed as usual by Herren Ph. Heim and A. L. Mezière, who have been connected with it for many years.

NEW MUSIC RECEIVED.

ASHDOWN & PARRY, 18, Hanover Square.—"Gigue," "Gavotte," composed by Corelli, transcribed for the pianoforte by Jules Brissac.

CHAPPELL & CO., 50, New Bond Street.—"Her Voice," ballad, composed by Archibald J. N. Macdonald.

ROBERT COCKS & CO., New Burlington Street.—"Dear England," song, by Louis Diehl.

J. B. CRAMER & CO., 201, Regent Street, W.—"Eight Characteristic Pieces," by Woldemar Bargiel—(1) Minuetto, (2) Præludium, (3) Air, (4) Album-Blatt, (5) Barcarolle, (6) Papillon, (7) Andante Serioso, (8) Capriccio; "Binding Sheaves," song, by Alice Mary Smith; "Good bye, dear love," song, and "Tisi," song, by Ciro Pinsuti; "The Mountain Church," vocal duet, by Franz Abt; "Fair, but fleeting," song, Francesco Berger; "Constancy," song, Charles Gounod.

ENOCH & SON, Holles Street.—"Frasgati," valse, by Henry Litolff; "Marche Circassienne," pour piano, par Renaud de Vilbac; "La malle des Indes," galop brillant, par Georges Lamothe; "Red as a rose is she," ballad, by Cotsford Dick; "Gentle sleep," song, by Arthur G. Thomas; "Then think of me," song, by Louisa Gray; "Les Prés St Gervais," by Kuhe; "Valse du printemps," valse chantée, pour piano, by Renaud de Vilbac; "Ballade," pour piano, par Ignace Gibsone; "Rococo," pour piano, par E. Silas; Haydn's "Celebrated Gipsy Rondo," arranged by Sir Julius Benedict; "Chaconne," for the pianoforte, by Cotsford Dick; "Crispin the Cobler," song, by H. B. Hunter; "Les Prés St Gervais," No. 5, Ch. Lecocq.

GODDARD & CO., Argyll Place, Regent Street.—"La Poste du village," galop brillant, by Lillie Albrecht.

W. GOODWIN, 15A, Leicester Place, Leicester Square.—"Daybreak," song, by Augustus L. Tamplin.

HUTCHINGS & ROMER, 9, Conduit Street.—"Fair Chloe," song, by Ignace Gibsone.

HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, New Bond Street.—"The Festival March," by J. C. Dunster.

LOCKWOOD & CO., 7, Stationers' Hall Court.—"A Rudimentary and Practical Treatise on Music," and "The Art of Playing the Pianoforte, with numerous Exercises and Lessons," by Charles Child Spencer.

LAMBORN COCK & CO., 63, New Bond Street.—"Northern," song, by C. A. Ranken.

R. MILL & SONS, 140, New Bond Street.—"Andantino Grazioso," for the organ, with pedal obbligato, by Catherine Penna.

METZLER & CO., Great Marlborough Street, W.—"She and I," song, by Louisa Gray; "The Yorkshire Exhibition March," for the organ, by William Sparks, Mus. Doc.

METHVEN, SIMPSON & CO., 122, Nethergate, Dundee.—"Homeward Bound," song, by W. N. Watson; "A Wreath for my Queen," and "Waiting," sacred song, by Maimie Dougal.

NOVELLO, EWER & CO., Berners Street, Oxford Street.—"The Congregational Psalmist: a Companion to all the New Hymn Books," edited by Henry Allen, D.D., and Henry John Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.; "Sonata," for the pianoforte, by Charlton T. Speer: "The Rainy Day," song, by Wm. Fossey Bradshaw.

F. PITMAN, 20, Paternoster Row.—"Holy, holy, holy," short anthem for Trinity Sunday, "If ye love one another," short anthem for Whit Sunday, composed by Jacob Bradford.

PATERSON & SONS, 152, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.—"The Children's Dance," polka facile à quatre mains, and "The bonnie Braes o' Airlie," song, by Alfred Stella; "The Transit," galop, and "The International Dances," quadrille, by William E. Frost.

PHILLIPPS, HART & CO., Church Street, Liverpool.—"Alcyone Waltzes," for the pianoforte, by George L. Miller.

SIMPSON & CO. (late WEIPPERT), 14, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.—"Marche des Fantassins," pour le piano, par Guillaume H. Wall; "Moonrise" (A Dream by the Sea), for the pianoforte, by Richard F. Harvey; "The Rippling Stream," valse, by James Downey; "I saw thee weep," song, by John Cheshire; "Honour Bright," song, composed by J. L. Hatton; "The Lover and the Star," ballad, by Guglielmo.

J. SCRUTTON (from Cramer & Co.'s), Little Marlborough Street, Regent Street.—"The Peaceful King," bass song, by James F. Simpson.

SWAN & PENTLAND, 3, Great Marlborough Street, W.—"An Old Story," song, by L. Zavertal.

WEEKES & CO., 16, Hanover Street, Regent Street, W.—"Tarantelle," pour piano, par William Wasserzug.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS, 24, Berners Street.—"Transcriptions caracteristiques," by Ch. Newstedt—(1) Plainte moresque, (2) Pas à calle, (3) Retraite espagnole; "Nuit etoilée," rêverie pour piano, par Auguste Durand; "The Children's Voices," duettino, and "From Distant Lands," composed by Fabio Campana; "Shall I wear a White Rose?" song, by Emily Bardsley Farmer; "To the North-East Wind," song, J. L. Hatton; "Summer time with me," ballad, by J. G. Callcott.

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 53—No. 27. SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Third Appearance of Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 3rd, will be performed ROSSINI'S Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Il Conte Almaviva, Signor Panzetta; Figaro, Signor De Reschi; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Zoboli; Don Basilio, Signor Costa; Fiorello, Signor Rinaldini; Ufficiale, Signor Casaboni; Berta, Mdme Demeric-Lablache; and Rosina, Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy (her first appearance in that character and third appearance in England). Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

On MONDAY Evening next, July 5 (fourth appearance of Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy)—Extra Night—"LA TRAVIATA." Alfredo, Signor Fancelli; Germont Georgio, Signor Galassi; Il Barone Duphol, Signor Zoboli; Marchese d'Obigny, Signor Casaboni; Annina, Mdlle Bauermeister; and Violetta Vallery, Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy (her fourth appearance in England).

Sixth Night of "Lohengrin."

On TUESDAY next, July 6, WAGNER'S Opera, "LOHENGRIN." Elsa di Brabante, Mdme Christine Nilsson; Lohengrin, Signor Campanini; Federico di Telramondo, Signor Galassi; Enrico, Herr Behrens; Araldo, Signor Costa; and Ortruda, Mdlle Tietjens.

On THURSDAY next, July 8—Extra Night—Fifth appearance of Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy.

On SATURDAY, July 10—Mdme Christine Nilsson (for the last time this season)—"FAUST."

Doors open at Eight o'clock. To commence at Half-past Eight, except on the occasion of the performance of "Lohengrin" on Tuesday next, July 6, when the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Bailey.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS.

THIRD SERIES of PUBLIC COMPETITIVE PERFORMANCES, July 1 to 10, 1875. Judges—Sir J. Benedict, Signor Arditi, and Mr W. G. Cusins. Tenor Solo Singers, Public Competition, This Day (SATURDAY). For details of each day's arrangements, see daily papers.

ALEXANDRA PALACE. — THURSDAY next, July 8,

GRAND ITALIAN CONCERT, by the Artists and Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera Company.

THE LAST ITALIAN CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

MDME ADELINA PATTI.	SIGNOR NICOLINI.
MDLLE SCALCHI.	SIGNOR COTOGNI.
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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 3rd, MOZART'S Opera, "DON GIOVANNI." Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdme Vilda, Mdlle D'Angeri; Signori Marini, Ciampi, Tagliafico, Capponi, and M. Maurel.

MONDAY next, July 5 (first time this season), MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera, "L'ETOILE DU NORD." On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight. Caterina, Mdme Adelina Patti; Mdlles Smeroschi, Cottino, Bianchi; Signori Naudin, Ciampi, Sabater, Capponi, Tagliafico, and M. Faure.

TUESDAY next, July 6, RICHARD WAGNER'S Romantic Opera, "LOHENGRIN." Mdlles Albani, D'Angeri; M. Maurel, Herr Seideman, Signori Capponi, Carpi.

WEDNESDAY next, July 7, ROSSINI'S celebrated Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE." Mdme Vilda, Mdlle Scalchi; Signori Pavani, Capponi, and M. Faure.

THURSDAY next, July 8 (first time these three years), BEETHOVEN'S Opera, "FIDELIO." Leonora, Mdlle D'Angeri (her first appearance in that character); Mdlle Bianchi; Signori Capponi, Cotogni, Scolara, Sabater, and Marini.

FRIDAY next, July 9, MOZART'S Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Mdlles Albani, Bianchi, Zaré Thalberg; Signori Graziani, Ciampi, Pavani, Tagliafico, and M. Faure.

SATURDAY, July 10, GOUNOD'S Opera, "ROMEO E GIULIETTA." Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdlle Bianchi; Signori Graziani, Cotogni, Bagagiolo, Sabater, Tagliafico, Capponi, and Nicolini.

Floral Hall Concerts.

The LAST FLORAL HALL CONCERT of the Season will take place This Day (SATURDAY), July 3.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Boxes from £2 12s. 6d. to £6 6s.; stalls, £1 1s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MR G. W. HAMMOND'S MORNING CONCERT, ST

JAMES'S HALL, THURSDAY, July 8th, at Half-past Two o'clock. Tickets to be obtained of Mr G. W. HAMMOND, 44, Formosa Street, Maida Vale, W.

"NORAH'S MESSAGE."

MDME ADELINA PATTI will sing the new Irish Ballad, "NORAH'S MESSAGE," composed expressly for her by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, at the Floral Hall Concert, Royal Italian Operahouse, This Day.

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Look upon this Picture and on this.

THE MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

(A few Happy Thoughts about Herr Wagner's "Lohengrin.")

"Cost what it may! I *must* hear *Lohengrin!*"

I was reckless. Not to know—or rather not to be able to talk about Wagner's *chef d'œuvre*, argues oneself unknown. So, regardless of expense, for this occasion only, I determined on doing the thing well, and laying out a guinea, at the least, on the evening's instruction and amusement.

Happy Thought.—Instead of "doing it *well*," do it *better*, and see if I can't get a Stall given me.

I call on Milburd. Although married, he has not given up joking on serious subjects (by "serious subjects," I mean anything one happens to be personally interested in at the moment), and he says, "My dear boy, since I've been married I don't afford such expensive luxuries. But stay"—I stay, and he adds—"I think I can manage you a Stall at Covent Garden; if you don't mind particularly where it is?"

"O no!" I reply joyfully (for a guinea saved is a guinea gained)—"O *dear* no!"—this last enthusiastically. [I mentally note down as a manual much required, *Hints for Economical Amusements; or, How to Enjoy Yourself on Nothing a Year.*]

Milburd writes out something on a card, and encloses it in an envelope.

"You just present that at either Covent Garden or Drury Lane, and it will do the trick."

Thanks! Thanks! Thanks! I would jump with joy, but my gratitude knows no bounds.

Happy Thought.—Open the envelope, and see what Milburd has written. I did *not*, on consideration, like the way in which he said, "it will do the trick." *He* has done the trick, and I have found out how it's done.

He has written on a card, "*Please admit the Bearer to a Stall in Covent Garden. Flower-stall preferred, but Fruit-stall not objected to. Or an Apple-stall in Drury Lane.—(Signed)* MILBURD."

Now how fortunate I didn't wait till the evening, and then, after expending money in a dinner at the Club, and more money in cabs, present myself on this Tomfool's errand at the door of either Opera House.

I've a great mind to cut Milburd.

Happy Thought.—Don't cut Milburd, but send him an order for admission for himself and friends to the Brighton Aquarium *on Sunday.*

Cazell *used* to have a Stall. I call on him. He is away yachting. What a fellow, to be away yachting, when there's such a chance of hearing the Music of the Future! Just like him.

Twinton Vick is *my* man. He is always full of dodges (as I have before mentioned in regard to cheap furniture), and, if he hasn't got a Stall himself, he can tell me how to get one for nothing. I call on him. Yes, he *has* a Stall. Bravo! and can he let me—— "No, he can't. The Stall is not transferable." And it isn't exactly a Stall, he explains, but a Renter's Ticket. That's the thing for you to do," he says, knowingly; "buy a Renter's Ticket! You can get it, if you look out, for about seven pounds, and it gives you a seat for every performance, throughout the year, at Drury Lane, including the Opera. On the most crowded nights they can't refuse you admission, even if you stop in the Lobby; and in the winter you can go to the Pantomime every night of your life!"

Seven pounds! Evidently a bargain. Why the Pantomime alone would be—— I'll go and buy one at once. Where are they sold?

"Ah," says Twinton Vick, "you'll have to bide your time. You might have to wait for another year; and, at all events, you can't get one for this Opera season——" He sees my sudden and utter despondency, and hastens to add, by way of consolation, "But *you look out*—a Renter may die, or become bankrupt, or go abroad, and be glad to *take anything* for his Stall."

LOHENGRIN.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—To the student a volume of opera librettos is a curiosity and marvel; for it is a literary museum crowded with monstrosities; a chamber of horrors, without rival or parallel. A painter finds subjects other than crime for his art: why is the musician permitted, in his art, to revel in vice and filth? Assuredly his exalted mission should be—

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow"—

and not to galvanize, with musical life, the person of some wretched murderer, or throw a halo of sentiment and romance around the perpetrators of loathsome villainies. Let the fact be proclaimed, the story of *Lohengrin* is fit to be played before a wife, sister, or child. It is founded on a Teutonic legend of the mediæval times, the age of fantastic superstition; when saints and witches were common; when every hill and plain, well, wood, stream, and river had its visitant from unseen worlds; when every good action was traced to an angel or saint, and every evil deed to fiend or sorcerer. The German Wagner and our English Tennyson have selected this era for poetic illustration; and the Knight of the Holy Grael is a worthy companion of the Laureate's *King Arthur* and the Knights of the Round Table. The scene, laid on the banks of the Scheldt, when King Henry of Germany held his court at Antwerp, affords fine opportunities for stage displays. Processions of knights and ladies, in all the stately, picturesque pomp, and gorgeous paraphernalia of chivalry, form, at intervals, sights as magnificent as those seen on the far-famed "Field of the Cloth of Gold." The story is clearly defined, and the unities of time, place, and action, are well observed. The materials of which it is built are both natural and supernatural. Ambition, by sorcery's aid, secures temporary triumph, to be eventually checkmated by the spirit of good. Telramund, afflicted with ambition—that disease of noble minds—meets with a powerful helpmate in Ortruda, a Lady Macbeth and three witches rolled into one. The Thane of Cawdor liked witches, but not for wives: his lady was a woman of flesh and blood, particularly the latter. Ortruda, however, has a dual nature: human and devilish; and both are put under requisition for the prosecution of her husband's schemes. Elsa, the heroine of the drama, a pure and innocent maiden, is brought to grief by her relentless enemies, but rescued by the Knight of the Holy Grael, whose sacred office invests him with miraculous powers. Enduring happiness is lost by that same weakness, fatal curiosity, which cost Eve paradise. The mother of mankind, however, tasted of forbidden fruit; Elsa erred only in seeking to know a forbidden name. Alas! why did not Lohengrin equivocate? Why did he not plead to her "What is in a name?" The lady had her will, but the disclosure brought divorce and separation to our hero and heroine. In these prosaic days, the registrar of marriages performs that enquiring office, and journals publish the intelligence. The moral of the story clearly is a warning to all confiding maidens not to neglect to learn the name and conditions of their betrothed before things go too far.

The poem *Lohengrin* is but the structure of that lyrical drama, the being formed and fashioned, yet without the breath of musical life. How interesting to the musical student it is to watch the means by which each part and function is kindled into life! How absorbing to see the whole framework animated with the breath of musical genius, and appear before him glowing with all the vigour and warmth of perfect and passionate life! Assuredly few studies are to be found so improving. Wagner's enemies deny not the miraculous life throbbing in his works, but object to the means by which that life is imparted. "*Lohengrin*," say they, "is a work of genius, but it has no melody." Is melody—so called by you—

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I ask him if he happens to be acquainted with any Renter who is likely to die, or be bankrupt, or be going away, and glad to take anything for his Stall, before next Thursday—to-morrow, in fact.

No, Twinton Vick cannot speak with certainly as to this. A Renter was very ill the other day, but that was *not* on an Opera night, and he is all right again now. He runs over the names of some Renters he knows, but they are as well as can be expectcd, in spite of age and other disabilities, and, generally speaking, prosperous, and likely to remain in England. "There was," he adds, meditatively, and with a tinge of regret in his voice, "a fellow the other day—Whimpfen Jessop——"

"Yes," I say, anxiously, noticing his pause.

"And," continues Twinton Vick, slowly, "he certainly *did* say that he wanted to dispose of his Renter's admission."

"Where does he live?" I ask, prepared to rush off to Whimpfen Jessop, and do business on the spot.

"Ah! I don't know. But I'm afraid it's no use, as I saw him yesterday, and he said now that they were going to give *Lohengrin*, he had made up his mind not to part with it on any account."

I rise to go, and Vick, shaking me by the hand, says, cheerfully, "*You look out*, and so will I; and, if I hear of a chance, I'll let you know at once."

We grasp each other's hands with the fervour of men united in a common object, and so part.

Three failures, up to now. I try several men. Some said they thought that *I* always had a Stall, and were coming to ask *me*.

Thursday morning.—I rush off to the Theatre. No Stalls. To the Libraries. No Stalls. Call in at Mumps's the Librarian. Mumps's managing man says, that by four o'clock he can get me a Stall, as there is sure to be a lot returned. Why a lot returned? *Because they don't give Lohengrin to-night. It's put off till Saturday.* And on Saturday I am bound to be *chez ma tante* by the sad sea wave.

The state of the case is *Lohengrin* v. *Aunt*. There will be more *Lohengrins*, but no more Aunts—that is, with Solicitors, and important business which concerns *me*.

Again the papers announce *Lohengrin*. I am cooling a little towards *Lohengrin*. I don't like the notices, which I have read carefully. I meet Alfred Sharp, so well-known in amateur musical circles, and having the reputation of being able to dine with professional artistes whenever he likes, and even sing duets with them, and *he* pooh-poohs *Lohengrin*. "*You* won't care about it," he says.

I begin to question whether *Lohengrin is* worth a guinea.

Another friend (also musical) exclaims, "*Not* heard *Lohengrin!* O, you ought to hear *Lohengrin*. You'll find it rather dry; but be there for the overture."

Has *he* got a Stall? I ask.

No he hasn't, but he had a Stall in Germany, for two shillings a night, and heard *Lohengrin* over and over again. "There," he adds, "of course they understand how to give it. Still," he admits, "you can form a very fair notion of it here."

It is now *Lohengrin* v. *Guinea*, or, to put the equation in full, it is *Lohengrin*—a guinea, a book, fees to the Stall-keeper, a dinner at the Club, cabs, refreshment *after Lohengrin* (and *during Lohengrin*, if, as my friend said, *Lohengrin* is "dry"), and—I *rather* think, a new pair of evening boots. Still, as I must have *these* last,—(made on *my* "last"—this would do for Sydney Smith),—I cannot exactly charge them on *Lohengrin*. I *can* hear *Lohengrin* without boots—I mean, without new boots.

Happy Thought.—Give *Lohengrin* another week, and go somewhere else for a third of the money; or, on further consideration, and, as it's sure to be hot and stuffy everywhere, dine comfortably, and go nowhere. This last resolution is carried.

It is Thursday evening; after dinner. I am beginning to forget *Lohengrin*—I am ceasing to care about the Music of the Future, when I hear a voice in the hall, apparently issuing from the coats and hats which are hung up helplessly in the shadow, saying, petulantly, "I wish he'd come."

As this can't be the expression of a neglected overcoat, left there capable of nullifying genius? No, certainly not. You may as well try to force back the north-west wind by whistling a tune against it. Genius can, does, and will exist in Wagner's works, without the support of that parasite. When Music, heavenly maid, was very young, she assumed the form, and was called Melody. In time the fair one came in contact with Harmony, a hundred-handed giant, and was placed by him under gradual restraint. The poor damsel tries to still retain her sway and hold her empire, but in vain. She must soon settle down to her proper place—to be allotted subordinate duties. What pranks has she, hitherto, in company with her partner, the opera-singer, played before wondering gods and grinning men? Melody, once called divine, has been debased and dragged from her high estate, by allowing herself to become the property, agent, and tool of the being called "The Operatic Star." This said "Star" has grown too big of late—has, in fact, swallowed up not only the sun and moon, but the entire operatic universe. For him composers work and managers toil; for him theatres are built and orchestras formed; for him critics write and *claqueurs* are hired; for his service, Melody—poor frail one—exists. And how does he serve her, without whom he is nothing? He drags her on to the stage, without need or warning, to bark at her, simper to her, howl at her, and, with his cursed *vibrato*, to shake her as a dog would a rat. Wagner, wisely, will not entrust himself to this precious pair. Other ambassadors he sends with his messages to the Court of Public Opinion.

To most persons music is limited to a tune. Some few recognize, in fact or fancy, varying sounds, that fill the universe from lowest earth to highest heaven. The motion of all material bodies discourseth music, from the rustle of the tiniest leaf to the roll of the mightiest orb. The emotions of the mind have also their equivalents in sound. Every feeling of the heart has its natural utterance, and every passion of the soul its voice. A feeling or passion, when partially and moderately excited, imparts to speech an appropriate colour and force of sound; but, when unduly excited, it breaks down the artificial barrier of words, and expresses itself by sounds such as those used before the alphabet was invented. The soul, maddened by grief, vents itself in shrieks and groans; and, when delirious with joy, in shouts of boisterous mirth. The musical poet is he who can realize the grades of passion, and has the Prospero-like power over the realms of sound to express them. With him Pope's idea is more fully carried out than by any mere word-poet:—

> "The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
> Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
> And the smooth stream in smoother number flows;
> And when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
> The hoarse rough verse should like a torrent roar."

Herein is Wagner's excellence. Unlike the composers of past times he builds up opera, not with the artifices of melodies and fugues, but gives each phase of the mind, each individual character, and each action its appropriate musical utterance.

The prelude of the opera, amongst many characteristics, has notably that of intensity. The mind of the listener thereby is worked up to an eager expectancy, corresponding to the attitude of the screwed up fiddle strings, the tones of which, reaching their topmost height, cause a fear and trembling lest they should topple over the *bridge* of the violins; and by that means they produce an anxiety of mind so necessary and beneficial as a preparation for the coming feast. The prelude is an appetizing sauce, taken before a meal when in a hungry state. The curtain rises on a scene of courtly grandeur. The eye is gratified; but that sensation soon gives place to one of admiration for the dignity of the orchestral themes, and their stately deportment. Attention is brought back to the stage by sounds from many trumpets, and a bass herald gives forth message after message, in a stentorian monotone, so natural and pleasing as to make one regret there are not as many heralds as trumpeters. The king enters, welcomed by his vassals, in a chorus of seven bars. If he were a king of the old opera, he would have been shouted at for half-an-hour, and then come down

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by its owner, I look in the direction of the voice, and descry a friend. He asks me have I seen Doddlemus, as he has a Stall for him at the Opera. It'll be worth hearing. It's *Lohengrin*.

"Will you have it?" asked friend, desperately, for he can't wait for Doddlemus.

I jump at it. Done! Hooray! *Tout vient à celui qui attend!* Again I am enthusiastic! Never was such a friend! Never was such an Opera! Never was such a composer! My boots will scarcely hold me, I am so buoyant! Never were such boots, or never *wear* such boots! [Another for Sydney Smith or Sheridan.] Ho there! a cab! The handsomest and the fleetest! *Mes amis!* do you not envy me? I am off to *Lohengrin!!* Away!! Thank goodness, I'm dressed and ready!

Happy Thought (*for Men about Town,—to be added to my Manual for Economical Amusement*).—*Always* be in your dress clothes by 7.15 p.m., and at your Club. You never know what may happen. Let an Englishman's motto ever be, "Ready! Aye Ready!" And it can't, if you haven't got on your dress clothes at 7.15 p.m. at latest.

Ho there! a cab! What is a shilling! bah! I might have had a more expensive dinner, in view of *Lohengrin* for nothing; but it's no use crying over spilt claret-cup.

At the Opera.—Don't get into the line; only unhappy men hampered by dowagers, or daughters, get into the line. These men *never* hear an overture. No, I am free! Free as the air I'm going to hear. I am set down (after the usual falsehood to the policeman to the effect that you are not going to the Opera, O dear no, but going to call, on a matter of life and death, on your doctor in Bow Street—when the official is obliged to let you pass). I skip—skip is the word—through the gates, I enter the vestibule with the air of an *habitué*—I know my road—I show my ticket (just the slightest tremble at this supreme moment, lest it should be a practical joke), it is acknowledged, and I pass on down the passage, to the lobby, all among the hat and coat-takers, whom, though I do not love, for they are extortioners and tormentors, I could now embrace. Take it—take my coat! Take my hat! Give me a number. And a book—a book by all means!

I am in my Stall as the Conductor gives the last tap of his *bâton*, and I shall have my full guinea's-worth, for nothing! I shall hear *Lohengrin* from the first note to the last! For nothing will induce me to quit this Stall to-night, even during an *entr'acte*, lest I lose the fraction of a demi-demi-semi-semiquaver.

My pencil! my book! I am nothing without notes, any more than is the great Composer himself. I am about to make notes on notes! Aha! Here are spirits! here's a buoyancy! Gee up, my Warbling Wagner! Go it, band! They do! With one movement the pack (to speak sportingly), is "away?" Tallyho! Yoicks.

The pack is in full cry, and *Lohengrin* will be before us in another five minutes, Yoicks! Into him, Fiddler! Hark the Violoncello! Good Bassoon then! Tallyho!

Ah! here's an overture!!

This *is* music!—descriptive of course. Descriptive of *Lohengrin*. Who was *Lohengrin?* What is *Lohengrin?* Wagner is describing *Lohengrin* in his overture! But though, with the pack I am following the air, I do not catch it. Let me consult my book.

Happy Thought.—Consult my book.

I open it. I make a note. O, who is *Lohengrin?* Let me look in the *Dramatis Personæ*. What is this? What do I see? "*Count Almaviva*"—pooh! *he* can't be in *Lohengrin*. Next, "The Countess (his lady);" then "*Susanna*"—hallo!—then "*Figaro!!!*"

This settles it. Those Coat-takers have palmed off on me a wrong book, and I gave the man sixpence extra for himself. Will they take it back, now that I have been pencilling on it? I will dash out before the opera begins; for I *will* hear *Lohengrin* from first to last.

"Here! hi! look here! You've given me a book of *Nozze di Figaro*, and the opera to-night is——"

He finishes my sentence for me.

"*Is Nozze di Figaro*, Sir. It's been changed."

"What! NOT *Lohengrin?*"

"No, Sir." And he turns to attend to another coat.

I am as angry as if I'd been done out of a guinea. For me, *Lohengrin* is still the "Music of the Future." But, as I am very fond of *Nozze*, I must grin and bear it,—or,

Happy Thought.—I must *Lohen-grin* and bear it.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—I should feel obliged if you would kindly inform me, in your next, about how many years W. Kirby has been dead, and oblige, yours respectfully, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

289, *Southampton Street, Camberwell.*

[Can any of our readers supply the information asked by our correspondent?—ED.]

to the footlights to sing a song, accompanied by a sycophantic orchestra, playing *pianissimo* to his loud voice, and thundering forth, in slavish refrains, his best hits. Instead of which flattering pastime he has to be careful to keep his time, and watchful of the change of keys to avoid speedy grief, for his kingship is not unduly studied. In fact, the Wagner stage is as Republican as the knife-board of a London "buss." Everyone has his share of attention—some more than they like, others have only niggardly regard. Look at the lady in front of the stage, a mimic duchess, and in reality a *prima donna;* see how quiet she sits, without word or heed. Once only she essays to sing, and then she is hushed to silence as quickly as an old bore telling a stale joke. What self-restraint, humility, and patience in an operatic star! Wagner has worked a miracle in such a subjugation, comparable only to that wrought on lions by the prophet Daniel. The highly-dramatic music allotted to the King, Herald, and Telramund, is carried on with resistless force—no halt to let one of them sing a song. Wagner, like the ancient orator, insists upon "action—action—action." Occasionally the King tries a doubtful phrase, but is stopt in time; he only succeeds in getting a tune to himself when engaged in prayer. Of all things keep me from a melodic bass. In the character of Elsa the great master has departed from his theory. Melody is used abundantly. In this, I am bound to say, inconsistency is shown. Was he desirous of proving he could excel within the ancient lines? or, did he weakly look back, with longing eye, on the flesh-pots of Egypt?

Had he the frailty to sacrifice his art to please a *prima donna?* Alas! I know not; I only regret the error. Would, however, it stopt with the heroine; unfortunately the hero has too much of the old singing "star" about him. But I will not dwell upon the sins of Wagner's youth; his later works contain no such weakness or blemish. For descriptive music I know none so realistic as in the duel scene. Orchestral passages present to the mind the lunge and parry, the onset and retreat, with wonderous vividness. I never before liked fighting so much. The grandest music in the opera is certainly to be found in that which heralds the approach of Lohengrin in his fairy boat; not only is the orchestral treatment magnificent, but the singers, high and low, *soli* and *cori*, are at their very best. In hearing them one cannot but enthusiastically cry with the old poet—

"Let the singing singers,
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation, out-vociferize
E'en sound itself."

In the second act, Wagner gives free vent to his genius. No ballad-like phrase intrudes; the passions of the characters and the action of the drama alone find utterance. Solo singers do not like it; a good sign. It is delightful to see those despots knocked about by the orchestra, as if they were being tossed in a blanket thick with chromatic spikes. The first visible effect of the revolution Wagner is working is in their dethronement and reduction to the ranks. I am planning an opera-symphony, in which the singers shall be put in the orchestra, and the instrumentalists enact the characters on the stage. For the propounding of this scheme I crave space for another letter. I am, yours obediently,

JONATHAN JONES, JUN.

(*Musical Student and Neophyte of the Order of St Wagner*).

PESTH.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

In consequence of his approaching tour through the United States, Dr Hans von Bülow has been compelled to decline a place as Professor offered him in the projected National School of Music, by Herr von Tresort, Minister of Public Worship and Instruction. Liszt is to be President of the new institution.

Verdi has been prevented by previous engagements from complying with a request to give a performance of his *Requiem* and one of *Aida*, under his personal direction, at the National Theater.

Mdlle Hamaker, from the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, has been singing in *Lucia* and *Les Huguenots*,

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MUSIC IN AUSTRALIA.

To Messrs Henderson, Rait, and Fenton.

Gentlemen,—This will sound to you like an almost unknown "voice from the Antipodes," and I reproach myself with having kept you so long in ignorance of our "translinear" wanderings. During this lengthy silence we have travelled thousands of miles by sea and land, by coach, on horseback, and on rail—over every variety of road that the eye of man ever saw. A genuine Australian road is a curiosity, and is only called "road" by the greatest stretch of courtesy. We have made an exhaustive tour of the Australias, through the wide extent of Victoria, through the vast territory of New South Wales, up to Queensland, that hot tropical colony—"roughing it," as the saying is, but enjoying the change of scene and the interesting features of the different countries. At the same time, our eyes have almost got surfeited with landscapes, and we are anxious to see home once more. We had a glimpse of "home" in that "other Britain," the beautiful islands of New Zealand, with their fine climates, ranging from, say the climate of Orkney to that of the Isle of Wight. New Zealand must surely be the most picturesque and lovely country under the sun. Otago has ponderous mountains, grand lakes, surrounded by ranges of from 3,000 to 9,000 feet high, and continuous, with hill and dale, and the richest agricultural country. Canterbury boasts eye-wearying stretches of plains; and, to the westward, massive ranges, that tower away up to Mount Cook and its glaciers, 13,000 feet high. Wellington, the capital, is the seat of rain, wind, and occasional "shogs" of earthquakes. Nelson, a little town, dull, but pretty, nestling amongst hills, and looking upon a beautiful bay, we saw, flaunting in all the chromatic glories of autumn. Taranalsi, the Cornish settlement, as seen from the steamer, was superb—the little town rimming an open roadstead, with beach of iron-sand, white with mighty rollers, and lying, as it appeared, at the foot of the majestic Mount Egmont, snow-capped all the year round, 9,000 feet high, and the most perfect cone in New Zealand. It was a spectacle to be remembered. Auckland is a dull town, but has a beautiful harbour, which, however, is not so striking as Port Jackson, of which Sydney is so proud. From here we—my brothers and I—visited all the volcanic wonders of the North Island, travelling overland, while father and the rest went round by a steamer. We rode through desolate country for two days, on a bridle-track eighteen inches wide, sometimes overlapped by flax, standing as high as a man on horseback, sometimes concealed by manuka scrub, that almost dislocated our ankles as we galloped through it. We rode fifty miles the first day, and our equestrian pains were no laughing matter, especially as we had to sleep on the hard floor of a Maori wharè (hut) that night. Next day we rode thirty-five miles, and arrived pretty exhausted at the hot lakes. What bathing we had! Swimming in a big lake, warm, and fed by scalding rills of hot water on its banks, and geysers and hot springs dotting the country round, with little balloons of steam hovering on the hill-sides. The Maories, male and female, in gay, flaring robes, sat in a long semi-circle on the shore, while the youths of the village swam all about us. Here, too, we saw an enormous geyser, pumping up its poplar-shaped columns of boiling water sixty feet into the air, the clouds of steam now and then obscuring the spray. We threw in lumps of stone, and they were tossed up like playthings. The whole earth here was hollow, and, at places, you could not stand for the internal heat. Lumps of yellow sulphur, almost red hot, lay around; and at last we had to take to our heels, as an intermittent hot spring raged out behind us. The whole of this place was a wonder to us, but was eclipsed by the fairy scenery of Rotomahana, where the volcanic forces appear in their most charming form. It would take pages to describe the "terraces," where the silicious deposits of a geyser flow over a long series of pure white marble-like steps, each step a basin, of shell shape, exquisitely curved, and fringed by fleecy icicles, or stalactites, of this deposit, while every basin is filled to overflowing with *blue* water, which harmonizes most enchantingly with the long gradient of eye-dazzling alabaster. The blue is not the blue of sea or sky; it inclines to indigo, and is the product of a pigment, something like the blue of a chromo-lithographic lake. Across the water a short distance is another of these "terraces," but, instead of white, it is *pink!* We bathed in the basins, which are of different temperatures, getting hotter, of course, as you go up towards the cause of all—the fiercely-boiling geyser. It is altogether a most wonderful region.

When we went down towards Napier, we had a view of Tongariro, the burning mountain, which was not in violent action—smoke was lightly coming out of its snow-clad summit. Splendid ravine scenery, wooded ranges, mountain torrents, foaming through mist; splendid jungle-like forests, with weaving creepers, and a general chaos of humid-green vegetation—varied a most delightful coach journey. New Zealand is a success, as regards scenery, climate, and people. We liked Otago, where there is, of course, plenty of Scotch folks, though we did as well, in a financial point of view, in Canterbury, where the people are, if less enterprising, at any rate, more settled, more cultured, and, in a general way, *mellower* than the Otago-ites. Father thinks that the settlers of New Zealand are to be the governing race of this hemisphere. Their descendants will be hardier than the inhabitants of the sunny continent, which, it must be said, is not nearly so invigorating in climate as New Zealand. We were in Tasmania lately. (When in London, I once received a little book from Mr Fenton, entitled "Forty Years in Van Diemen's Land," and little did I think then of ever being at the uttermost ends of the earth!) We were transported, not *to*, but *with*, the charming little island, which has thrown off its old offensive name, and is gradually being purged of all its old associations. The people are remarkably respectable, and no person of morbid curiosity need go there, for it is as common-place in its society as any other part of the world. And *less gossip* is afloat than anywhere else. The scenery is exquisite; all the features of Australia compressed in bijou landscapes. The best road in the colonies, a hundred miles long, and made by convict labour, runs right through the island—from Hobart Town, in the extreme south, to Launceston in the north. And now we have come to South Australia, which is about as sunny a part of this vast continent as any we have seen. Wheat and wine are two things for which this colony is celebrated. Grapes are as common as gooseberries—"melting" clusters for twopence and threepence the pound!—and grapes, too, such as you never see at home.

We have just finished a most successful season here, and are now in the middle of our country tour. Without talking too much "shop," I may say that all through this part of the world we have met with unvarying success, and you will be glad to hear that we have not the faintest shadow of regret at ever coming out to these colonies. Scotchmen are everywhere, and we find friends in ilka place (like Rabbie's dog), which sweetens our journeyings to and fro. We are also, as a family, able to plant "oor ain fireside" no matter where we may be. We young folks—Helen, Marjory, Robert (who joined us from Canada), James, and I, by four years of incessant practice, have (though we say it oursel') reached some degree of excellence in part-music, which, with solos from each of us, helps father in his work. We gave a sacred concert before leaving Adelaide, and, as every piece was new, and this was our first appearance in sacred music, as far as we juniors were concerned, we had some hard work getting it up. One of the pieces sung was "O for the wings of a dove" (from Mendelssohn's Motett), though we ought to have sung it all, in justice to the effect of contrast. Another piece was "God is a Spirit," by Sterndale Bennett, who, we regret to see by the *Musical World*, is dead.

We had a batch of *Musical Worlds* by the last mail, and copies of that successful song, "Dreams of Home," with which we were delighted. The powerful unanimity of words and music towards the close we think very fine. *John the Baptist*, by Macfarren, seems to have made a "hit" at home. It is almost time that some great sacred work was "due" (if one might use such an astronomical or railway phrase to the inspirations of genius). We tried to get it in the Adelaide music-shops, but failed, though I don't think it is published at home yet. In Adelaide, lately, *Eli* was given, and Wagner's Choral March from *Tannhäuser*. In the little town of Launceston, Tasmania, we heard the *Lay of the Bell*; in Dunedin, the *Messiah*; in Melbourne, *Mosè in Egitto*, with costume and scenery; Moses in a chestnut beard, with the Ten Commandments in his hand,

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stepping down to the footlights and smirkingly singing his solo. It was absolutely ludicrous, though it pleased a good many Melbourne palates. It is a painful fact, but the colonial palate calls for *spice*. You can sift out good intelligent audiences in every city south of the line; but still, if you generalize you must say that the Australian mind has not the same culture as at home. That there *is* a musical public in Melbourne is proved by the fact that the *Grosse Passions-Musik* of Bach was lately given in the Town Hall. We are longing to hear some really good performances, and have made up our minds, whenever we come to London, to hear first-class oratorio performances and first-class opera, and see the picture-galleries of South Kensington and Trafalgar Square! We leave Adelaide for Melbourne end of May; then off to Sydney; then leave from there for San Francisco by the June mail; then a tour through Canada, arriving home about the middle of 1876. Such is our present arrangement.

Now I must draw this rather rambling letter to a close. * * * With best regards, believe me ever yours truly,

DAVID KENNEDY.

Auburn, South Australia, April 19, 1875.

—o—

MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

III.

JOHANNES BEER.

(*Continued from page* 399.)

CAP. XXI.

OF SUNDRY CELEBRATED VIRTUOSOS IN MUSIC.

When occasionally, partly for my diversion, and partly for other matters, I go tramping like a mendicant friar about the world, I know not how it is I have the peculiar luck to be thrown into the society of people who, when I ask what is their profession, commonly give themselves out for *musici*. But as many as I have had up before me and tested were very atrocious scoundrels, who boasted most unjustly and viciously of belonging to our stately art, and thus, unwarrantably abused so grand a title as a cover for their wretched scraping and strumming.

For, in case I examined them, as to what artists they had in the country; which ones they held to be the best; what sort of singer such a one was, and what sort of instrumentist, another; who had the best or the worst musical establishment; which Court surpassed the other in the excellence of this art, and so on, they forgot the most famous masters, knowing naught of Perande and others.* When I asked whether they had heard nothing of Barthali,† they said: No, we do not know where that province is situated. They then commenced not only to vilify the most celebrated *autores*, but to exalt sundry town-piper gentry over the *Hesperum*. They praised German, but no Latin pieces. For of what benefit were the latter to them? Not one in a hundred would understand the meaning of *quibus quabus, duobus duabus, unctis & punctis, glaucus & raucus*. They wanted to know, moreover, what was the good of all the running up and down in songs; they did things nicely and simply, as the capuchin monks sang, and did not think much of colourature; *item*, their schoolmaster possessed greater means than three chapel-masters of the very best sort. He did not trouble himself about chamber *musicos*, provided only he had a hare sticking on the spit in the kitchen. *Summa*, it vexes me to waste my time on such contemptible trifles. The intelligent reader will, from these small facts be able to præfigure for himself a large body when he knows what kind of drift-sand serves for an *indicio* in such like companions, and that no one can fly higher than what he is enabled to do by the wings he inherited at his birth.

CAP. XLVI.

As conversation doth marvellously change its subject in any company, so will I, with the gracious permission of my good masters, the *musici*, now say something respecting the degraded race of ale-house fiddlers. I am by no means minded to be hard on, or find fault with, anyone, because he may not be capable of much, but ale-house fiddlers are to be attacked, taken to task, and abolished, because, despite their miserable scraping, they do hold such a fearfully high opinion of their own talent, and yet everywhere so horribly prostitute themselves, seeing that, at times, a little tobacco is more acceptable to them than the citizenship of the Roman Empire. We will see, however, where such worthless branches have root. Guard turn out; under arms!

It must be known then that the places whence they spring are generally to be found in low trivial schools. But, at a very early period of their youth, in consequence of all kinds of insolent acts committed by them, they bid adieu to *studia*, taking French leave, and running away. Then do they join each other in parties of two, three, or four, and, each one taking his fiddle under his cloak, wander about the country, going from one noble house to another, and singing short knightly battle-pieces. Between whiles, they fiddle some ritornello, and, in a word, go on in such a fashion that the yard-dogs, as *summi admiratores suæ artis*, open their eyes till they are as big and round as saucers.

For this four-part *bicinium* of theirs, they are contented to receive a dole in the shape of a small piece of bread, cheese, saveloy, or even a well-proportioned and *orthographic* herring,* taking copper money for copper requiems, and affording the simple people no slight reason for thinking that music, and, therefore, *concomitanter*, *musici*, are alike, and for respecting the one as much as the others.

But it is not only that they know nothing; the great objection to them is that everywhere do they prostitute themselves in so loose, ragamuffinly, and shameless a fashion. For to whom is it unknown how unabashed they beg in noble houses and other places frequented by persons of high birth? Now they beg for corn, now for oats, and now for barley. Asses are generally content with thistles. For the sake of such abuses, many a varlet becomes an ale-house scraper who is not really so. Thus, not only is he who knows nothing, or has loosely neglected himself in his youth, an ale-house scraper, but he also belongs to the order, who, as the regular members of it are accustomed to do, subsists by all kinds of reprehensible and beggarly acts. *Qui enim proficit in literis et deficit in moribus, plus deficit quam proficit.*

They make no account of well-intentioned warnings, and set corrections at naught. They wash as often as Carthusian monks eat meat,† and, when asked why they do not cut their nails, pretend that the latter are better as they are for playing on the harp. —Their wives tramp after them, like the maidens who tell fortunes. Nice boys and nice girls!—I lately revolved in my mind why they are so fond of sleeping in stables, and I found out that their sole motive for doing so is to enrich themselves with hair from the horses' tails. This is why we find in their fiddle-sticks sometimes black, grey, piebald, and red hairs, all mixed up together. They are Frieslanders by nationality, and will frequently drink their very gloves.

When the Frankfort or Leipsic Fair is rung in, there are no more joyous beings to be found under the sun. When, however, the bell is rung for prayers, or when it announces a fast day, they look sadly askance, like a goose in a thunderstorm. What shall I say anent occasions of mourning among the high and mighty? Do you not suppose that the hearts of our friends beat with affright? Of course they do, for whose heart would not do so, when he must do without his stately repasts of pork, and no longer gain a pipe of tobacco with his fiddle, but scrape away on the *date pauperibus* principle?

There! such wretched labourers are the ale-house fiddlers. It would have been better, and more advisable, for them, had they applied themselves to the estimable profession of stocking-knitting, or taken their degree as broom-makers.

JOSEPH SEILER.

* Marco Gioseffo Perandi, of Rome, from 1640 to 1670 Chapelmaster in Dresden. Perhaps he is the same person as the Berande, already mentioned. He left behind him sacred part music, of which Mattheson speaks in laudatory terms.

† See ante, Note Cap xix.

* What is an "*orthographic* herring"? Can the manager of the Brighton Aquarium inform us; and, if not, would he mind looking up his authorities? He has now a little leisure once a week, and would not, perhaps, be averse to devoting a portion of it to so interesting an ichtho-literary subject.—J. V. B.

† Once every seven years.

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MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(*Continued from page* 423.)

It is our duty now to speak of some of the various societies which have been formed for either the purpose of the practice of music, or charities connected with the art or artists. The Irish Musical Fund Society claims precedence as being founded solely by the musical professors of Dublin, for the purpose of establishing a fund for the support of those members of the profession who should belong to the society, and, through age, infirmity, or accident, should be rendered incapable of earning a sufficiency for the support of themselves and families, and for the relief of professors belonging to the society in case of sickness. Also for the relief and support of the widows and children of deceased members. This society held its first meeting in the music room of Crow Street Theatre, in January, 1787. Shortly afterwards the Irish Parliament passed "An act for securing a capital stock, belonging to the members of the Irish Musical Fund, applicable to charitable purposes," 34 Geo. III., c. 20. The society increased its funds by annual concerts and subscriptions, till it amassed between eight and nine thousand pounds. The interest of this sum is only available by the claimants. The subscriptions are always added to the fund, so that, no matter how the number of claimants may increase, the fund cannot decrease. The capital is at present lodged in the National Bank, in the name of seven trustees, amongst whom we find Lord O'Hagan and Sir Arthur Guinness. We would beg our readers to bear in mind that the sum mentioned above was principally accumulated from the receipts of annual concerts in the latter part of the last century, and the beginning of this. The concerts given within the past few years by the local musical talent of Dublin for the benefit of this benevolent institution were pecuniarily failures. The public refused to sympathize in the cause. There were two exceptions; the entertainments at which Madame Catherine Hayes and Madame Jenny Lind gave their services. The surplus gained by the former was £150, and the latter, at the Handel Centenary of 1859, drew the sum of £900 over all expenses, which was equally divided between Mercer's Hospital and the Irish Musical Fund. These are the only instances of music being the handmaid of Charity—with one exception, of which we shall speak hereafter—within the last sixteen years. Now, at the annual dinner of the Royal Society of Musicians in London—a society founded for the same purposes as the Irish Musical Fund—there are donations given sometimes to the amount of £1,000, and there is also a large surplus derived from the annual concert, at which all the principal talent, both vocal and instrumental, in the metropolis, assist gratuitously. A royal duke generally presides at the dinner, and the concert is patronized by the nobility and gentry. The latter used to be the case here in the past. But for the last few years, whenever a concert was attempted, it was attended with a loss to the Charity. Let us not be told that the art is progressing, when those who contributed in their days of strength and ability to the instruction and entertainment of the lovers of music are neglected in their old age, and the widows and families they leave behind unthought of. It speaks ill of a music-loving public to leave the professors uncared for, when they are no longer able to contribute to its amusement. Such was not the case; yet at the present such it is. Ten or twelve shillings per week is but a paltry sum to allow a family who had been in comfortable circumstances before the head had either been removed or incapacitated by infirmity. This is generally the sum allowed by the Irish Musical Fund; although at times, when the number of claimants are few, it is raised to fifteen shillings. A musical professor and his family are mostly accustomed, in their best days, to a respectable house, and if not the luxuries, certainly the comforts of life, and the sum mentioned above is totally inadequate to provide either one or the other. The Royal Society of Musicians never give less than a guinea per week, and it would only require a little forethought and exertion on the part of amateurs and promoters of musical doings in Dublin to organize an annual performance, the receipts from which would enable the Irish Musical Fund to administer a similar sum. We trust that this will come home to the hearts of many. At the present the fund is admirably managed by a committee of amateurs and professors, and Mr R. M. Levy, the secretary, has, by his watchful exertions, actually added to the amount already funded. All lover's of musical progress must have lamented the collapse of the Ancient Concert Society. This society was instituted in the year 1835, and for a quarter of a century continued its meetings. We believe these originally took place at the residence of the promoter, Mr Joseph Robinson. The society grew in strength and members, until its weekly meetings were held in the house now belonging to the Royal Irish Academy in Dawson Street, and its concerts were given in the Rotundo. It subsequently advanced to such goodly proportions that it was enabled to build the rooms which bear its name in Great Brunswick Street.

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MADAME NILSSON'S CONCERT.

If charity "blesseth him that gives" in proportion to the amount of the gift, Mdme Christine Nilsson must be fortunate indeed in the result of the concert which took place, on her initiative, in St James's Hall, last Wednesday afternoon. A year ago, it will be remembered, the "Second Swedish Nightingale," emulating the good deeds of the first, arranged a concert on behalf of the Westminster Training School for Nurses, and had the pleasure of handing over to the managers of that most admirable institution the sum of £900. Wednesday's entertainment, given for the same object, yielded, there is reason to believe, a still larger amount, the hall being crowded in every part. So great, indeed, was the desire to be present, that many persons were content to pay their guinea for a chair on the orchestra, commanding an uninterrupted back view of the performers. Under such circumstances the room could not fail to present a very brilliant appearance, the more so because a vast majority of the audience were ladies. The programme was of moderate length, but more than ordinary attraction. It began with a few well-known pieces, such as the great trio from *Lucrezia Borgia*, sung by Miss Gertrude Ashton (the sympathetic representative of the love-sick maiden in Mr Arthur Sullivan's *Zoo*), M. Capoul, and Signor Foli; "Non piu mesta," which, of course, Mdme Trebelli contributed; Signor Foli's favourite song, "The Shadow of the Cross"; and "Let the bright seraphim," which served for the introduction of the fair concert-giver to an applauding audience. Other selections, equally familiar, sung by M. Capoul, Mdlle Tietjens, and Mr Sims Reeves, continued the first part, which closed with Cimarosa's lively trio, "Le faccio un inchino." In the execution of this piece were associated—rare conjunction of "stars"—the three distinguished ladies whose names have been already mentioned; and, as each strove to outdo the others in giving dramatic point to the performance, it is hardly needful to state that an irresistible encore followed. The second part was even more interesting than the first, an earnest of its attraction being given by the singing of Mdlle De Belocca and M. Capoul in Rossini's "Mira la bianca luna." We have never heard the young Russian lady to such advantage as on this occasion; while the good effect of her singing in the duet was materially strengthened by a subsequent rendering of Mdme Willy de Rothschild's "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire," to the success of which not alone beauty of voice, but a careful, artistic, and intelligent delivery contributed. M. Jules de Soria obtained an encore for his finished singing of Faure's "Alleluia d'amour," and Mr Sims Reeves won a like recognition of ability by the perfect style in which he gave Cowen's "Aubade." The event of the concert was, however, Mdme Nilsson's introduction of a new song, "Let me dream again," composed expressly for her by Mr Arthur Sullivan. Written in Mr Sullivan's most careful and expressive manner, and sung by Mdme Nilsson with intense feeling, as well as consummate art, the song at once met with favour, and had to be repeated. It will quickly become a favourite everywhere. The concert ended with two of Mdme Nilsson's Swedish melodies, accompanied by Mr Arthur Sullivan. Two violin solos by Herr Wilhelmj were noteworthy features of this, of its kind, most interesting occasion.—*Daily Telegraph.*

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DUSSEK AND BROADWOOD.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—Can any of your well-instructed readers inform me whether the great pianist, J. L. Dussek (uncle of Pio Cianchettini, of infinitesimal memory), ever performed on one of Broadwood's pianofortes? Yours obediently,

SOLOMON EZE.

[We believe *yes*; but our columns are open to "well instructed readers."—ED.]

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Probably no series of performances on record has been marked by a more constant variety of attraction than that which, in a short time, will bring the 29th season at Covent Garden to a close. We spoke last week of the revival of M. Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*. Other things have occurred, however, also deserving notice. That Madame Adelina Patti should play Mozart's Zerlina, at least once or twice in the summer, was to be expected; and this gave fresh interest to the last representation of *Don Giovanni*; when, in consequence of the temporary indisposition of M. Faure, M. Maurel sustained the part of the libertine hero, acquitting himself with marked ability. To describe Madame Patti's Zerlina would be to repeat an oft-told tale. It was, as always, perfect, and made its accustomed impression. The remainder of the cast was as before, when Mdlle Zaré Thalberg assumed the character of the peasant flirt. The return of *Le Nozze di Figaro* was marked, in some instances, by a new distribution of the *dramatis personæ*. The Countess was Mdlle Albani; Mdlle Bianchi played Susanne; and Mdlle Thalberg was the Page. In each case excellent reason for satisfaction was afforded. A more lively impersonation of the Countess Almaviva's lady's-maid than that of Mdlle Bianchi has not of late been witnessed; nor did her execution of the music leave anything open to adverse criticism. Her "Deh vieni non tardar," in the last act, was noticeable alike for correct intonation and purity of expression. Mdlle Albani's Countess met with undivided approval. The pensive, neglected wife, who, in the upshot, vindicates herself, and turns the tables upon her anything rather than impeccable husband, became realized to the life; and the eloquently speaking airs, "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono," were charmingly given. Mdlle Thalberg, as Cherubino, achieved a new and deserved success. She is the veritable Cherubini of Mozart—the inexperienced youth who thinks of nothing but love, without any absolute notion of what love may signify. This is the Cherubino of the poet-musician—devoid of those conventional stage tricks which too often make the dreamy Page conspicuously obtrusive. How Mdlle Thalberg would sing the music of Cherubino was anticipated by those who had previously heard her in the flowing melodies of Mozart's Zerlina. Her "Voi che sapete" is in every sense irreproachable; and on Saturday (as on the occasion of the first performance) she was compelled to repeat it. The more that is seen of this young and promising artist the higher hopes are reasonably entertained of the career in store for her. To have accomplished what she has accomplished at the age of 17 says a good deal for the present, and a good deal more for the future. Signor Nicolini being otherwise charged with *Romeo e Giulietta* and the *Huguenots*, we had, at the last performance of Wagner's much-discussed opera, a new Lohengrin, in the person of Signor Carpi. Having played the "Knight of the Swan" to the Elsa of Mdlle Albani, at New York, Signor Carpi is quite familiar with it. He not only possesses a tenor voice of sterling quality, but knows how to use it, and can sustain high notes without recourse, voluntary or otherwise, to that "*tremolo*" which is the crying sin of recent times, and of which, it is worth remarking, the greatest of modern tenors—Mario and Sims Reeves, for example—never showed a trace. Moreover, he is an actor, as well as a singer, of undoubted intelligence, and conducts us easily through the mazes of Wagner's labyrinthine score, never for one instant faltering. His reception was highly favourable. As the Duke in *Rigoletto*, when he again had Mdlle Albani for partner, Signor Carpi was equally at home, giving the duet with Gilda, "Addio, Addio," and the canzonet, "La donna e mobile," with such spirit and effect as to warrant the belief that in him Mr Gye has made a valuable acquisition. The canzonet was, as usual, encored, and with fairer reason than sometimes can be adduced. The revival of *Semiramide*, with new, characteristic, and imposing scenery, also calls for passing remark. The three leading characters are sustained by Madame Marie Vilda (Semiramide), Mdlle Scalchi (Arsace) and M. Faure (Assur)—the parts of Oroe and Idreno falling to Signors Capponi and Pavani. The most remarkable assumption is that of M. Faure, whose Assur is superior to any remembered since the days of Tamburini, that model Assur of whom no ancient frequenter of Italian opera can fail to entertain a vivid impression. The Semiramide of Madame Vilda (with all her splendid voice) does not make us forget the Semiramide of Grisi, on the Covent Garden boards; nor does Mdlle Scalchi, noble *contralto* as she possesses, efface, by her Arsace, the memory of Alboni, or that of Alboni's powerful successor, Elena d'Angri. But with the Assur of M. Faure, whatever reminiscences may be conjured up, few amateurs can be other than entirely satisfied. Regarded whether from a dramatic or musical point of view, it is a great performance. The costume and make up, too, are very striking; and M. Faure might sit to any painter for a portrait of an Assyrian Prince of the highest traditional dignity. Do the care and liberality bestowed by the Covent Garden director upon this performance of *Semiramide* point to something which, next season, would intensely gratify every habitual supporter of his house, not to speak of the public generally? We hint at the production, with appropriate scenic accessories, of *Aïda*, Verdi's last opera, which, though known to Egypt, Italy, Germany, and the United States, is still strange to France and England. Very many are inclined to hope so.

We have had once more the *Huguenots*, with Madame Adelina Patti (in lieu of Madame Vilda) as Valentine. That this intrepid lady is determined to convince the public of her ability to shine in the highest attainable sphere of lyric drama has been for some time apparent. At first her physical means were thought insufficient to cope successfully with the dramatic and musical requirements essential to the adequate assumption of Meyerbeer's most cherished heroine. But the performance of Friday night set all doubts at rest. Madame Patti has completely mastered the character; and it is now as easily at her command as that of Amina in the *Sonnambula*, or that of Rosina in the *Barbiere*—in both of which she, without dissent, is recognized as peerless. A more truthful conception of a part which so many renowned artists have essayed and so few have succeeded in realizing according to the ideal of the author and composer could not easily be imagined. The music now presents no difficulties that Madame Patti, with her ever-increasing experience, cannot easily surmount; while her keen instinct of dramatic propriety supplies the rest. We have, in short, another "Valentine" to add to the small number of great Valentines who, from Mdlle Falcon, the original (1836), downwards, have appeared upon the stage. It is only by conscientious and unremitting study that Madame Patti has made herself mistress of this most trying part. She has already played it several times at the Royal Italian Opera with more or less success, but her performance on Friday night was a triumph of artistic skill, and the character must henceforth stand prominent in her varied and extensive repertory. The striking situations in the *Huguenots* are too familiar to require even passing mention. Enough that the duets, between Valentine and Marcel (Signor Bagagiolo), in the scene of the Pré aux Clercs, and between Valentine and Raoul (Signor Nicolini), in that following the "Benediction of Swords," were, as they should always be, culminating points. In each Madame Patti displayed a power and intelligence with which Meyerbeer himself would have been content. Never, perhaps, has Mr Gye's admired *prima donna* won heartier recognition of her exceptional gifts. In the grand scene with Raoul she was ably supported by Signor Nicolini, who shared with her the applause and calls at the descent of the curtain, and had the honour to pick up some of the bouquets. The Page of Mdlle Scalchi, the Queen of Mdlle Marimon, the Nevers of Signor Cotogni, the St Bris of Signor Capponi, and the Marcel of Signor Bagagiolo, exhibited the qualities which have hitherto gained distinction; and the performance, under Signor Vianesi, was generally effective.

Lohengrin was performed, for the seventh time, on Monday night; on Tuesday *Romeo e Giulietta* was repeated; on Wednesday the Seyyid of Zanzibar was regaled with a large slice from the *Africaine*, and a small slice from *Robert le Diable*; on Thursday *Lucia* was repeated, with Mdlle Albani as the heroine, and Signor Carpi as the hero; *Fra Diavolo* was to be given last night; and *Don Giovanni* is announced for this evening.

LEIPSIC.—Subject to the approbation of the Town Commissioners, a resolution has been passed by the Town Council, fixing the remuneration of the future Intendant of the Stadttheater at 15,000 marks a year, with 15 *per cent.* on the gross receipts. The Intendant will be amenable to the same rules and regulations as all the other Town Officials, and his engagement terminable by six months' notice on either side.—Herr Franz von Holstein, composer of the *Haideschacht* and *Der Erbe von Morley*, has just completed a new four-act work, entitled, *Die Hochländer*. He has written the words as well as the music.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. Burdge, Esq. (New York).—Post Office order arrived safely.

Bookworm.—No;—Dussek died in 1812, many years before Beethoven.

A Young Pianist.—Waldemar Bargiel, whose Trio in F, for pianoforte and strings, was played by Mr Charles Hallé, at his last "Recital," is half-brother to Mdme Clara Wieck Schumann.

Amateur.—Though one of its composer's latest compositions, Schumann's Sonata, for pianoforte and violin, in A minor, contains some of his freshest thoughts and most ingenious writing. Its plan is, for the most part, as clear and symmetrical as if Mozart himself had conceived it. The theme played upon the fourth string of the violin forms the keystone of the entire first movement. The sonata is Schumann's 105th work.

Dr Hedge.—Bach first saw the light at Eisenach, in Upper Saxony, on the 21st of March, 1685; Handel, at Halle, in Lower Saxony, on the 23rd of February, 1685. Nor was there a very long interval between the periods of their respective deaths—Bach quitting this world (at Leipzig) on the 30th of July, 1750, aged 65; Handel, on the 13th of April, 1759 (in London, at the house which is now 57, Brook Street), aged 74. Thus Handel outlived his renowned contemporary nine years, although Bach wrote a vast deal more music than Handel, which is miraculous to record, Handel having been one of the most rapid and voluminous producers ever heard of.

DEATH.

On June 23rd, at West Brompton, George Cressall Ellis, Esq., many years Director of Her Majesty's Dramatic Performances at Windsor Castle, aged 66.

NOTICE.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, *244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

About Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy, who has appeared twice in the *Traviata*, and is announced to appear in the *Barbiere* this evening, we must speak in our next. Also of the magnificent impersonation of Mdlle Nilsson, as Mignon, in M. Ambroise Thomas's popular opera of that name.

We hear, with the utmost regret, that Mad. Norman Neruda, one of the most deservedly popular artists of the day, is seriously indisposed. All amateurs will heartily pray for the accomplished lady's speedy recovery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1875.

LOHENGRIN.

SUBJOINED is an extract from a letter which we have had the privilege of reading, addressed by one of the first lyrico-dramatic artists of the day to an intimate personal friend, on the subject of an opera which has now for some time been drawing crowds of eager listeners to Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and helping materially to fill the treasuries of Messrs Gye and Mapleson.

"J'ai entendu hier pour la première fois, le *Lohengrin*. Je n'en ai pas manqué une note, et j'ai écouté le tout avec grande attention et sans parti pris: eh bien! mon cher K—— j'en suis encore *estomiré*.—Jamais selon moi, aucun compositeur, ne s'est servi des masses orchestrales et chorales comme ce *diable* de Wagner; il procède, il est vrai, d'une toute autre façon que ses devanciers; ce n'est pas ce qu'on est convenu d'appeler de la musique de chanteur, et il est impossible de comparer celà à la *Semiramide*. Mais quel souffle!—quelle poigne!—et quelle logique, dans l'agencement de toutes ses scènes!—comme il est fort et soutenu!—et comme il est regrettable que nous n'ayons pas *ces Bismark* là dans notre camp. . . .

"Je m'arrête, car si je continue, avec les idées que je te connais en musique—tu vas me croire enragé et surtout incapable d'apprécier désormais les chef-d'œuvres de Mozart, de Meyerbeer, et de Rossini. Pas du tout; je m'incline devant tous ces génies, ils ont mon admiration sans borne; mais je ne puis me défendre d'un sentiment de respect, et il m'est impossible de rester froid, devant ce fougueux, cet énergumène—si tu veux, ce *sans-culotte*—faiseur de brèches, qui malgré tout, et tous, prépare au milieu des hurlements hostiles de la foule, la route qui doit conduire au succès, toute une génération musicale—celle de l'*Avenir* bien entendu."

Our opinion about *Lohengrin* in particular, and about Wagner in general, has been pronounced emphatically and often; nor do we find that increased familiarity with the music of this new Prophet affords us any cogent reason to change, or even modify, a word that has been written in these columns. Nevertheless it is always agreeable—always, indeed, more or less instructive—to read and ponder the sentiments of others, who, by education, enlightenment, and natural capacity, have a right to differ from us. We have, therefore, sincere pleasure in communicating to our readers the foregoing, which embodies the judgment and sympathies of one who stands deservedly high in the art he professes and adorns, and whose name, had we the privilege to reveal it, would give increased weight to the argument he sets forth with such unaffected simplicity, and, at the same time, with such evident conviction.

DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE AT MANNHEIM.

"IT was"—says the *Neue Zeitung*—"at a period most unpropitious for the stage, amid the alarms and terrors of war, that Mozart's *Zauberflöte* was first produced in Mannheim."

On the 29th December, 1793, the Theatre was closed on account of the proximity of the French who, it was feared, would bombard the town. Music and dancing were suspended; the Carnival was forbidden; theatrical performances stopped; and forty hours' course of prayer commanded.—Iffland requested Herr von Dalberg to issue orders for making the necessary chests in which to pack the wardrobe, books, and music. This was done; the whole Theatre was gutted, and everything ready to set out for Neckar-Elz. When there was a talk, at the commencement of February, 1794, of re-opening the Theatre, the Electoral Intendant received a communication from the Government to the effect that:—

"In consequence of the war, his Electoral Highness could no longer pay the annual grant of 15,000 florins. In order the more to encourage the inhabitants to make a stern resistance, all *Voluptaria*, and among them theatrical amusements, were to be discontinued, though, at other times, there was no objection to patronise the people engaged in such-like pursuits. This proposal to close the National Theatre was made by certain members of the Government, who further suggested that the grant of 15,000 florins might with more profit be distributed among the poor peasants, so hardly treated by the French."

On account of the dearness of milk, it was, also, proposed to forbid the making of the rolls known as "*Semmel*." Herr von Dalberg immediately wrote to the Elector, at Dresden, representing how advantageous the Theatre was for the town, seeing that the latter gained by it 100,000 florins a year, and that its suppression would prove a great loss to the inhabitants. At the same time, the innkeepers and other tradespeople forwarded petitions for continuing the Theatre. The Elector replied immediately that he himself had never wished to do away with it, and that it was his will everything should remain as before.

On the 2nd March, 1794, the Theatre was re-opened, with a prologue written by Herr von Dalberg, and spoken by

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Iffland. A few weeks subsequently, *Die Zauberflöte* was produced for the first time. The following is the bill :—

On Saturday, 20th March, 1794, will be performed

"Die Zauberflöte."

Opera in 2 Acts.—The Music by Mozart.

Dramatis Personæ.

Sarastro	Herr Gern.
Tamino	Herr Epp.
The Queen of Night	Madame Müller.
Pamina, her Daughter	Madame Beck.
Women of the Queen	Madame Nicola.
	Mlle Narconi.
	Mlle Koch.
Genii	Mlle Nicola.
	Mar Nicola.
	Mar Hoffman.
Papageno	Herr Leonhard.
An Old Woman	Mlle Jagemann.
Monostatos, a Moor	Herr Demmer.
Slaves	Herr Kaiser.
	Herr Frank.
	Herr Mehbrei.
Priests	Herr Müller.
	Herr Walther.
	Herr Richter.
	Herr Backhaus.

Slaves. Priests.

This opera is played to-day for the first time.

The heavy additional outlay which this Opera has occasioned, renders it necessary to raise the prices of admission. They have, therefore, been fixed for to-day:—

To the first Pit	1 fl.	12	kreutzers.
To the second Pit	—	36	„
To the Reserved Box on 1 Tier	1 „	12	„
To the Gallery on 3 Tier	—	24	„
To the Side Benches ditto	—	18	„

The Beginning is at a quarter to Six precisely.

Books of the Opera may be procured at Herr Gaab's for 12 kr.

"This opera"—writes Herr Backhaus, the actor, in his diary—"was given with a degree of magnificence surpassing everything ever witnessed on our stage. The costumes and scenery were splendid and beautiful, while, both in singing and acting, our singers, male and female, did all that could be expected from such talented artists. As stage-manager, Herr Iffland rendered great services in getting up the work, and, indeed, the management and public are much indebted to him in all such cases.—The opera was given three days running, with the subscription list suspended, the people flocking to hear it.—That active and clever Intendant, Herr von Dalberg, paid the artists more than 100 ducats extra; in fact, he did everything in his power to render the performance brilliant." The score was procured from Herr Simrock, music-publisher of Bonn, for 26 florins. In Beck's diary we read—"Sublimely as it was given here, there was many a donkey whom *Die Zauberflöte* did not please."

The hundredth performance took place on the 4th March, 1882. On the 24th August, 1884, the opera was given with scenery by J. Mühldörffer, and on the 11th February, 1855, selected to open the new Theatre. A. Pichler.

Hamburg.—The Stadttheater re-opened for the season with Lortzing's *Waffenschmidt*. The company was that from the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Weimar, which, under the direction of Herr A. Stems, is at present making a tour through the north of Germany.

Cologne.—The title of "Professor" has been bestowed on Herr Franz Weber, Royal Musical Director and Organist at the Cathedral.

Milan.—The last attraction at the Teatro Castelli has been Bellini's *Capuletti e Montecchi*. Signore Mariani, Sanz, Signori Bolis, Aldighieri, and Maini, are engaged for the autumn season at the Scala. The operas selected are Verdi's *Don Carlos*, a new opera by Ponchielli, and another by Josse.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Some of our musical contemporaries have been patriotic enough to state that the English pianist, Arabella Goddard, was the first to perform publicly in England the great sonata of Beethoven (Op. 106). They might have added a still more interesting fact—that she was also the first to perform it publicly in Germany.

The programme of the last concert at Buckingham Palace, under the direction of Mr W. G. Cusins, included two English pieces—Dr Macfarren's overture to *Chevy Chase*, and an air from Balfe's *Talismano* ("Placida Notte"). The singers were exclusively foreigners—Tietjens, Adelina Patti, Trebelli, Zaré Thalberg, Anna de Belocca, Nicolini, and Rota. The selection contained nothing but stereotyped pieces.

Forkel, in his *Life of Bach*, relates the following:—"Handel's master, Zachau, organist at Halle, died in the year 1717; and J. S. Bach, whose reputation was now already high (he was in his 32nd year), was invited to succeed him. Bach, in short, went to Halle, to prove his qualifications by performing a piece, as a specimen of his skill. For what reason is not known, however, he did not enter upon the office, but left it to an able scholar of Zachau's, by name, Kirchhof."

"When"—says the *Graphic*, alluding to the operatic performances at the Crystal Palace, at which Miss Rose Hersee has been the chief attraction—"shall we have an opera-house in London, in which our accomplished English '*prima donna*' may find a place fit to receive her, and a company able to support her with credit?" When, indeed! What are our own composers about? We should derive much more gratification from hearing that Arthur Sullivan was composing an opera expressly for Miss Hersee than that he was to superintend the imminent bursting of the enormous South Kensington bubble.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr W. H. Holmes (under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh), assisted by his professional pupils and some accomplished artists, gave performances of pianoforte and vocal music at St James's Hall, on Friday morning, June 25th. Where so many were engaged, it is impossible to go into the merits or demerits of each player or singer; we can, therefore, only place before our readers the programme of music performed, and add that most of the young artists acquitted themselves to the entire satisfaction of the audience:—Adagio Patetico, from Sonata, "Maid of Orleans" (Sir Sterndale Bennett); Dead March in *Saul* (Handel), pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes; Concerto in C sharp minor, first movement (Ries), pianoforte, Miss Klugh, with second pianoforte arranged by Miss Klugh, performed by Miss Watson; Fugue in D minor (Bach), pianoforte, Miss Alwyn Field; Concerto, with accompaniments (Bach), pianoforte, Miss Collins; Prelude and Fugue in E minor (Mendelssohn), Miss Julia Angarde; Solo (Kalkbrenner), pianoforte, Miss Watson; Sonata (Schubert), pianoforte, Miss Pollon; Song, "I will extol thee" (*Eli*) (Costa), Miss Julia Wigan; Andante in F (Beethoven), pianoforte, Miss Maud Baglehole; Solo, violin, "Elegie" (Ernst), Mr Henry Holmes, accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Julia Augarde; Quartet for four performers on two pianofortes, introducing Chopin's posthumous Mazurka (Sir Julius Benedict), by desire, Mdme Lütgen, Mrs Montaigne, Mr W. H. Holmes, and Sir Julius Benedict; Capriccio, introducing an Air by the late Prince Consort (W. H. Holmes), Miss Jessie Morison; Solo, violoncello (Servais and Lütgen), Herr Lütgen, accompanied by Mdme Lütgen; Song, "He thinks I do not love him" (Mdme Sainton-Dolby), Miss Julia Wigan; Fantasia on Russian Themes (Thalberg), Miss Florence Sanders; Song, "The Sea" (Neukomm), Mr Frank Holmes; "The Storm" (Steibelt), pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes; Galatea Waltz (H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh), arranged expressly for this occasion by W. H. Holmes, pianofortes, Miss Baglehole, Miss Jessie Morison, Miss Pollon, and Miss Florence Sanders, Mr Frank Holmes and Mr W. H. Holmes; soprano concertina, Miss Alwyn Field; baritone concertina, Mr Field; first violin, Mr Betjemann; viola, Mr W. H. Hann; violoncello, Herr Lütgen; Song, "Memories" (words by Mrs Baines, music by W. H. Holmes), Mr F. Holmes; Ivanowa, Russian theme (arranged by G. W. Hammond), Capriccio à la Scozeese, Highland Echo, Scottish Chimes, Chimes of England (W. H. Holmes), pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes. Conductor, Mr Alfred Gilbert. Mr Holmes's next performance is announced for Friday, July 29th.

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Mr John Thomas, harpist to Her Majesty the Queen, gave a morning concert on June 24th, in St James's Hall. Mr John Thomas's talents are well known and appreciated. He never played better than on the occasion under notice, and his composition for the harp, as well as his vocal works included in his programme, were fully appreciated. The band of harps, who assisted, played Mr Thomas's "Bardic fantasia," Parish Alvars' "Greek Pirates' chorus," and the "War March" in *Athalie* (with a pianoforte part arranged *à quatre mains* by Mr Thomas, and played by Messrs Henry Parker and Puddicombe). Mr John Thomas's solos were a selection of Welsh melodies arranged by himself, and Parish Alvars' "Imitation of a Mandoline." With Mr W. G. Cusins, Mr Thomas played a grand duet, of his own composition, for harp and pianoforte, and with Mr T. H. Wright his duo for two harps, "Souvenir du Nord." For his performance of all these pieces he received, deservedly, the applause of a large and intelligent audience. Mr W. G. Cusins gave as a pianoforte solo "Liszt's fantasia on airs from *Lucia di Lammermoor*." The vocalists were Miss Edith Wynne, Mdlle Enriquez, Miss Wigan (who was highly appreciated in "Bell' raggio"), Mdlle Elena Angele, Mr William Shakespeare (who gave, in excellent style, Mozart's "Dalla sua pace"), Mr Burleigh Tesseman, and Mr Lewis Thomas, who, as usual, sang like a true artist. Mdlle Castellan played De Beriot's Second Fantasia for the violin; and the list of "conductors" included the names of Sir Julius Benedict, Messrs Henry Parker and Puddicombe, as well as that of the accomplished concert-giver.

Signor Alfonso Rendano, the young and clever Italian pianist, gave a recital of pianoforte music at St James's Hall, on Wednesday last, the "Italian Brigade" in London attending in great force to support their talented countryman. Many of the works of the old composers performed by Signor Rendano have not been often heard in this country, yet they held their own against those of the modern schools. Signor Rendano's performance of Bach's Italian Concerto proved that he had studied well the works of the old Leipsic cantor. Two Fugues of P. Martini and Scarlatti were also admirably rendered by Signor Rendano. Chopin's Impromptu (Op. 36), Robert Schumann's "Reiterlied," and Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 31), No. 3, were less satisfactorily played by Signor Rendano. A selection of Signor Rendano's own compositions evidently pleased the audience. They are in the most approved fashionable style of modern pianoforte writing, and we have no doubt many of them will become popular. Signor Rendano is a young and talented artist, who, by diligent study, must ultimately attain a high position in his profession.

Madame de Romanova, a Russian lady of talent, gave a concert on Monday evening, in Store Street Rooms. The programme was long and varied. Madame de Romanova sang several songs in the Russian language, which, from the quaintness and wildness of their melodies, seemed highly to please the audience, for she was recalled after each and applauded to the echo. Another attractive item in the programme was two solos on the zitter, by Mr Wassilieff-Koch, and a duet for guitar and zitter, with Mr Stummvoll. Both were encored. Miss Leonora D'Arcy played excellently Ascher's transcription for the pianoforte of his romance, "Alice, where art thou?"; Miss Helen Rice sang Wallace's "Song of May," and Arditi's "Il Baccio;" Miss Emily Fortesque a song of J. P. Knight's, and a new ballad, "Oh, buy my flowers." A young French lady, Mdlle Blanche Eytel, sang "Bell' raggio" most artistically; Mr Alfred Rudland gave Balfe's "Come into the garden," and Hatton's "Good-bye, sweetheart," with effect; and Mr Charles Wilbye attempted Hatton's favourite song, "To Anthea." The concert was under the direction of Mr Lansdowne Cottell, who, with Miss Blanche Roope and Mr Niels Chrisander, accompanied the singers on the pianoforte.

An Organ Performance took place on Monday, the 28th ult., at the Church of St Lawrence, Gresham Street, City, the executant being Dr Spark, of Leeds, who gave a selection of pieces on the new organ, built by Grey and Davison. Dr Spark played a Concert Fantasia for organ solo, written by himself, in B major, commencing with an *adagio*, introducing an *allegro moderato* in B major, followed by a melodious slow movement in G major; the last movement being a *fugue* in B major, which, after passing through proper development, finishes by returning to the leading subject of the first movement, winding up with a *coda*. This fantasia is effective, and well written for the instrument. The next piece was the hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," with variations by Dr Spark, finishing with a *fugato* movement on the melody of the hymn. This was followed by a *fugue*, in A minor, by J. S. Bach, and the last piece was a new "Festal March," in E flat, composed for the inauguration of the Yorkshire Exhibition organ. This is an effective march, with a second part in A flat, returning to the first theme, and finishing with a brilliant *coda*. Dr Spark executed his selection exceedingly well, and finished by playing the National Anthem, it being the anniversary of the Queen's coronation.—J. P.

Miss Edwards, the esteemed and accomplished lady professor, gave a *matinée musicale* last Saturday, in the Beethoven Rooms. Miss Edwards exhibited the versatility of her talents by coming forward as pianist, vocalist, and composer. Her instrumental performances were Henselt's "Si oiseau j'étais," and Potter's "Pezzo di bravura," and a duet, with Mr Oberthür, for harp and pianoforte, on airs in *Oberon*, the composition of her accomplished partner. Her vocal contributions were the romance from *L'Africaine*, "Addio terra nativo," Braga's song (with Mr Lazarus's clarionet *obbligato*), "Legère Valaque," her new duet, "Farewell, lov'd one," with Miss Alice Fairman, and her well known and admired quartet, "Harmony! oh, harmony!" in which she was joined by Miss Fairman, M. Godrant, and Signor Riccardi. Miss Alice Fairman, among other pieces, sang Miss Edwards' elegant composition, "Gone like the snows," and one of Signor Campana's prettiest melodies. Mr Lazarus played Mr Oberthur's duet for harp and clarionet with the composer; and Signor Martucci two pianoforte solos of his own. Signor and Signora Robiato-Schor, Signori Riccardi and Urio, Herr Werrenrath, &c., were among the list of vocalists—Signor Urio, by-the-bye, reaping "golden opinions" by his chaste delivery of Handel's "Rendi 'l sereno al ciglio." Signori Campana, Romili, and Tartaglione were announced as accompanists of the vocal music.

A meeting of the friends and supporters of the training ship "Goliah," under the direction of the Ragged School Society, and commanded by Captain Bourchier, took place "on board," at Greys (Essex), where the ship is moored, for the purpose of presenting prizes, consisting of writing-desks, knives, and other useful articles, to the most diligent and attentive boys on board. The vessel is admirably adapted for the purpose, being an old eighty-four gun ship, with plenty of room for the officers, instructors, and crew. There are over four hundred boys, who are well cared for, clothed, and fed at the expense of the society. A suitable education is given, so as to render them useful members of society. Amongst other branches taught the embryo "tars" is vocal and instrumental music. The vocal classes, under the direction of Mr Toy, sang, on the occasion under notice, with admirable precision, stentorian voices and powerful effect, the several popular airs of the day, and the national naval songs of England, whilst a band of forty performers, on military instruments, did wonders, under the conductorship of Mr Miami. At the conclusion of the performances Captain Bouchier, and the officers and officials of the "Goliah," received the thanks of the numerous ladies and gentlemen present—and deservedly so—for the admirable system of keeping the ship, and the healthful state of all on board. So admirable an institution deserves every support.

Mr J. B. Welch, a highly respected teacher of singing, gave a concert at the Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, which was fully attended. The programme was evidently appreciated by the audience. An efficient choir opened the concert with Mendelssohn's "Hunting song," after which Mr Edward Wharton, who possesses a fine bass voice, sang "Oh tu Palermo" (Verdi) with taste and effect. Miss Kate Grant, who also possesses a fine soprano voice, gave, with Mr Welch, Mozart's "Crudel Perche," and sang Handel's "From mighty kings," giving, in both, proof of intelligence and judicious training. Miss Coyte Turner, a promising contralto, rendered effectively "Che faro" (Gluck); and Mrs Bradshaw Mackay, Handel's "Vieni Prati"; Miss Maud Woodcock pleased in Sullivan's "Genevieve"; Mr George Sylvestre in Weber's grand scena from *Oberon*; and Mr David in Mozart's aria "Un aura amoroso." The *bénéficiaire* sang with his usual excellence "Madamina," and was loudly applauded. Mr T. Ainsworth gave Piatti's song (with violoncello *obbligato*, played by Herr Daubert); and Mr Franklin Taylor and Herr Daubert executed in a perfect manner Mendelssohn's Sonata, Op. 45, for violoncello and pianoforte; besides which each artist played solos on their respective instruments. Some concerted pieces by Donizetti and Sullivan added variety to the concert, which was a decided success. Mr Frank Frewer and J. B. Zerbini were the accompanists.

The Musical Artists' Society, of which his grace the Duke of Beaufort is president, gave their first concert on Friday evening, June 25th, at the Beethoven Rooms. The vocalists were Miss Sophie Ferrari, Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Mary Davies (Welsh Choral Union scholar), and Miss Annie Butterworth; the pianists Miss Ellen Day, Miss Bolton, Miss Emma Barnett; Mr H. C. Banister, Mr Eaton Faning, Mr J. Lea Summers, and Mr E. H. Thorne. The violinist was Mr Henry Holmes, and the violoncellist Mr Pettit. The programme will, no doubt, interest our readers, we therefore give it *in extenso*:—Vocal Trio, "In the wood" (Misses Mary Davies, Jessie Jones, and Butterworth)—Hiller; Duo Brillant, in E (Op. 19), pianoforte (Miss Ellen Day and Miss Bolton, pupil of Miss Day)—Charles E. Stephens; Song, "I know my love loves me" (Miss Mary Davies, Welsh Choral Union scholar)—R. O'Leary Vinning; Vocal Trio, "The skylark" (Misses Mary Davies, Jessie Jones, and Butterworth)—A. Gilbert; Fantasia, Tanto patetica, quanto appassionata (Mr H. C. Banister)—H. C. Banister; Two Songs,

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"The sparkling stars of night," and "As it fell upon a day" (Miss Sophie Ferrari)—C. Gardner; Song, "Ask me no more" (Miss Jessie Jones, violoncello *obbligato*, Mr Pettit)—Oliveria Prescott; Trio in C minor, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Miss Emma Barnett, Mr Henry Holmes, and Mr Pettit) (recalled)—J. F. Barnett; Duo, in G, for pianoforte and violin (Mr Summers and Mr Henry Holmes)—J. Lea Summers; Song, "There sits a bird on yonder tree" (Miss Sophie Ferrari)—Louis N. Parker; Solos Pianoforte, Sketch, "The Brooklet," "Etude Fantastique" (Mr Eaton Faning)—Eaton Faning; Song, "He roamed in the forest" (Miss Annie Butterworth)—Arthur O'Leary; Sonata, in F, for pianoforte and violin (Mr Thorne and Mr Henry Holmes)—E. H. Thorne. The rooms were very full, and much interest was felt by the audience as the compositions of the young artists were respectively brought forward to be played, and at the conclusion of each piece applause was discriminatingly administered. The accompanists at the pianoforte were Miss Oliveria Prescott, Mr Charles Gardner, and Mr Arthur O'Leary.

Master Henry Walker gave his first Pianoforte Recital on Monday afternoon, June 28, at St James's Hall, under the patronage of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, assisted by Mdme Castellan and Mr Charles Hallé. On this occasion Master Walker made his first appearance in London since his return from America, where the youthful pianist had made a lengthened tour, and obtained general admiration for his artistic qualifications, and universal esteem for his amiable disposition. The following is the programme Master Walker offered to his patrons:—

Duet, pianoforte and violin, Sonata in A major (Mdme Castellan and Master Henry Walker)—Mozart; Solo, violin, Air (Mdme Castellan)—Vieuxtemps; Solo, pianoforte, Sonata Appassionata (Op. 57), (Master Henry Walker)—Beethoven; Duet, for two pianos, Andante and Variations, in B flat (Op. 46), (Mr Charles Hallé and Master Henry Walker)—Schumann; Solo, pianoforte, Berceuse Andante (Op. 57) and Capriccio Scherzo Presto (Op. 16), (Master Henry Walker)—Chopin and Mendelssohn; Duet, piano and violin, Sonata, "The Kreutzer" (Mdme Castellan and Master Henry Walker)—Beethoven.

The performance of the youthful pianist—whose talent we have often eulogised when he was a pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson, at the Royal Academy of Music—was excellent throughout, and the applause he obtained was as genuine as it was deserved.

Mr Hallett Sheppard invited his friends to a "musical evening" at the Beethoven Rooms on Thursday, the 24th ult., the first part of which consisted of Mr Sheppard's new Mass in F (No. 3), excellently performed by a select choir of thirty voices, with pianoforte and harmonium accompaniments. The Mass is well written throughout, full of devotional inspirations, and shows ample proof of Mr Sheppard's mastery over the severer forms of composition. The Kyrie gives at once the impression that the writer is well versed in contrapuntal science, which, in the Gloria, appears still further developed by the fugal treatment of "Cum Sancto Spirito in gloria Dei." The Credo is impressive, and contains remarkable effects for the solo voices. We could not enjoy this movement so thoroughly, not that we found fault with the music, but for the disturbance caused by the entrance of two ladies, who evidently were under the impression that during the "Et incarnatus est" was the most appropriate time to hunt about for their seats. The Benedictus begins with a telling solo for mezzo-soprano, after which the "Hosanna" comes in with well-defined force and effect. The "Agnus Dei" is also finely written—perhaps a little trying for the ordinary range of soprani. It worthily concludes a work by which Mr H. Sheppard has meritoriously enriched church music. We hope that his work will soon be performed in combination with the ceremonies of the *cultus* for which it is intended, as any performance, however perfect, but apart from them, suffers always under disadvantages. The second part of the concert consisted of an effective part-song, "Return of Spring"; a song, "Zillah," by Balfe, sung with much effect by Mr Richard Mackway; a "Duo Concertante" on an original melody for piano and harmonium, by Mr H. Sheppard, who played the pianoforte, being ably assisted at the harmonium by Mr Oscar Edwards. The Duo was excellently played, and met with particular success. The concert concluded by a highly effective performance of Gounod's cantique, "Nazareth," the solo part sung by Mr R. Prestdrige.—A. B.

Bucharest.—Having been completely repaired and redecorated, the Grand Theatre will be re-opened, in November, for opera.

Naples.—A summer theatre is to be erected in the Via del Museo, with the name of Arena Nazionale.—Fiorelli, archæologist and antiquary, has requested permission of the Municipality to construct a theatre after the model of the ancients. Assisted by the Abbate Mirabelli, professor in the University, he proposes to have the plays of Plautus and Terence performed, in their original language, and with appropriate costumes.

BERLIN.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

Speaking of the appearance of Mdlle Marie Geistinger in *La Belle Hélène*, *La Grande Duchesse*, and *Die Fliedermaus*, at the Friedrich Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, where she has been attracting large audiences, Herr Ferdinand Gumbert makes the following frank and interesting remarks:—

"There is certainly food for reflection in the fact that, as a rule, Viennese singers have made a hit among ourselves, while our North-German vocalists have only in rare instances been successful in Vienna. To account for this by Austrian antagonism may be convenient, but it is decidedly unjustifiable. That the Viennese should be better qualified, as they really are, than the Berliners to give an opinion in such matters is something arising from very natural causes. Not only do the Viennese possess greater aptitude for singing than the North-Germans, but, by hearing, in their best days, the vocal celebrities of all countries, they have formed their judgment. In former days, only a few such artists visited Berlin, generally not doing so, however, till they were past their prime—I will mention merely Rubini and Mad. Pasta. The consequence is that a Viennese vocal reputation passes current all over the world, while doubts are entertained of a Berlin singer until some other town than Berlin has corroborated the renown he or she has achieved in the Prussian capital. This will always be the case until another style of singing is taught and cultivated here, both in public institutions and privately. The recent failure of Mad. Mallinger in Vienna was utterly powerless to surprise me, for I foretold it. The older readers of this journal, moreover, recollect that at her very first visit here, in the spring of 1869, my opinion of her was identical with the verdict now generally pronounced in Vienna. Having long ceased to notice that the lady sings out of tune, that her *bravura* is incorrect, that her power of sustaining a tone is limited, and that her want of breath compels her to mutilate the phrases, the majority of the Berlin critics have certainly placed themselves in a peculiar position."

Commenting upon the conclusion of the above, the editor of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, in which it is published, observes in a foot note:—

"That the Berlin critics should not be continually repeating what they have so often said, strikes us not as peculiar but simply as natural."

Herr Moritz-Ernst, who lately resigned the stage-managership of the Royal Opera to become manager of the Stadttheater, Cologne, has had the Royal Order of the Crown, Fourth Class, conferred on him by the Emperor of Germany. *Apropos* of the Royal Operahouse, the Berlin *Echo* thus alludes to the reduced tariff of admission recently introduced there, for a limited period, by Herr von Hülsen:—

"We can speak with the more satisfaction of the past season, because it did not, like former seasons, draw to its close without exciting any particular attention; on the contrary, several times a week, great interest was manifested by a public who filled every part of the house, and frequently indulged in marks of enthusiastic approbation. The attendance of this public, whose feelings were all the fresher and more impartial, because they seldom enjoy such a treat, was due wholly and solely to the revised scale of admission. The fact that, of late years, the prices of everything required by families of respectability and culture, obliged to study appearances, have been doubled, is a fact which has usually kept away thousands of such families from the Royal Theatres, or entirely closed the doors of those establishments against them, because all their incomes go in absolute necessaries. Now it is precisely among persons thus excluded that we find a far more comprehensive and delicate appreciation of what is true and noble in art, than among the members of the more favourably circumstanced but, after all, not numerous, minority, who attend the theatre every evening and give the tone. These persons are so cloyed that nothing pleases them. They often force the singers to introduce perfectly abnormal distinctions of light and shade, and cause us to dread that the affectation now only too rampant in art, thanks to the detestable virtuoso system, may become permanent. In the public, which has lately filled the Royal Operahouse, a public possessing, it is true, less money in its purse, but all the more knowledge in its head, and warmth in its heart, together with a true feeling of piety towards acknowledged great composers, operatic artists will possess far different critics of what they do. It is to be hoped, therefore, that, in the interest of art, the Royal Intendant-General will, at least once a week during the winter, continue to give performances, at reduced prices, of standard classical works. Such a plan would, in time, prove of inestimable benefit to artists and public as well as to art itself."

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of the Student's Concert, given at St James's Hall, on Thursday evening last:—

Duet, in F minor (MS.), pianoforte and violoncello (Miss Oliveria Prescott and Mr Buels)—Oliveria Prescott (student); Duet, "Ah, guarda sorella" (*Cosi fan Tutte*) (Miss Farrer and Miss Roby)—Mozart; Rondo, from Sonata in C, Op. 24, "Il moto continuo," pianoforte (Miss Annie Frost)—Weber; Aria, "Sorgete" (*Maometto*) (Mr Eugène Boutenop)—Rossini; Seventeen Variations Serieuses, in D minor, pianoforte (Miss Daniel)—Mendelssohn; Valse (*Romeo and Juliet*) (Miss Edouard)—Gounod; Prelude and Fugue, in A flat, Op. 53, pianoforte (Miss Pamphilon)—Rubinstein; Chamber Anthem (MS.), for female voices, "O satisfy" (Misses Nessie Goode, Edouard, Marie Duval, Alice Curtis, Beata Francis, Jessie Jones, Mary Davies, Thekla Fischer, Geary, Amy Aylward, A. Butterworth, M. Butterworth, Bolingbroke, and Reimar)—H. C. Banister; Adagio, from Concerto in G, No. 11, violin (Mdlle de Nolte)—Spohr; Song, "When my thirsty soul I steep" (Mr Robt. George)—T. M. Mudie; Rondo Piacevole, in E, Op. 26, pianoforte (Miss Hancock)—W. Sterndale Bennett; Songs, "Du bist wie eine blume" and "Widmung" (Miss Thekla Fischer)—Schumann; Cavatina in D (Raff) and Hungarian Dance, in D minor (Brahms and Joachim) violin—Mdlle Gabrielle Vaillant and Mrs Marshall; Motet, for female voices, "Laudate Pueri" (solos by Misses Marian Williams, Marie Duval, and Barklay—organ, Mr Walter Fitton)—Mendelssohn; Song (MS.), "The fountains mingle" (Mr Howells) — H. Walmsley Little (student); Polonaise, in A flat, Op. 53, pianoforte (Miss Ludovici)—Chopin; Romanza, "Il lamento" (Miss Marion Williams)—Fiori; Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, in E, Op. 14, pianoforte (Miss Burrough)—Mendelssohn; Duet, "Cantando un di" (Miss Amy Aylward and Miss Mary Davies, Welsh Choral Union Scholar)—Clari; Anthem, "Praise ye the Lord"—Walter Macfarren.

The accompanists of the vocal music were Miss Alice Curtis, Miss Katie Steele, Mr A. H. Jackson, and Mr Jarrett.

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet* was given last week at the Grand Opera, with new representatives of the two principal characters, namely Mdlle de Rezké, as Ophelia, and M. Lassalle as the hero. The young lady belongs to a rich and aristocratic Polish family, devotedly fond of music. Like her two brothers, one of whom is a baritone, now at Drury Lane, and the other a bass, about proceeding to Italy, she set about the study of her favourite art with all the ardour of one whose existence entirely depended upon her professional exertions. To this Mad. Nissen-Salomon, of the Conservatory, St Petersburgh, who was her mistress of singing, can bear testimony. In addition to a rich voice of extensive range, Madlle de Rezké rejoices in personal advantages of great value on the stage. She is tall, and graceful, with a fine expressive face. There is another precious gift, too, she possesses, and that is youth, for she is only just twenty. She made her *débuts*, last summer, at the Teatro Malibran, Venice, where she sang in *Faust* and *Robert le Diable*. She proved so successful that the manager of the Fenice engaged her for the winter season to sing in Sig. Schira's admirable opera, *Selvaggia*. Venice, however, is not Paris, and the young lady would have done better had she studied a little longer and gained more experience before essaying, at the Grand Opera, a part in which she had to contend with the memory of two such artists as Mad. Christine Nilsson and Mad. Carvalho. It is surprising that she got through the ordeal, and the mere fact is an augury of future success.

M. Lassalle, as Hamlet, is, of course, not to be compared with Faure, but his impersonation presents much that is worthy of praise. From a dramatic point of view, however, it is as yet very crude.

M. Halanzier has announced a performance at the Grand Opera, on Saturday, the 3rd, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations in the South of France. The editor of the *Ménestrel*, calling on the public to raise the prices of admission, forwards five hundred francs, for five stalls, with the remark that, on such an occasion, no place ought to be let under a proportionate rate. "Pursue this plan," he exclaims, "and the Opera alone will be able to contribute a hundred thousand francs to the relief fund." Mad. Carvalho re-appears for the first time, after her accident, at this performance. Fears were entertained that she would be under the necessity of leaving the stage, but they prove to have been groundless. Great efforts are being made to obtain an annual grant of 300,000 francs for the Théâtre Lyrique. Referring to this, M. Jennius writes as follows in *La Liberté*:—

"From a musical point of view, and leaving out of consideration personal questions and private interests, no subject is more important than the destiny of the Théâtre Lyrique, a theatre which, for twenty years led the musical movement in France—a movement that has entirely ceased since the Théâtre Lyrique disappeared—a theatre which produced *Faust* (appropriated by the Grand Opera) *Roméo et Juliette*, *Mireille*, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, *Les Dragons de Villars* (now enriching the repertory of the Opéra-Comique) *La Perle du Brésil*, *La Reine Topaze*, *La Statue*, *Gil Blas*, *La Fanchonette* (that is: the most successful works in the most different styles)—a theatre which introduced to the public, Gounod, Félicien David, Reyer, Semet, Maillart, Bizet, and many more—a theatre where most of the singers who have since shone at the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique first came out."

M. Offenbach has sold the Gaité to M. Albert Vizentini, who, assumed the management on the 1st inst., in the name of Albert Vizentini and Co. (Limited).

The members of the Boïeldieu family, including M. Adrien Boïeldieu, the Composer's son; MM. Louis and Georges Aigoin, two grandsons; and Lieutenant Alphonse Boïeldieu, a grand-nephew, have addressed a letter of thanks to the Mayor of Rouen, for the hospitality of the Corporation during the recent Centenary.

The Committee of Dramatic Authors and Composers have voted 500 francs to the Samson memorial.

MDLLE MARIE DUMAS.

An interesting "Matinée Musicale Dramatique" was given at the Beethoven rooms in Harley Street, yesterday, by a lady who has gained considerable reputation from her drawing-room comedies and bright sketches of character. Mdlle Marie Dumas acts, reads, recites, gives poetical sketches, and never requires any scenery or effects to aid her. She comes upon the stage, and makes the scene, by her liveliness and expression. Whether this talented lady is discoursing on the miseries of matrimony, the excellence of charity, the sorrow of blindness, or the pathos of age, she invariably gains the universal attention of her audience. As an actress Mdlle Marie Dumas possesses welcome versatility, and her ready flow of humour is very remarkable. In all her scenes and sketches Mdlle Marie Dumas was heartily applauded; and it is certain that a lady who, without scenery and elaborate preparation, can give proper dramatic effect to the poems she recites and the scenes she suggests, must be an agreeable acquisition at a country house in the drawing-room at that pleasant period after dinner and before the guests separate. The matinée was extremely well attended, and, apart from the special entertainment at which Mdlle Dumas assisted, the singing of Mdlle Jeanne Renard, the violoncello playing of M. Ernst Nathan, the harp solos of Mr John Thomas, and the pianoforte performance of Madame Viard Louis, contributed to a pleasant and very successful afternoon. The programme was so well selected and so welcome for its variety that no move was made until after the last duet between Mdlle Jeanne Renard and Signor Monari-Rocca. "Saynites de Salon," as they are called, are not very popular in society, and it will not be forgotten that Mdlle Marie Dumas was one of the first to distinguish herself in this country by introducing these elegant distractions. In point of humour the most successful selection was a comedy for two, called "Les Pièges Dorés," and, in point of pathos, a recitation given for the first time in public, and called "La Jeune Aveugle." The description of the enthusiasm of a young blind girl suddenly restored to sight was quite devoid of exaggeration and welcome for its nature.—*Daily Telegraph.*

S. LEHMEYER NOT C. LAHMEYER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In your critique of Miss Leon Hayes' concert, you kindly mentioned my name as conductor of her concert. You little intended to take the laurels from Herr Lahmeyer for having ably done so, not knowing, probably, anything of Herr Lahmeyer in existence as a conductor; and, as he deserves the praise, to avoid all mistakes between the Le and La, I shall beg you to insert my name in future as Herr Sigismond Lehmeyer. I am sorry to trouble you with such a small matter for your valued paper, and remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

SIGISMOND LEHMEYER.

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RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS *RING OF THE NIBLUNG.*

(*From the "New Quarterly Magazine."*)

(*Continued from page* 429.)

On their first appearance, Wotan and Loge are received by Alberich with undisguised suspicion; but Loge soon succeeds in acting on the vanity of the dwarf by expressing his doubts as to the boasted power of the Tarn-helmet. Thrown off his guard, Alberich changes himself into the shape of a giant-worm, and afterwards into that of a toad. As soon as the latter appears, Wotan puts his foot on it, Loge simultaneously snatches the magic cap from its head. Alberich is fettered and carried off by the gods, who command him to bid the Niblungs bring the treasure from their subterranean regions. At last he is compelled to give up the ring, by means of which he had hoped to recover his lost power; but before doing so he attaches his curse to the gold, which henceforth shall be fatal to its owner, as it has already been to himself, by its own baneful essence. To the giants, who now reappear, Wotan offers gold sufficient to cover their prisoner from head to foot. Freia is placed between two huge poles, and the rapacious pair begin at once to heap the precious toys round the goddess. The whole treasure is thus consumed, and yet a chink remains through which the lovely victim remains visible to her rude oppressors. The giants demand of Wotan to stop the opening first with the Tarn-helmet and after it with the ring, but the latter the god refuses to part with. The giants wrathfully threaten to break the bargain, and are on the point of carrying off the goddess a second time, when, from the deepest recesses of the mountain, rises up the mysterious form of Erda (Hertha), the pantheistic symbol of Earth as the principle and origin of all life. In solemn words she warns Wotan of the curse attaching to the ring, reminding him at the same time of the ultimate doom which threatens the gods. Thus admonished, Wotan throws the ring on the golden heap which the giants immediately set about collecting in an enormous sack; but no sooner have they touched the ring than its curse begins to act. Both claim its exclusive possession, and in the quarrel thus excited Fafner kills his brother Fasolt. The gods stand in silent amazement, recognizing the truth of Erda's warning. But no dark foreboding can for long disturb the calm serenity of their supreme existence. The mists hanging around them are dispersed into brilliant lightning by the hammer of Donnah, and from amidst the black clouds Froh has thrown a rainbow over the cleft dividing the gods from their new habitation. On this bridge they enter their splendid abode, heedless of the complaints of the Rhine Daughters and of Loge's muttered threats of their approaching destruction.

The Rhinegold has been compared by German critics to the Prologue in heaven which Goethe has prefixed to his Faust tragedy. Both pieces have, indeed, the feature in common of foreshadowing in the minds of divine beings the human actions and sufferings of the coming drama. Here, however, the analogy ends. The "Lord" in Goethe's poem is the placid omnipotent ruler of heaven and earth, inapproachable alike to fear or passion. Wagner's gods, on the other hand, are themselves acting a tragedy of no lesser import and of no lesser sadness than the human beings to be afterwards introduced. They are subject to rage and envy, they covet the luring gleam of the gold, and the joy of their divine existence is marred by the consciousness of an inevitable doom. They are, indeed, tragic characters in the deepest sense of that word. Wagner, in making use of this feature, has succeeded in rousing our human interest in beings seemingly so remote from our feeling. The idea itself, however, of a final destruction of this world and of the gods ruling over it pervades the whole system of old northern religions, distinguishing it in that respect from the mythologies of all other nations. It is true that the secret cult of Bacchus or Adonis celebrates the death of that god, but the yearly recurrence of that event, with its regenerated counterpart, indicates its scarcely undisguised symbolism of the change of seasons. In the deeper mind of the Germanic nations, a story, perhaps originally also indicative of a natural event, has at an early period been invested with a permanent and, in a certain sense, ethical character. The very symbol of the world, the World-ash Yggdrasil, with a serpent gnawing its root, and a stag and goat nibbling its foliage, is an image of decay and mortality; the final victory, on the other hand, of the powers of darkness and chaos (dark-elves and giants), over the upper gods (Aisir, from a beam or column, *i.e.*, prop of the world), the representatives of law and order, is brought about, not without some moral guilt on the part of the latter, as is proved by the hope of the ultimate reconstruction of a purified world. This idea of a possible redemption of what was divine in the old fabric, even after the "Dusk of the Gods" (Ragnarökr), Wagner has also introduced into his poem, relieving in this manner the feeling of hopeless doom which forms the dark background of his tragedy.

(*To be continued.*)

DORN (!) ACROSS MENDELSSOHN.

(*Continued from page* 431.)

On 13th of September, 1843, Robert Schumann celebrated the birthday of his wife, Clara. I appeared as an unexpected guest at the breakfast table, where, besides David aud Grützmacher, I met Mendelssohn again after thirteen years. When we had partaken of a bountiful repast, we had a succession of musical enjoyments. Schumann surprised his wife with a new trio, which was instantly tried, and Felix produced as his present "The Spring Song," and played it for the first time. This beautiful piece is the pearl of the fifth book of his *Lieder ohne Worte*, which, as is well-known, is dedicated to Madame Schumann. The little company were so enraptured with it that the composer had to repeat it twice. It was a worthy conclusion to the celebration of the day.

The next day I dined at Councillor Frege's, and again had the pleasure of meeting Mendelssohn, who, even during the dessert, placed himself at the piano and gave us some of his beautiful songs, which were sung, with full appreciation, by Livia Gerhardt, the celebrated singer. My third and last day at Leipsic was devoted to my friend Petschke, who had assembled a party in honour of Mendelssohn, who seemed to be as much at his ease as he had formerly been, as a young man, in the house of Johanna Zimmermann. Petschke had asked me to bring some of my own compositions with me, and I found some attentive listeners to my *Schöffen von Paris*. Mendelssohn, however, greatly surprised me by declaring he already knew one of the airs I had played, and seating himself at the piano, went through ten or twelve bars, where certainly the harmonies of my air occurred, although I failed to recognize where I had heard them before. "Why, you do not know your own composition again?" said Mendelssohn, "that is the final chorus to *The Magician and Monster*." That was a melodrama for which I had written the music, and which Mendelssohn had liked at the time, and of which now, sixteen years later, he could remember chords, that had long since passed from my mind. When I expressed astonishment at his memory, he said, in a very gratifying manner—"It is only good melodies we should endeavour to retain."

I fear that the musical festival at Cologne, which gave rise to so much unpleasantness between the heads of the various musical societies, also caused a coldness between Mendelssohn and myself. I could not, in the interest of my party, approve of all the measures which were carried out, and I fear my conduct was represented to him in a manner calculated to wound. Unfortunately, I had neither time nor opportunity, during his twelve hours' stay, to explain to him the Cologne comedy of "party faction;" so I am afraid that he parted from me with resentment in his heart, whilst my admiration for his genius, profound knowledge, noble striving, and great lovableness always remained the same.

On the 9th of November, 1847, five days after Mendelssohn's death, I directed the second Winter concert at Cologne, and, amidst universal sympathy and the expression of the deepest grief, the solemn chorus from St Paul was introduced: "Behold, we reckon those happy who have endured; for though the body die, yet will the soul live for ever."

CETTE.—A Musical Festival is announced for the 29th, 30th, and 31st of August, under the direction of M. Ambroise Thomas.

ST PETERSBURGH.—Rubinstein is busily at work here on his new opera, *Nero*, for the first performance of which, at Paris, he has signed an agreement with M. Halanzier.

MUNICH.—A Professorship of Musical History is now attached to the Conservatory of Music. Herr Riehl is professor, and the epochs to which he refers are practically illustrated by pupils.

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THE CERVANTES ANNIVERSARY.

It used to be said of Queen Isabella II. that, "with all her faults, she was *Muy Española*," and the partisans of her son seem above all things bent on winning for his Government a reputation for the same cheap and doubtful patriotic virtue. I say "cheap and doubtful," for there are in every nation bad as well as good qualities, and the tendency of Royal patriotism may be as much to flatter the worst as to encourage the best. A king of Spain, to be popular, must, in the first place, patronize the bull-fight, but he may besides, if he aspires to the title of an enlightened sovereign, honour the memory of Cervantes. The celebration of the anniversary of the author of *Don Quixote* need not fill up so vast a place as the Coliseo de la Plaza de Toros, but there is still, as there has always been in this country, sufficient reverence for genius to insure, on an occasion like this, the attendance of a cultivated audience, numerous as well as select. The Society of Literature and Art in Spain, which took upon itself the management of the Cervantes anniversary, determined to hold it in the former church of the Monastery of Doña Maria de Aragon, many years since fitted out for the accommodation of the Upper House or Senate. The place could fairly be made to contain 500 persons, and that would, in ordinary times, have been all that was needed; but, as it was understood that the King and the Princess of Asturias would grace the festivity with their presence, the tickets applied for and, with truly Spanish liberality, issued exceeded 2,000; and, wonderful to say, not much less than half that number miraculously contrived to squeeze in. Such are still, even in these democratized Latin countries, the uses of Royalty. The Spaniards celebrate, not the birthday, but the death of Cervantes, because the date of the poet's birth at Alcala de Henares cannot be positively ascertained, while there falls no doubt on that of his decease, which occurred in Madrid on the 23rd of April, 1616, the same date, though not actually the same day—because England had not at that time adopted the reform of the Roman Calendar—in which Shakspere departed this life.

The hour appointed for the performance was three in the afternoon, but sitting room could only be secured by hours of weary waiting; and when I entered the building at half-past one, I found it already apparently full. The main hall of the Senate House is an elegant elliptical building, lofty and airy, somewhat newly stuccoed and gilt, but otherwise preserving still, almost untouched, the features of the original design, which had intended it as a place of religious worship. The vault is supported by colossal Corinthian columns, in its central part, on both sides, and in the apse opposite to the entrance, where once rose the main altar, and where the throne, surmounted by a canopy of gold and crimson, is now reared. Immediately in front of the throne, on a pedestal, was this day placed a marble bust of the hero of the *fête*, borrowed from the University. From the breast of this an oak and laurel wreath was suspended, it being understood that the King would not sit in state in solitary greatness, preferring to be accommodated with chairs for himself and sister on the platform at the foot of the throne. The House is divided by the columns into three distinct compartments, marking the sites of former side altars, but now turned to the purpose of tribunes or galleries, one of which, on the right as we enter, is reserved for the Diplomatic Body; another, facing it, was occupied by the Council of State, and above both were those of the Press. Eight other galleries were crowded with persons of distinction of both sexes. The gallery over the door, once the organ loft, was occupied by the choir, consisting of 200 singing boys and girls, pupils of the Conservatorio, or school of music, with their directors, and several instrumental performers, the whole under the management of Don Emilio Arrieta, the Rector of the School, a composer of high renown. The floor of the house was almost exclusively given up to the fair sex, whose many-coloured skirts were at first luxuriantly spread over the deep crimson velvet of the Senator's benches, though they had to be drawn in and in as the multitude kept thronging upon the early arrivals, till the whole audience made a motley mass, and so compact that it was only with the utmost difficulty that the well-mannered but resolute police could cut through it the narrowest possible avenue for the entrance and exit of the Royal party. In the midst of all the hubbub, the committeemen, stewards, or masters of the ceremonies bustled about, men of note as writers or artists most of them, but who had this day admitted into their body the Alcalde (or Mayor) of Alcala de Henares, the poet's birthplace, and that of Argamansillade Alba, an *aldea* (or village) of La Mancha, supposed to have been the home of Don Quixote.

The ceremonies of the day were somewhat common-place, but pertinent to the occasion. Punctual to a minute, the King, greeted with the strains of the Royal March, entered the hall at 3 o'clock, and took his seat on the *fauteuil* on the right of the throne, having his sister on his left. Opposite to him, before a writing-table, was the President of the Society, Don Cayetano Rossell, who opened the proceedings by reading an *Exordio* illustrative of the main events in the poet's life. Then followed, alternately, pieces of vocal and instrumental music and the reading of chapters of *Don Quixote* and other extracts from the author's works. The reading was lengthy and somewhat unimpressive, the music not quite first-rate, the only successful declamation being that of Doña Eliza Mendoza Tenorio, a distinguished actress, who recited a poem by Don Ventura de la Vega, in which the highest rank among men of genius was claimed for Cervantes, and Spain was exalted as the "first nation in the world." The music began with a choral performance of an anthem, or *cantiga*, of the 15th century, and closed with a cantata, the words by Señor Arana, the music by Señor Arrieta—the quaint, tame, yet solemn notes of the ancient melody pleasantly contrasting with the wild, inspiriting strain of the brave modern composition. There was, besides, a sonata by Señor Monasterio, executed by 18 young violin performers of the Conservatorio, two of whom were girls; and a solo on the harp by a young artist of great promise, aged 15, known under the *nom de guerre* of Señorita Esmeralda Cervantes. A few of the performers elicited bursts of applause, of which the King himself gave the signal, encouraging a breach of the courtly etiquette which forbids any demonstration of that kind in the presence of Royalty. This amiable condescension on his part won him the hearts of the assembled multitude, who had received him with respectful silence as he came in, but greeted him with loud cheers as he left the hall, giving him a pleasure which he was at no pains to conceal. The performance was over at 5 o'clock.

I did not attend the religious ceremony which was performed in the morning at the Church of the Trinitarian nuns, and consisted of a requiem or funeral mass sung for the deliverance of the poet's soul from purgatory, and extending the same release to all the other souls of departed literary worthies; but I went in the evening to the Zarzuela Theatre, where there was a special performance in behalf, and for the benefit, of the Literary Fund, and at which, also, the King and Princess were present. It opened with *Marina*, an opera in two acts, by the Maestro Arrieta, which holds a distinguished and well-deserved rank both on Spanish and foreign stages. There followed an interlude, in which four poems in honour of Cervantes, by Señors Grilo, Del Palacio, Serra, and Señora del Riego Pica, were read by the actors, and the whole ended with a *zarzuela* or *vaudeville*, by Narciso Serra, entitled *El Loco de la Guardilla* ("The madman in the Attic"), an extremely amusing, yet deeply touching and thrilling piece, of which Cervantes is the protagonist, and a work of real genius, which could be easily translated for foreign audiences, and which, in England, at least, would be sure of as great a success as it has commanded for these last 12 years on the Spanish stage.

The *zarzuela* was, perhaps, the climax of the many genuine emotions evinced by the cultivated part of the Madrid population at this interesting commemoration of him they call the "Prince of Spanish Geniuses," and whom they designate as the "*Manco*, or One-armed Man, or Cripple of Lepanto." This day, consecrated to the ceremony about which all men were of one mind, made, as it were, a break in the gloom, an oasis in the wilderness; it threw a ray of light into that long night of mad discord, of senseless revolution, brutal civil war, and chronic misgovernment which has become for so many years the normal condition of this distracted country, and which the ordinary resources of mere idle dissipation and sensual enjoyment only deepen by their repulsive contrast. It would not be right to despair of Spain or the Spaniards so long as the man who so well divined and defined the character of the country and people continues to be the object of heartfelt and generous worship. Some of the poets whose verses were read at the Zarzuela Theatre last evening, and especially Señor Manuel del Palacio, did not court applause by ministering to their countrymen's vanity, but told them bold yet wholesome truths, proving by the acclamation with which they were received, that Spanish hearts are still accessible to deep, generous, and, let us hope, not transitory feelings. Señor Palacio mourned over the prostration of a country which no longer produces "either Quixotes for war or Sanchos for peace—a country plunged into such ignoble sloth that to look for a spark of life one must grope among the dead." Even among the ashes of the dead, however, one would look in vain for any relic of Cervantes. The poet terminated his career in this city. The street in which he lived, the house which he inhabited and in which he breathed his last, are still pointed out, and so likewise is the church of the *Trinitarias* where his body was interred; but he died in extreme want and after long sufferings, obscure and unnoticed, the man unheeded, though his works had already risen to world-wide fame, perhaps because he was too independent to solicit, or too proud to accept, human aid. He died and made no sign, and was conveyed to his resting-place "unattended," his ashes mouldering in the heap of a hundred corpses thrown pell-mell into

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the common vault of a low, crowded parish church. But let that nation, ancient or modern, which deals with more justice towards its own great men cast the first stone. The lot of Cervantes was sad, but not, perhaps, more melancholy than that of Dante or Tasso, of Galileo or Milton. Nor was his life, though checkered by adversity and pinched by poverty, unredeemed by glimpses of that glory which was his idol, as it is every Spaniard's. Compelled to accept low offices in the Excise and the Commissariat, serving as a page, and enlisted as a private soldier, he found, in the wound he received at Lepanto, in the captivity he endured at Algiers, in the imprisonment he was subjected to at Castro del Rio, so many spurs to urge him to action, to exalt and strengthen his character, and also so many arguments, to confirm him in his self-respect. Like other truly great men, Cervantes was sure of himself, and he courted adversity and cherished misery with not a little of that desperate, suicidal, and more than half-crazed spirit with which his hero stood sword in hand before the open cage of the Royal lions. Had he never been in durance he might, perhaps, never have dreamt of Don Quixote.

PIERSON'S *JERUSALEM*.

By Amicus Patriæ (1852).

"Let old forms and time-honoured words perish with due honour, and give us fresh symbols and new forms of speech to express not what our fathers felt, but what *we* feel. Goethe says, 'The spirit world is not foreclosed. Thy senses are dulled; thy heart is dead. Arise, become a learner; and bathe that earthly breast of thine, unwearied, in the dew of a fresh morning.'"

Rev. F. Robertson on *The Influence of Poetry*.

The production of two new works of importance, both by Englishmen, and at a provincial festival, is an occurrence in musical history evidencing an advance in art, both by the appreciation of native talent, and by the extension of the sphere of its influence. As one who has watched the growth of the Norwich Musical Festival from a very early date in its career, and has a consequent interest in its success, I may, perhaps, be permitted to address a few remarks upon this subject, feeling that whoever makes an effort in a worthy cause will be secure of excuse for the smallness of that effort—"the *will* will be taken for the deed."

It is a great object both for the artist and his hearers, that on the production of a new work a way should be prepared for its fair understanding. Technical criticism, besides that it cannot be given to any extent till after perfect performance, is not sufficient, either in scope or bearing, for the general public. They require to have their attention and sympathies opened to the mode in which they are themselves affected, not to that in which the musician only can be touched; in fact, to be prepared for those impulses which, however veiled in their origin, are the agents through which genius accomplishes its wondrous ends—genius, of which Milton greatly says, with an especial reference to sacred poetry and music:—

"These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation: and are of power, beside the office of the pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightiness, and what He works, and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church."

We should all, indeed, do more justice both to artists and to ourselves, were we to escape more frequently from the study of causes, to the enjoyment of effects, at least on the first production of a work—were we more trustful as to the power of art to affect us by its creations directly and at once, and more reliant on the impulses to good thus awakened in our minds. In accordance with such views I have prepared the following analysis of Mr Pierson's oratorio of *Jerusalem*, because, not having been yet heard in its integrity, public curiosity is more on the alert concerning it. Dr Bexfield's has already enjoyed one favourable trial, and has had time to make its own impression, before the period of its second hearing shall arrive.

High art is that which achieves its end, whatever that end may be; the very highest art is that which makes to itself a noble end and achieves it. Simply taking the words of the oratorio as our criterion, it must at once be admitted that Mr Pierson has fulfilled the first half of this hypothesis; he has made to himself a noble end; his theme, as a whole, is the most momentous which the human soul can grasp—its own immortality—and the scriptural sentences selected to develop this sublime truth, are so arranged as to place before us, simply yet dramatically, the transgressions, the destruction, and the future restoration of God's chosen people and city, with the final redemption of the righteous dispersed over the face of the whole earth. Thus far we have the two great desiderata of a work of art—interest and action.

But the mind, which originally furnished the composer with his subject, has exercised a still deeper insight into the means by which the Almighty condescended to reveal to man his future destiny. The object was to select a whole from the body of the Sacred Book, perfect in itself, and yet fitted to the highest purposes of music; and it has been done.

The oratorio is divided into four portions—an Introduction or Prologue, and the three parts usually adopted for such a work. The former opens with an apparent anachronism—the words of Christ are spoken before those of all the prophets who preceded him in the world. But after the first impression we recall this text—"In the beginning was the 'Word,'" and we feel the seeming contradiction to be a tacit acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Redeemer. For the more direct purpose of the plan, it places before us, as the consummation of the course of error which had called down Divine punishment, the crucifixion; and it does so with exquisite discernment, in those few concluding sentences of the Saviour's mission, which disclose, not His bodily suffering, but His spiritual mercy.

And Jesus said: Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me; but weep for yourselves, and for your children!

O Jerusalem! If thou hadst known, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.

And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified Him.

Then said Jesus: Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.—Luke xxiii. 28; xix. 42; xxiii. 33, 34.

The Prologue closes with the stern denunciation of the Hebrew lawgiver, fortelling in the wilderness the destruction of the future city.

And Moses spake unto all Israel, on this side Jordan, in the wilderness.—Deut. i. 1.

The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the ends of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth: a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand; a nation of fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favour to the young. And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down. And thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night.—Deut. xxviii. 49, 50, 52, 56.

Thus, at a glance as it were, are the characteristics of the two covenants—strict justice and redeeming mercy—placed before us, and an epitome of the oratorio, in its whole scope, given at the same time; felicitously enhancing the poetry of the main action, by awakening, even before its commencement, the most trustful uplifting of the soul towards the Redeemer, and the sublimest pity for those whom He would not denounce.

(To be continued.)

LEEDS EXHIBITION.

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

Sir,—The documents published in the "*Musical World*" of last Saturday were not written by Mr Dayson (General Manager), nor were they even signed by him. Dr Spark took advantage of a time when the arrangements were in a sort of muddle, and, at his instigation, the first letter was written by one of the officials, with whom the Dr happened to be intimate.

I would suggest that Dr Spark should look into his Dictionary for the meaning of the word "INAUGURATE,"—his present view of it is extremely childish.

Dr Spark has mentioned "lies." I must say once more that all MY statements are perfectly true, and have been derived from the very best authority. Dr Spark said in one of his letters—(referring to his much-beloved document)—"Mr Best has seen this letter." Your intelligent readers will be glad to know that the Doctor's remark was utterly untrue; of this you will find ample proof enclosed. Whilst thanking you for inserting this correspondence, I should say that, as far as I am concerned, the matter ends here. I have done my best to ventilate the affair, and am sure most of your readers will see that Dr Spark's appearance and adventures in this case are not at all creditable to him.—I am, Sir, Yours obediently,

Veritas.

Leeds, June 24th, 1875.

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Autograph Letter of Sir W. Sterndale Bennett.

(*From "Concordia."*)

The subjoined interesting letter, which we print in fac-simile at the request of subscribers, was addressed to the annotator of the programmes of the recent daily concerts at the Royal Albert Hall. The Caprice referred to is that in E major for pianoforte and orchestra.

66, *St John's Wood Road, November 6th*, 1874.

My dear Mr Bennett,—I was very sorry to miss you yesterday, being obliged to go to the Academy by ten o'clock. With regard to my Caprice I really cannot remember much. It was first played by me at one of my benefit concerts at the Hanover Rooms; how many years ago I am afraid to say. I played it at Leipsic, and afterwards sold it to the Publishers there. When I sent them the score, they found out that I had left out P. F. part, which, in fact, I had never written. The score you shall see if you think it will be of any use in the kind interest you take in the work. The last time I heard it at the Philharmonic, it was played by Miss Kate Loder (now Lady Thompson), and conducted by Costa, long after our misunderstanding. Ever sincerely yours,

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.

[We cannot give in *fac-simile* this charming letter, addressed from one Bennett to a namesake worthy of him; but in our next number we shall have the pleasure of presenting our readers with the *fac-simile* of another letter addressed by our great English musician to an intimate friend, *apropos* of the sonata in A flat, entitled, *The Maid of Orleans*, written especially for, and dedicated to, Arabella Goddard. We have also some *data* about the *Caprice* in E, which Sterndale Bennett would seem to have forgotten.]

—o—

VIENNA.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The great success of Verdi's *Requiem* induced the manager of the Imperial Operahouse to supplement the original three performances by a fourth. Verdi has promised Herr Jauner to come and superintend the getting up of *Don Carlos* in the winter.

Mad. Mallinger concluded an unsuccessful engagement by appearing as Mrs Ford, in *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, and Miss Minnie Hauck wound up a very successful one as the heroine of M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*.

—o—

WAIFS.

La Fille de Madame Angot has been filling the Criterion Theatre during the week.

The indefatigable *redaction* of *Le Ménestrel* is gathering materials for a biography of Spontini.

Signor Tamberlik, the famous Roman tenor (last of the Romans?) has been in London on a short visit. He was to leave on Tuesday.

Mr John Jackson, associate of the Royal Academy of Music, has been appointed organist and choirmaster at Holy Trinity Church, Rotherhithe.

"A welcome from Alma Mater" to the American "Rifle Team," now visiting Dublin, written by Dr Waller, LL.D., and set to music by Sir Robert P. Stewart, made a "hit" at the dinner given by Trinity College, Dublin, to the members of the International Rifle Match, last Saturday. The "Welcome" introduces "Hail Columbia," and "The Star Spangled Banner," and were sung in chorus by the Trinity College students, amidst tumultuous applause. Sir Robert conducted.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The attractions during the ensuing week will include a performance, on Monday, by the Haymarket Company, of *David Garrick*, in which Mr Sothern will make his last appearance this season. Mr Buckstone and Miss Minnie Walton will also appear; and on the same day, another visit to the Park will be made by the Members of the Four-in-Hand Club. On Tuesday, the National Temperance Fête is to be held; on Wednesday, the Brass Band Contest of the Metropolitan Schools will take place; and on Thursday, the last of the series of Italian Concerts will be given by the artists and chorus of the Royal Italian Opera, including Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdlle Scalchi, Mdme Vilda, Mdlle Proch, Mdlle Smeroschi; Signor Nicolini, Signor Cotogni, Signor Capponi, Signor Scolara, and Signor Ciampi. The conductors on this occasion will be Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Vianesi, and Mr H. Weist Hill. On Saturday, the sixth of the series of Popular Concerts will be given, in which Mdme Nouver, a new soprano, Mdme Demeric-Lablache, Signor Lodovico Breitner, and Mr Santley will appear. Mendelssohn's *Loreley* will be given, with increased orchestra and choir.

The *Graphic* states that there is no foundation for the report that Mad. Arabella Goddard will return to England for the autumn and winter season. The *Graphic*, as usual, is well-informed.

Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, as well as Mdlle Emma Albani, will, we are informed, take part in Mr Gye's provincial tour next autumn. Both are engaged by Sir Julius Benedict for the Norwich Festival.

In the new Act to regulate the houses of public entertainments in London and Westminster, the statute is deemed to have come in force on the 29th September last, proceedings for penalties to be stayed.

M. Mayer, the manager of the Princess's Theatre, the regular season of which was to terminate on Saturday night last, announced his intention to continue the performances during the week expiring to-day, for the benefit of those who suffered by the inundations in the south of France.

The Prince of Wales, and the committee of the club bearing His Royal Highness's name, have engaged a band of instrumentalists to perform three times a week at the club and in their racket grounds. Mr J. B. Clarke, Bandmaster of the Scotch Fusilier Guards, is appointed director. Mr Clarke is a "Cork boy."

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W. M. LUTZ,

ORGANIST OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

CONTENTS.

1	1st Sunday in Advent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
2	2nd Sunday in Advent	Deus tu convertens	Qrtt. or Chorus	Henry Smart
3	3rd Sunday in Advent	Juste et pie vivamus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
4	4th Sunday in Advent	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
5	Any Sunday during Advent	Rorate	Chorus & Solo	Webbe
6	Christmas Day	Adeste Fideles	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
7	Sunday within Octave of Christmas	Attolite	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
8	Circumcision	Tui sunt cœli	Ten. So. & Chor.	A. Sullivan
9	Epiphany	Reges Tharsis	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
10	Sunday within Octave	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
11	Holy Name	Jesu dulcis	Qrtt. & Chorus	Beethoven
12	3rd Sunday after Epiphany	Dextera Domini	Chorus	Schumann
13	Septuagesima Sunday	Bonum est	Solo & Chorus	Benedict
14	Sexagesima Sunday	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
15	Quinquagesima Sunday	Super flumina	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
16	1st Sunday in Lent	Ecce nunc tempus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
17	2nd Sunday in Lent	Preces populi	Chorus	Webbe
18	3rd Sunday in Lent	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	4th Sunday in Lent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
19	Passion Sunday	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Webbe
20	Palm Sunday	Improperium	Chorus	Andrè
21	Easter Sunday (Gradual)	Hæc dies	Chorus or Trio. T.T. & B.	Webbe
22	,, ,, (Offertory)	Victimæ	Chorus	Webbe
23	Low Sunday	Angelus Domini	Chorus	Andrè
24	2nd Sunday after Easter	Deus misereatur	Chorus & Soli.	Webbe
25	3rd Sunday after Easter	Lauda anima	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
10	4th Sunday after Easter	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
26	5th Sunday after Easter	Benedicimus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
27	Ascension Day	Ascendit Deus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
28	Sunday within Octave of Ascension Day	Rex Gloriæ	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
29	Whit Sunday (Gradual)	Emitte / Veni sancte spiritus	Trio or Chorus / Duet or Chorus	Webbe / Webbe
30	,, ,, (Offertory)	Confirma hoc Deus	Soli or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
31	Trinity Sunday	Benedictus est	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
32	1st Sunday after Pentecost	Intende voci	Chorus	Andrè
33	Corpus Christi (Gradual)	Lauda Sion	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
34	,, ,, (Offertory)	O sacrum convivium	Solo	Webbe
35	2nd Sunday after Pentecost	Domine convertere	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
36	3rd Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
37	4th Sunday after Pentecost	Illumina	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
38	St Peter and St Paul	Roma felix	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
39	5th Sunday after Pentecost	Audi hymnum	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
14	6th Sunday after Pentecost	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
40	7th Sunday after Pentecost	Sicut in holocaustis	Qrtt. or Chorus	Mozart
41	8th Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria	Bass Solo	Webbe
18	9th Sunday after Pentecost	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	10th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett	Webbe
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exurgat Deus	Chorus	Webbe
43	Assumption	Assumpta est	Chorus	Neukom
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Chorus	Eybler
45	13th Sunday after Pentecost	In te speravi	T. So. (& Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
36	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
13	15th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum est	Solo or Chorus	Benedict
46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavero	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
55	Nativity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
56	Holy Name	Ave Maria	Solo	Cherubini
57	Seven Dolors	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Gregorian
4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
58	Purity	Succurre miseris	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
4	Patronage	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
59	Confessor	Ecce sacerdos	Duet	Webbe
60	Martyrs	Qui seminant	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
61	One Martyr	Justus ut palma	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
63	Virgins and Holy Women	Diffusa	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
64		Asperges	Chorus	Gregorian
65	In Paschal time	Vidi aquam	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
66	Prayer for the Queen	Domine salvum fac	Chorus	Martini

APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Cœli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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VOL. 53—No. 28. SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

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Madame Christine Nilsson.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 10th, will be performed (for the last time this season), "FAUST." Faust, Signor Campanini (his first appearance in that character this season); Mephistophiles, Signor Castelmary (his first appearance in that character this season); Valentino, Signor De Reschi; Wagner, Signor Costa; Siebel, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Marta, Mdlle Banermeister; and Margherita, Mdme Christine Nilsson. Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

Extra Night.

On MONDAY next, July 12, "LOHENGRIN." Elsa di Brabante, Mdme Christine Nilsson; Lohengrin, Signor Campanini; Federico di Telramondo, Signor Galassi; Enrico, Herr Behrens; Araldo, Signor Costa; and Ortruda, Mdlle Tietjens.

Special Notice.

On the occasion of the performance of "Lohengrin," the Opera commences at Eight o'clock precisely.

TUESDAY next, July 13 (sixth appearance of Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy), "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Il Conte Almaviva, Signor Brignoli; Figaro, Signor De Reschi; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Zoboli; Don Basilio, Signor Costa; Fiorello, Signor Rinaldini; Berta, Mdlle Bauermeister; and Rosina, Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy (her third appearance in that character and her sixth appearance in England).

On THURSDAY next, July 15—Extra Night—will be presented (for the first time this season), MOZART'S Opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI." Donna Elvira, Mdme Christine Nilsson; Don Ottavio, Signor Gillandi; Leporello, Herr Behrens; Don Giovanni, Signor De Reschi; Masetto, Signor Zoboli; Il Commendatore, Signor Costa; Zerlina, Mdlle Elena Varesi (her first appearance in that character); and Donna Anna, Mdlle Tietjens.

SATURDAY, July 17, Seventh appearance of Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy.

Doors open at Eight o'clock. To commence at Half-past Eight, except on the occasion of the performance of "Lohengrin" on Monday next, July 12, when the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Bailey.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This Day (SATURDAY), LAST DAY of NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS and GARDEN FETE. Distribution of Prizes by Mdme LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT. Concert by Winners of Prizes at the Competitions. Band of the Scots Fusilier Guards for Promenade on the Lawns. Admission to Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

MISS CLINTON FYNES' MATINÉE MUSICALE, at her Residence, 39, Baker Street, Portman Square, MONDAY, July 12th, at Three o'clock. Vocalists—Mesdames Edith Wynne, Catherine Arnold; Mr Nelson Varley. Instrumentalists: Violin—Mr Carrodus, Mdme Varley-Liebe. Harp—Mr John Thomas. Violoncello—Herr Theodore Liebe. Pianoforte—Miss Clinton Fynes. Conductors—Messrs Cowen, Berger, and King Hall. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; at Messrs Moutrie, 55, Baker Street, W.; and of Miss CLINTON FYNES, 39, Baker Street, Portman Square.

MDLLE E. TATE has the honour to announce that her CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY Evening, 24th July, 1875, at ST GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, Regent Street. (Mdlle E. TATE, who, by command of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, had the honour recently to perform at Osborne, was presented by H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice with a valuable Watch ornamented with diamonds.) Vocalists—Mdlle Victoria Bunsen, Mdlle Marie Duval, Mdme May Bolt; Mr Burleigh Tessaman, Herr G. Werrenrath, Mr Wadmore. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Mdlle E. Tate and Mdlle Felicia Bunsen. Violin—Herr Wiener. Violoncello—Herr Daubert. Conductors—Mr Sidney Naylor, Herr Ganz, and Herr Schuberth. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be had of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; at all the principal Musicsellers; and of Mdlle E. TATE, 62, Fleming Road, Kennington Park. Concert to commence at Eight; carriages may be ordered for Ten o'clock. The Grand Pianoforte from Messrs Erard's.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will play THALBERG'S ANDANTE in D flat, Op. 36, at Mdme Louise Liebhart's Matinée Musicale, on Wednesday next, July 14th.

"LORELY."

MISS AMY STEWART will play SAUERBREY'S "LORELY" (Transcription) at Miss Emily Faithful's Readings, at the Egyptian Hall, next week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 10th, GOUNOD'S Opera, "ROMEO E GIULIETTA." Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdlle Bianchi; Signori Graziani, Cotogni, Bagagiolo, Sabater, Tagliafico, Capponi, and Nicolini.

Last Week of the Season.

MONDAY next, July 12, VERDI'S Opera, "RIGOLETTO." Mdlles Albani, Scalchi; Signori Graziani, Tagliafico, Fallar, and Carpi.

TUESDAY next, July 13, MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera, "L'ETOILE DU NORD." On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock, instead of Half-past. Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdlles Smeroschi, Cottino, Ghiotti; Signori Naudin, Ciampi, Sabater, Capponi, Tagliafico, and M. Faure.

WEDNESDAY next, July 13 (Benefit of Mdlle Zaré Thalberg), MOZART'S Opera, "DON GIOVANNI." Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, Mdme Vilda, Mdlle D'Angeri; Signori Marini, Ciampi, Tagliafico, Capponi, and M. Maurel.

THURSDAY next, July 15 (Benefit of Mdme Adelina Patti), VERDI'S Opera, "LA TRAVIATA." Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdlle Cottino; Signori Graziani, Tagliafico, and Naudin.

FRIDAY next, July 16 (Benefit of Mdlle Albani), GOUNOD'S Opera, "FAUST E MARGHERITA." Mdlles Albani, Scalchi; M. Faure, M. Maurel, Signori Tagliafico and Nicolini.

SATURDAY next, July 17 (Last Night of the Season), MEYERBEER'S Opera, "L'ETOILE DU NORD." Cast as above. On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock, instead of Half-past. Conductors—Signori Vianesi and Bevignani.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Boxes from £2 12s. 6d. to £6 6s.; stalls, £1 1s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Repetitions of *Lohengrin*, *Romeo e Giulietta*, *Lucia*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Don Giovanni*, with a *pot-pourri* made out of the *Africaine*, and some of the *ballet* music from *Robert le Diable*, for the special edification of the Seyyid of Zanzibar, constituted the programme of last week. As Edgardo, in *Lucia*, Signor Carpi advanced another step in public opinion, and confirmed the judgment of those amateurs who believe that in him Mr Gye has found that *rara avis*, a new tenor of capacity. The progress of this young singer will be watched with general interest. As Lohengrin he continues to win approval in a part by no means easy to sustain with credit, and he has now shown himself equally conversant with the music of Verdi and Donizetti. About Mdlle Albani's Lucia it is unnecessary to say more than that it is ripening into that absolute excellence which in each successive assumption she appears more and more likely to attain. In consequence of the indisposition of Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, the part of Zerlina was undertaken by Mdlle Bianchi, one of the most useful and versatile, although one of the youngest artists in the theatre, who undertook it at a very short notice, and acquitted herself in a manner deserving the highest credit.

The operas during the current week have been the *Etoile du Nord*—with Madame Patti and M. Faure; *Lohengrin*—8th time; *Semiramide*; *Fidelio*—with Mdlle D'Angeri, first time, as Leonora; and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. *Romeo e Giulietta* this evening.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The choice of *La Traviata* as an opera in which to exhibit the qualifications of a singer unknown to London amateurs may be regarded as doubtful; but on more than one occasion, since Piccolomini first played the part (1856) at Her Majesty's Theatre, under the direction of the late Mr Benjamin Lumley, it has proved fortunate. Such was the case the other night at Mr Mapleson's theatre, when Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy, of the Paris Opéra Comique, made her appearance before us in the character of Violetta. Mdlle Chapuy is a practised singer and an actress of real intelligence. The first notes she had to utter evoked sympathy, and this was extended to her from the beginning till the end. It is rare that one so young succeeds in becoming a mistress of her art; but Mdlle Chapuy is exceptionally gifted. Amateurs, however, are aware of the esteem she enjoys in her own country, where, on the boards of one of the accredited theatres, it is not easy to earn distinction. We are informed that she now for the first time appears in opera of which the Italian language is the medium of expression; and, if this be true, we may compliment her on the success she achieved. From the opening *brindisi* ("Libiamo, libiamo"), this success was never for a moment doubtful. Mdlle Chapuy might even dispense with the physical cough, which in no sense redeems the character of Violetta from what cannot fail to offend prejudices that the beauty of Verdi's melodies and the dramatic force of his concerted and descriptive pieces are unable completely to set at rest. Verdi, the composer, has elevated a questionable character into a position of questionable interest; and this behoves the representative of his heroine to aid him in that process of purification by music through which he has made the "Dame aux Camelias" more or less acceptable on the operatic stage. Mdlle Chapuy, in her assumption, exhibits the characteristics of so thorough a lady that we feel in no way disposed to inquire about Violetta's antecedents; nor are we surprised at the spell she exercises over Alfredo, or at the sympathy innately felt towards her by Alfredo's father—personages, nevertheless, the younger especially, for whom little genuine interest can be entertained. Mdlle Chapuy, in her general delineation, somewhat resembles the late Madame Bosio. Theirs may not be the absolutely correct version; but it is surely the most agreeable because the least suggestive. As a singer, Mdlle Chapuy possesses advantages the value of which are evident at once. Her voice is strong and resonant, and, if occasionally rebellious, when she has to express emotion, is quite at her command. This was shown particularly in the slow movement, "Ah! fors' è lui," and the *cabaletta*, "Sempre libera degg'io," its brilliant sequel, which were entirely appreciated by the audience, who called forward Mdlle Chapuy, and her companion, M. Capoul—than whom a more earnest and impassioned Alfredo, Frenchman though he be, has rarely been seen on the Italian boards. In the subsequent scenes, both with Alfredo and Germont the elder (Signor Galassi), Mdlle Chapuy convincingly displayed her ability both as singer and actress. Here the dramatic side of Violetta becomes prominent; and here Mdlle Chapuy created the liveliest impression. In the final act—when the sudden excitement created by the unexpected return of Alfredo is to the unhappy lady but as the last flicker of an expiring lamp, Mdlle Chapuy gave signs of real dramatic instinct; though she comparatively fails to express the words—

"E ritornato all' amor mio,
"Digle che vivere ancor vogl'io"—

with that outburst of seemingly uncontrollable passion which used to be the most striking feature in the performance of the lady who introduced Violetta to an English public. To sum up, however, Mdlle Chapuy obtained a thoroughly legitimate success. On Saturday night, as Rosina, in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, her second part, she was equally well received, but here she had formidable comparisons to contend with. To the florid music of Rossini her voice lends itself with hardly the same facility as to the declamatory strains of Verdi. She acquitted herself, nevertheless, throughout to the satisfaction of amateurs; was encored in the *cabaletta* of "Una voce poco fa;" greatly and deservedly applauded in the duet with Figaro, "Dunque io son" (embellished in a manner that would have astonished Rossini himself); again encored in the characteristic "Aragonese" from Auber's *Domino Noir*, introduced in the "Lesson-scene"—something to perplex Dr Bartolo far more than the traditional variations on Rode's air, or the equally apposite "Nel cor piu" of Paesiello; and acted the character throughout with equal spirit and intelligence. That Mdlle Chapuy is an artist of no ordinary calibre was sufficiently proved by the two assumptions to which we have made reference. The general performance of the *Barbiere* was scarcely up to the mark to which we are accustomed at Her Majesty's Opera. Signor Zoboli's Bartolo, however, was more than creditable; and Mdme Demeric-Lablache's Bertha one of the very best we remember. Then we must take into account the orchestra. No conductor knows better how to make up for shortcomings on one side the foot-lamps than Sir Michael Costa, with his splendid cohort of instrumentalists on the other. About the welcome revival of *Mignon*, the serio-comic masterpiece of M. Ambroise Thomas, with Mdme Christine Nilsson as the heroine, we must speak in another notice.

The operas for the current week have been *La Traviata*, *Lohengrin*, and the *Barbiere*. *Faust*, with Mdme Christine Nilsson as Marguerite, is announced for this evening.

VIENNA.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

The Emperor has conferred the Commander's Cross of the Francis Joseph Order, with the Star, on Sig. Verdi. Sig. Ricordi, the well-known musical publisher of Milan, has received the Chevalier's Cross of the same Order, and Herr Jauner, the Manager of the Imperial Operahouse, has been decorated by the King of Italy. All these marks of distinction were bestowed in connection with the performance of *Aida* and the Manzoni *Requiem*.

CARLSBAD (Bohemia).—The excellent performances of our Curcapelle, under the direction of Herr A. Labitzky, are, as usual, a source of great attraction and pleasure to our numerous visitors. Among the more remarkable concerts we must point out the one given for the benefit of the Orchestra Pension Fund, the programme of which contained Mendelssohn's Overture, *Die Hochzeit des Camacho*; March from *L'Africaine*; Overture to *Santa Chiara*, by H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; Concertino, for harp and orchestra, by C. Oberthür (brilliantly played by Herr K. Jirmus, who this year is engaged in place of Mdlle Dubez, now at the Russian Private Capelle of Castle Trevano, in Dessin): also a Violoncello Concerto, by Goltermann (played by Herr A. Lang). At another concert we had the Prelude to Wagner's *Meistersingers*; also C. Oberthür's "Virgo Maria," arranged for full orchestra, played for the first time, and so favourably received that it has been repeated several times. An Overture, by Dupont, to *Bianka and Siffredi*, had also success.

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Tristan and Isolde.

(From a Correspondent.)

Now that Wagner's most popular opera has been given both at Her Majesty's and at Covent Garden, and that the English musical public, if not converted to the theories put forward by the great German composer, has at least shown a very unmistakable interest in his music, a description of the performance here last week of *Tristan and Isolde*—a work which has hitherto been performed only at Munich and Weimar—may not be unwelcome. Weimar, a quiet, unpretending Residency Town, of some 16,000 inhabitants, has many artistic associations, both past and present, which cannot fail to interest the passing traveller. For more than half a century it was the home of all that is brightest in Germany's literature; Schiller, Göthe, Wieland, and Herder all lived here, and at every turn and corner one finds some recollection, some memento of those great names. The Town, too, has long been renowned for the energy with which it has thrown itself, heart and soul, into the study of Wagner's music. Liszt, one of the greatest supporters of the new school, and a friend of Wagner, was formerly Capellmeister here; and, though he has resigned that post, he still passes his summers in a house, the "Hof-gärtnerei" just outside the town, which has been put at his disposition by the Grand Duke. Ably seconded by his successor in office, Herr E. Lassen, he has been enabled to plant the "music of the future" more firmly in Weimar than perhaps anywhere else in North Germany. The libretto of *Tristan* was written by Wagner in 1857, when in his 45th year; he composed the music shortly afterwards at Venice. The composer explains that it was the desire to produce something which, by reason of its less ambitious proportions, would enable him to hear once more a production of his own, that induced him to pause in the elaboration of *Die Nibelungen*, and turn his attention for a time to a shorter work—"a wish which the encouraging reception in Germany of older works seemed to place within my grasp."

The story of Tristan and Isolde—one of the most wide-spread of the Celtic Sagas—is found in full in the poem of Gottfried von Strasburgh ("Meister Gottfried" as he is usually designated) the contemporary of Wagner's other heroes, Wolfram and Walther von der Vogelweide, who lived about the beginning of the 13th century. Gottfried was, next to Wolfram, the greatest Epic writer of the Middle Ages. A deep perception of the beautiful, a thorough mastery of the human character, a clear and easy diction, are the marked characteristics of his writings. None has drawn so vividly as he the daily life of the Knights of old; how they lived, and fought, and loved, and died. As in Wolfram's *Parcival*, Gottfried opens his poem with the history of the hero's parents—Riwaleie, King of Parmenia, and Blanchefleur, sister of King Marke of Cornwall—of their loves and adventures of Tristan's birth, and his parents' death; how he was subsequently captured, when but 14 years old, by Norwegian pirates who, frightened by a storm, landed the child on the Cornish coast, and how his kinship with King Marke was eventually discovered. Of all this, however, there is no mention in the opera. Tristan had been living some years at the Court of his uncle King Marke, when the country was thrown into consternation by the arrival of Morold, brother-in-law of Gurman, King of Ireland, who demanded that thirty noble boys, chosen by lot, should be given over to him as a tribute to the Suzerain Irish Court. Tristan offers to fight the mighty Irishman in single combat, and, though severely wounded, is enabled, by the help of "Gott, Recht, and hoher Muth," to slay Morold, and release his countrymen from that dreaded obligation. All Cornwall, however, cannot find the antidote to heal the poisoned wound. This is only known to Morold's sister, the Queen of Ireland; and, in despair, Tristan determines at last to run the risk, and seek a cure at the hands of his victim's sister. The Queen takes pity on the lone stranger, who arrives at her Court in disguise, and not only undertakes to heal his wound, but intrusts to his care the education of the beautiful Isolde. He succeeds in his task, and becomes so beloved at the Irish Court that it is with difficulty he is allowed to depart and re-visit once more his boyhood's home. On his arrival in Cornwall he finds the chieftains urging King Marke to take to himself a wife. Tristan, remembering his late pupil, the loveliest maiden of her age, begs of his uncle to allow him to return to Ireland and make her, in the King's name, an offer of marriage. Marke, after much hesitation, at last consents, and Tristan sets sail again to Ireland. Soon after his arrival an accident reveals to Isolde that her former tutor is none other than the slayer of her uncle Morold. Tristan upon this admits the truth, and reveals the real object of his mission. In spite of the girl's repugnance to the match and to "Kornwalls müden König," her parents consent, and Isolde leaves for her new home, in despair at her fate and indignant with Tristan, to whom she attributes all her misfortunes. We now approach the catastrophe of the poem. Forgetful of their former antagonism, Tristan and Isolde give themselves up to the most passionate love, brought about by the all-powerful influence of the Minnetrank, or love-potion—an elixir which makes them the victims of an inevitable fatality.

Act I. of the opera opens, on board ship, with the journey of the bride to Cornwall. Isolde, first bemoaning her fate, relates the above story to her attendant, Brangäne, and then, violently upbraiding Tristan for his cruel conduct, invites him to join with her in drinking a death-potion. Brangäne hands them instead the Minnetrank, which immediately works its effect; and the last scene of the act depicts the despair of the lovers at their separation when King Marke arrives on board to lead away his bride to her future home. In the following act the scene is laid in the garden of King Marke's castle; the marriage ceremony has been performed, and Isolde is Queen of Cornwall. Marke, a prey to suspicions, but yet too devoted to accuse his wife, starts off on a hunting party, attended by all his court, and the lovers arrange a meeting that very night in the garden. The famous love-scene follows; the pair, blinded by the delirium of passion, are heedless of all the risk they run. In spite of Brangäne's oft-repeated warnings they linger on, unconscious of all save their loves and sorrows, and are rudely awakened by the entry of King Marke at break of day. Urged on by Melot, a jealous courtier, the King has returned earlier than expected, and discovers but too plainly the treachery of the one and the infidelity of the other. Tristan leaves the court of his uncle branded as a traitor, a disgraced and ruined man. In the third and last act the scene is laid in the garden of Tristan's castle, on the coast of Brittany. As the curtain rises, Tristan is seen, extended on a couch, sleeping, as it were, the sleep of death, and tended by the faithful Kurwenal, who, in all his wanderings, has never left his master's side. A shepherd stands on the look-out, awaiting the first sign of a ship from Cornwall, to bring the glad tidings to his suffering lord. Tristan gradually recovers consciousness, and realises his fate and position; his agitation momentarily increases; in vain does Kurwenal constantly ask news of the herdsman, and scan the horizon himself, from time to time, in search of the expected sail. At last, after a painful period of suspense, a ship is seen bearing down from the north. She enters the port, and Isolde is seen standing on the deck. Tristan, in an agony of impatience, raises himself from his bed of sickness, and totters towards the castle gate; but the effort and excitement are too much for him; his last hour has come, and he has but strength to murmur once more the beloved name Isolde, to fall into her arms and die. The despair and grief of the unhappy queen at this terrible blow is interrupted by the arrival of a second ship, with King Marke, Melot, and Brangäne on board. The last has in the meantime explained to the King how she had been the cause of all this sorrow, by having given the lovers the all-potent elixir, and he immediately sets sail to follow them, and grant them his pardon and forgiveness. Kurwenal refuses to admit the royal party within the castle; a struggle ensues, in which retributive justice avenges the betrayal of Tristan by the death of Melot at the hands of Kurwenal, who is himself afterwards slain by the King's attendants. When at length Marke enters the castle, he hastens to announce his message of reconciliation and peace. It is too late; he comes but to find Tristan dead and Isolde lying insensible on the lifeless body of her lover.

Such is Tristan's history as it appears in Wagner's libretto—three chapters, as it were, out of the life of Meister Gottfried's hero. The ill-fated love of the unhappy pair is the one theme of the opera, and the interest of the plot is entirely concentrated on the issue of that love. The other characters are few in number, and the subordinate parts do little more than unfold the story of the drama. The ship's crew or attendant knights occasionally

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utter a few words, but of actual chorus there is no vestige throughout the whole work. The very first bars of the overture introduce us to the "love phrase," expressive of a longing, eager, unsatisfied desire, and the same idea continually recurs as the opera proceeds. In the introduction to, and at the end of the first scene of Act II., the same notion—this craving after an absent love—is carried out by the constant repetition of the ascending passage ending on a minor 9th; while the "hunting phrase," heard sometimes on the stage, sometimes in the orchestra, reveals the ever-present fear of Brangäne, lest the King should return and discover Isolde's infidelity. This whole passage is a marvel of descriptive music-painting, if I may be allowed to use the word. Later on in the same act, the duet in four flats (three-four time), with its syncopated rhythm and highly original accompaniment, followed by a series of *arpeggio* chords, as Tristan and Isolde sink, lost in a dream of love, into each other's arms, is, perhaps, the most beautiful passage in the whole opera. In Act III. the treatment of the shepherd's horn, played on the stage, is wonderfully worked out; the long minor unaccompanied solo at the beginning of the first scene; the perpetual recurrence of the horn in minor tone so long as the watchman fails to see the expected sail; and, at last, the sudden burst into a joyous major as the ship heaves in sight; all this is admirably dramatic and picturesque. Properly to appreciate the opera, a certain amount of instruction in Wagner's dramatic ideas is no doubt necessary, and, above all, a thorough knowledge of the feelings he aims at representing on the stage—in other words, of the story of the work. The opera consists almost entirely of declamatory recitative; no stage vocalisation is anywhere permitted; no chorus, not even an air—employing the term in its usually accepted sense as the equivalent for rhythmical melody—is to be found; and, as in all Wagner's operas, the musical interest is concentrated chiefly on the wonderfully elaborate and rich accompaniment of the orchestra.

Before ending, I must add a few words of praise as to the execution of the work. Nothing could have been better than the singing and acting of Herr and Frau Vogl, of the Royal Opera of Munich; both real artists, they threw themselves thoroughly into their parts, the most difficult, perhaps, that even Wagner has ever written, and the result was a faultless impersonation of the two principal parts. Herr Milde (barytone), who took the part of Kurwenal, was thoroughly at home in his *rôle*, and succeeded in awakening in the audience a keen sympathy for the brave and faithful attendant. Herr Hennig (bass), as King Marke, and Fräulein Dotte (soprano) as Brangäne, made the most of two somewhat ungrateful parts. Lastly, the orchestra, though small, was well in hand, and left nothing to be desired. The *tempos* were faultless throughout, and their conductor's reading of Wagner's music came as near to perfection as possible. The house was crowded on both nights. The Queen of Würtemberg and the Grand-ducal Family were present, and the Wagner world was well-represented by a crowd of enthusiastic admirers, among whom may be mentioned the Abbé Liszt and Madame Wagner. The vast majority of the audience evidently knew the opera thoroughly before; no applause was tolerated for a moment during the acts; but, the curtain once down, the long-repressed enthusiasm broke out, and the Vogls were greeted with rounds of well-earned applause, such as are seldom heard in German theatres. I have only to add that the scenery and appointments are good, the acoustic properties of the theatre excellent, and the grouping of the sailors, and especially of the *tableau* in the last act, cleverly and effectively arranged.

BRUSSELS.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Among the artists re-engaged at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie may be mentioned Mdlles Hamaekers, Reine, MM. Warot, Devoyod, and Echetto. Mdlle Priola is replaced by Mdlle Derivis. The season will be inaugurated, in all probability, by Halévy's *Reine de Chypre*. Among the other operas named as selected for performance are Gounod's *Mireille*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Robert le Diable*.

Leopold II. te Mechelen, a cantata—with Flemish text—composed by M. Gustave Van Hoey, Director of the Academy of Music at Mechlin, was recently performed. The King was present.

RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS *RING OF THE NIBLUNG*.

(*From the "New Quarterly Magazine."*)

(*Continued from page* 449.)

In connection with these considerations, I will add a few remarks about the original sources of Wagner's poem, and about the way in which he has remodelled the old story for his dramatic purposes. The oldest Teutonic traditions of national gods and heroes contained in popular tales and songs were, at an early date, collected by the priests and scholars of that branch of the great nation which had settled in Iceland. The noble zeal shown in preserving pagan traditions does great honour to the wisdom of the Christian priests of that island, who, differing in this from the intolerant destructiveness of their brethren in most other countries, carefully preserved every trace of the early history of their nation. The two most important collections of Sagas in Iceland are the two Eddas, *i.e.*, "great-grandmothers," a name applied to them, most likely, owing to their antiquity. The elder Edda, written in alliterative verse, is said to have been composed by "Sarmundr the Wise," who died in 1133; the younger, or Snorra-Edda, a prose-tale of similar contents, is conjecturally ascribed to Snorra Sturluson, a priest who lived in Iceland from 1178 to 1241. Besides these I mention the Saga of the Volsungs as bearing on the subject of Wagner's dramas. The same stories, which thus became fixed in Iceland, retained a precarious existence in the floating traditions of wandering poets and singers in Germany. Now and then greater or lesser parts of these lays were written down, or even translated into Latin, by the monks; but this was never done in as systematic a manner as in Iceland, the Christian collectors endeavouring, moreover, frequently to efface the traces of pagan mythology from their versions. Hence the scanty remains of mythological lore in the old German language. But in another respect Germany has well deserved of our story by fixing it locally, and connecting it with its most beautiful river, the Rhine. From the Rhine Alberich steals the fatal gold, and to its waves it must be restored before the whole tale is told, and gods and men may rest from their troubles. About the end of the twelfth century, that is during the highest bloom of the chivalrous epic in Germany, the popular songs relating to our story were collected in the form of a continued narrative, known as the *Niblungen-Lied*—how and by whom remains at the present day a subject of internecine feud amongst the different schools of German philologists. In this poem, or collection of poems, the story appears entirely divested of its mythical character, and intermixed to a great extent with local traditions and later historical events.

In all essentials Wagner has justly preferred the pure Icelandic sources to the mixed versions of later ages, changing, however, the Icelandic names for their German equivalents—such as Odin for Wotan, Sigurd for Siegfried, and his mother, Hiordys, for Sieglinde. In a general way, it may be affirmed that the incidents of Wagner's drama also occur in the Icelandic Sagas; only the way in which these incidents are connected with each other, and condensed into a dramatic organism, as also the deep transcendent meaning which is imparted to them, betray the hand of the great modern poet. One example of Wagner's mode of proceeding must suffice us here. The chief compounds of the subject of *Rheingold* are, as the reader will remember, the building of Wallhall by the giants; their quarrel with the gods about the payment; their abduction of the goddess of youth, and the robbing of the gold by the gods to pay the ransom. Every one of these incidents occurs in either of the Eddas, but all in separate tales, without any connecting link amongst them. The stupid giants are cheated by the gods in a manner not concerning us here; the latter take the gold from Andwari, the dwarf, to win back their own liberty. The stones, indeed, lie there like costly jewels, waiting for the artificer's hand to join them together to a diadem of matchless beauty. This task of combining the *disjecta membra* of a deep though disturbed tradition, and of dramatically enforcing their half-forgotten, if ever consciously felt, meaning, our poet has fulfilled in a manner which displays no less reverence for the spirit of his original, than power of recasting it in his individual mould.

(*To be continued.*)

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SALVINI.

(*From the "Saturday Programme."*)

At the commencement of the London season of the year 1875, comparatively very few Englishmen had even heard of Tommaso Salvini. But before the curtain falls he is declared to be the event of the year, the "lion" of London; his name is on everyone's lips: he has galvanized society with a taste for art; he has filled Drury Lane at all his performances: and those who have not seen this famous actor, after all that has been said and written about him, may be put down amongst the crowd of hopeless Philistines, on whom all art influence and good taste are wasted. It must be distinctly remembered that Signor Salvini arrived in this country preceded by no noise or advance guard of puffery. He was preceded by that best of all advertisements, the esteem and gratitude of those who had seen him act in other countries. His first audience consisted mainly of travellers who were superior to the insular ignorance of their fellow-countrymen, some of whom had seen him act on the continent, whilst others had caught the sound of his fame, which reached our shores from Italy, Spain, and America. The success of that first performance of *Othello* was so great that there was no resisting it. You could read it in the faces of the audience, and detect it in the excited voices of such as issued from the theatre. This is the way to affect an audience. This is how we detect the difference between the true and spurious metal. What need of posters? What necessity for advertisements? Of what value the publication of columns of laudatory criticisms from the newspapers of the world, when all the thousands, who had seen him, bore to their homes a record of his fame, and became critics and Shaksperian students at the touch of his inspiration? Those who understand the English people, and have studied that curious "caste" known as society, will not have been prepared for such a thorough revolution. A Sultan may come and turn the heads of the people; a Shah of Persia may arrive covered with diamonds and emeralds; an Emperor or so may ride through the streets, and the English people will turn out of their houses, decorate their balconies, and, possibly, throw up their caps. One can quite understand that our holidays are few and our opportunities for excitement scanty. But Signor Salvini, in his way, is as conspicuous a star in the history of our London seasons as any of the Sultans, Shahs, or Emperors who have preceded him. He has done far more extraordinary things. He has broken the ice of prejudice, he has undermined the fortress of pride, and he has blown up the cant which has hidden the best dramatic art from the people. The prejudice which, with one breath, denies that any dramatic talent exists in this country, and with the next argues that it cannot be alive elsewhere—the cold, indifferent, cynical tone of a half-educated society—the prejudices of actors and professors of art, all are broken down by the genius of Salvini. It is genius, and nothing else, which can bring back the highest intelligence to the play-house, which can restore the drama to its niche amongst the fine arts, and which could wring out from the assembled dramatic profession one splendid shout of congratulation and approval. For the genius of Salvini has put down its foot, and there it stands unmoved. It has made a mark which can never be effaced. It will stand neither argument nor discussion now. It has rushed along with such a torrent that the strength of this one or that is powerless to resist it. The genius of Salvini is universally declared. There may, perhaps, be lingering in some dark corner a scowling egotist who will cavil at the approval of the art-world in order to air his conceit, and eventually succeed in covering himself with ridicule. At dinner-parties one may yet find some superficial and half-educated lady who passes for being clever because she is contradictory. To deny the genius of Salvini would be the stock-in-trade of such as these. But such mean and miserable exceptions only prove more emphatically the truth of the verdict of the world. Sympathy in opinion is very pleasant, but it would be far preferable to be wrong with the world of art than right with the disputatious mob. Whilst Signor Salvini has ennobled art he has also added strength and dignity to criticism. The very atmosphere of art has been purified by his presence.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

M. Lemaitre commenced the direction of the concerts at the *Etablissement des Bains* and the performances at the *Salle Monsigny* on June 14th. The *chef d'orchestre*, M. Bottreau, is not unknown to the Boulonnaise, having been conductor at the theatre four years ago. This season he is *chef* at both theatre and *Etablissement*, and a more able one could not be found to fill the two positions. The afternoon concerts, for the future, will be continued daily, from four till five. They are of the usual character—viz., two overtures, an *andante* movement, a valse, and a fantasia. The orchestra, though not yet quite complete, plays well, under the excellent conductorship of M. Bottreau. The season at the theatre really commences to-morrow (Thursday, July 1st), when Adam's *Si j'etais Roi!* will be given, to be followed on Saturday by *La Favorita*. M. Lemaitre decided to give three opera nights with his new *troupe*, and I think he acted wisely. The first was Halévy's *Mousquetaires de la Rèine*, on Saturday last. The house was a crowded one, but it had been understood among the new artists that the Boulonnaise were difficult to please; this may, therefore, account for the extreme nervousness of some of the principal singers. Added to this, I think I may not be thought indiscreet in telling a fact which was at that time only known behind the scenes, namely, that two of these, husband and wife, had just received the news from their home at Toulouse, that everything they possessed had been washed away by the late terrible floods in that neighbourhood. I think they had great pluck, and strong hearts, under the above circumstances, to come forward—one as a gay Mousquetaire, the other as a lively dame d'honneur—before what they thought was a very critical audience. Mr Charelli, well known as first tenor at the Opéra Comique, did his utmost, and sang the opening air, "La chasse du Roi," with such taste and zest that he was recalled twice. M. Desuiten, the bass, already known here, was warmly welcomed in the character of the Capitaine. Especially so was his capital acting, and he created a perfect uproar of applause, when he said the words, "Dans le temps de notre bon roi Henri c'etait les generaux qui faisaient la guèrre et les prêtres qui faisaient les processions." Mdlles Emma Nelly and Fage were, as I have stated, both nervous; but, from what one could hear of their voices occasionally, I trust I shall be able to speak favourably of them both. *La Juive* was given on Sunday with success.

Last night, *Martha, où le Marché de Richmond* was played, to a poor house. Mdlle Nelly, in the title *rôle*, sang exceedingly well throughout, but betrayed nervousness at the commencement of Act III., where she comes in alone, at the "lever du rideau." Her rendering, however, of *the* air of the opera left little to be desired, as it was sung with great accuracy and good taste. She was frequently recalled. M. Charelli's Lionel was perfect; and when he sang "Belle image à mes yeux," with taste, pathos, and accuracy, "he brought down the house."

Mdlle Fage, in the character of Nancy, seemed to have taken heart last night, sang right well, and acted with much spirit, especially at the end of Act I.—the market scene. M. Desuiten, as Plumket, also sang and acted well. Altogether, *Martha* was a success; and if this be a sample of what M. Lemaitre can put on the boards of the *Salle Monsigny* all through the season, he will, no doubt, have great success.

The evening concert in the *Etablissement* Gardens, under the direction of M. F. Lefebvre, have also begun; but 8 till 9 p.m., at this time of the year, is rather too soon to tempt people to sit in a garden so near the sea, however good the orchestra of the *Société Musicale* may be. Mornings and evenings are still cold, and the latter have been wet during the past week.

June 30, 1875. X. T. R.

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PIERSON'S *JERUSALEM*.

By Amicus Patriæ (1852).

(*Continued from page* 451.)

The three Parts—that is the body of the work—are comprised in the following argument:—

PART I.

Prophetic warnings and denunciations, chiefly from Isaiah and Jeremiah. The Fall of Jerusalem depicted.

PART II.

The Destruction lamented, the Restoration promised.

PART III.

Prophecies concerning the recall of the Jews from all the countries where they are now living in a state of exile. The great battle of Armageddon (in the "Valley of Decision"), which will end in the total defeat of the armies attacking Jerusalem.

The New Jerusalem: the Last Judgment: the Salvation of the Righteous.—Doxology.

These selections are made and combined with the same admirable taste, preserving clearness of general outline, with the most perfect fitness as to musical purposes. No *dramatis personæ* are indicated, but the whole is so managed by the compiler and composer conjointly, that we are compelled into the right mode of feeling and appreciating it—not as a succession of independent compositions, but as the united voices of prophecy as uttered by lips inspired of God, re-invested with the harmonies of a new language—a language that from time immemorial has exercised its mysterious sway over the human mind, and which in its wondrous versatility becomes the richest expositor of and stimulant to the feelings—aye, even of nations themselves—from the cradle and the baptismal hymn, to the grave and the funeral lament.

I feel the slight analysis of the scheme here given, not alone necessary to the right understanding of this peculiar work, but due to that fine religious feeling and literary taste, which has left us so perfect a memorial of its existence. The oratorio appears, as the late Mr Sancroft Holmes compiled it, with one exception—the introduction of these words into the third part as a quintet:—

"'I heard a voice from heaven, saying: Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'—Rev. xiv. 13. Also, Burial Service in the Book of Common Prayer."

This addition was made soon after his death, as a spontaneous requiem to his friend, by Mr Pierson.

I come now to the second point for consideration, whether the composer *has* achieved the end made to himself, which I hope I have demonstrated to be a noble one, and for which he was furnished with so noble a basis. All the musical opinions hitherto expressed would warrant an unhesitating affirmative, but as this cannot be *proved* till the work is heard, I shall adhere to my prescribed course of analysis, believing that Mr Pierson may be safely left to make his own appeal to public opinion from the orchestra.

In music as in literature, there must be almost constant change, either progressive or otherwise, and perhaps the ripening of any one branch of art takes place at that exact period when a school is *acknowledged*. For instance, Handel brought the oratorio to perfection, and established it at one and the same moment, and both numerous and great have been his scholars. But Handel could not stop the improvements in musical instruments, and the consequent enlargement of the means of expression—the consequent addition both of ideas to musical conception and words to musical language, so to speak, which has since grown out of them. Such inroads upon recognized forms may and do break down the barriers between styles, but they neither destroy what is great of an older date, nor prevent its birth in modern times. The cloudy vastness of Homer was not lessened when succeeded by the mediæval brightness of Dante, and the lasting glories of our own Shakespere. Milton has kept his own sphere undisturbed, though a crowd of successful poets have since both trod in his steps and opened up new paths. Beethoven himself (to come to a musical illustration), while he said of Handel, "Go and learn how to produce such great effects with such restricted means," was multiplying, every time he wrote, the resources in the hands of future musicians, so much so as to displease his master, Haydn, himself again an innovator. The present *will* have its own poetry and its own poets—its own music and musicians; and the public will do as it ought—disclaim the exclusive ascendancy of any one school or any one train of feelings, and will judge largely and fairly of those who enter the arena to struggle for that crown of which a German author has said, "The gems are too often formed of tears."

Our new composer therefore must be looked upon as the disciple of no particular mode or school. His elementary instruction was obtained from good English masters, his subsequent career has been one of individual study and observation, and now having grasped all the varied resources that the present state of his art places at his command, he comes before his countrymen from a distant land (where his power is already acknowledged) earnestly and fearlessly obeying the promptings of his own spirit, quietly defying the prejudice which, it must be confessed, has long reigned against the English in musical matters, and ready to trust to the fair dealing and sound judgment which, in spite of such prejudice, rarely fails eventually to bestow, through public applause, the just award.

(*To be continued.*)

ANNA DE BELOCCA.

(*From the "Graphic."*)

This new "star" in the operatic firmament is of Russian origin. Her father, M. de Bellokh, is an Imperial Councillor of State. There was no necessity whatever for Mdlle Anna to earn her living by any professional pursuit; but from her earliest youth she evinced a disposition for music so marked that, instead of being dissuaded, she was encouraged by those immediately about her, to cultivate that most seductive of all the arts. Born at St Petersburgh on the 4th of January, 1854, Mdlle de Belocca is now in her 22nd year. She began learning music under Mad. Nissen Salaman, in the Russian capital, and afterwards continued her studies in Paris, under Signor Nicolas Lablache (son of "the great Lablache"). Her finishing lessons, however, were undertaken by M. Maurice Strakosch—brother-in-law, and formerly artistic adviser of Adelina Patti. Under the auspices of this professor, Mdlle de Belocca made her *début* at the Paris Italian Opera (Théâtre Ventadour), last summer, as Rosina, in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. Her success was brilliant, and at once acknowledged by the Parisians, whose enthusiasm was not surpassed even by that of the large number of her compatriots who, naturally enough on such an occasion, formed part of the audience. Mdlle de Belocca's next opera in Paris was *La Cenerentola* (again Rossini), in which she received no less applause; and her third essay was with *Semiramide* (once more Rossini). In this last, her performance of Arsace, a part which has been the crucial test with so many renowned artists, from Brambilla to Alboni, and from Alboni to Trebelli Bettini, proved her capability to shine in serious as well as in comic opera. Arsace, followed by the last act of the *Romeo e Giulietta* of Vaccaj, in which she assumed the character of Romeo, at a miscellaneous entertainment for her benefit, put the seal on her Parisian triumphs. The fame of these speedily reached London, and the offer of an engagement from Mr Mapleson, for a limited number of nights at Her Majesty's opera, during the present season, being accepted, Mdlle de Belocca made her first appearance before a London audience, in her maiden part of Rosina, on the 24th of April. Her voice struck every amateur by its peculiar freshness and quality. It was not absolutely a *contralto*, nor absolutely a *mezzo-soprano*; but, in a most agreeable manner, blended the characteristics of both. In the *cavatina*, "Una voce poco fa," it was a pure *mezzo-soprano*; whereas in the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia* ("Il segreto per esser felice"), it was as pure a *contralto*. In any case, the singing and acting of Mdlle de Belocca, as the lively heroine of Beaumarchais and Rossini, was such as to win entire sympathy, and ensure an undisputed success. Shortly after, the new singer played Cherubino, in the *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart, and by her impersonation of this character advanced another step in public estimation. The Russian lady is now on the threshold of fame; and the greatest hopes are entertained of her future career. That these hopes may be fully realized, is the earnest wish of every amateur; for it is long since a young artist with greater artistic promise and greater personal attractions has appeared on the stage of the Italian Opera.

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MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(*Continued from page* 442.)

The object of this society was the production of the choral works of the great masters, and for this purpose a numerous chorus was kept in weekly practice under the direction of Mr Joseph Robinson who was the conductor. At the concerts, which were the results of these practices, the best works of Handel, Hadyn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and other worthies, were produced with adequate principals, band, and chorus. Handel's *Samson* was the first work given, leaving such an impression of the resources of the society and the ability of the conductor, that the latter was looked upon as the pioneer of progress, and the former as the field for his display. Many were the noble renderings of the gigantic and lovely compositions of the above named masters. *Judas Maccabæus, Israel in Egypt, The Messiah, The Creation, The Seasons*, and Mozart's and Hadyn's "Masses," deserve mention. Then the works of Mendelssohn were first made known to a Dublin public by the Antient Concerts—the *Lobgesang, St Paul, Athalie*. The last went better than ever we heard it in the sister country, and some of the settings of the Psalms by the immortal composer never were given more fervently. Instance "When Israel out of Egypt came," and "As the hart pants after the waterbrooks;" the last replete with charm. But to enumerate all the "Antients" achieved would require a paper. We cannot refrain from making an observation on the production of the *Elijah*, immediately after the composer's death in November, 1847. Indeed, the work was in rehearsal when the news of his decease arrived. It was a performance worthy the occasion. We well recollect a distinguished amateur, Mr John Stanford, who undertook the part of the Prophet, and who recited and sang the splendid music with a fervour which almost amounted to inspiration. He was only second to Staudigl, who "created" the part, as the French say, at Birmingham the year previous. The band and chorus were remarkably fine. Some of the choruses we remember for their delicacy of expression—instance "He watching over Israel," and "Blessed are the men that fear Him;" others for their pomp of utterance, as "Thanks be to God, He laveth the thirsty land," and "Be not afraid." Then the conductor, Mr Joseph Robinson, not only kept the host of performers well in hand, but manifested such an intimate knowledge of every salient point in the score that no phrase of loveliness or power was unrevealed. Many are the reasons assigned for the dissolution of this society—one which seemed to possess all the vital energy of artistic progress, and one which exhibited in its working a genuine desire for the exposition of the most lofty phases of the ideals in the art. That there may have been some errors in the administration is likely; but it is unlikely that they would have had the effect of dissolving the society. We have inquired a good deal into the subject, and after all are obliged to come to the conclusion that the "Antient Concerts" died from a decadence in taste amongst our better classes—those who supported the institution from the beginning, and under whose influences it grew and prospered. We have no under-middle class here as in England, and all fostering of art must emanate from the educated and upper citizens. If these fall away, the cultivation of art must languish. Our musical societies are exclusive, and the members invite audiences and bear the expenses of performances. The general public have nothing to do with them. That the best promoters of art should be found amongst the cultivated, and those with leisure to study, is true. But may not this eclecticism lead to cliqueism? And if so, to the contraction within small limits of what was intended for the elevation and refinement of the people at large; at least of all those who derive pleasure from sweet sounds. These observations are forced upon us when pondering over the fate of this society. The present has nothing to compare to it, and neither will the future, except there be a reorganization of musical forces on a broader basis, which will admit all members of the music-loving community to meet on the one platform. Mr Joseph Robinson, who conducted the Antient Concerts with such rare ability, is a genuine musician, as his works, both sacred and secular, attest. His wife is a charming pianoforte player, and likewise an accomplished musician. Mrs Joseph Robinson is the composer of the sacred cantata, "God is love." This most devotional and graceful work was written by the fair composer during the tedious hours of illness. And, as a thank-offering for recovery, she devoted its first performance to charity. It was given for the benefit of Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, December the 22nd, 1868. The Hibernian Catch Club, which is now the principal social club in this kingdom, originated about 150 years ago by meetings of the gentlemen of the Dublin choirs, for glee-singing and good fellowship, in the Thatched House Tavern, Castle Street. When it afterwards removed to the Bull's Head in Fishamble Street, it in some way roused the ire of Dean Swift, who inhibited the gentlemen of St Patrick's choir from attending its meetings on pain of dismissal. Swift had no music in his soul. He hated and ridiculed the art and its professors. Well had it been for the lord of satire had he delighted in sweet sounds. He would then not have deceived the two women who loved him, and been left to die a drivelling dotard in the hands of menials. He called it "a club of fiddlers." Nevertheless it progressed, and, in addition to its musical members, included most of the nobility and gentry, and literary celebrities in its gatherings. It has continued to flourish ever since, and is, at the present, distinguished for its elegant social entertainments. The gentlemen of the cathedral choirs are still its principal support; but the club includes amongst its members many of the nobility and gentry, and the highest in judicial station and professional eminence. His Grace the Duke of Abercorn is, at the present, its chairman. The members dine together at their rooms in Brunswick Street the second Tuesday in every month from November to June. The glee singing at these meetings is the great attraction. Mr Henry Bussell is indefatigable in his duties as secretary, and the committee do not spare themselves in the cause of art and sociability.

(*To be continued.*)

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BERLIN.

(*From an Occasional Correspondent.*)

Professors H. Bellermann, M. Blumner, A. Haupt, Herren Eckert and Radeck, *Capellmeister*, have been elected members of the Academy of Fine Arts (Musical Section).

Herr Dorn has sufficiently recovered from his late illness to be able to go to his Weinbergs-Villa, at Loschwitz, near Dresden. He is announced to conduct the concert of the Gustavus Adolphus Guild, at the beginning of next season. The first concert of the series was given under his direction twenty-five years ago.

On the 1st May, 1876, Madlle Helene Meinhardt, one of the most popular artists at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtische Theater, will migrate to the Theater an der Wien in Vienna.

—o—

DEATH OF MR VAN PRAAG.

Concert-givers, and members of the profession generally, will learn with regret the death, at an advanced age, of the well-known concert-agent, Mr Van Praag, which took place at San Francisco, on the 5th of June last. There are few who will fail to remember the activity and urbanity with which Mr Van Praag executed whatever fell to his share in the way of management, or to whom his abilities as a linguist, and his natural gift of organization, are unfamiliar. From the commencement of his professional career—when (in the year 1847) he occupied a position of responsibility and trust at the Royal Italian Operahouse—to its close, when, almost broken hearted at the loss of a much-loved wife, he gave up an established position in the musical world of London to join his children and grandchildren in San Francisco, he steered cleverly among the diverse influences that are constantly warring in the restless sea of musical life, making singularly few enemies, and contriving to retain the goodwill of the most opposite parties. After residing at Bordeaux for some time, as Consul to one of the Spanish American Republics, he re-appeared in London, and, from about the year 1860 to 1872, was to be met presiding, with his usual energy, as acting manager to all the musical societies and concerts of note. We learn that his last illness was one of considerable suffering, but that he retained possession of his exceptional faculties to the end. During his short sojourn in the South he made hosts of new friends, who heartily sympathize with his family in their bereavement. May his awakening to the unknown be such as to repay the troublesome turmoil of so many years of public service; and we are sure that none will fail to join with ourselves in the last peace-suggesting, if mysterious, wish—"Requiescat in pace."

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Balfe.

TO THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

VERY REV. SIR,—Having been informed that an application has been made to you, seeking permission to erect in Westminster Abbey a Monumental Tablet, in commemoration of the distinguished Musical Composer—our fellow-countryman—MICHAEL W. BALFE, we, the undersigned, desire to be allowed to convey to you the strong and general sympathy felt by the Irish public with this request, and our earnest hope that it may be granted. We do so because we believe that the fame of BALFE belongs to more than our own generation. In achieving not only a British but a European reputation, he has added honour to the country, and his name deserves to be nationally recorded. Signed by—

The Duke of Edinburgh, President (on behalf of the Royal Irish Academy of Music); the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; the Lord Mayor of Dublin (on behalf of the Balfe Memorial Committee); the Archbishop of Armagh; the Archbishop of Dublin; the Lord Chancellor of Ireland; the Duke of Leinster; the Bishop of Limerick; the Dean of St Patrick's; Viscount Monck; the Marquis of Kildare; the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe; Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. D., Professor, University of Dublin; Dean MacDonnell; the Master of the Rolls; Lord O'Neill.

Dublin, 31*st May*, 1875.

TO HERCULES MACDONNELL, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the Address which I have had the honour to receive from you, signed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh and other distinguished persons, with a letter from yourself, dated June 8th, in reference to the erection of a Monumental Tablet in Westminster Abbey, in Memory of the late Mr Balfe. I have delayed to reply, partly from absence in the country, partly from the desire to give full consideration to the request contained in the memorial and in your letter. With every wish to accede to a desire so forcibly expressed, and supported by so many eminent names, I am compelled to adhere to the same answer which I have already given on more than one occasion, in reference to this and similar applications—that I cannot, in consideration of the limited space in the Abbey and its cloisters, and of the demands of those who shall come after us, admit, unless in exceptional cases, the increase of cenotaphs, until I have received from the Government the assurance that the accommodation for such monuments will be enlarged, so as to give additional room for their suitable erection. I have been led to hope that such assurance will be given, but I have not yet been able to succeed in obtaining it; and you will, therefore, understand that I am, for the present, debarred from acceding to a request which it would have given me so much pleasure to satisfy, both from the desire to meet the wishes of the distinguished persons who have applied, and also to render honour to a gifted native of the Sister Island.—I beg to remain, my dear Sir, yours faithfully, ARTHUR P. STANLEY.

Deanery, Westminster, 22*nd June*, 1875.

TO EVERY AMATEUR IN IRELAND.

SIR,—We are directed by the Balfe Memorial Committee to earnestly request your aid and influence in their effort to worthily commemorate the name of one of Ireland's most gifted and widely-known sons of genius. It is intended to place his bust or statue in a suitable place in his native city, and to establish an annual musical Balfe Scholarship or Prize. We trust you will be good enough to authorize your name to be placed on the list of subscribers, which will then be published. Names will be received by any member of the committee, or at any of the principal music publishers, Dublin; and subscriptions can be lodged in the National Bank, College Green, to the account of the Balfe Memorial Committee. We have the honour to be, your obedient Servants,

HERCULES MACDONNELL,
JOHN O'DUFEY,
R. M. LEVEY. } *Hon. Secs.*

Mansion House, Dublin, Nov. 1874.

Memorial to Michael W. Balfe.

(Commendatore of the Order of Carlo III. in Spain; Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in France.)

BORN IN DUBLIN, MAY 15th, 1808.

It is proposed to commemorate the name of the eminent musician and composer, Balfe, by placing his statue or bust in a suitable place in Dublin, his native city, and to establish an Annual Musical Scholarship or Prize, which will each year appropriately recall his memory to the Irish public. The precise application of the fund to be decided by a general meeting of the subscribers. Balfe's claim to such distinction need not be enlarged on; and it is hoped that local committees will be formed in the principal towns.

Committee:—The Lord Mayor, the Duke of Leinster, Lord O'Neill, Viscount Gough, Lord O'Hagan, Sir Jocelyn Coghill, Sir Arthur Guinness, Sir Richard G. Macdonnell, Joseph Robinson, Chancellor Tisdall, Nicholas Donnelly, Dean Macdonnell, Henry Doyle, P. W. Joyce, P. J. Keenan, Michael Gunn, T. A. Jones, T. Maxwell Hutton, Edward Blackburne, John Dunne, Sir Francis Brady, Bart., Hercules Macdonnell, Sir Robert Stewart.

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ALEXANDRA PALACE.

(Concert of the International Mozart Institution.)

If the financial success of the concert given was, on account of the very unfavourable weather, not quite satisfactory, the London representative of the Institution (Mr Sigmund Menkes) must be congratulated upon having secured the co-operation of the following accomplished artists to aid him in his work. Mdme Marie Roze, Mdlle Felicita Pernini, Mdme Demeric-Lablache, Mdlle Bauermeister, Miss Rose Hersee, and Mdlle Georgina Schubert; Mr Santley, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Herr Behrens. The instrumentalists were Herr Franz Schubert, jun., and Mr Charles Hallé. Sir Julius Benedict, who is always ready at hand where a good work can be done, conducted.

Mr Charles Hallé played Mozart's Concerto in D minor, with such finish and delicacy, especially the *Adagio*, that his audience were quite delighted; Mdme Roze gave "Deh vieni non tardar" capitally; Mdlle Pernini sang with effect "Placido il mar" (*Idomeneo*), and the duet, "Sull' aria," with Mdme Demeric-Lablache; Mdme Lablache also sang "Voi che sapete;" Miss Rose Hersee made a "great hit" in "Dove sono," and appeared to special advantage in the duet, "La ci darem la mano," with Mr Santley; Mdlle Bauermeister gave "Gli angui d'inferno;" and Mdlle Georgina Schubert (who made her first appearance in England on this occasion), "Io l' amero" (*Il Re Pastore*), violin *obbligato*, Herr Franz Schubert. Mr Edward Lloyd sang "Dalla sua pace;" and Mr Santley "Hai' gia vinta la causa" (*Nozze di Figaro*); and Herr Behrens "Qui sdegno." The overtures were *Zauberflöte* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and the symphony, the *Jupiter*. The choruses given were "Placido è il mar," "Ave verum," the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" from the 12th Mass, and "To Rome's Immortal Leader." The band and choir, conducted by Sir Julius Benedict, went splendidly. Her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was present during the greater part of the concert, and, we are informed, expressed her gratification with what she had heard, to Mr Menkes, at the same time promising to give her patronage to all his future undertakings, in England, in favour of the International Mozart Institution.

Paris à Toulouse.

"Merci! Je me retrouve en écoutant ta plainte;
Celui qui souffre et vient est déjà mon vainqueur;
La flamme généreuse en moi n'est pas éteinte,
Et ce qu'a dit ma bouche était loin de mon cœur.

"Prends mon or, et par lui que ta douleur espère!
Prends l'or de mes malheurs à tes maux consacré;
Prends l'or de mon travail, qui deviendra prospère;
Prends l'or de mes plaisirs, il deviendra sacré!

"Oui, ma sœur, dans ton deuil reprends une espérance:
Je ne t'oublierai point, quel que soit le destin,
Car nous ne sommes pas deux villes, mais la France,
Et le temps d'égoïsme est un passé lointain!

"Après les jours mauvais, au sortir des abîmes,
Faisons pour nous aimer des efforts plus fervents,
Et du moins unissons, en comptant tes victimes,
Sur les lèvres des morts les baisers des vivants!"

MAYENCE.—Herr Betz has made a hit in *Der fliegende Holländer*.

BERGAMO.—Signor Ponchielli has undertaken to write music for the ceremony of depositing, next September, in the church of S. Maria, the urns containing the remains of Donizetti and Mayr. Professor Bernadino Zendrini will pronounce the funeral oration.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR SYDENHAM.—No. It was Steibelt, not Dussek, who had that discomfiting meeting with Beethoven. Clementi, not Woelfl, was confronted with Mozart, at the desire of Joseph II.—a precious musical humbug, although brother of the Gluck-taught Marie Antoinette. Sterkel never had to do with either one or the other; but Mozart, when a child, *did* know Wagenseil. About Bomtempo Dr Sydenham is wholly in error, as also about Abbé Gellinek, whom he evidently confounds with Abbé Vogler.

MARRIAGE.

On the 30th of May last, at St Saviour's Church, South Belgravia, by the Rev. J. Walker, SAMUEL GRAY, Esq., of Strangeway's, Manchester and London, to EMILY, youngest daughter of Professor Glover of Dublin.

DEATH.

On June 4th, at Peckham, MR G. H. DAVIDSON, formerly of Peter's Hill, Doctor's Commons.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expediency may suggest.*

The FAC-SIMILE *of the letter of Sir Sterndale Bennett, promised in our last impression, will appear next week.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1875.

THE Festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, after nearly a century and a half's existence, with a certain benefit to charity, though (as must be generally admitted) not with much benefit to art, seems now approaching towards dissolution. The subjoined, from a Worcester journal, will sufficiently explain our meaning:—

"THE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.—The Dean and Chapter of Worcester have now nearly completed the arrangements for the proposed festival, or series of sacred song, which they have determined shall take the place of the old 'Festival of the Three Choirs,' with band and oratorios, at the Cathedral, and secular evening concerts at the College Hall. It has been determined that the substituted 'festival' shall occupy two days—Wednesday and Thursday, September 22 and 23—with a rehearsal on Tuesday, 21st. The whole programme has not been finally decided, but will consist of full choral service morning and evening, with anthems, and the following are among the works selected: 'God, Thou art great' (Spohr); 'Hosanna' (Gibbons); and 'The Wilderness' (Wesley). The cathedral choirs of Hereford and Gloucester have accepted engagements to join that of Worcester on the occasion."

How gracious on the part of the "Cathedral Choirs of Hereford and Gloucester," who, it need scarcely be said, must eventually row in the same boat—if, as Douglas Jerrold said to Albert Smith, "not with the same sculls"!—Nevertheless, it behoves all who diligently watch the prognostics of what "looms in the future" not to treat this revolution as a trifling matter. It is the most recent protest against those who hold, with the late magnanimous statesman, Cavour, that "a free Church in a free State" is the best thing both for State and Church. The time of sacerdotal despotism is happily passing away, as general education—which means nothing short of general civilization—advances. People have long been asking what is the exact signification of "Dean and Chapter." A cathedral is the biggest and stateliest church of a district, in a Protestant just as it is in a Catholic country—no more. And to this may be added, that, for the greater part, the prescribed daily service is more sparsely attended than, at any ordinary times, in the very smallest Nonconforming chapel. Will not eager inquirers who take an interest in the subject begin to meditate more curiously upon the "abstract and brief chronicle" of non-resident canons—of pluralities, in short, and simony *en bloc?* Will not others, more intently anxious about general financial information, after the style of the late much-regretted Joseph Hume, begin to ask "how about the administration of so-and-so?—how about so-and-so?—and"—still more threatening—"how about So-and-So?" It is all very well for rich and thriving potentates to inveigh against the desecration of the "Holy of Holies;" but would those potentates bend to confarreation with the members of the Three Choirs, as of old—at the Duke and Boot (Gloucester), the Earl and Shoulder (Hereford), or the Fish and Volume (Worcester)? Doubtless, those were glorious days, and those were glorious hostelries; but, with the aid of some little research, it may be found—in the library which (fine old port excepted), for years, has been the chief attraction to strangers at the Service Tree and Sable, Tadcaster—that many of our musical forefathers possessed red noses—rarely an appendage of Italian vocalists. This, however, by the way.

Look at the programme of the 152nd "Festival" of the Three Choirs. Wherein does it differ from a series of ordinary church services? And how can it be expected that people will come from far and wide to listen to it, when they can hear something much more impressive at St Anne's Church, Soho—to say nothing of other places all over the realm? The printed homilies of our illustrious ex-Prime Minister would seem to have acted on the Worcester Cathedral authorities in a sense precisely opposed to that which instigated their composition. Cavour and Gladstone, in fact, are simultaneously thrown overboard.

Otto Bearb.

Seventeen Years Ago.

MANY of our readers may not be displeased to peruse the address which accompanied the last farewell of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr W. Harrison to Drury Lane Theatre (seventeen years ago). Here it is:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Once more are we called upon, at the termination of our season, to say farewell to those kind friends and patrons, whose generous support has been so constantly extended to us since we first attempted, at the Lyceum Theatre, to establish English Opera in London. Upon the present occasion, however, there is little room for any feeling of reluctance in pronouncing that word "farewell"—in general so sad a one to utter. For now it is not for a series of months, or even weeks, we bid adieu; in a few days we shall, we feel assured, see once more gathered round us the same kind friends, whose cheering presence we now gratefully acknowledge. On Monday, the 20th instant, we shall re-open at Covent Garden, in the new and splendid theatre, built by Mr Gye expressly for operatic performances, which theatre we have taken for a series of seasons extending over several years. Thus have we every reason to believe the permanent home we have so long desired to found for English Opera has been secured; and, trusting to your continued support, no exertion shall be wanting on our part to make the Royal *English* Opera a fit companion to the Royal Italian Opera, with which it will alternate, season after season, in the magnificent building which now stands upon the site of the old Covent Garden Theatre. Fuller details of our intentions in our new home will be found in the announcement at the end of this address. And now a few words as to the season just completed in this theatre. At the commencement of this season we issued a prospectus, in which we stated our intention of producing certain novelties. That only one of these—Flotow's *Martha*—has been given during the thirteen weeks we have been open here is to be attributed solely to the unexampled favour with which the *Rose of Castile*, and the other operas of our *répertoire* have been received. Our generous patrons, the public, have, in fact, shown such persistency in flocking to the theatre to witness these operas that

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we have not hitherto felt justified in withdrawing them from the bills. Mr Balfe's New Opera, which was to have been one of our first productions, is all ready; but involving, as it does, an outlay of no ordinary extent, in scenery, machinery, dresses, and appointments, the whole of which have been made expressly for it, we felt that greater justice could be done to it at Covent Garden, where we are now permanently established, than by producing it for a few nights at this establishment. It will, accordingly, be positively produced on our opening night in our new home. Of the other novelty that we announced—the opera of *Rip Van Winkle*, by Mr George Bristow, the American composer, we can only say, that it is also ready, and will be produced at the earliest opportunity that you, our patrons and supporters, will afford us. Though hitherto debarred, by the continued favour shown to works in our existing *répertoire*, from producing very many novelties (a state of things we are far, indeed, from regretting), we shall be always happy to receive new works from native composers, and have made up our minds to produce, at least, one Grand English Opera each season; it being our ambition to furnish, in every sense of the word, a permanent home for native talent. We shall, therefore, esteem it a favour, if composers, who have operas ready, will send them for approval—promising that they shall have the very best attention, and, if suitable, shall be presented with all care and completeness, and at the very earliest opportunity. We have little more to say, except to thank you most sincerely and earnestly for the support you have extended to us, and to solicit a continuance of that support in our new habitation; and so, until Monday evening, the 20th instant, when we trust to meet you again in Covent Garden Theatre, we bid you most respectfully and gratefully, FAREWELL." "LOUISA PYNE."

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, December 11, 1858. "W. HARRISON."

Well—seventeen years have flown away; and where is English opera? Echo (Hibernian) answers — "No where." It may be almost taken for granted that our sole chance now is the sudden apparition of an English Wagner, who, with vehement pertinacity (or pertinacious vehemence), insists upon everything being carried out in accordance with his own special manner of procedure.

A. S. Silent.

A LIST OF BALFE'S OPERAS.

THESE are the operas composed by Michael William Balfe:—

1.	I Rivali di se stessi	Palermo, 1829
2.	Un Avertimento ai Gelosi	... Pavia, 1830
3.	Enrico IV., al passo della Masna ...	... Milan, 1831
4.	Siege of Rochelle	London, 1835
5.	Maid of Artois	 1836
6.	Catherine Grey	 1837
7.	Joan of Arc	 1837
8.	Diadeste	 1838
9.	Falstaff	 1838
10.	Keolanthe	 1841
11.	Le Puits d'Amour	... Paris, 1843
12.	Bohemian Girl	London, 1843
13.	Daughter of St Marc	 1844
14.	Les Quatre Fils Aymon	... Paris, 1844
15.	The Enchantress	London, 1845
16.	L'Etoile de Seville	Grand Opera, Paris, 1845
17.	The Bondman	London, 1846
18.	Letty	 1847
19.	The Maid of Honour	 1847
20.	The Sicilian Bride	 1852
21.	Pittore e Duca	... Trieste, 1856
22.	The Rose of Castile	London, 1857
23.	Satanella	... ,, 1858
24.	Bianca	... ,, 1860
25.	Blanche de Nevers	... ,, 1860
26.	The Puritan's Daughter	... ,, 1861
27.	The Armourer of Nantes	... ,, 1863
28.	Il Talismano, composed	... ,, 1865

Three Cantatas—one in Paris, one in Bologna (for which Balfe was elected member of the Philharmonic Society), and Maseppa in London, at Exeter Hall, must be added.

Twenty-eight dramatic works (besides the here non-included *Devil's in it*—produced by Miss Romer at the Surrey Theatre), three cantatas—and how many other pieces of various kinds! Who can say we had not, in Balfe, a prolific composer?

A LETTER FROM SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

(*From the "Figaro," July* 3, 1875.)

It was officially stated that Costa, Benedict, Elvey, Hallé, Ella, and Hullah, had been appointed Examiners "into the progress and working of the South Kensington Training School," and that they "will also advise the Committee of management in its work of organization." This is incorrect, as far at any rate as Sir Michael Costa and Mr Hallé are concerned, while of the sentiments of the other gentlemen I am not informed. Mr Hallé's letter agrees in all respects with that of Sir Michael Costa, who writes as follows:—

59, Eccleston Square, S. W., June 28, 1875.

SIR,—In answer to your letter of June 26th, I beg to say that I have promised to be an Examiner and pass judgment on the progress of the pupils, and that is all, so far as I am concerned; but if other gentlemen, whose names have been published, have agreed to serve or not I am unable to say, nor do I know anything about the arrangements of the directors of the National Training School at South Kensington.—Sincerely yours, M. COSTA.

The Musical Editor of the Figaro.

This letter, written with characteristic straightforwardness by Sir Michael Costa, explains the whole position. He and some at least of his colleagues have consented to "pass judgment on the progress of the pupils" (when there are any pupils), but have not consented to "advise the Committee of Management on its work of organization."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IN one of the chief mouthpieces of our ex-contributor, Mr Shaver Silver, we read the subjoined:—

"An article in the last number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* on the musical setting of Heine's songs makes known a fact which might easily have been guessed from Heine's letters on musical subjects in his correspondence from Paris—that he had neither theoretical nor practical acquaintance with the art. He at one time, it seems, took music lessons, and had some idea of learning to play the piano. But instead of "practising" himself, he found it more interesting to make his professor play to him his favourite melodies. He was always interested to learn that a song of his had found favour in the eyes of a great composer; and one of the sorrows of his exile consisted in the fact that he rarely had an opportunity of hearing the music to which Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann ['and Meyerbeer,' the writer might have added] had set them. In one of his letters from Paris (in the *Französische Zustände*) Heine remarks that, under the French copyright system, which gives the author of words set to music equal rights with the composer, the '*Buch der Lieder*' would have brought him in a small fortune through the music publishers alone. As it was, the German music publishers did what they liked with them; and Heine never received so much as a gratuitous copy of one of his own songs set to music."

Can Mr Shaver Silver, who (in parenthetical significance) adds —"and Meyerbeer"—be aware that some of the most musical settings of Heinrich Heine's lyrics are by an Englishman? We think not; because, though his physical temperament is atrabiliously robust, his psychological conformation is ethereal. Let him at once go to Cramer's, or Chappell's, and purchase the Heine songs by G. A. Macfarren. This is an edict.

ACCORDING to M. Julien Stader, a French statistician, 1,017 people have, from the beginning of the nineteenth century up to the present date, perished by fires in theatres, while the pecuniary loss amounts to twelve millions of pounds sterling. Paris has more places devoted to dramatic entertainments than any other capital. With regard to the ratio existing between the number of theatres and the population generally—in Italy, there is a theatre for every 75,000 inhabitants; in France, one for every 110,000; in Russia, one for every 1,360,000; and in Turkey, one for every 2,000,000.

MDLLE ZARÉ THALBERG is to play Zerlina (*Don Giovanni*), for her benefit; Mdlle Emma Albani, Marguerite (*Faust*), for hers; Mad. Adelina Patti, Violetta (*La Traviata*), for hers. *Hamlet* will not be given this season at either Italian Opera. *Tant pis.*

THE following list of operas, produced in Italy during the first six months of the present year, is taken from *Il Trovatore*:—

1. *Elena in Troja*, comic, D'Alessio, at the Politeama, Naples; 2. *Colomba*, comic, Aless. Fava, Bologna; 3. *Il Pipistrello*, comic, De Giosa, Teatro Filarmonico, Naples; 4. *Gustavo Wasa*, serious,

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Marchetti, Scala, Milan; 5. *Amore e Vendetta*, Marchiò, Reggio; 6. *Corinna*, serious, Rebora, Teatro Mercadante, Naples; 7. *Selvaggia*, serious, Schira, Fenice, Venice; 8. *Dolores*, serious, Auterri-Manzocchi, La Pergola, Florence; 9. *Don Luigi di Toledo*, comic, Ceriani, Politeama, Naples; 10. *Le Figlie di Bianca*, comic, D'Alessio, Politeama, Naples; 11. *Amore a suo Tempo*, serious, Tofano, Teatro Corso, Bologna; 12. *Scomburga*, serious, Pellegrini, Teatro Guillaume, Brescia; 13. *Luigi XI.*, serious, Luca Fumagalli, La Pergola, Florence; 14. *La Rosa del Cadore*, serious, Predazzi, Teatro Brà, Alessandria; 15. *Le tre Zie*, comic, Giacomelli, Leghorn; 16. *Il Ritorno del Coscritto*, comic, Tolomei, Siena; 17. *Don Bizzorro e le sue Figlie*, comic, Mugnone, Teatro Nuovo, Naples; 18. *La Fata*, semi-serious, Miceli, Teatro Filarmonico, Naples; 19. *Le Rivali senz' Amante*, comic, Greco Tiloteo, Circolo Napoletano, Naples; 20. *Filippo*, semi-serious, Crescimanno, La Pergola, Florence; 21. *Isabella Orsini*, serious, Rossi Isidoro, Pavia; 22. *Una Burla*, comic, Ferd. Parasini, Bologna; 23. *Maria e Fernando*, serious, Feruccio Ferrari, Teatro Brunetti, Bologna; 24. *Giudetta*, semi-serious, Sarria, Teatro Mercadante, Naples; 25. *Benvenuto Cellini*, serious, Orsini, Teatro Mercadante, Naples; 26. *I quattro Rustici*, comic, Moscuzza, Politeama, Florence; 27. *Il Cacciatore*, buffo, Canavasso, S. Radegonda, Milan; 28. *Un Matrimonio sotto la Repubblica*, serious, Podestà, Teatro Dal Verme, Milan; 29. *Steno*, comic, Panico, Teatro Nuovo, Naples; 30. *La Vendetta d'un Folletto*, comic, Mililotti, Teatro Quirino, Rome; and 31. *I Viaggi*, D'Arienzo, Teatro Castelli, Milan.—Of the above 31 operas, 11 were produced in Naples alone.

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Madame Sidney Pratten's concert at the Beethoven Rooms, under most distinguished patronage, was attended by a large and fashionable audience. Madame Pratten's share in the programme was by no means the least interesting. The pieces she played, which especially deserve notice, were some compositions by Schulz, for guitar alone, a duo-concertante for guitar and flute (with Herr Svendsen), a duet for guitar and pianoforte (with Signor Romano), and two marches by Madame Pratten herself. All these were given in capital style. Some vocal pieces sung by Madlle Maria Mariani, Miss Helene Arnim, Mr Trelawny Cobham, and Mr Frederick Penna, were favourably received.

Signor Alfonso Rendano's recital, in St James's Hall, was attended by a numerous audience. Madame Adelina Patti, Sir Michael Costa, and other eminent artists were present. The programme was selected from the works of the masters dating from the middle of the 17th century up to the present time, thereby proving that Signor Rendano has devoted himself to the study of the most celebrated composers for his instrument. His playing is alike distinguished by a firm and delicate touch, his execution being marked by clearness and precision. He excels in tender and *cantabile* phrases, which he expresses with rare appreciation. The pieces redemanded were a *scherzo* by Jadassohn, and a *chant du paysan*, one amongst several charming compositions contributed by Signor Rendano himself, who was honoured by warm and repeated marks of approval.

The fifth concert of the Schubert Society was for the benefit of the director, and took place on Wednesday, 30th June. The rooms were crowded. The programme was miscellaneous. Amongst the instrumental pieces, the trio in C minor, of Beethoven, for piano, violin, and violoncello, was very much applauded. It was played by Mr Arthur Wilford, pianoforte, Herr Concertmeister Franke (who made his first appearance on this occasion), violin, and Herr Schuberth, violoncellist. The "encores" of the evening were "She wore a wreath of roses" (Madame Roche), "To Anthea" (Mr Wadmore), and a Danish song (Herr Werrenrath). Madame Rosita, Mdlle Thekla Friedländer, Miss Beard, Miss Louisa Dickes, Madame May Rolt, Miss Sanders, and Mdlle Montagnan (her first appearance in public)—all members of the society—"assisted." The ninth *Soirée Musicale*, given by the members of the society, is announced to take place on Wednesday the 14th inst.

Benefit concerts, beneficial, and too often the reverse, are furiously raging as the season draws rapidly to its close. Whilst such a host of talent, English and foreign, still remains in our metropolis, much more is expected from concert-givers than when the musical season dawns in London, in company with the November fogs. Amongst the many concerts of the past week was Mr Vandeleur Lee's, given on Wednesday, at the residence of Major Wallace Carpenter, Ashley Place. The weekly operatic practices for amateurs, together with the bi-monthly *matinées*, held by Mr Lee, at his residence in Park Lane, form a pleasant feature of the London season. The programme was composed of many old favourites, and some new. Most of the distinguished artists from Her Majesty's Opera company assisted at the concert. Madame Marie Roze Perkins sang Mr Cowen's "It was a dream." Mdlle A. de Belocca gave the well known *scena* from *Semiramide*, and Cherubini's "Ave Maria." The novelties of the concert were "The angel's message," (Mrs Shaw), sung by Madame Trebelli-Bettini with such finish and expression as to obtain for it an enthusiastic encore; Handel's "Lord, remember David," adapted to Italian words, was given by Signor Urio unexceptionably well, but scarcely received the applause which it merited; a *romanza* by Signor Tito Mattei, called "Amo," written for Signor Brignoli, was admirably sung by that clever artist—it is one of the composer's happiest efforts; two short pianoforte pieces, composed and played by Signor Mattei, were all the instrumental contributions to the programme. Madame Demeric Lablache, besides singing what she was put down for, came forward to fill up a breach caused by the unavoidable absence of Mdlle Singelli; she, with Signor Castelmary, sang the duet, "Crudel Perchè." A *débutante*, Madame Zimmermann, was evidently so overcome by nervousness that her intonation was affected; when she has mastered the difficulties of the English language, she will doubtless do justice to Crouch's "Kathleen Mavourneen." Signor Gillandi and Mr Crotty contributed; the one "Ah si ben mio" (*Il Trovatore*), the other "Ah per sempre" (*I Puritani*).—H. L. B.

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PROVINCIAL.

Jersey.—Mr Milne's fourth concert at the Royal Hall was given under the patronage of Col. H. Wilkie and the officers of the 29th Regiment, yet it did not "draw" a house such as the merits of the artists deserved. The attendance in the first seats was good, but the one and two shilling places were half empty, and this, in spite of the continual cry that Jersey lacks suitable means of evening recreation of this sort. The instrumental part of the programme was certainly the best. Nothing could be finer than Mdlle Bertha Brousil's performance on the violin, and that of Mr T Selby on the violoncello. Mr Nicholson's "The Harmonious Blacksmith," with variations for the flute, and Mr T. Selby's solo on the violoncello, were delightful. Mesdames Whittaker and Thaddeus Wells were the vocalists.

Brentwood.—A concert has been given in the Town Hall, Brentwood, for the benefit of Master Brackley, permanently injured on the railway while in the performance of his duty at the Brentwood Station, on the 5th of May last. This generous undertaking, we believe, was owing principally to the active efforts of Mr H. Morley, R.A.M., of Brentwood, who, with the assistance of a few other local gentlemen, made and carried out all the arrangements. Considerable sympathy has been felt for the lad ever since his misfortune, and it was strongly manifested on this occasion by the hall being well filled. The programme of the evening was carried out by the Misses Mary and Mercy Hewkley (Sacred Harmonic Society, London), and Messrs J. Hewkley, Cassiday, and J. Hayes (Warley), as vocalists; and Miss Simmons, Miss Hewkley, and Mr H. Morley, as instrumentalists. The gem of the evening was, undoubtedly, Mr Morley's violin solo, Singlée's "La Sonnambula," which awoke the sympathies of even the most unmusical of the audience, and was loudly redemanded. Mendelssohn's "Presto Agitato" was played by Miss Simmons, as well as a duet with Mr Morley, for pianoforte and violin. The vocal portions of the programme were well rendered; and, at the close, Mr Morley thanked the ladies and gentlemen who had so kindly come forward and given their gratuitous services. The net amount realized was £20; and we are glad to state that the lad himself, though still unable to be moved, is progressing towards recovery.

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DURHAM CATHEDRAL.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Sir,—Having seen a series of statements relating to the works progressing in the choir of Durham Cathedral, founded on a corresponding series of inquiries contained in a letter which appeared in a local paper, I do not lose a day in replying to those inquiries. No analogy exists between the works in question and those proposed for the decoration of St Paul's. In the first place, no "showy embellishments of a florid Perpendicular style" have been proposed or thought of, and no "brass bar," but a fine brass altar rail, is proposed, not in place of an old marble altar rail, but of one of modern date. No Renaissance pavement is contemplated, but a rich one in early style. The pulpit is Romanesque, as is the Cathedral; but I am not aware that it is "Lombard," though it rests on sculptured lions. An open and non-obstructive screen is proposed, which is, in my opinion essential to the grandeur of the Cathedral. The old screen was removed in the time of the late Dean but to leave the Choir without screen was an anomaly, and has produced such an exaggeration of the popular theory of "vista" as to convert the most grand of our cathedrals into something like a magnified corridor.

George Gilbert Scott.

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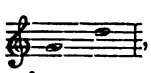
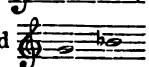
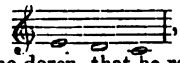
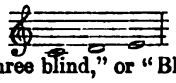
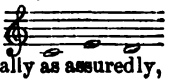
JOHN HULLAH SPEAKS.

Paper read (June 17, 1875) at the Society of Arts' Rooms, before the members of the Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, by JOHN HULLAH.

I shall not waste time so valuable as yours—to the community as to yourselves—on any considerations relative to what, a great many years ago, I ventured to speak of as "The Duty and Advantage of Learning to Sing." I take it for granted that a body composed like that which I have the pleasure to address agrees with me in holding it to be a duty or advantage, or both, to learn to sing; and that this duty should be enforced and this advantage spread as widely as possible. I shall also assume, for the sake of clearing the ground before us, that you agree with me on another matter—that, whatever may be the amount of musical science or skill we may hope to give to anybody who comes under our influence, its quality should be the very best at our disposal. No man can possibly know how far the traveller he sets on the way of life may get, or have to go; but it is no less his bounden duty to take care that he sets him on the right road. The amount of musical science or of skill attained or attainable by this or that searcher after either will no doubt vary to the end of time; but the quality, I repeat, of that much or little of it which it may be possible to give to the dullest should be the same as that given to the brightest. No more abominable educational heresy was, I believe, ever promulgated—and we hear it suggested, if not actually promulgated, every day—than this, that the aims and processes of the teachers of the poor are to differ in kind from those of the teachers of the rich.

Having agreed upon this, let us without further preparation consider what our aims and processes in teaching music, to whatever class, should be.

First I must premise that, if the study of music is to be made as little difficult and as little unpleasant as is consistent with the successful study of anything worth knowing, it must be begun early. Every art should be begun early, and music should be begun and may be begun earlier than any. Every year added to our lives adds to the difficulty of becoming musicians. Children without any especial aptitude for music can be made in a few weeks, days, or even hours, to do things—recognise sounds sung or played to them, for instance—which would cost men or women by no means advanced in years long-continued and painful labour. There is this encouragement also before us in beginning to teach music early; that if, as too often happens, your pupils be withdrawn from your charge before any so-called "results" of your teaching can have been made manifest, what you have been able to do, what you have taught, is not lost irrevocably. It may be gone astray for a time, but it will come back again when earnestly called for, even after years of estrangement. An art like music is not of the nature of a congeries of facts—like a legal case, for instance, often got up to-day and forgotten again the day after to-morrow: it is a personal possession, a part of one's own being, a habit inseparable, a condition of our existence. But, I repeat, every year adds to the difficulty of obtaining this possession, of forming this habit—in other words, of making a "musician" either of one's self or of others.

But you will ask—What do you mean by a "musician?" The making a musician is an undertaking in which we have, some of us, not the qualification, none of us the time to engage. It is generally understood, too, that the proper subjects out of which musicians are made have some special and rare gifts and qualifications; and so forth. Let me explain first what a musician is not, or, more properly, what he need not be. He need not be a performer on any instrument; he need not be what in the full sense of the word is meant by a singer; nor need he be gifted with one spark of musical invention. What then, you will say, is he, or knows he? What can he do? A musician I should define to be one who can *identify musical sounds;* who, seeing represented in any characters he understands, or even hearing described in language he understands, a succession or combination of musical sounds, knows how it will sound; or *è converso*, hearing such a succession or combination, would be able to write it down, or in some way convey or describe to others what it was. A person, no matter of what age, who knows that the second of these two sounds stands in the relation of a fifth to the first  , or the second of these two in that of a minor third  (there is no need to multiply examples), is to a certain extent a musician. He would show, in the recognition of these relations, a power which, though of itself small, might, with reasonable application, and in reasonable time, be developed into the power of appreciating, nay, of taking in almost at a glance, a score of many parts, and of proving that he did so, as every orchestral conductor is continually required to do, by pointing out errors in the course of its performance, arising whether from incorrect transcription, or careless reading on the part of performers. How is this "sympathy of eye and ear," which, I repeat, of itself alone constitutes a musician, to be attained? It may and it has been obtained by putting an instrument into the hands of him whom you desire should attain it. But I know this is not absolutely necessary to, and, I believe, is not the best way, to begin its attainment. The first organ or faculty of a musician we have to train is his ear; and we shall do this best and most easily if also we employ, and in employing train, his voice. You will all, I am sure, bear me out in saying that there is very little difficulty in making very young and very undisciplined children imitate two or three musical sounds uttered in succession. So much of the faculty of memory as will enable them to do this comes to them very early. But the power of imitating even a protracted succession of sounds—an entire melody, for instance—will of itself have no bearing on the power of realizing those sounds from any symbols or description, when their order or proportionate lengths has been changed. We must, if we desire that a child should do this—should make even a first step beyond mere imitation—give him some means of identifying those sounds—sounding them when told to do so, or naming them when sounded. For example:—Any child can imitate this:  , or a dozen passages like it. I wish, from the dozen, that he reproduce this particular one. We must be agreed on a description of it, and the best description will be a name for each sound composing it. Each name might be a word, and the three words in one order might form a sentence or clause of a sentence; for instance—"Three blind mice." No doubt "Three blind mice" would bring to mind But how, if we were to say to our little pupil, sing us "Blind mice three?" Would he invert the order of these sounds, and sing  ? Or would he, being asked for "Mice three blind," or "Blind three mice," sing  or ? Assuredly not. And equally as assuredly, if he could even be taught to do so, with these three simple words and sounds, the extension of such a power of association to a larger number would, after being found more and more difficult, soon be found impracticable. This difficulty is probably as old, if not as music itself, at least as any attempt to represent or describe musical sounds. The way to meet it was known certainly in the eleventh century, possibly earlier. Give to each sound of the natural septenary, to begin with, a different and arbitrary name, and complete the scale by calling the eighth like the first, and the octaves above or below these like them, and you have a set of names by which any set of sounds in the same scale can be described, and, therefore, reproduced at will. *Mi, Re, Do,* three of the time-honoured sol-fa syllables, as you will all know, are of themselves as easy to sing as "Three blind mice;" and *Do, Re, Mi; Do, Mi, Re;* or *Re, Mi, Do,* will, I venture to say, be found easier to sing at call—that is, scientifically—than "Blind mice three," or "Mice three blind," or "Blind three mice;" if only for the reason that the syllables represent only sounds the order of which is as immaterial as it is variable; whereas the words, which in their direct or original order, represent an idea, or at least the subject of one, represent nothing at all when their order is changed.

(To be continued.)

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THE NEW PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

It would seem that, to show their appreciation, the subscribers had determined to encore everything in the programme of the last concert of this society. If in this, their apparent desire, they evinced an exception, it was in the case of that number in the programme, which by reason of its novelty and its being the work of a musician who bears a great name, it would have been naturally thought to have excited the largest amount of attention and favour; for subscribers to Philharmonic Societies have an interest in the progress of music, and can hardly hold to the opinion that it must never move from the position in which it was left by Beethoven. In this respect they differ from many concert audiences whose taste requires that every piece performed should be a "familiar thing." Yet so it was; and Brahms' pianoforte concerto in D minor failed to win the suffrages of the majority, admirably as it was rendered, while the solo instrument was in the hands of that wonderful executant, Herr Jaell. Had this performance taken place elsewhere than at a Philharmonic Society's concert, we might have accounted for this lack of enthusiasm, on the ground that the solo instrument in this concerto, as in some of the concertos of Beethoven, although to a greater extent, fails in the possession of a thoroughly independent part, and the mind of an ordinary listener, as opposed to the mind of a Philharmonic subscriber, cannot appreciate a performance upon an instrument, be it what it may, whose doings are interlaced with those of the various other instruments, although perhaps having a little more to say than the rest. Hence it is not an uncommon thing to hear a non-musician say that he would rather hear a pianist play a solo independent of an orchestra; then the artist's powers would be more apparent. But we hope better things of those who attend Philharmonic Society's concerts. We must, therefore, account for the fact that we speak of in some other way. And, put it how we may, there is no way of disguising the truth; but it must be owned at once that the concerto does not appear to possess the elements calculated to win the favour of an audience accustomed to hear the best music, and not indisposed to be familiarized with novelty. The applause that followed its performance was evidently due to the solo pianist, rather than to the work in which he had been taking part. Called upon to distinguish between any two of its movements, we should yield the palm to the *finale*, which afforded Herr Jaell opportunities of introducing two cadenzas, of which the *maestro* failed not to avail himself. But apart from this, the movement in its construction is more thoroughly appreciable and decided. To this society, and to "The Philharmonic Society," we are indebted for the introduction to London of important works by Brahms and Raff. Each society has given a symphony by Raff (of which we wrote at the time), and each has favoured us with a work of Brahms; but while listeners drew delight from what they heard of Raff, the same can hardly be said of Brahms. We are now in the domain of fact—not of opinion. The truth is, great and skilful as he is—and that Brahms is great none deny—Brahms is not Raff. Whatever the former has, the latter has, and something more. In other words, Raff has more *genius*, and in all other respects is the equal of Brahms. While the memory of Raff is green, that of Brahms will have assumed its autumnal tints. Those of the readers of the *Musical World* who are musicians will, doubtless, find for themselves the reasons of this judgment, and those who may not be musicians (and many of the numerous subscribers to this periodical are such for the information it imparts), would hardly be able to follow us in a technical argument.

Having written thus much with respect to the chief piece in this interesting programme, we shall not have occasion to occupy so much space respecting the other portions of it. The concert commenced with a splendid performance of the overture to *Der Freischütz*, which was re-demanded vociferously and consequently repeated. The next instrumental piece was Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony, and the most fastidious of listeners could not but have been delighted at the eloquent interpretation of this beautiful work, which, under the very careful direction of Dr Wylde, the excellent orchestra of the society gave the subscribers Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette" (the subject of which every musical Frenchman will remember), with its delicate and thoroughly characteristic orchestral treatment; Herr Jaell's solo performances on the pianoforte; Chopin's Nocturne, and the pianist's own Serenade (encored, for which the performer gave his own transcription of Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser*); and a brilliant performance of Rossini's orchestral masterpiece, the *William Tell* overture, constituted the remaining instrumental features of this concert.

Mr Santley was the vocalist. He was recalled after Gounod's couplets from *Mirella*, "Se l'Arlesi son regine;" encored in the celebrated song of Wagner's from *Tannhäuser*, "Oh! du mein holder Abendstern;" singing, finally, Mendelssohn's "The shepherd's lay," and Hatton's "To Anthea," the latter creating a demand for its repetition not to be resisted.

The concerts during the season now brought to a close, under the joint direction of Dr Wylde and Herr Ganz, seem to have been of a progressive character—not as regards the music or the quality of the programmes, but with respect to the success they have achieved. And certainly it would be difficult to frame a programme that would more thoroughly reach the sympathies of an auditory than that which was presented to the crowded assembly in St James's Hall last Saturday afternoon. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since the New Philharmonic Society has been established, and if our historical knowledge be not at fault, the concerts were at their commencement under the joint direction of Dr Wylde and M. Berlioz. For many years, however, the doctor has had them entirely in his own hands, and, during that long period, despite his many engagements, he found time to prepare for his subscribers, in addition to works of acknowledged merit, works entitled, by reason of the applause with which they were greeted in other countries, at least to a presentation here on the ground of novelty. Dr Wylde was the first to give a recital (with "cuts"), of *Lohengrin*. He has been for long a favourite with the subscribers, and with the fathers of those of recent years only. A cordial welcome awaits him ere he steps upon the platform. His bright good-humoured smile, so well known for many years, secures the sympathy of his friends, and it cannot be denied that a face long familiar predisposes a favourable judgment. Add to this a sense of the knowledge that the doctor has been zealous to gratify his subscribers in all his arrangements, and there will be little difficulty in discovering the causes of his present popularity. But of late his engagements have so increased, that he has been unable to allow so much of his time to these concerts as formerly. Last year he showed wisdom in seeking for a co-director, and that wisdom was equally apparent in the selection. Herr Ganz, being somewhat of a cosmopolitan, is well fitted for the position he occupies. It enables him to become acquainted with artists of all nationalities. A good musician and conductor, he knows well how to form his orchestra; and the gentlemen of musical *status* whom we see as interpreters of the mind of Beethoven and others in the band of the New Philharmonic Society proves our statement.

About the financial result of the present series of concerts we know nothing. They have been artistically successful; and, having given a taste for novelties, it will in future be a necessity to foster *with discretion*. Novelty for its own sake must be eschewed, else the musical palate will become vicious; but, having confidence in the directors, we may trust to their judgment. They are hopeful for the future, and have already made reference to their next season.

F. P.

June 24th.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Your correspondent signing himself "Truth" is rather ambiguous in his remarks on the late contest at York. He says "the gentleman who should preside at York ought to be a sound harmonist, a good vocal writer, should understand scoring for a band, conducting, &c., he ought also to be a man of mark, and socially respected. I venture to say that in all these points Dr ***** will be found *au fait*." Does he thereby insinuate that Messrs *****, ****, and ***** are *not au fait* in these points; and, if not, what can be the meaning of his sentence? Perhaps he will kindly enlighten us. If interpreted rightly, how dare he sign himself "Truth."—Your obedient servant,

THE G MINOR.

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JOTTINGS FROM LONDON.

(To the "Dublin Mail.")

Dublin, that much-slandered though beautiful city, has ample revenge upon her gigantic rival this season. Dublin has been deemed unwashed and slattern. Her streets have become proverbial for sloppiness, and the saying of the Countess of Cork, "Dear, dirty Dublin," has stuck to her even as some of her own mud; while London, the all-embracing, magnanimous, and comprehensive, has looked in pity upon her Hibernian sister, and, with a supercilious smile, has said, "Look at me, copy me; see what I have done—here are clean streets and polished highways, where daintiest of ladies may promenade without soiling their shoes, with crossings so well swept that they are like the halls of the surrounding mansions." Easy, my Lord London; don't flatter and hug yourself in such a magniloquent complaisance. Look at your streets and flagways for the past week. Could anything be more palpable than your majesty of mud? Mud on the highways, mud on crossings, mud spattered from carriages, cabs, omnibuses, costermongers' carts, and every species of vehicle. Aye, and that mud clinging with national tenacity to the garments whereupon it rested, resisting the brush and leaving many hued-stains to tell of its success. Such a day as yesterday, the 1st of July!—one can scarcely believe it was the first; Cockneydom doubted it. Ladies and gentlemen remained indoors. Those who ventured out in carriages had the windows closed—omnibuses were crowded with dripping passengers, each armed with a steaming umbrella; and "Cabby" looked so forlorn in his greatcoat, from which flowed a limped stream, while from his hat came drops large and continuous, that one was inclined to forgive him all his sins of overcharge and extortion. A dog opposite, taking shelter against a hall-door, as he shivered and looked wistfully, filled me with melancholy. Though pouring, pouring with that attention to the English character, it was not a day to remain at home and alone; so I made a rush into a vehicle, got to the Victoria, and steamed down to the Crystal Palace. Even there the rain tried to assert its supremacy. But the big drops which occasionally came from the roof only made one feel comfortable at the shelter afforded by the beautiful building. Here I found eleven young ladies, all soprano singers, competing for the prizes offered by the promoters of the National Music Meetings—young and comely, with bright voices and anxious faces. The fright of one or two as they came forward before the judges—Sir Julius Benedict, Mr W. G. Cusins, and Signor Arditi—amounted to something which bordered upon pain. Well, to it they went. I admired the pluck of these charming girls. The struggle was hard, and as one finished and another commenced, it was clear that the jury would have a serious task to perform. Four were selected to sing again, ere the judges would decide, and here was more anxiety. The pieces were from Handel, Bellini, Donizetti, and Balfe. At length the prizes were declared. The first, £25, to Miss Charlotte Larcom; the second, £10, to Miss Anne Carrina; while certificates of merit were given to others. I must say there was a promising amount of vocal ability exhibited, and that some of the eleven aspirants will take position in the concert-halls of the kingdom.

Salvini is all the rage, and to be in London without seeing him would be an offence against good taste; so, of course, I went to see the Italian in *Othello*. He is a man of fine presence and great mobility of feature, splendid and expressive eyes, and a voice of many modulations. His conception of the character is genuinely Shakesperian, and his acting, with all its intensity, unexaggerated, never overstepping the bounds of Nature. I do not wonder at the late Charles Dickens saying he was the greatest actor in the world, after seeing him perform at Rome in the year 1859. An incident occurred near me which was highly amusing. A gentleman said to the lady under his charge, during the last act, "Shall we go now?" to which she replied, with an almost tearful expression of countenance, "Oh, uncle, dear, sure you wouldn't ask me to go till I see him smother her?"

The operas are in full swing—*Lohengrin* still a bone of contention among the *dilettanti;* some asserting it is the finest music ever written for the stage, and others that it is untuneful, inexplicable, and exactly what an opera ought not to be. I heard a gentleman, upon whose judgment I place some value, say yesterday that at first one does not like it at all, it being wearisome; but that after a few hearings it not only gets into the intellect, but the heart. However, it is a nice little controversy. Madame Patti, in *Romeo and Juliet*, at Covent Garden, is incomparable. I do not think such a Juliet was ever before seen upon the stage.

In *Semiramide*, at Her Majesty's, the band and chorus were superb, and Mdlle Tietjens asserted her supremacy as queen of lyric tragedy. Madame Trebelli's Arsace could not be over praised. All the other parts had competent representatives. Madame Christine Nilsson, as Mignon in Ambroise Thomas' opera, gains golden opinions. She is excellently supported by M. Capoul; so that altogether the French composer's work is an attraction.

July 2.

CONCERNING SPAIN AND OLD SACRED MUSIC.*

All the great musicians of whom Spain could boast, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, studied either at Montserrat or at the Escurial, though these were far from being the only conservatories and academies in the Peninsula. An Academy of Music was founded and endowed in Salamanca by Alfonso X., King of Castile, as far back as 1254. The Chapter of the Cathedral of Toledo possesses a manuscript containing airs composed by that sovereign, and written down according to the system then recently invented by Guido d'Arezzo. In the following century, Juan I., King of Arragon, established a School of Music in Barcelona. The same impulse was felt all over the Peninsula. In every town, even in towns of not much importance, there were guilds or societies which sent forth musicians of merit, not bent, however, on seeking renown abroad, but anxious rather to promote the cause of music where they lived. It is this fact which has misled certain critics into bringing a charge of mediocrity against Spanish sacred music. Such critics were ignorant that Spanish composers did not attempt to win celebrity among foreign nations, each one being contented, like Bach, to create for himself, in the town where his church or chapel stood, a little world of his own, and a band of performers, musically irreproachable and sincerely artistic within the limits of sacred music.

The most hearty welcome awaited all travelling musicians. They were listened to on the organ; their own music was performed; and we still find preserved in the archives of many churches manuscript copies of the sacred music these strangers brought with them. Antoine Févin, a native of Orleans, makes a brilliant figure in such archives, a fact which has caused many Spanish scholars to believe him to have been their fellow-countryman.

The Chapel of Fontarabia always enjoyed a high renown, and, at the very outset, boasted of a musician, Andres de Sylva, still famous. The festivals of days gone-by are still honourably remembered in Fontarabia, and it is especially in religious ceremonies that all the old traditions of the place re-appear. We have seen certain very curious specimens of the kind, reminding us of the Mysteries of the Middle Ages. We then hear, alternating with ancient sacred music, popular melodies applied to religious subjects as they have been handed down through centuries. This still occurs in the second-class towns of Portugal and Spain, as well as in certain towns of the South of France, such as Perpignan, Port-Vendres, Collioure, Narbonne, Banyuls-sur-Mer, and all along the west side of the Pyrenees. On the Feast of the Epiphany, the procession of the Wise Men of the East is represented by a grotesquely dressed band. These sham Orientals, with their faces blackened, carry on their shoulders a litter decorated with flowers and foliage. Hidden under a veil is a child representing the infant Jesus. On Corpus Christi Day there is another apparently carnevalistic but sincerely religious ceremony. The town musicians, accompanying what is called the "*Castillet du Bon Dieu*," play a flourish of the highest antiquity and exactly resembling that which Weber resuscitated and introduced into the first act of *Der Freischütz*, when the marksmen return from the shooting-match.

On Good Friday people bring forth from mysterious arsenals old suits of armour, antique cuirasses, and secular casques, which are donned by the inhabitants dressed up to represent the Roman soldiers charged with watching over Christ. At the various places where the procession rests, you hear the bands of the town, and then the choir strikes up the old sacred strains, which never fail to produce their due effect in the midst of these religious services, attended as they are by the whole population, piously prepared for them.

MAURICE CRISTAL.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—A new operahouse is in course of construction, and will, probably, be completed ere long.

* Extracted from "Boccherini et la Musique en Espagne," in *Le Ménestrel*.

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PARIS SCRAPS.

(*From our Parisian Scrapper.*)

The performance at the Grand Opera for the benefit of the "*Inondés*," or sufferers by the terrible floods, proved very successful and produced a large sum. Mesdes Carvalho, Krauss, Gueymard, and M. Gailhard, whose leave of absence commenced on the 1st inst., remained in Paris on purpose to give their services. I may mention, also, that M. Brandus, in the name of the Meyerbeer family, renounced the author's rights on the occasion. Nor has the Grand Opera been alone in the good work. The other theatres have all followed suit. At the Français, some verses of *circonstance*, entitled "Paris et Toulouse," from the pen of M. de Bornier, were admirably recited by Mdlles Favart and Lloyd, though these ladies had studied them on the shortest possible notice.

In reply to a request from M. Albert Vizentini, the new manager of the Gaité, Mad. Dejazet wrote the following letter:—

"Dear Mr Vizentini—You have asked me to take part in a performance you are going to give for the sufferers by the Toulouse inundations. Alas! I am only just recovering from an illness and can scarcely stand, but I am bold enough to believe that my strength of heart will get the better of my weakness. When, too, so many brave people have risked their lives in the hope of diminishing the number of the victims, I may very well try my health a little to assist so many now in distress. Rely, therefore, upon me.

"*30th June*, 1875." "DEJAZET.

Musicians, literary men, and musical publishers have been no less eager than theatrical artists to extend a helping hand. At a meeting held on the 30th ult., the Société des Auteurs, Compositeurs, et Editeurs de Musique, unanimously resolved that the Society would forego the sums to which it might be entitled from all balls, concerts, and fêtes generally, got up exclusively for the sufferers. The committee likewise voted 1000 francs from the funds of the Society to the Subscription opened by the Maréchale MacMahon.

There is no longer any doubt of the re-establishment of the Théâtre Lyrique. The principal question now in dispute is the amount which it shall receive from the State. As to the building in which it shall be located, some persons point to the Salle Ventadour, while others, backed up by the City of Paris, would take it to its old home in the Place du Châtelet, where the scenery and dresses are still preserved. Talking of scenery, that used when the Grand Opera was temporarily housed in the Salle Ventadour, has been sold by auction. The absurdly low prices fetched reminded one of the pitiful sums paid for the fittings, etc., of the Stratford Shakspere Festival Theatre, some years since. The amount realized can scarcely have done much more than pay the expenses of the sale.

M. Offenbach, relieved of the cares of management, left Paris on the 3rd inst for Aix-les-Bains, where he intends stopping two months, in the hopes of completely recovering his health.

Under the direction of Henry Litolff, the orchestra of the Alcazar has become one of the best in Paris, and, also, one of the most popular.

Last week, the monument to Théophile Gautier, in the Montmartre Cemetery, was solemnly inaugurated in presence of his relations and a large number of literary and artistic celebrities. It is from the chisel of M. Godebaki, a son-in-law of Servais, the violoncellist, and unanimously pronounced worthy of him in whose memory it is raised.

—o—

MILAN.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

A new opera, *I Viaggi*, has been produced at the Teatro Castelli, and very much applauded on the first night, the composer, Sig. Nicola D'Arienzo, being called on, or, at any rate, coming on, some dozen times. But first night triumphs are frequently nothing more than failures decorated with laurels, and such appears to be the case in the present instance. *I Viaggi*, first brought out at Naples, is far more suited for the taste of the Neapolitans than for the more cultivated ear of the Milanese. It contains one or two good things, but not sufficiently good to compensate for the musical *bric-à-brac* in which they are embedded. The next novelty is to be a comic opera entitled *Marchioness di gamb avert*, the libretto, in the local dialect, by F. Fontana, the music by Enrico Bernari.

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

BY GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, ESQ.

No. 5.

Arthanasius Kircher, a native of Fulda, was born in the year 1601. The chief of Kircher's musical works is his "*Musurgia Universalis*." This is divided into ten books. In the preface the author states that he was aided in the compilation of it by Antonio Maria Abbatini, Chapelmaster of the churches of St Maria Maggiore and Pietro Heredise, in Rome, also by Kapsberger and Carissimi. In the first book he treats of the anatomy of the ear, not only in man, but in various kinds of quadrupeds and birds. From this he passes to the consideration of the voice in the human race, and also of the vocal organs in several species of animals. In the second book he speaks of the music of the Hebrews, and gives the forms of some of their instruments. He then proceeds to the music of the Greeks. The next book enters deeply into the doctrine of harmonics, explaining the several kinds of proportion and demonstrating the ratios of intervals. The fourth book is entirely on the divisions of the monochord, and the method of finding the intervals by various geometric and algebraic processes. The fifth book contains directions for the composition of music in consonance. Towards the close of the book, he speaks of that spurious kind of fugue, called *fuga in nomine*, and not only explains the nature of canon, but gives examples of canons, some of which are very wonderful in their contrivance. He mentions one, which he says might be sung by twelve millions two hundred thousand voices. Nearly the whole of the sixth book is taken from the Latin work of Mersennus, and gives a particular description of the great bell at Erfurt. The seventh book contains a comparison between the ancient and modern music, with some specimens of the ancient Greek musical characters, taken from Alypius. In the eighth book is inserted tables of all the possible combinations of numbers as they relate to musical intervals. In the ninth book there is a chapter "De Sympathiâ et Antipathia Sonorum Ratione," the author says that from his experiments we may probably date the invention of *Musical Glasses*. Kircher mentions, as a contrivance of his own, the *Æolian harp*, which he describes at considerable length. But although he might have been ignorant of the fact, St Dunstan is said, by Fuller, to have had one which must have been of a nature very similar to Kircher's. Kircher, in this book, gives an account of the celebrated hydraulic organ of Vitruvius, which no one has hitherto been able to comprehend. The tenth book is on the subject of analogical music, as Kircher has termed it, to demonstrate the harmony of the four elements, and of the planetary system. Kircher claims the invention of that useful instrument called by us the *speaking trumpet*. Of the power of this trumpet, he says that, with one of fifteen palms in length, he and some companions made themselves heard from different stations, at the distance of two, three, four, and five Italian miles. To speak in general terms of the works of Kircher, the world is under great obligations to him for instruction and entertainment relative to the principles and gradual progress of the science of music.

Thomas Anton Kunz is the inventor of a sort of organized pianoforte, called the orchestrion, which has twenty-one stops imitating almost every description of instrument. He published, in 1781, a cantata entitled, *Pygmalion*, also several collections of songs.

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MUSICAL PRECOCITY.*

Cases of boys and of mere children possessing marvellous aptitude as musical executants are not only not as rare as is generally supposed, but are absolutely very frequent. The history of musical art contains an exceedingly large number of instances.

Concert-players, aged nine, eight, or seven, respectively, are to be counted by fifties rather than by dozens. But this is far from all.

A child named Benincori (born at Brescia, in 1779) performed a violin concerto before the Court of Parma, when he was only six and a half years old. A child named Cianchettini (born in London, of Roman parents, in 1799) performed at the Italian Operahouse a concerto of his own composing, and extemporized on themes suggested by the public, when he had not attained his sixth year. A boy named Berwald (born at Stockholm, in 1788) began learning the violin when he was three, and in thirteen months played at a public concert. Young Crotch (born at Norwich, in 1775) publicly performed on the organ the National Anthem of "God Save the King," and the then famous "Minuet de la Cour," when he was only three. A boy named André (born at Offenbach, in 1773) having commenced his studies at the age of two, was, at eight, a pianist, a violinist, a singer, and a composer. A boy named Marque (born at Paris, in 1781) was a violinist distinguished—as his biographers inform us—for the marvellous correctness of his tone, at the age of six. A boy named Kellner (born at Windsor, in 1793) performed, when he was five years and a few months old, with all the certainty of an experienced artist, the most difficult sonatas of Handel. And there are many and many more such.

In the generation of those who have now attained maturity, there are very many who possessed with extraordinarily precocious musical powers. Among these (to mention only the most famous) is Miss Wood, who was a composer at the age of five; Arriaga, Gatayes, Londicer, all of whom also composed; Herz, Liszt, Gerke, Jaell, and Geiger, pianists; Ancot, Dancla, Bott, Vieuxtemps, and Milanollo, violinists; Gouvy, harpist; Verroust, oboist; the brothers Carlo and Antonio de Kontski, and their sister, Eugenia (the first a violinist, and pianists the two others), who gave a concert at Warsaw, in 1822, when their united ages amounted only to seventeen years and six months.

After these came Brahms, St Saens, Michelangelo Russo, Carreno Lotto, Benoni, Nacciarone, Stanzieri, Merli, Neruda, the Brothers Perry, the Brothers Vianesi, and Rendano.

And, after the usual marvels have been accomplished, and the usual exclamations spoken and written, we are, at the present day awaiting the ultimate result in the case of not a few others such as the Signorita Gallone, a pianist, who, four years since, sent the Milanese into ecstacies by her playing at the Conservatory, of which she then was, and, perhaps, now is, a pupil; the Brothers Napoleone and Vittorio Fantoni, the first a pianist, and the second a violinist, who were greatly applauded in 1872, at the Teatro Apollo, Venice; Romeo Dionesi, a singer when he was only five, "A true prodigy of musical art," (wrote the New York *Eco d'Italia*) "who has attracted the attention of the public in many cities of Europe and of South America;" Clementino del Ponte, who, when he played at Moncalvo, three years ago, was really seventeen, but the performance was no common one; for the *Vessillo d'Italia* then wrote: "Del Ponte possesses a singular memory; the dexterity and certainty almost of an old artist; a delicacy of execution which causes one to feel the most refined gradations of the ideas, and of the most exquisite and recondite modulations of the passions, and most varied and effective colour, by means of which he transports one from the gentle and almost inaudible arpeggio of a distant lute to the rumbling of the thunder and the furious crashing of the storm!"

Still more recently we have had Benedetto Palmieri, of whom our friend Filippi wrote: "Little Palmieri possesses gifts which excite hopes of a future great artist; he reads well *at sight;* he accompanies intelligently, and executes the most astounding difficulties, so that it is quite marvellous to see him with those tiny hands of his, which, when stretched out, do not, from the thumb to the little finger, grasp five keys. In addition to good mechanism, he boasts of delicate musical feeling; he accentuates well; and colours and interprets with rare appreciation." We have, furthermore, had Cesare Augusto Lancellotti, applauded as a pianist at Rome and Florence; and the Sisters Hess, of New York, one a pianist and the other a violinist, who, in 1873, made the severe frequenters of the Gewandhaus, Leipsic, raise their eyebrows; and little Richter, who, likewise in 1873, played at Cologne with such splendid success that the *Wochenblatt* declared her to be no less extraordinarily and miraculously gifted than Mozart!

Mozart, we will say as though in parenthesis, stands by himself among the instances of precocious genius. No one was ever more favoured by nature; no one ever fulfilled so completely and so splendidly what he promised. The story of his childhood is in a different sphere, but not in a different degree, a repetition of the story, wonderful as it was, of Pico della Mirandola. At the age of four Mozart played the piano; when he was five he composed; and, not yet knowing how to hold a pen, dictated to his master or to his father. When he was six he gave a public specimen in Vienna of what he could do as a pianoforte player; at the age of eight, without any one knowing how or when he had studied, he was a skilful violinist, highly popular at the Court of Munich; and, six months afterwards, he was most highly applauded at the French Court as an organist. When he was eight he sent, for the first time, his compositions to the press. He extemporized for hours together, either as his fancy dictated, or upon given themes, and in the fugued style, though he had not then studied counterpoint. He executed mentally, and more rapidly than others with a pen, the most complicated arithmetical questions. He was endowed with so tenacious a memory as to be able to repeat an entire piece of music, without making a mistake in a single note, after hearing the piece only once. When he was twelve he spoke and wrote—besides German—French and Italian; wrote comedies in Latin, and composed his first melodrama, *La Finta semplice.*

(To be continued.)

* From the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano.*

Honni soit qui mal y pense.

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Je rêvai que j'entendais la belle comtesse de Salisbury chanter une romance dont la musique était d'une douceur singulière; le rithme, un peu lent, d'une charme infini et mélodieux. Le refrain "Honni soit qui mal y pense" revenait à chaque instant et avait des sons larges et pleins, vibrants, comme les chants d'église.

Honni soit qui mal y pense.

Si du roi j'ai l'amitié,
Si de sa magnificence
J'ai partagé la moitié,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

Si d'un regard attendri
D'Edouard la préférence
Désigne Salisbury,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

S'il admire ma beauté,
Si par sa douce présence
Je sens mon cœur transporté,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

Si j'accepte un vain honneur,
Si ma foi dans sa constance
Est mon espoir de bonheur,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

Si de nos liens mortels
Secouant la dépendance
J'ai cru mes droits éternels,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

Si je le vois chaque jour,
Si rien pour moi ne compense
La gloire de son amour,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

Si le charme de sa voix
Seul apaise ma souffrance,
Me trouble quand je le vois,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

Si je ne puis l'oublier,
Si je pleure son absence,
Sans jamais me délier,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

Si de ses traits enchanteurs
J'ai gardé la ressemblance
Aux instants consolateurs,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

S'il est l'âme de mon cœur,
Si toujours vers lui s'élance
Le prestige du vainqueur,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

Si je reçois son baiser,
Si ma plus chère espérance
Par lui seul peut se briser,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

Si tous les fiers courtisans
Acceptent pour récompense
Les débris de ses présents,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

Si l'ordre qu'il a créé
A mes pieds prit sa naissance
D'un bleu ruban dénoué,
Honni soit qui mal y pense!

J. F.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The opera concerts given at the Albert Hall are too choice and exclusive in their nature to diminish in attractiveness, and hence the attendance last Saturday afternoon was as gay and fashionable as it has ever been upon these occasions. The programme was compiled with similar indifference to novelty as heretofore; and those who do not countenance operas at the Operahouse were regaled with opera tunes, sung by opera artists clad in every day raiment, and hence, it may be presumed, to the pure and correctly constituted mind, were quite unexceptionable. All the luminaries of Mr Mapleson's company were there, Tietjens and Nilsson being, of course, the brightest. The former sang the great *scena* from the *Freischütz* as none besides herself can now sing it. She was in splendid voice, and was called into the orchestra three several times. Madame Nilsson chose more devotional matter, and charmed all ears to the encore point by her tender rendering of "Angels, ever bright and fair;" entering subsequently upon the more showy ground of Verdi, whose brilliant *aria*, "Ah! fors' è lui," is one of those vocal exercises in the exhibition of which she always covers herself with glory, and fills her worshippers with admiration. Madame Marie Roze, invariably graceful and interesting, sang, with as much dramatic feeling as the separation from the stage would allow, Meyerbeer's pathetic "Roberto, o tu che adoro;" and equally satisfactory was the performance of the *aria* from *Rigoletto*, "Caro nome," by Mdlle Elena Varesi, an artist of the highest pretension and accomplishment, and as unaffected as she is clever. This lady, later in the afternoon, was set down for Donizetti's "O luce di quest' anima," which, again, was a triumph of refined singing and brilliant *fioriture*—a great vocal exploit, in short, and one of the best remembered incidents of the concert. Madame Trebelli was likewise in fascinating voice, and was consequently heard to every advantage in "Di tanti palpiti," which she sang with her accustomed skill and exemplary command over the best arts of vocal decoration. The selection confided to the artists of the other sex was similar in class and quality to the above. Signor Gillandi sang Donizetti's "Spirto gentil" and Verdi's "Quest' e quella"—in each case well. Still better, so far as the apparent impression on the audience went, was Signor Campanini, whose delivery of the "Cujus animam" of Rossini, and Donizetti's "Di pescator," was, in both instances, everything that could be wished, and recalls were spontaneously awarded. Other well known operatic vocalities were supplied by Signor Catalani, Signor Brignoli, and Signor Galassi; and two of the most noticeable events of the day were the "Qui sdegno," from the *Zauberflöte*, and the "Chi mi dira," from *Marta*, by that safe and effective singer, Herr Behrens. The first section of the programme closed with the pleasant trio from the *Matrimonio Segreto*, "Le faccio un inchino," which was sung with such playful spirit by Mdlle Tietjens, Madame Nilsson, and Madame Trebelli, as to be cordially redemanded. This, however, owing to the dispersion of the band, could not be complied with, but the compliment was the same. The concert was directed by Mr W. G. Cusins. The special orchestral performances were the overtures to *Egmont* and *Masaniello*, and the March from *Tannhäuser*. D. H. H.

WAIFS.

Miss Emma Busby's Matinee Musicale.—Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, on Thursday, April 22, 1858, to commence at Half-past Three o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Miss Kemble, Mr Benson, Mr Santley. Instrumentalists—pianoforte, Miss Emma Busby; violin, Herr Molique; violoncello, Signor Piatti. Conductor—Mr W. G. Cusins.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr Arthur J. Barth, of St James's Church, E.C., Organist and Choirmaster to Christ Church, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

We read in the *Gazette Musicale de Paris*, that the rumour of the Conservatoire being in possession of certain unpublished compositions by Auber is without foundation.

Miss Lillie Albrecht, the youthful pianist, played Chopin's ballade in G minor, at Signor Rocca's concert given in Chester Square (by kind permission of the Misses Sumner), on Wednesday morning, and was highly complimented by the fair and accomplished hostesses.

Sig. Schira leaves England for Milan on the 20th inst. *Bon voyage à l'illustre maître!*

The representations of the "Oberammergau Passion" have been forbidden by the police at Berlin.

A valuable violoncello, lately in the possession of Herr Welhelmj, has been purchased by Herr Schuberth.

Miss Emma Barnett, the youthful and accomplished pianist, joins Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington's provincial tour in September.

Miss Florence Sanders (pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes), who recently made so successful a *début* at her own concert, was honoured by an invitation from the Lord Bishop of London and Miss Jackson to their reception and garden party at Fulham Palace, on Saturday last, where the young pianist had the honour of playing before a large and fashionable company.

The organ of Great Yarmouth parish church, one of the largest in England, was re-opened on Tuesday after extensive alterations. By the new arrangement, the organist sits in the chancel, the great organ is placed in the north chancel aisle, and the swell and choir organs in a separate case at a distance of some fifty feet in the south chancel aisle, both facing westward. The effect of the divided organ is a great assistance to antiphonal singing. At the morning service the sermon was preached by the Very Rev. the Dean of Norwich, who gave a most eloquent exposition of the important position occupied by music as an essential of church worship. The vicar, the Rev. Geo. Venables, pronounced a blessing. Collections were made amounting to more than £80.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Monday next the Licensed Victuallers' School Fête will be held at the Palace, and this will include two dramatic performances, a vocal and instrumental concert, balloon ascent, cricket match, illumination of the Palace and grounds, and a ball in the evening. On Tuesday the company of the Vaudeville Theatre will give the only morning representation of *Our Boys* to take place this season; and on Wednesday and Thursday there will be an Exhibition of Hounds, to which Her Majesty the Queen and all the principal masters of fox hounds in the Kingdom will contribute. On Wednesday there will be a display of fireworks on a large scale; and on Saturday the great Scottish Fête will take place, under most distinguished patronage; besides which, a popular concert will be given.

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The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe.*

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VOL. 53—No. 27. SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1875. PRICE { 4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Third Appearance of Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 3rd, will be performed ROSSINI'S Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Il Conte Almaviva, Signor Panzetta; Figaro, Signor De Reschi; Il Dottore Bartolo, Signor Zoboli; Don Basilio, Signor Costa; Fiorello, Signor Rinaldini; Ufficiale, Signor Casaboni; Berta, Mdme Demeric-Lablache; and Rosina, Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy (her first appearance in that character and third appearance in England). Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir Michael Costa.

On MONDAY Evening next, July 5 (fourth appearance of Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy)—Extra Night—"LA TRAVIATA." Alfredo, Signor Fancelli; Germont Georgio, Signor Galassi; Il Barone Duphol, Signor Zoboli; Marchese d'Obigny, Signor Casaboni; Annina, Mdlle Bauermeister; and Violetta Vallery, Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy (her fourth appearance in England).

Sixth Night of "Lohengrin."

On TUESDAY next, July 6, WAGNER'S Opera, "LOHENGRIN." Elsa di Brabante, Mdme Christine Nilsson; Lohengrin, Signor Campanini; Federico di Telramondo, Signor Galassi; Enrico, Herr Behrens; Araldo, Signor Costa; and Ortruda, Mdlle Tietjens.

On THURSDAY next, July 8—Extra Night—Fifth appearance of Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy.

On SATURDAY, July 10—Mdme Christine Nilsson (for the last time this season) —"FAUST."

Doors open at Eight o'clock. To commence at Half-past Eight, except on the occasion of the performance of "Lohengrin" on Tuesday next, July 6, when the Opera will commence at Eight o'clock. Amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. Box-office open daily from Ten till Five, under the direction of Mr Bailey.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NATIONAL MUSIC MEETINGS. THIRD SERIES of PUBLIC COMPETITIVE PERFORMANCES, July 1 to 10, 1875. Judges—Sir J. Benedict, Signor Arditi, and Mr W. G. Cusins. Tenor Solo Singers, Public Competition, This Day (SATURDAY). For details of each day's arrangements, see daily papers.

ALEXANDRA PALACE. — THURSDAY next, July 8, GRAND ITALIAN CONCERT, by the Artists and Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera Company.

THE LAST ITALIAN CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

MDME ADELINA PATTI.	SIGNOR NICOLINI.
MDLLE SCALCHI.	SIGNOR COTOGNI.
MDME VILDA.	SIGNOR CAPPONI.
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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), July 3rd, MOZART'S Opera, "DON GIOVANNI." Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdme Vilda, Mdlle D'Angeri; Signori Marini, Ciampi, Tagliafico, Capponi, and M. Maurel.

MONDAY next, July 5 (first time this season), MEYERBEER'S Grand Opera, "L'ETOILE DU NORD." On this occasion the Opera will commence at Eight. Caterina, Mdme Adelina Patti; Mdlles Smeroschi, Cottino, Bianchi; Signori Naudin, Ciampi, Sabater, Capponi, Tagliafico, and M. Faure.

TUESDAY next, July 6, RICHARD WAGNER'S Romantic Opera, "LOHENGRIN." Mdlles Albani, D'Angeri; M. Maurel, Herr Seideman, Signori Capponi, Carpi.

WEDNESDAY next, July 7, ROSSINI'S celebrated Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE." Mdme Vilda, Mdlle Scalchi; Signori Pavani, Capponi, and M. Faure.

THURSDAY next, July 8 (first time these three years), BEETHOVEN'S Opera, "FIDELIO." Leonora, Mdlle D'Angeri (her first appearance in that character); Mdlle Bianchi; Signori Capponi, Cotogni, Scolara, Sabater, and Marini.

FRIDAY next, July 9, MOZART'S Opera, "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO." Mdlles Albani, Bianchi, Zaré Thalberg; Signori Graziani, Ciampi, Pavani, Tagliafico, and M. Faure.

SATURDAY, July 10, GOUNOD'S Opera, "ROMEO E GIULIETTA." Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdlle Bianchi; Signori Graziani, Cotogni, Bagagiolo, Sabater, Tagliafico, Capponi, and Nicolini.

Floral Hall Concerts.

The LAST FLORAL HALL CONCERT of the Season will take place This Day (SATURDAY), July 3.

The Opera commences at Half-past Eight.

The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Boxes from £2 12s. 6d. to £6 6s.; stalls, £1 1s.; pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

MR G. W. HAMMOND'S MORNING CONCERT, ST JAMES'S HALL, THURSDAY, July 8th, at Half-past Two o'clock. Tickets to be obtained of Mr G. W. HAMMOND, 44, Formosa Street, Maida Vale, W.

"NORAH'S MESSAGE."

MDME ADELINA PATTI will sing the new Irish Ballad, "NORAH'S MESSAGE," composed expressly for her by Sir JULIUS BENEDICT, at the Floral Hall Concert, Royal Italian Operahouse, This Day.

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The ANNUAL PRIZE CONCERT will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Morning, the 21st inst., at Two o'clock, on which occasion Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE (Marchioness of Lorne) has kindly consented to present the Prizes.

There will be a complete Band and Chorus, formed by the Professors and the late and present Students of the Academy. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

Admission, One Shilling. Stalls, 5s.; family tickets, to admit four persons, 16s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; to be had at the Musicsellers; at St James's Hall; and at the Academy.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Her Royal Highness the Princess LOUISE (Marchioness of LORNE) has most kindly consented to present the PRIZES at the Annual Concert, on Wednesday, the 21st inst.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

MDLLE E. TATE has the honour to announce that her CONCERT will take place on SATURDAY Evening, 24th July, 1875, at ST GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, Regent Street. (Mdlle E. TATE, who, by command of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, had the honour recently to perform at Osborne, was presented by H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice with a valuable Watch ornamented with diamonds.) Vocalists—Mdlle Victoria Bunsen, Mdlle Marie Duval, Mdme May Rolt; Mr Burleigh Tesseman, Herr G. Werrenrath, Mr Wadmore. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte—Mdlle E. Tate and Mdlle Felicia Bunsen. Violin—Herr Wiener. Violoncello—Herr Daubert. Conductors—Mr Sidney Naylor, Herr Ganz, and Herr Schuberth. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; reserved seats, 5s.; balcony, 2s. 6d.; admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be had of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; at all the principal Musicsellers; and of Mdlle E. TATE, 62, Fleming Road, Kennington Park. Concert to commence at Eight; carriages may be ordered for Ten o'clock. The Grand Pianoforte from Messrs Erard's.

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THE LAST PERFORMANCE OF *IL BARBIERE.*

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Weary, weary in mind and body, I reached London a few days ago for my midsummer holidays. I was in truth weary of everything and everbody, including my precious self, and, above all things, of music. Do you wonder at it? You will not, when I tell you music and I have not parted company since last summer's vacation. It has never been out of my ears; ever persecuting and worrying me, driving me at last to madness. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, I have been teaching music from early morning to protracted night; my only change of occupation, playing on a church organ. What a relief! Grandaire Tallis, instead of baby Hamilton; the see-saw of Rogers in D, substituted for Czerny's "Hundred and one;" and Gibbon's gloomy game of first-follow-first, for Stamatz's brain-softening exercises. Have I become old?—if so, it is prematurely; for I only reckon forty-five years: the present is but the junction year, when one changes carriages to commence the downward journey of life. In former seasons I was never tired of music; always ready for a wrestle with the divine muse; and, like the patriarch, never willing to let the angel go without a blessing. Then, on my arrival for my holidays, I rushed off to hear some new anthem by Goss, at St Paul's; to the Temple, to revel in the exquisite extempore playing of Hopkins; or to St Sepulchre's, to admire Cooper making the crooked fugue straight, and all the rough places of Bach plain. This year, alas! I was compelled to forswear music—to shun it altogether. I got into that bewildered state that I could not tell music from noise or noise from music. Few, perhaps you will say, ever can. If so, cannot you, Mr Editor, procure a commission to establish the limits and mark the boundaries of the opposing and antagonistic realms of noise and music? Others, as well as myself, I fancy, mistake one for the other, and need a hard and fast line of demarcation. However, in my case, all sounds were hopelessly mixed together. My baby's screaming in the nursery, and my daughter's singing in the drawing-room, were the same horrors to me; the bellow of a calf, and my son Peter's bass voice, seemed identical; and the church, with its intoning curate, surpliced choir and pealing organ, was as hideous as the cattle market at fair time. In fact, chaos fell upon my ears. I resolved, therefore, this year's trip should be spent out of doors. I would flee the church, concert-room, and opera-house, as if the plague rioted therein. Alas! my plan was folly, and my efforts were vain. I climbed to the top of the monument, and still was weary; I took the penny steamer in the morning, and returned by the underground railway in the evening, and found no relief; the water-works of the Crystal Palace failed to refresh me; the fire-works at the Alexandra sent through me no thrill of excitement; for days I rode on the top of omnibuses through the streams of humanity which rage and war in the city: yet the waters of life passed on, and left my poor shattered hulk high and dry. I tried to go up in a balloon, but they would not let me; instead of this I went to the docks with a tasting-order, and strange to say, the next morning I was more than ever depressed. All the London monuments I saw, and all the cemetries I visited, without receiving one cheerful throb. I tried the tent meetings of the arousing Christian Yankees;—why did I go, knowing that the nasal harmonium, and the more nasal singer, would grate their vulgar discords on my ear? I did better at the "Zoo." Christians may gather much of sweetness and light from the representative congregation in Regent's Park.

In this crisis of my dreariness I received a message from an old pupil, a charming creature. "Come, weary one," she said, "come sail and rest on the bosom of the waters of the upper Thames." I bought fishing tackle, borrowed an *Izaak Walton*, and rushed by Great Western to Marlow, where my hospitable pupil was staying with a noble relative. A hearty welcome greeted me, but the skies frowned inauspiciously. A Scotch mist, relieved by tropical down-pours, blurred the scene as if I looked upon it through tears. Too wet for boating, I posted myself, with rod and line under a bridge, to fish; until soaked by the driving rain, I felt too weary even for that ravishing excitement. The rain ceased, the clouds cleared off, and the sun shone on meadow, wood, and river, making the dripping landscape as fresh and bright as a newly painted picture, wet with varnish. Boats were soon filled: some rowed, others steered. In company of a reverend chaplain, a philosopher, a painter, and a dignitary of the law, I sailed down the winding river to Cookham, where the woods, of many tinted leaf, were mirrored in the glassy stream, like a mother's loving face reflected in the clear eye of her smiling child. We landed and roamed the woods, inhaling the pure moist air, laden with sweet odours from lime trees, and a thousand blossoming flowers. The winding paths led us now to openings which unfolded a panorama of exquisite beauty, and then brought us to a shut-in dell, where I fain would have built me a hermitage. When I re-entered the boat, I felt my soul struggling with the weariness which so long had oppressed me; through my deadened nature was throbbing a returning life. The boats glided past banks unceasingly varied in form and dress. Soon the sky was overcast, and the rain poured. Our boatman brought us beneath an over-hanging tree for shelter; then I noticed he was a young waterman of the jolly sort, and handsome type. The ladies, my pupil and her mama, evidently looked upon him with a favourable eye. He certainly had an extatic gleam in his eye that would have made the fortune of a stage tenor; lips full and very ripe, revealing, by a smile that filled his entire face, teeth both regular and brilliant. He was modest about his charms until one of the company, prompted by the evil one, asked him to sing a song; then he grinned, shambled on his seat, and gave himself the airs of an insipid school girl, and at last burst forth into song. Gloom and despair returned in tenfold force upon me, and the climax was reached when he sang "Bosom a thorn," a song I had taught daily, for years. On landing, my despair had given way to weariness; a weariness deeper, darker and heavier than I had ever before experienced, and I immediately hastened back to London. I took to pictures and did all the galleries. I sprained my spine at the National Gallery, cricked my neck at the South Kensington, got a headache at Suffolk Street, and blinded myself at the Royal Academy. Darwin must direct nature to develop in man necks as long as giraffes', or put the eyes a couple of inches higher in the head, before exhibitions will be adapted to man's capabilities. Until that time I have sworn never to visit another gallery, without the pictures be placed on rollers—such as those used in panoramas—that I may sit and gaze in comfort, whilst the miles of canvas pass before me.

"Let us go to *Il Barbiere* to-night," said a stranger near me in a public dining-room. I started at the proposal, thinking it made to me; finding another person was addressed, I shrugged my shoulders, smiled sardonically, lit my cigar and strolled into the teeming Strand. Still, amidst the uproar of traffic, a voice within me, as coaxing as Figaro's, said "Come." No! I certainly would not. Then memory called up the Bartolo of Jupiter Lablache; the Almaviva of Adonis Mario; and the graphic Formes's Basilio. The melodies of the opera, sounding in my ears, were as silken cords drawing me gently, though against my will, towards the Opera house. I yielded, and found myself in the gallery of Drury Lane Theatre, hot, flushed, and panting. "What wicked imp possessed me," I muttered to myself, "thus to put my head in the very jaws of my devouring foe?" From my Olympian height I gazed down on mortals. Far below the chandelier, which appeared like a constellation of stars hung in mid heaven, I saw the band assemble. Sainton took his seat, looking a little whiter, but as handsome quite; Weist Hill, Willy, and Lazarus passed to their several places amidst others entirely unknown to me. They tapped applause on their fiddle backs and desks as Sir Michael Costa entered. God bless me!—he conducted *Il Barbiere* when I last heard it, now twenty-five years ago. Bravo! bravissimo!—he has held well his own against "the enemy." Singers may come, and players may go; may he go on for ever. At the motion of his *bâton* the band dashed away at the overture, and proved every bit as vigorous, sonorous, and masterful as of yore. The music called and held my attention, and awoke in me the same kind of interest as the "pop" of a champagne cork would to a thirsty soul. The curtain rose, and the gay Almaviva

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serenaded his mistress; then Figaro bounded on the stage with rattling jargon, and Rosina peeped from her balcony, soon to step down to the foot lights, to sing "Una voce." Bartolo was knocked about hither and thither, and befooled as egregiously as all old fools should be. Basilio brought on his elongated hat and voice; and the roguish plotting of Figaro animated the characters, and sent them into a whirl of excitement and gay distraction.

As an unexpected reprieve and release from gaol, as a sudden restoration from sickness to health, or as the return of the glorious sun to one shipwrecked in gloomy night, so Rossini's music came upon me. The brain lost its torpor, the feelings their deadness, and the passions their insensibility. My heart throbbed, and the tingling life coursed through my veins; tears of joy flowed from my eyes, for I had been dead and was now alive again.

What wrought the cure? Was it Beaumarchais' clever story? the beauty of the *mise-en-scène?* the voices of the singers? or the excellence of the orchestra? No, none of these things. It was simply Rossini's genius that worked in me the change. His music assuredly has the qualities calculated to arouse the faded spirit and the weary mind. It is bright as sunshine, clear as day, refreshing as Summer showers, vivacious as youth, sparkling as nectar, lovely as flowers, sweet as the sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets, cheerful as the best of goodly company, and inspiring as the breath of the gods. In spite of my nostrum for weariness being scouted, on account of its simplicity and age, still I venture to recommend the Barber as Doctor; and I gratefully record Figaro's last performance as a perfect cure, wrought on yours obediently,

A. Weary Musician.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN MUSICAL FESTIVAL.*

Concerning the compositions selected, namely, Handel's *Samson*, on the first day, June 27th, and—besides two grand airs by Mozart—Schumann's A minor Concerto, Bach's "Chaconne," the *Oberon* Overture, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgisnacht*, and, to conclude, his Symphony in C minor, there is no need to descant at length, as they are so well known. The programme was, evidently, drawn up with taste and intelligence. The composers of the different works who were introduced to the public are leading representatives of music. Handel's *Samson* is especially well calculated to attract and excite the enthusiasm of the great masses, as well as of a more refined public, and to inspire them with a lasting interest in the grand style of oratorio. The singers numbered nearly 300 sopranos and contraltos, 57 tenors, and 84 basses. The orchestra included 32 first and second violins, 12 tenors, 12 violoncellos, and 9 double-basses, with the necessary wind instruments, kettle-drums, and trumpets. From the list we learn that among the instrumentalists were many well-known music directors, Court musicians, *Capellmeister*, and Court and other *Concertmeister*. Herr J. Boie, the popular *Concertmeister* of Altona, who, with his brother-in-law, Herr von Königslöw, *Concertmeister* from Cologne, acted as leader, and rendered important service in the formation of the orchestra. He conducted, also, the *Oberon* Overture, and several smaller things on the second day, when Joachim appeared as a soloist, and played Bach's Chaconne. The ladies' chorus was placed above a large niche at the south end of the concert-hall; the middle of the platform was occupied by the orchestra, while behind them, in the niche, were ranged tenors and basses. In front, and visible from every side, stood Joachim, on an elevated tribune. During the rehearsals the great artist frequently expressed his astonishment and admiration at the admirable way in which the choruses had been trained. At the last rehearsal of *Samson*, when the audience burst out, on one occasion, into a storm of applause, he actually could not refrain from joining in it himself. The directors of the various associations who, with the members under their command, had worked so hard during the winter, now sang with the rank and file. The solo vocalists were well selected, including Henschel and Krolop, from Berlin, as Manoah and Harapha; Herr von Witt, from Dresden, as Samson; Mad. Schmitt, from Sweden, as Delilah; and Kol Kling, from Schwalbach, as Micha, who all sustained their characters, from a musical point of view, exceedingly well. Especially effective was the chorus of Israelites, "Hör', Jakob's Gott, Jehovah, hör'; Manoah's air, "Wie willig trägt mein Vaterherz;" the chorus at the overthrow of the Temple; the funeral march, which blends so wonderfully with the funeral chorus of the Israelities; and the mighty final chorus, "Laut stimme ein, du ganze Himmelschaar!" Another particularly effective piece was the air, "Kommt all ihr Seraphim," preceding the above chorus, and sung by Mad. Schmitt, with *obbligato* trumpet accompaniment. Such trumpeters as he who played this accompaniment are, we should fancy, scarce. It was a contest between the human voice and the trumpet to see which was the more beautiful. The feeling of satisfaction, that a great success had been achieved with the oratorio, was universal. The phrase: *Holsatia non cantat*, was for ever refuted. The performance of the chorus proved that the members of the latter might enter the lists with anyone. Even during the rehearsals, the admirable composition of the programme, and the decided conviction that everything would go well, filled the singers, the instrumentalists, and the public with joyous confidence. This feeling constituted the fundamental tone at the meetings held, sometimes at Bellevue, in sight of the sea, and sometimes in the garden near the Concert-Hall. To this we must add the favourable weather, with its splendid sunshine during the Festival, and the kindness of the people of Kiel, who overwhelmed us with attention, and received with warm cordiality the visitors, though, in many cases, the latter were utter strangers to them. The Kielites are ambitious. The victory achieved by Shleswig-Holstein, with her first Musical Festival, redounded to the honour of them all, though the very high prices of admission necessarily prevented many of them from taking part in the proceedings. But the reader must not suppose from this that the Festival was not well attended. People flocked in from far and wide. Of the 2,500 seats not one was vacant at the performances themselves, and the hall was certainly quite as well filled at the rehearsals, admission to which was also paid for. After the performance of *Samson*, a few ladies of the chorus flung Joachim some flowers, and, immediately afterwards, there was a rain of flowers from every side. This scene was repeated, with even more enthusiasm, on Monday, the 28th, when it became known it was Joachim's birthday. He was received with a perfect bombardment of flowers; and a laurel wreath, together with the most splendid bouquets, were laid upon his music-stand. The chorus had an easier task on the 28th than on the previous day. They were engaged only in the *Walpurgisnacht*. The rehearsal in the morning afforded the first real opportunity for Joachim to show his talent as a conductor. The C minor Symphony was again gone through with the most scrupulous care, all the necessary delicate touches of light and shade being frequently repeated two or three times. The performance began at 6 p.m., and lasted till 10. After the *Oberon* Overture, executed with magic beauty, the two great features were Joachim's violin-playing, and the rendering of Schumann's A minor concerto, by Madame Clara Schumann. As regards myself, I am not particularly fond of pianoforte concertos, but I must confess I never heard anything finer than this exhibition of Madame Clara Schumann's, in which full justice was done to every tone and to every note. The lady played superbly. The choruses in the *Walpurgisnacht* were, like those on the day before, magnificently sung, especially the final chorus: "Dein Licht, wer kann es rauben?" The whole wound up with the C minor Symphony, which evoked a perfect storm of applause. Joachim's directions were punctually carried out. All the performers seemed electrified, and, from the gentlest *pianissimo* to the proud and lofty song of triumph in the fourth movement, everything was executed to perfection. The festively decorated hall was now deserted by the audience, many of whom had agreed to pass the evening together. Upwards of eight hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to supper, the meal being enlivened by numerous toasts. Among the persons who received special invitations to the Festival were the Admiral and other Officers of the American Squadron lying in Kiel harbour. The first Schleswig-Holstein Musical Festival will certainly not be the last, but no one who was present will ever forget the memorable days of the 26th, 27th, and 28th June, 1875.

* Abridged from the *Schwäbischer Merkur*.

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JOHN HULLAH SPEAKS.

Paper read (June 17, 1875) at the Society of Arts' Rooms, before the members of the Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, by JOHN HULLAH.

(*Continued from page* 467.)

Now it is not merely possible, but far from difficult, to get even very young children to utter any sound or short succession of sounds within the limits of a given scale, the whole extent of which they have travelled over, identifying each sound with the syllable by which it is called.

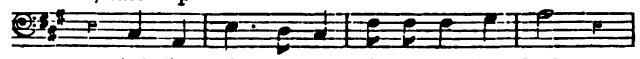
Further, it is not merely possible, but far from difficult, to get even very young children to give to sounds certain simple proportionate lengths, equally with the sounds themselves, at will.

I shall not stop now to show you how I should set about making them do these two things; for I have a good deal to say to you before I shall have done. I fear I must, after the manner of an eminent medical practitioner of former days, tell you, if you want to know this, to "read my book"—my new book, "*Time and Tune in the Elementary School*," the first twelve chapters of which are devoted to these subjects. I will only call attention, before I go further, to the fact that these powers of recognizing and distributing sound of which I have been speaking are wholly independent of musical notation, and that I think they should to some extent be acquired before the study of musical notation is attempted. Do not think lightly of these elementary accomplishments. They are elementary, but they are also all important. The child who can sound a note when it is asked for, or name it when it is sounded, and give it its due proportion as a crotchet or a minim when told to do so, or say whether of these two it is when that proportion is given to it, is already something of a musician, and has already some of that personal and inalienable possession of which I have already spoken. Eventually, of course, the scholar must study musical notation, otherwise he will remain as little self-dependent as that helpless musical voluptuary, the singer "by ear." But a good deal may be done in music itself—vocal music at least—before musical notation need be dealt with at all; I mean musical notation as it appears on paper, for I still recommend the use, and the early use, of the ladder representing the scale with which some of you are familiar, and the "manual stave," my own estimation of the use of which, after being for a time somewhat shaken, has been completely and entirely restored.

And here I take the opportunity of stating, not for the first time, my belief, strengthened by every year's experience as a teacher and as an examiner, that the difficulties of music in no way arise from, have no connection whatever with, musical notation. Those difficulties I am convinced are inseparable from music itself, the practice or production of which, beyond the most rudimentary stages, nothing ever has, nothing ever will, make easy. The unembarrassed utterance of two following sounds a tritone apart, or the accurate production of a series of syncopated notes, for instance, must be preceded by a good deal of thoughtful practice. Write, express such musical ideas as these as you will, you cannot abridge this practice, for the same student, by a minute, or diminish the necessity for its being thoughtful practice. Those who seek to facilitate the study of music by the substitution of one notation—no matter what—for another—no matter what—confound the ideas, facts, sentiments which make up music with the expression or representation of them.

But the principal matter on which I have to speak to you is still unapproached.

I have already to-night—not to say on many former occasions—declared or implied my belief in the value of *sol-faing*. If there be any present who were ever members of my classes in St Martin's Hall they will remember that, even in my First Upper School, I never allowed this practice to be laid aside. Every new work, and every old one that wanted revisal, was with us sol-faed before being sung. The advantages of this preliminary process are many; more indeed than I have time to specify. But the supreme advantage of sol-faing is that it obliges those who do it to give attention to what they are doing, and to do it *for themselves*. A member of a large chorus gifted with a good ear and a good memory may take part in twenty oratorios without ever looking at the book he holds in his hand. He can pick up from his neighbours, more skilled or more diligent than himself, bit by bit, and by ear, what he ought to make out by eye; and, doing this, he remains as much or as little "a musician," after his twentieth oratorio as he was before he took part in the first. Were he obliged to *sol-fa*, this would be impossible. By means of the good ear and memory with which I have credited him, he can learn, catch up—



or any passage as tuneable, after one or two hearings. But if he be obliged to give to these sounds their names—on whatever system—he must look at them; and sooner or later, in spite of himself, he must learn to connect them with the sounds for which they stand. With children this connection is early and easily established; and if they begin early enough the sol-fa syllables become to them a means of appreciating, not only the *relative* but, more or less approximately, even the *absolute* pitch of sounds.

You all know that there are two ways of using the sol-fa syllables; one, by far the older, in which the tonic of every major scale and the third of every minor are called *Do*; the other in which the note C, in whatever scale or under whatever circumstances, is always called *Do*, the note D *Re*, and so on. I have discussed the comparative merits or advantages of these two uses at considerable length in my first Report (for 1872), and again in the preface to the book which I have already brought under your notice. I cannot do this again to-night. But I will tell you something which I did not know when I wrote that report and (much later) that preface. The organists and music-masters of our cathedral and choral schools are much more interested perhaps than any persons living in ascertaining the readiest as well as the best methods of teaching their choir boys to read music. In many of those schools, once, almost without exception, strong-holds of the movable *Do*, that time-honoured use of the sol-fa syllables has been lately given up, and the use of the fixed *Do* substituted for it. In all the principal London choirs I find this is so; at St Paul's, at Westminster Abbey, at Her Majesty's Chapel Royal, St James's, at the Temple, and at Lincoln's Inn the choir boys are taught by the fixed *Do*. Of the provincial choirs I have less information; but the fixed *Do* is certainly used at York and Ripon, and, I believe, at Lincoln, Norwich, and some others. But on this point I am not assured. The venerable organist of the last-named cathedral, Dr Buck, who, during a professional career, extending, I believe, over nearly seventy years, has been the teacher of more professional musicians than any contemporary, showed me, the last time I was at Norwich, a set of my "Large Sheets" hanging up in his class-room, from which he said he had made every generation of his boys practise something every day since he had had them, *i.e.*, since they were first published. It is not that the learned and skilful musicians who are at the head of these choirs are ignorant of what is to be said in favour of the old system; but they find it will not work—that it will not bear the pressure which modern music puts upon it. But that the movable *Do* is an imperfect instrument does not prove that the fixed *Do*, as it has up to a recent time been used, is a perfect one. I have long had doubts on this matter, and have latterly come to regard these as certainties. I have now to explain to you—and it was chiefly with the view of doing this that I have asked you to meet me to-night—certain changes in the manner of using the fixed *Do*, which, I think, should remove all reasonable objections thereto, and which, being adopted, would assure to it all the advantages claimed for the older method. I shall do this most briefly by reading a few passages from the preface to the book in which these changes are worked out.

(*To be continued.*)

MUSIC AT SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

The Allen Opera Company is playing here to fine houses. Last night *Martha* was the opera given, and Miss Alice May was nearly smothered with bouquets at the conclusion of "The last rose of summer." Mr Beaumont received a flattering reception on his first appearance; and now another star is about joining it—Signor Susini. At the conclusion of the season the company proceeds to Melbourne, and opens at the Operahouse on the 7th of June. There is a probability of its going to India about the time of the Prince of Wales's visit, and afterwards to China.

Adelaide, May 15, 1875.

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RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS *RING OF THE NIBLUNG.*

(*From the "New Quarterly Magazine."*)

(*Continued from page* 459.)

Before resuming my analysis,. scene by scene, of Wagner's drama, I will anticipate a few facts which gradually transpire in the course of the dialogue, but which I think it better for the reader to learn here. Wotan, to know the causes of his approaching doom, has descended to the mystic dwelling of Erda, whom, by the charm of his wooing love, he has compelled to disclose the future to him. Told of the danger threatening him if ever Alberich regain possession of the ring, Wotan thinks of means to defend his realm against the powers of darkness. The fruit of his and Erda's love, a beautiful maiden, hight Brynhild, with eight of their half-sisters, is chosen by Wotan, as Valkyrie, that is, "chooser of the elected." It is the duty of these maidens to excite valiant men to strife and battle, and to carry the souls of the fallen heroes up to Walhall, there to live in joy with All-father Wotan, and at the same time to protect his high hall, from the enemy's attack. Still more anxious is Wotan to regain possession of the magic ring, or at least to see it wrested from his enemies' power. Being precluded by his plighted promise from acting directly or indirectly towards this desired issue, Wotan discerns his only hope to rest in the free action of a god-inspired hero, who, guided by his own courage, and regardless of laws human or divine, would win the treasure. To create such a hero, Wotan has assumed the name of Volsung, a valorous man, and to him a human wife has born twin children, Siegmund and his sister Sieglinde. With his son he has roamed through the wild forest, both of them clad in the skins of wolves, a feature which also occurs in the Volsunga-saga, where, however, a sort of transformation into a wolfish nature seems to be indicated. Suchwise, the god prepares Siegmund for the great task assigned to him. From his mother and sister he has been separated in earliest childhood.

The orchestral introduction to the *Valkyrie* is of a wild stormy character. The incessant triplets in the violin are suggestive of the hail and rain beating on the leaves of tall trees, while the rolling figure in the bass seems to indicate the angry voice of the thunder. When the curtain rises we see the interior of a house roughly built of timber. A fire is burning on the hearth. In the centre of the empty room is seen the stem of a mighty ash, the foliage of which spreads above the roof. Siegmund enters in a state of exhaustion, and sinks down by the hearth. Sieglinde comes from an interior chamber, and gazes, astonished, on the stranger. Observing his exhausted state, she refreshes him with water; both look in each other's eyes with increasing though hardly conscious interest. To Siegmund's questions Sieglinde replies that he sees before him the wife of Hunding, whose arrival is soon announced by the sound of his horse's hoofs. On entering the room, Hunding at once notices the resemblance between the pair, but without remark bids his guest welcome. Siegmund is asked to tell his adventures, and, beginning with his early life, he narrates how, coming home from the forest, his father and he found their home destroyed by enemies, the mother killed, the sister carried off; how after that they lived the lives of outlaws, at war with the world, till at last his father was taken from him. Separated from him in battle, Siegmund had followed his trace everywhere, but at last finding an empty wolf-skin, his father's dress, concluded him to be slain. His last fight, Siegmund continues, has been to protect a maiden of their own kin, who wished to wed her to an unloved man. Overpowered by their number, and after his spear and shield had been broken, he had been compelled to fly and seek rest for the night in Hunding's house. "For one night," his host replies, "my house shall be thy refuge, but to-morrow see to thy weapon, for thou shalt pay with thy life for the dead." For Hunding himself is one of the tribe with whom Siegmund has fought that day.

Siegmund, left alone in the darkening room, muses over his threatening fate: without means of defence, he has fallen into the hands of his bitterest enemy. Suddenly the fire falls together, and from the sparks a sharp light is thrown on the spot in the ash-stem which Sieglinde, on being driven from the room by her husband, has pointed out with her look, and where now the hilt of a sword is seen more plainly. Soon Sieglinde reappears. Her husband, she says, lies in deepest slumber, owing to the night-drink she has mixed for him. She is come to show a weapon to her friend—a weapon destined only for the bravest of the brave. The description of her wedding to Hunding, to whom she has been sold against her will, and the account she gives of the mysterious weapon in the ash-tree, tallies almost literally with the Volsunga-saga. I therefore prefer to let the old tale speak for itself, interpreted to the English reader by the incomparable translation of Mr W. Morris and Mr Magnusson. The scene lies in Hunding's house, in the identical room in which Siegmund and Sieglinde have met:—

"The tale tells that great fires were made endlong the hall, and the great tree aforesaid stood midmost thereof; withal folk say that, where, as men sat by the fires in the evening, a certain man came into the hall unknown of all men; and such like array he had, that over him was a spotted cloak, and he was barefoot, and had linen breeches knit tight even unto the bone, and he had a sword in his hand as he went up to the Branstock, and a slouched hat upon his head: huge he was, and seeming-ancient and one-eyed.* So he drew his sword and smote it into the tree-trunk, so that it sank in up to the hilt; and all held back from greeting the man. Then he took up the sword and said: Whoso draweth this sword from this stock shall have the same as a gift from me, and shall find in good sooth that never bare he better sword in hand than this is. Therewith out went the old man from the hall, and none knew who he was or whither he went. Now men stand up, and none would fain be the last to lay hand to the sword, for they deemed that he would have the best of it who might first touch it; so all the noblest went thereto first, and then the others one after other; but none who came thereto might avail to pull it out, for in nowise would it come away howsoever they tugged at it."†

"This is the sword," Sieglinde continues (in the drama); "for none but thee was it destined." But soon these warlike thoughts give way to tenderer emotions. An irresisible power seemed to draw the pair together when first they gazed in each other's eyes. Now that they are alone together in a splendid night in spring, their hearts beat stronger and stronger; closely they stand in each other's embrace. The lyrical pathos of the situation has here given Wagner an opportunity for a song of spring and love sweeter, perhaps, than ever music and poetry combined to bring forth. Not being able to give in words an idea of the two arts united, I will at least write down the verses, availing myself of the English version, contained in Mr Alfred Forman's rendering of the Niblungen drama (printed for private circulation):—

"SIEGMUND. Winter storms have waned—at the wakening May,
and mildly spreads—his splendour Spring;
he buoys himself—on bending breezes
wonders wake—upon his way;
over field and forest—floats his freshness,
wide and lightening—laughs his look.
He sounds in boundless singing—of buoyant birds,
sweetening breath—his bosom swells:
from his blood are warmed and wakened—wildering blossoms,
seed and shoot—he sends from his heart.
With winsome weapons' flash—he forces the world;
winter and storm have waned—at his steadfast war:
with dint of his dreadless strokes—the stubborn doors he has dáunted,
whose hindering hinge—withheld us from him.
To find his sister—he sets his flight,
'twas Love that lured the Spring;
behind our hearts—she deeply was hid;
now let her laugh to the light.
The bride and the sister—is free to the brother;
the walls are waste—that held them away;
greeting together—they shout as they go,
for Spring has lighted on Love!"

Over the further development of this marvellous love-scene we must pass rapidly. Sieglinde, reminded by the stranger's tale of the scenes of her early infancy, and struck with the resemblance of his features to her own, asks for his real name, which Siegmund

* This description of Wotan's dress, in his character as the "Wanderer," is typical in the old stories. One of his eyes he had given to the giant Mimir for a drink from the fount of wisdom, a circumstance the explanation of which I willingly leave to the expounders of the solo myth."

† See the story of Balin and Balan in our *Morte d'Arthure*.—ED. *M W.*

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no more withholds from her. "If thou art Siegmund," she exclaims, "this sword has been destined for thee by our father Volsung." Whereat Siegmund, with a mighty wrench, tears the holy weapon out of the stem. But this disclosure can no more quench the thirst of their passion, and the curtain drops over the unfortunate pair. The musical structure of this duet, with its gradual rise from anxious doubt to dithyrambic passion, has been called the highest flight of Wagner's muse, and it certainly holds its own, even if compared with those other masterpieces of concerted music: the duets between Senta and the Flying Dutchman, Elsa and Lohengrin, Iseult and Tristan, or, indeed, Siegfried and Brynhild in the second part of our present work. But, however much we may be impressed by the bold and again so infinitely tender strains of this music in reading it, the real value of a conception so intensely dramatic can be defined only by an actual embodiment on the stage.

(To be continued.)

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SALVINI.

(From the "Saturday Programme.")

(Continued from page 460.)

On New Year's Day, in the year 1830, Tommaso Salvini was born at Milan. The year began well with such a birth. It could not hold back its splendid gifts, but poured them out at daybreak. Following a precedent which has been quoted over and over again, it was discovered that Salvini's father, and his mother also, who played under the name of Guglielmina Zocchi, were good and popular dramatic artists. The theory is that cleverness is not hereditary; that clever parents seldom are blessed with clever children. It is not so with actors. The greatest geniuses on the stage have always had some acting blood in their veins. The exceptional talent for dramatic art is certainly hereditary, and is more or less developed in the children of actors. The young Salvini soon showed extraordinary talent. His genius burst forth as early and as ripe as that of Goëthe. He acted in the nursery, he acted at school. He was a born actor. No infant phenomenon this young Salvini, but such a genius already that he surprised his father and mother, who understood what good acting was. His father did not hesitate what to do. He placed him under the care of the famous Modena, who made him at once his favourite pupil. At the early age of thirteen Salvini's fame in boys' parts began to be talked about, and from this point he would have advanced at once, and unchecked, to the front, but he lost his affectionate father and mother before he was fifteen, and the loss so preyed on his sensitive nature that he was compelled to give up acting and commence studying again under Modena. Before 1848 we hear of Salvini for the first time in connection with the Ristori troupe, and listen to the first notes of their double triumph. In 1849 Salvini left the stage to fight for his country in the cause of Italian freedom, and gloriously distinguished himself. Those who have seen him in Othello can well understand what a warrior he must have been in the pride of his youth, strength, and beauty. His commanding officers must have expressed sincere regret when, the war over, Salvini determined to bid farewell to the tented field, and once more strode upon the stage. Peace having been declared, Salvini is seen in the theatrical company directed by Signor Cesari Dondini. He played in Nicolini's *Edipo*, a play written expressly for the young actor with such classical proclivities; but it was in Alfieri's *Saul* that he made his greatest triumph. Then it was that Italy took the young actor to her arms, and the fame of Modena was considered to have been exceeded by his distinguished pupil. The career of Salvini was now one round of triumphs. He visited Paris, and appeared as Orasmene, Orestes, Saul, and Othello, to the delight of the art world of France. On his return to Florence, by the greatest luck in the world, Salvini commenced a long and lasting friendship with Lord Normanby, then ambassador for England at the Italian Court. It was at Lord Normanby's suggestion that Salvini commenced a long and earnest study of Shakspere. They read the poet together, and the English statesman was able to give the actor some account of the traditions of the greatest Shaksperian actors he had seen. *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *King Lear*, and *Coriolanus*, were all discussed and argued over by the Italian actor and the English nobleman, and from this friendship dates Salvini's wonderful Shaksperian enthusiasm. His worship of Shakspere is profound. His house at home is full of Shaksperian pictures and relics, more or less connected with his art. In 1865, on the occasion of the sixth centenary of Dante's birthday, we find four of Italy's greatest artists appearing together in Silvio Pellico's tragedy, *Francesca di Rimini*. They are, of course, Salvini, Ristori, Rossi, and Mageroni. The fame of the actor advances. He is decorated by his king, and rewarded by the government of his country. He proceeds to Spain and Lisbon only to create fresh excitement, and to be rewarded afresh by the queen and king of each country. Before visiting England, it will be remembered that Salvini appeared with distinguished success in America, and gained the unanimous approval of all who most value dramatic art. The difficulty experienced by America, in that Salvini did not speak the language of the country, has not, at any rate, been felt so severely here as there. His genius has conquered everything, and each performance has gained fresh enthusiasts. Thus, then, with the unanimous approval of his native country, with the congratulations of France, Spain, Portugal, and America ringing in his ears, Tommaso Salvini stood on the stage of Drury Lane in England, in the country of Shakspere, a foreigner, a stranger, determined, if possible, to test the question of the coldness of English audiences and their indifference to art. Those who were present on the occasion of that first representation of Othello are not likely to forget it. It was a revelation. We seemed to have been dreaming all these years, and to have been embracing shadows. First the splendid presence, and then the exquisite ease; next the incomparable nature, and lastly the triumphant power. Who can forget that first performance and its effect upon the house! Othello had never been seen before, for this was as different to the English conventional Othello as daylight to darkness. The dignified repose of the address to the senate; the absorbing love of Othello for his wife; the subtle dawn of jealousy; the effort to beat back suspicion and shudder at it; the gradual poisoning of the mind; the frightful agony of the tortured man; the tiger-like ferocity of the passionate and generous nature when once disturbed; the long, beautiful love suddenly turned into the deepest hate; the intense sarcasm of the scene with Emilia; and then, to crown all, that marvellous last act, which it is the merest affectation to call overstrained. All these points have been commented on with sufficient minuteness. But they will never be forgotten. They leave such a vivid impression on the memory that it is impossible that either time or change can eradicate them.

(To be continued.)

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DICKENS AND SALVINI.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—I feel interested, with very many others, in all that relates to Charles Dickens, especially when connected with one who has recently made himself famous in this country; I would, therefore, ask where the authority is to be found for the assertion that our distinguished novelist said that Salvini "was the greatest actor in the world, after seeing him perform in Rome in the year 1859"—see "Jottings from London," in your last number. I do not find it recorded in Foster's Life, and I consider the fact is sufficiently interesting to have further prominence at the present moment.

Truly yours, T. F. D. C.

9, *Pelham Place, Brompton, S. W., 12th July*, 1875.

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DEATH.

On July 13th, after a short illness, Mdme JULLIEN, widow of Louis Jullien, of glorious memory.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the* MUSICAL WORLD *Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expediency may suggest.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875.

STERNDALE BENNETT.

THE autograph letter (*fac-simile*) from this great English musician, promised to our readers last week, will be found in the extra half-sheet which accompanies the present issue of the *Musical World*. The "Sonata" referred to is the now well-known *Maid of Orleans;* the "fair patroness" for whom it was written and to whom it was dedicated is Arabella Goddard.

THE *Hon* of Hungary recently published an article entitled:—"Franz Liszt at Home and in the Grand World." In one part of this article, the writer says:—

"Nothing can well be more interesting than Liszt's Diary, in which, from day to day, he regularly enters everything interesting that has happened to him in the course of the twenty-four hours. Of its contents no one has an idea, for no one was ever yet allowed to glance over its pages. Liszt keeps this Diary, already consisting of several thick volumes, even from the eyes of his most confidential friends. If one of those who have always free access to him happens to come into his study, while he is entering anything, Liszt immediately puts the book away under lock and key. The contents will, probably, not be known to the world until after his death. When, however, they are published, these pages will form a valuable and authentic record of the experiences of one who played an equally important part in the artistic and in the social world."

May that time be long postponed. We wish we could find space for the whole of the Honnish (Hunnish) article.

Mrs Shirley Brooks.

THE following letter, or we are greatly mistaken, will be read with universal interest in literary circles:—

"SIR,—I am glad to see that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has opened the question of Mrs Shirley Brooks's pension. I have been looking daily for the announcement that the Government had recognized the claims of the widow of a faithful worker and a good man—more especially a Conservative Government, from which one would naturally expect the grateful recognition of Conservative support. It seems to me that everyone, with or without a claim, has been pensioned but Mrs Shirley Brooks, the widow of the former editor of *Punch*. The widows of men of social position and private fortune, with influential friends and many helping hands; living authors and authoresses of mark and wealth; some with a repute that coins money like the mint; some with husbands in business doing a vast and lucrative trade—all these are pensioned; but Mrs Shirley Brooks, the widow of a purely literary man, left with only two hundred a-year, and two boys under age, has not been placed on the list. Yet an additional hundred would be a vital gain to her; while the hundred granted to one or two I could name represents only so much to spend in unnecessary indulgence.

"E. L. L."

No man who for a long period possessed so much influence as the late Shirley Brooks ever used it more consistently or more largely for good.

D. P.

THE season of French operas at the Gaiety comes to an end on Friday next, the 23rd inst. No more new works will be produced.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

THE features at the last Philharmonic concert, in St James's Hall, were a violin concerto, by Vieuxtemps, splendidly executed by M. Wieniawski, and an "Idyll" to the memory of the late Sterndale Bennett, composed by his most gifted fellow-student, and successor, as "Principal," at the Royal Academy of Music—Dr G. A. Macfarren. The "Idyll" is an orchestral work, replete with genuine feeling, magnificently scored, and altogether a worthy tribute to the great English musician who has passed from among us. It was well performed, under the direction of Mr W. G. Cusins, listened to with the utmost interest, and applauded with such unanimity that Dr Macfarren felt compelled to rise from his seat and acknowledge the honour paid to him. There were two symphonies—Haydn's in E flat (No. 10 of the Saloman set), and Beethoven's in C minor. Mdlle Tietjens was the singer; and, as usual, the final concert was brought to an end with Weber's *Jubilee* overture.

LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGAN CONCERTS.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—Many inaccurate statements having appeared in the musical and other journals, respecting the attendance, &c., at my Organ Concerts in the Leeds Town Hall, I shall be glad if you will permit me to say that, on the last occasion, when the average of each performance for a year was taken, the numbers on Saturday evenings (vocal music being sometimes added), were 665, and on Tuesday afternoons (3 to 4) 131.

At the last audit of accounts there was (after payment of all expenses), a small loss, amounting to rather less than one halfpenny per annum to each ratepayer of this wealthy borough! The admission charges are 1s., 6d., and 3d. on Saturdays, and 6d. and 3d. on Tuesdays; these nominal prices enabling all classes to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing a variety of classical and popular music at a low rate. I shall be glad if other organists occupying a similar position to myself will give the public authentic information on this subject, so interesting to those who are desirous of making the large organs in our huge Town Halls both a pecuniary and artistic success.

It must be borne in mind that, with little exception, these organ recitals in the Leeds' Town Hall have been given every Tuesday afternoon, and often on Saturday evenings, by our performer, ever since the opening of the Hall, in 1858, and I am assured that the annual attendance has exceeded that of any other similar institution in England, excepting Liverpool, where a floating population of 30,000 furnishes a ready audience to see the lions, and hear some of them roar.

On some of my visits to the Albert Hall, Kensington, for organ recitals given by eminent players, I could almost count the numbers in the different parts of the building on the fingers of my hands; and I have often attended "Classical Chamber Concerts" in Leeds, and in other provincial towns, where the audiences (numbering less than 100) might indeed be termed "wretched," and which would afterwards be described in print, by friendly critics, as "a fair attendance."—Yours, faithfully,

WM SPARK.

Leeds, July 14, 1875.

PESTH.—The post of conductor, vacant at the National Theatre in consequence of the departure of Hans Richter for Vienna, has been offered to M. de Mihailovich, who declines it, the reason assigned being that he is at present engaged in composing an opera, the libretto of which has been written for him by Wagner.

LEIPSIC.—The Stadttheater will, as heretofore, be carried on by private enterprise, and not, as previously announced, by an Intendant managing it "at a fixed salary of 15,000 marks a year, with 15 *per cent.* on the gross receipts." Such is the resolution passed at a meeting of the Town Commissioners.

Digitized by Google

September 24
1872
38. Queensborough Terrace.
Kensington Gardens. W.

My dear I. W. D.

Have you released yourself from all the semibreves and minims consequent upon Worcester and Norwich?

I want you to listen for a moment to an old tinker of a composer whose name, if he finishes the letter will be found at the end —

(Please turn over)

Digitized by Google

I have a Sonata in hand
for my fair patroness,
to whom I wish to dedicate
it — Can I do so? She
shall not be tied down
to play it in public, but
I offer it, purely and
simply as a mark of
my regard and heartfelt
thanks for what has been
done for me. by her

Digitized by Google

in the part—

Would you like to see some of it?* The first 3 movements are finished not worse than many the things I have done—

Ever Yours
as of old
W. Bennett

* The first 2 movements engraved—the 3rd went yesterday—the last movement, just beginning.

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J. W. Davison Esq
36 Tavistock Place
Tavistock Square
W C

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mr Oberthür's *matinée musicale* took place at his residence, 14, Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, on Wednesday, June 30th, under the immediate patronage of her Grace the Duchess of Wellington. The vocalists were Miss Sophie Ferrari, Monsieur Godrant, and Signor Caravoglia. The instrumentalists were, violin, Herr Joseph Ludwig; violoncello, Signor B. Albert; harps, Miss Marion Beard, Miss Kate Dyne (pupils of Mr Oberthür), and Mr Oberthür. The following is the programme:—Grand Trio (original), F minor, for violin, violoncello, and harp (Herr J. Ludwig, Signor Albert, and Mr Oberthür)—C. Oberthür; Aria, "Non più andrai" (Signor Caravoglia)—Mozart; Solos, violin, "Notturno" (arranged by Wilhelmj), Chopin, and "Præludium" (Herr J. Ludwig)—S. Bach; Romance, "Assisa al piè d'un salice" (Miss Sophie Ferrari)—Rossini; Solo, harp, *Oberon*, Grand Fantaisie caracteresque (Mr Oberthür)—Parish-Alvars; Romance, "Ne parle pas Rou" (*Dragons de Villars*) (Monsieur Godrant)—Marllart; Duo, violoncello and harp, "Fantaisie originale" (Signor Albert and Mr Oberthür)—A. Zamara; Nocturne, for three harps (Miss M. Beard, Miss K. Dyne, and Mr Oberthür)—C. Oberthür; Solo, violoncello, "Berçeuse" (Signor Albert)—Seligmann; Song, "I know my love loves me" (Miss Sophie Ferrari)—Rosetta O'Leary Vinning; Solo, harp (with violoncello *obbligato*), "Fairy legend" (the violoncello part added by Signor Zamaro, of Vienna) (Mr Oberthür and Signor Albert)—C. Oberthür; Song, "She and I" (Signor Caravoglia)—Louisa Gray; Song, "A quoi sort la terre" (Monsieur Godrant)—Darcks; Solo, harp (new), English melodies of the olden time (Mr Oberthür)—C. Oberthür. The rooms—most tastefully decorated with flowers—were quite filled by a distinguished audience. The concert gave evident satisfaction. Each movement of Mr Oberthür's trio was highly appreciated, especially the *scherzo* and *finale*. Not less effective was his trio for three harps, in which Mr Oberthür and two of his clever pupils were heard to advantage. Miss Sophie Ferrari met with deserved applause in the romance from *Otello*, as well as Mrs O'Leary Vinning's song. Equally successful was Signor Caravoglia in Mozart's *aria*, and Louisa Gray's well-known song. Monsieur Godrant sang two French songs in good style. Mr Ludwig and Signor Albert played with exquisite taste on their respective instruments, and the latter pleased greatly in the violoncello *obbligato* part to Mr Oberthür's "Fairy legend," in which the accomplished composer's performance of the harp part was deservedly admired, as it was also in Parish-Alvars' solo fantasia, *Oberon*. Mr Oberthur's arrangement of "English melodies of the olden time" concluded the *matinée* with *éclat*, and the audience separated to the strain of "Home, sweet home," played in perfection by the concert-giver.

St Mary's Hall, Canonbury.—A very interesting musical performance was given on Tuesday evening, July 13th, on the occasion of a presentation to Miss Northcroft, Principal, in acknowledgment of the zeal and energy with which she has conducted the Ladies' College for a period of twenty-five years. The testimonial, from a large circle of friends and admirers, consisted of a purse containing a hundred guineas, a handsome silver salver, and an elegant silver bouquet-holder. Mrs John Macfarren and Mr Henry Holmes commenced the concert with one of Beethoven's Sonatas, for pianoforte and violin, and, later in the evening, played a Rondo, by Mozart, for the same instruments. The talented violinist also executed, in his most finished manner, the "Elegie" by Ernst, and the accomplished pianist gave a selection from the works of Schumann, Weber, Hans von Bülow, and other composers. Mr Mellish played Chopin's Impromptu in C sharp minor; and the vocal portion of the programme was contributed by Miss Edith Wynne. This musical treat was highly appreciated by a densely-crowded company. In another part of the establishment some admirable performances, chiefly by students of the college, were given, under the able direction of Mr Handel Gear.

Mdme Liebhart gave a concert, by the kind permission of Capt. and Mrs Coster), at 137, Harley Street, in aid of a charitable purpose. This is the first concert the fair artist has given since her return from America. Great praise is due to her for bringing so many artist-friends round her to help in her charitable object. Sir Julius Benedict presided over the little festival, and had the gratification to hear his charming new song, "Norah's Message," sung by Mdme Liebhart, repeated by unanimous desire. The other principal artists were Mdme Marie Roze, Mdlle Breton, Mdlle Bunsen; Signor Caravoglia, Herr Werrenrath, Mr W. Shakespeare, Herr Blume, Signor Mattei, Miss Lilly Albrecht, M. Paque, and Mr Aptommas. All these artists, so well known and appreciated, exerted themselves *con amore*. If we were to give a detailed account, it would fill a volume; suffice it that Mdlle Bunsen, in W. Ganz's song, "Forget-me-not," was encored. Mdlle Breton, Mdme Marie Roze, M. Paque, Mr Aptommas, Signor Mattei, and Miss Lilly Albrecht, were equally applauded, and the latter warmly applauded for her performance of Thalberg's Andante in D flat. The splendid rooms of Captain and Mrs Coster were filled with an audience of the highest rank. Sir Julius Benedict, in conjunction with Messrs Ganz, Vaschetti, and Herr S. Lehmeyer, were the conductors.

Miss Clinton Fynes, an esteemed young pianist, gave her annual *matinée*, at her residence in Baker Street, on Monday last. An appreciative audience filled the rooms to overflow. Miss Fynes' only solo performances were a *Lied ohne Wörte* by Mendelssohn, and an Impromptu by Chopin; but she played, with the composer, Mr John Thomas's admired duet for harp and pianoforte, on airs from M. Gounod's *Faust*, which did not, however, make the impression so brilliant a composition deserved; Wolff and Vieuxtemps' Grand Duo, on airs from *Oberon*, for pianoforte and violin, with Mr Carrodus, who "outshone" himself in this as he did afterwards in a "*Romance e Presto, alla Tarentella*," for violin solo, composed expressly for him by Mr Berthold Tours, and for which the eminent English violinist was honoured by a "recall;" and Haydn's Trio in G major, with Madame Varley Liebe and Herr Theodore Liebe. In each of these performances Miss Clinton Fynes proved herself an artist of high merit. Madame Varley Liebe, besides joining Miss Fynes in Haydn's Trio, played Molique's "Arioso" and Bach's "Bourée," for violin solo, and was deservedly applauded and recalled; and Herr Theodore Liebe played, in good style, a romance, for violoncello solo, by Mendelssohn. Miss Edith Wynne sang, with her usual excellence, Mr John Thomas's setting of "There be none of beauty's daughters," and, on being encored, "The ash grove." Miss Catherine Arnold, a young and inexperienced singer, possessing, however, a good voice, gave a serenade, with violin *obbligato* (Mr Carrodus); and Mr Nelson Varley sang, with effect, Blumenthal's "My queen," and a pleasing song, by Mr King Hall, entitled, "Moss roses." The *matinée* closed with Haydn's Trio in G. Mr King Hall was the accompanist of the vocal music.

Mr. G. W. Hammond's morning concert took place on Thursday, July 8th, at St James's Hall, Piccadilly. The following is the programme:—Sonata for pianoforte (Op. 27, No. 2), Moonlight (Mr G. W. Hammond)—Beethoven; Song, "Porgi amor" (Miss Julia Wigan)—Mozart; Sonata, for two pianofortes (Mr W. H. Holmes and Mr G. W. Hammond)—Mozart; Solo, violin, Preludio—Adagio, "Retrospect," and "Bourrée" (Mr Henry Holmes)—Holmes and Bach; Song, "Memories" (words by Mrs Baines) (Mr F. Holmes)—W. H. Holmes; Solos, pianoforte, "Nocturne" and "Idylle" (Mr G. W. Hammond)—Kalliwoda; Song, "He roamed in the forest" (Miss Annie Butterworth—by permission of the Royal Academy of Music)—O'Leary; Chamber Trio (Op. 26), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Mr G. W. Hammond, Mr Henry Holmes, and Herr Lutgen)—Sir Sterndale Bennett; Quintet, in E flat (Op. 44), for pianoforte, two violins, viola, and violoncello (Mr G. W. Hammond, Mr Henry Holmes, Mr Mori, Mr A. Burnett, and Herr Lutgen)—Schumann; Song, "Mater Dolorosa" (Miss Julia Wigan)—Schumann; Variations Concertante (Op. 17), for pianoforte and violoncello (Mr G. W. Hammond and Herr Lutgen)—Mendelssohn; Canzonet, "Sailor's Song" (Mr F. Holmes)—Haydn; Solos, pianoforte, Romance Russe, "Ivanowa," "Fountain Melodies," and Polonaise, in C major (Op. 89), (Mr G. W. Hammond)—G. W. Hammond and Beethoven. Mr Hammond's performances were, as usual, those of an accomplished artist, and his reading of the works of the classical masters was marked by a thorough knowledge and appreciation of their meaning. The late Sir Sterndale Bennett's trio received ample justice from Mr Hammond and the intelligent artists who assisted him in its performance. Mr Hammond, whose compositions are numerous, only favoured his audience with two, "Romance Russe" and "Fountain Melodies," but they were both excellent of their kind. Among the vocal pieces worthy of note was a song by Mr W. H. Holmes, set to some charming words by Mrs Baines, entitled "Memories," sung *con amore* by Mr Frank Holmes (a son of its accomplished composer); and among the instrumental a charming violin solo, composed and played by Mr Henry Holmes, entitled "Retrospect." Mr Arthur O'Leary was conductor.

Mr John Francis Barnett gave a *matinée* on Wednesday, at his residence, 41, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, which was crowded by a select and brilliant audience, to hear some of Mr Barnett's new compositions, as well as the "classical pieces" Mr Barnett included in his programme. The first piece given was Schubert's "Grand Rondo," played by Miss Emma Barnett and Mr J. F. Barnett. Miss Barnett also took the pianoforte part in her brother's elegant Trio in C minor, in conjunction with Herr Politzer (violin) and Herr Lutgen (violoncello). The fair young pianist's solo was Chopin's "Andante Spianato and Polonaise, in E flat," in which Miss Barnett's perfect phrasing and refined execution made an impression on her audience that will not easily be effaced. Mr Barnett played his admired fantasia on the

melodies selected from his *Ancient Mariner*, as only a composer can play his own work, and, with Herr Pollitzer, the "Kreutzer" Sonata. The new "Concerto Pastorale," composed by Mr J. F. Barnett for the flute, of which we have already made favourable mention, was played to perfection by Mr G. A. Collard. Miss Katherine Poyntz sang Lotti's "Pur dicesti," Brahm's "Cradle Song," and an English ballad, and, with Miss Catherine Barnett, Weber's duet, "Come, be gay." Miss Catherine Barnett also sang Bach's *aria*, "My heart ever faithful" (violoncello *obbligato*, Herr Lutgen). Mr Thurley Beale gave Schubert's "Wanderer," and a new and clever song (words by Mr Finlay Finlayson), called "The Rock of Ages," capitally set to music by Mr J. F. Barnett. It was most warmly received, and was effectively sung. This *matinée* was a great success.

Mr Henry Leslie finished his twentieth season with an extra concert on the 9th of July. It attracted a crowded audience, and was one of the most successful of the season. The solo vocalists were Mr Sims Reeves (a host in himself), Miss Eva Leslie, and the Misses Allitsen. Mr Sims Reeves gave Beethoven's "Adelaida" (accompanied by Mr Charles Hallé) and Sullivan's "Once again," and also joined Miss Eva Leslie in Donizetti's duet, "Tornami a dir." It is needless to say in what magnificent style the great tenor rendered the songs which have now become associated with his name. Miss Eva Leslie, in the duet, "Tornami a dir," and in Gounod's "Ave Maria," sang with expression, and displayed to great advantage her pure contralto voice. The Misses Allitsen, who sang for the first time at St James's Hall, confirmed the favourable impression they have lately created; with every new appearance they gain confidence, and make a fresh step in the estimation of the public. In Balfe's duet, "Trust her not," and in Rossini's "Giorno d'orrore"—especially in the latter—their voices blended charmingly, and they executed the most difficult passages with such care and finish as to deserve and meet with the warmest applause. They were unanimously recalled after each duet. Miss Allitsen, in Hullah's "Three Fishers," showed advantageously her beautiful contralto voice and her artistic feeling. She was twice recalled, but could not be prevailed upon to repeat the song. Mr Charles Hallé contributed solos on the pianoforte by Schumann and Heller, and joined Mr Henry Holmes in Mozart's Sonata in A, for pianoforte and violin. Mr Holmes also played Beethoven's Romance, for the violin, in F. The singing of Mr Henry Leslie's Choir was, of course, the great feature of the evening. Mendelssohn's Psalm, "Judge me, O God," and Wesley's "In Exitu Israel." The choristers more than sustained their high reputation.

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PROVINCIAL.

Brighton.—Some vocal recitals have been given lately at the Aquarium. Last week, *Der Freischütz* and *La Sonnambula* were laid under contribution, the vocalists being Miss Blanche Tersee, Miss Alice Williams, Mdme Estelle Emrick; Messrs George Perren and Fox. During the past week Miss Catherine Penna has been the vocalist. This day and evening (Saturday), Mdme Castellan, the violinist, and Master Harry Walker, the pianist, are the attractions. Mr Kuhe announces his intention of giving three subscription concerts, in which Mdme Adelina Patti, Mdlle Albani, and Mdme Nilsson are to be the *prime donne*.

Dublin.—The attendance recently at the promenade concerts at the Theatre Royal was scarcely as good as might be expected, although the programmes were of an attractive character. Madame Sicklemore, a very pleasing vocalist with a good soprano voice and an excellent style, made a most satisfactory impression. Mr Pearson's voice has gained in power since he was last heard in Dublin. Mr Maybrick has also done remarkably well. Among the most interesting features of the concerts have been the performances of Mdlle Claryte San Juan, the young and Spanish lady violinist, and Miss Ada Lester, the interesting young pianist from London.

Cheltenham.—A testimonial was presented to Mr J. O. Smith, late organist of Christ Church, in this town, consisting of a silver tea and coffee service of the choicest pattern (Etruscan), tastefully arranged, and a brass-bound oak chest for the same. Upon the teapot is inscribed: "This service, with a purse of fifty sovereigns, is presented to J. O. Smith, Esq., by members of Christ Church congregation and other friends, on the occasion of his leaving that Church, after a faithful discharge of his duties as organist for twenty-seven years.—Cheltenham, June 19th, 1875." Accompanying the testimonial is an address, beautifully illuminated and framed. In addition to this there was another testimonial from the professional members of Christ Church choir, and other musical friends resident in the town, which consisted of a splendid dining-room clock and barometer in black marble, with a gilt plate bearing a suitable inscription; a drawing of the organ upon which Mr Smith performed, and an address printed upon satin, in a gilt frame. The first of these was presented in the afternoon, and the second on the evening of the same day. Mr Gilding read the address which was feelingly responded to by Mr Smith. After the congratulations, an extemporised concert of sacred music took place including the songs, "If with all your hearts," and "O rest in the Lord" (Mendelssohn); the choruses, "The heavens are telling" (Haydn); "Lift up your heads," and the "Hallelujah" (Handel); after which the deputation sat down to supper.

Grantham.—A correspondent writes us word that a grand military concert was given on 6th inst., under the auspices of the Horticultural Society, at the Exchange Hall, by the 2nd Dragoon Guards, with Madame Billinie Porter as vocalist. There was a large and aristocratic assemblage, and the concert gave great satisfaction as proved by the applause and the number of encores accorded to the band and vocalist. The playing of the band, indeed, afforded a rich musical treat, and the local paper says that Madame Porter sang with charming effect the waltz, "L'Ardita," and in Pinsuti's "I love my love" she was very successful. In Weber's "Softly Sighs" and Bishop's "Bid me discourse" there was the same pleasing expression and excellence of tone. The waltz was sung with remarkable power and finish and met with enthusiastic applause. Mr H. P. Dickenson ably accompanied.

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BERLIN.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

Herr von Hülsen, the Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal, having returned from his visit to Paris, has been stopping at Nieder-Walluf, on the Rhine. *Apropos* to this gentleman, he *may* be—though I by no means affirm that he *is*—the person with whom the Crown Prince had a highly interesting conversation a short time since, regarding the state of dramatic matters in Berlin. But whether he is so, or not, the person in question is closely connected with the theatres. The Prince expressed himself as viewing with very decided disfavour all the light wares which are, in various shapes, introduced, year after year, upon the German stage from France. "Never," said his Royal Highness, "will I go and see these pieces; never will I sanction, as it were, by my presence, the various specimens of such shallow stuff, be it spoken or sung, for I entirely set my face against it. This is, indeed, a sorry acquisition we have gained from France. Look" he continued, "at the company from the Meinigen Court Theatre. The members of it are certainly not all, without exception, first-class actors. But they possess artistic earnestness; they play well together; and they represent no worthless rubbish, but the works of the great masters. Offer the public something good, and they will be eager enough to receive it. As a case in point, I may mention the performances, at reduced prices of admission, of the Royal Operahouse and the Theatre Royal. There is not a place unoccupied. The better portion of the public do not fly from what is good; on the contrary, they seek it. Shall I tell you what has a fine future in Berlin? The National Theatre, out on the Weinbergsweg. Classical pieces are there performed for the people at moderate prices, and, to be frank, I myself am very fond of going there."

At a Committee which met the other day, to consider the question of the portrait-medallions that shall adorn the exterior of the Rathhaus, it was proposed to make some modifications in the existing list. It appears pretty certain that three of the portraits at present included in the list will have to give place to those of Lessing, Tieck, and Meyerbeer.

Manageresses are not so plentiful in Germany as they are in England. In fact, a Manageress in the former country is a sort of *rara avis*. I may, therefore, mention that Mad. Caroline Ernst, wife of the ex-stage-manager, of the Royal Operahouse here, and present manager of the Stadttheater, Cologne, has not only managed for several years past, and with gratifying success, the Stadttheater, Mayence, but has now both that Theatre and the Stadttheater, Coblenz, under her direction.

The Minister of Public Worship, Dr Falk, has recommended to all whom it may concern the *Allgemeines Choralbuch für die deutsche Evangelische Kirche*, by Herren Jacob and Richter.

Mdlle Angelika Dossi, a pupil of Sig. Lamperti, of Milan, has been engaged for two years, from the 1st August, at the Friedrichwilhelmstädtisches Theater.

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CONCERT BY THE PRIZE WINNERS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Last Saturday's concert (July 10th), was certainly one of interest to all who watch the progress of the divine art, and take pleasure in our home institutions. Except through such occasions people hardly know, or knowing, scarcely heed, what is going on in our midst, and are not aware of the advantages we possess. Those who were present on Saturday, and saw the proficiency and evidences of careful training displayed by the *débutanti*, must have acknowledged the fact that we have, through our excellent institutions, means of obtaining a thorough musical education, and that we do not need to seek abroad that which we can perhaps better obtain at home. Of the twenty-five chosen to compete for prizes, we understand nine were pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, three of whom were prize-winners. Much is expected of this institute, and it always keeps faith with the public by never disappointing it. Being, as it is, under the direction and tuition of some of the first professors in the land (and that is to say in the world), it has advantages that no other can claim. The programme was well rendered, under the direction of the most *august* Auguste Manns. The admirable choruses and bands had already won and gilded their spurs, but for most of the soloists it was a first appearance in grand concert. Each one may be pleased with his or her success. More especially so, perhaps, may be Miss Primrose—pardon—we mean Miss Butterworth—winner of the first contralto prize, who sang Henry Smart's beautiful ballad, "The Lady of the Lea," charmingly. She is a pupil in Signor Randegger's class at the Royal Academy, as is also Miss Reimer, winner of the second contralto prize, who sang, with much pathos, his exquisite "Slumber Song," accompanied by Signor Randegger and the 'cellos. Miss Agnes Larcom, winner of the first soprano prize, a pupil of Signor Garcia's, won much credit in "Casta Diva." This *aria* is an ordeal to old artists, and especially, taken separate from the *scena*, is most trying. Miss Larcom, however, won the sympathy of her audience. The prizes were distributed by our honoured artist, Mdme Lind-Goldschmidt, who had, as she always has, a word of encouragement and sympathy for each artist.

The prizes were thus awarded:—First soprano (a purse of £25), to Miss Agnes Larcom; second soprano (a purse of £10), to Miss Carrina; first contralto (a purse of £25), to Miss Annie Butterworth; second contralto (a purse of £10), to Miss Emma Reimer; first tenor (a purse of £25), to Mr George Sylvester; second tenor (a purse of £10), to Mr Lawrence Freyer; first baritone, or bass, (a purse of £25), to Mr Edward Wharton; second bass (a purse of £10 each), to Mr Henry Cross and Mr Frank Thomas. Also—to the Liverpool Representative Choir, a purse of £100, and to the band of the Carron Works, Norwich, a purse of £50.

Where are we to find new artists? We have need to ask, for the demand is urgent; and we look to our institutions to aid us, for they are the gardens in which our choicest flowers are nurtured. Ruskin says that a certain amount of genius is born every year. We cannot doubt Ruskin; but we are unfortunate, and discover but a small per-centage. We use genius only for models, to show us what perfection may be obtained.

There is but one Jenny Lind, one Patti, one Nilsson, one Tietjens; and, do our best, we cannot flood the market by a surplus. We might as well say we would have Michael Angelos and Raphaels on our walls, as to depend altogether upon geniuses. Genius is what botanists style, the breaking of the seedling tulip into high-cast colours. There is no accounting for it. We gather ten thousand flowers, but find one with the divine streak. We can only believe that it is a caprice of Mother Nature.

Let us in every way encourage these young artists (selfishly, perhaps, for we need every one of them), and also give our earnest support to the means of bringing them forward. ROMANA.

GRATZ.—Mdlle Carlotta Patti gave a concert here on the 20th ult. On the 23rd and 24th of the same month, she was to sing at Agram; on the 26th, at Baden; on the 29th, at Marienbad; on the 2nd inst., at Teplitz; on the 4th, at Prague; on the 10th, at Reichenberg; on the 12th, at Franzensbad; on the 17th, at Pilsen; on the 20th, at Ischl, on the 22nd, at Gmunden. This would be a month's work, even for a Queen's Messenger.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Madame Christine Nilsson is a frequent giver of grand concerts, and, as her name is a tower of strength, there are few that are so attractive, and, it may be presumed, so lucrative. On Wednesday evening, one of these costly events came off at the Royal Albert Hall, and, notwithstanding the miserable condition of the weather, drew a large and brilliant attendance. The programme was eminently inviting in many respects, for, in addition to the distinguished *bénéficiaire* herself, the best names of Mr Mapleson's company were in it, the public interest being still further tempted by the promise of Mr Sims Reeves, who happily, let it be recorded, was at his post. Like all the concerts of this kind, the selection was partly composed of appropriations from the opera-house, and, as other matters which the public are never tired of hearing was mingled with them, the popular taste could not well have been more agreeably consulted. Mdlle Christine Nilsson received a golden welcome. She was in her choicest voice, and appealed with her customary success to the sympathies of the audience in Handel's showy air, "Let the bright seraphim," in which Mr Reynolds was her coadjutor on the trumpet. A new ballad by Mr Arthur Sullivan, called "Let me dream again," was the second of her solo efforts; and as the song has been written, it may be inferred, chiefly for her, and is in itself as interesting as it is sentimental, like all the compositions for household use by the same writer, it fell upon no inattentive ears, and was encored with acclamation. Mdlle Tietjens, too, was as fresh and as buoyant as if the season was only just beginning instead of just terminating, and she shows how firmly she still grasps the sceptre of executancy by her performance of the florid "Il soave, e bel contento," and how gracefully she can descend to such comparatively small matters as "Kathleen Mavourneen" and the "Last rose of summer;" and it was also shown how dearly the public still loves the two extremes. The *Berceuse* of Gounod ("Quand tu chantes"), and Offenbach's "C'est l'Espagne," are old favourites of Madame Trebelli, and not less so of her admirers. These were the offerings of the ever-welcome contralto upon the present occasion, and gladly were they listened to. Loudly, also, were they applauded; the prescriptive encore, as a matter of course, following the *chanson*. Besides the above-mentioned ladies, there was Mdme Anna de Belocca to lend further *prestige* to the concert, and, in the "Una voce" of Rossini, this adroit singer was heard at her best, and the best of Mdme Anna de Belocca is something very good indeed. Signor Campanini essayed newer ground, and sang, for the first time in this country, so far as we know, a love song from Verdi's unheard opera, *Aida*, the music of which is pleasing, and will probably be in request. Novelty, on the other hand, was not sought for by Mr Sims Reeves, who, in the first instance, contented himself, and, at the same time, his audience, by singing "Come into the garden, Maud," and subsequently the pretty song by F. Cowen, called "Aubade," which he sang, the programme informed us, "by desire," and with reason, for it was encored. The remaining vocalists were Signor Foli, Signor de Reschi, and Herr Behrens. The first gave Barri's "Shadow of the Cross," and Loder's "Diver"; the second, Stanzieri's "Io t'amero"; and the third, "The Wanderer"—each artist making his usual impression, and gathering his usual laurels. The specialty of the concert was, perhaps, the famous Preghiera from *Mose in Egitto*, which was sung at the commencement of the second part by all the principal singers, backed by the chorus of Her Majesty's Opera, with a grandeur of effect to which no one could be indifferent. Nothing so imposing, in spite of the absence of an orchestra, has been heard in the concert-room this year; and it is to be regretted that the opportunities of giving this broad and stately prayer, with all the necessary pomp and circumstance, so seldom occur. Another attractive vocal incident was the "Magic wove scarf," of Barnett—always a pleasant bit of concerted singing, and particularly so when the vocalists are such world-wide celebrities as Madame Christine Nilsson, Mr Sims Reeves, and Signor Foli. No orchestra, as we have intimated, was in commission, but the choristers of Her Majesty's Opera House began and ended the concert with the "Qui la selva" of Bellini, and the "Nume del ciel" of Auber, and, it will be quite understood, with their usual well practised ability. The conductors were Signor Li Calsi and Mr F. Cowen.

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MUSIC PAST AND PRESENT IN IRELAND.

(*Concluded from page* 462.)

Another musical society of a different class, "The Philharmonic," still exists, and may it long continue to do so. This society was founded in the year 1826, and had its first meetings in the drawing-rooms of Mr Power, the music-seller, 4, Westmoreland Street. Mr Bussell was its founder and was its first leader. He afterwards became secretary and conductor. Mr Bussell has for the last two years resigned the *bâton* into the hands of Sir Robert Stewart, but he still acts as secretary. To this gentleman's courage, invariable attention, and ability, the society mainly owes its continuance. Other societies which seemed to have more vitality—instance the Antients—have succumbed; but the Philharmonic still holds its weekly meetings for orchestral practice, still gives its concerts for the entertainment of the members and their friends, and still it presents the instrumental works of the great masters to its audiences. Were the Philharmonic allowed to fall into abeyance we almost think it would be the death blow to artistic progress in Dublin. It keeps together a band for the weekly practice of orchestral music. Likewise through its exertions are the subscribers enabled to hear the greatest artists, both vocal and instrumental, who have shone on the continent. To ennumerate the number of musical celebrities engaged by this society since its formation would fill an entire paper. Frequently are the lovers of music here placed upon a par with the *dilettanti* of London by the engagements made. We must say that latterly the "Philharmonic" has not received that amount of public support and appreciation which its efforts in the cause of art have so richly deserved. Here, comparing the present with the past, we must say there is a decadence in musical taste amongst the better classes. Were the educated public alive to the elevating influences of the orchestral music of Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, they would seek to make the band larger by the engagement of competent performers; and they would see that those difficulties in the way of the formation of a well-balanced orchestra, such as horns, bassoons, clarionet, and oboes, were well provided for. Then should we have a band in Dublin equal to high artistic requirements. What seems more exigently to be desired is a revival of that taste which formerly existed amongst amateurs for the practice of the string quartet. If the latter were in vogue in our drawing-rooms, the number of performers would increase, and, in their amalgamation at stated times, would form the nucleus of a permanent and efficient band. The wind and percussion instruments could be easily added. The University Choral Society, which was established in the year 1837, is, we are happy to say, still in existence. It was originated by Mr Joseph Robinson, who lent his talents to its direction for many years. After he resigned he was succeeded as conductor by Mr (afterwards Doctor and now Sir Robert) Stewart. Looking at the opportunities, aye and the certainties of the University Choral, for the dissemination of musical taste, it may be pronounced to be the most important to art in Ireland. The members are composed of the students at College, who, wherever they may be placed in after life, will carry with them some little of their early predilection for sweet sounds and harmony. The seed will be carried far distant to the provinces of the empire and to the colonies, and there they will fructify, spreading civilization and the principal of its refining influences—music. The society is now in a prosperous condition in weekly practice, and giving occasional concerts of much interest. To the University Choral is owing the first production in this country of Sir Michael Costa's splendid oratorio, *Eli*. There has lately an offshoot sprung from it, namely, the University Glee Club; the members of which cultivate quartet singing. This, while supporting the parent society, will bring the vocal part-song into the homes of the students, and those beautiful treasures of composition will ultimately become the household songs of families. Sir Robert Stewart, who is the conductor of the University Choral, is likewise organist of the two cathedrals and the chapel of Trinity College. He is also Professor of Music to the University. In his latter capacity he has manifested an amount of information on musical matters, and a dexterity in conveying it to others, seldom the gift of one individual. His lectures are the result of long and deep research, and, while they come trippingly from his tongue, interspersed with anecdote light and pleasant, they display the richly-stored mind and the stupendous memory of the lecturer. Certainly if ever the right man was in the right place, Sir Robert Stewart is. He is thoroughly devoted to his art. He by his tact awakens curiosity in its history and development, and he satisfies that curiosity by the rare resources of his highly-informed and cultivated mind. As a musician he holds a high place amongst the foremost in these kingdoms. His work, produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1870, fully attested this. His compositions are numerous, both sacred and secular, and many of them so well-known that it would be superfluous to ennumerate them. Then, as an organist, he is second to none, and in solo and accompaniment captivates. Seldom, indeed, have so many qualities of the musician been found in one man. We now bring this short series of essays to a close, and may we indulge the hope in so doing that some of the lovers of art-progress in this city have been awakened to the necessity of exertion in the cause, and that the formation of a choral society, and the means of supporting a small but efficient band, will be discussed in musical circles. In a previous essay we told of every gentleman's house in the country possessing one or two harps, and that the visitors who could play were the most welcome. This was in the past. At the present almost every house in town and country possesses a pianoforte, and most girls and some boys receive instruction in playing. That this in itself is calculated to keep musical taste alive will not be disputed. But it is a taste for ornamental not intellectual music; that phase of the art which tickles the fancy without appealing to head or heart. We might as well compare the pretty water-coloured drawings of young ladies with the paintings of Raphael and Turner as the music of the present with the past of thirty years ago. Can there be any more proof wanted than the distaste at present for the works of classical writers. Parents and pupils prefer the valse, the fantasia on airs from hackneyed operas, and the milk-and-water ballad to the compositions which awaken thought and exalt the imagination. How could it be well otherwise? There are no models to copy. The treasures of musical art are sealed up. Once a year an Italian company performs operas; and the Italian, the sensuous music of love, is admired. The music which exalts the senses to the imagination—namely, the oratorio, the choral cantata, and the symphony—is seldom or never heard, and most of our ideas of the divine art are gathered from the performances on the drawing-room pianoforte. We do not for a moment depreciate this great instrument, which so well interprets musical thought. All we desire to convey is the impossibility of cultivating a taste for the loftier inspirations of the art without frequent and adequate performances of the works of the great masters; and these are not given in Ireland.

J. C.

THE GAIETY.

At the Gaiety, Mr Hollingshead has added Victor Massé's *Galathée*, and Adolphe Adam's lively *Postillon de Longjumeau*, to his already extensive and varied repertory. These performances will terminate next week, and we reserve till then such general observations on the season as we have to make. Meanwhile, we may add that the manager of the Gaiety has given no less than eighteen operas in a very brief space of time.

SONNET.

ON HEARING THE PIANO PLAYED GORGEOUSLY.

O, play for ever! let thy fingers stroll
In fleet ethereal rapture o'er the strings,
And pour a flood of glory o'er the soul—
Such as they say unfallen angel sings!
O, dulcet music! from thine echo springs
A charm that creeps electric through the heart,
And evermore from thy vibration rings
Some hallow'd thought that love and joy impart!
Of all the sweet and heaven-descended arts
Thou art the chief. Thy ever-varying themes
Pour soothing solace o'er the soul that smarts
With rancorous care; and, like poetic dreams,
Fill'd with the halcyon images of love,
Thou reign'st in mystic power, the very voice of love.

To MARIE KREBS. ANDREW PARK.

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VIENNA.

(From our Correspondent.)

A delicate compliment was paid Verdi during his recent visit to this city. His bust was sent for from Milan, and placed among the busts of other celebrated composers in the saloon of the Imperial Operahouse, where it had previously been wanting. Talking of Verdi, it appears that the two ladies who sang in his *Requiem* and *Aïda*, when he himself conducted those two works, will soon be lost to the stage, and retire into private life. Mdlle Stolz, having made a handsome fortune, intends in future to live on it; while Mdlle Waldmann is going to marry Count Masari, a rich Italian nobleman, who has long paid his addresses to her.

Herr Jauner has discovered a curious swindle, of which he, and, doubtless, the Imperial Intendants before him, were the victims. Some of the check-takers, and other subordinate officials connected with the theatre, were in the habit of selling, in the neighbouring hotels and coffee-houses, large numbers of orders, procured, no doubt, improperly. The system was pursued so openly that these persons absolutely paid with orders for what they had to eat and drink, the value of the orders being, of course, reckoned at a very low figure. Herr Jauner himself purchased fifty orders from various waiters, and then had the waiters cited before the magistrates. The waiters gave the names of the persons from whom they had obtained the tickets; and these persons—mostly, as already said, check-takers and other subordinate officials of the Operahouse—were forthwith arrested. The trial is likely to last some time, as the number of the prisoners is considerable.

At the last *Liedertafel* of the Academic Vocal Union, the programme included a chorus by Franz Lachner, with words by Felix Dahn: "Macte, Imperator" ("Hail to Thee, Emperor!") The chorus pleased and was encored. Some time after the concert the president of the society was summoned before the Director of Police, who read a note in which the Authorities expressed their displeasure at the choice of this Latin chorus, and disapproved more especially of the demonstrative manner in which the last strophe had been repeated. The conclusion of the last strophe runs, when translated, thus:—

> "Hail to Thee, white-haired Imperator,
> Barbablanca, Triumphator,
> Hail! Saviour of our Fatherland."

It is a remarkable fact that the Police found no fault with the same chorus when it was publicly sung, last October, by the Wiener-Sängerbund, and it seems strange they should do so now, when such a good feeling is said to reign between the Empire of Austria-Hungary and the Emperor of Germany.

—o—

PIERSON'S *JERUSALEM*.

By Amicus Patriæ (1852).

(Continued from page 461.)

In the treatment of his *Jerusalem*, Mr Pierson's first object has been that of a scholar—to look at it, words and music, as *one whole*, and never to sacrifice the integrity of the first, as conveying the immediate sense. In no one instance is either pronunciation, accent, or rhythm disturbed; in some cases even the accentuation of the music itself is threatened in order to avoid such an evil, only, however, I must admit, most entirely to prove the composer's ability to cope with the difficulty: in this respect, *perfection* is scarcely too strong a term. Neither are there any of those senseless repetitions, so destructive to the cohesion of sound and sense, and yet so almost universally overlooked as a defect; repetitions there are, but only where the impressiveness of the phrase will fully admit them, or, where the *musical* phrase being necessarily incomplete, the one "harmonious sister" naturally and gracefully yields for the time to the other. Bearing in mind this nice attention to the simple setting of the words, we shall next observe with what peculiar affinity the pieces grow one out of another, like links in a chain. There is no jarring of equivocal discords; no excuse to the ear as to what it must submit to in passing from key to key with each successive piece: it is led from one movement, from one region of harmony to the next, without annoyance of any description. Mr Pierson possesses a power of *gradually* altering the forms of his passages, so that they literally melt one into another, beyond any other composer with whom I am acquainted; he exerts this power most especially at such points, and the effect upon the ear may be compared to that of listening to one of Addison's or Burke's polished and re-polished pieces of eloquence. As an example of both the characteristics here described, I would direct attention to the very fine enharmonic change which takes place in the transition from the opening recitative of the second part, "The Lord hath accomplished," to the following solo and chorus, "A voice of wailing," and to the use of the triplet phrases at the same point; they are literally fused into the various expressions required—like molten silver in the hands of the artificer, which he compresses into the forms he needs. Another instance of a similar description may be found in the passage from the duettino, "The sons of strangers," to the following chorus, "The Eternal God," in the second part. These changes are not strictly enharmonic, as they take place at the end of one movement and the beginning of the next, but they are so in fact, and do not forfeit that character to the ear by the intrusion of the double bar. In the last named example the effect is particularly striking. The movements made use of by Mr Pierson—the artistic forms in which he has clothed his musical conceptions—combine all those in present use in oratorio composition, with one important novelty—the "Recitativo Arioso." Recitative is under all circumstances the most difficult part of a work to treat effectively, and yet, like blank verse in poetry, it is the expedient oftenest resorted to by composers not sufficiently certain of their own powers. So completely is this the case, that in plain recitative it is not easy, from the limited nature of the means employed and the quantity that has been written, to avoid plagiarism. The name of Mr Pierson's innovation explains its character, and I fancy I hear the admirers of giant Handel uttering doubts as to its action upon the declamatory force of the language. It is a bold step certainly, but one in which the composer is fully justified by the necessities of the case. His excellent taste, too, in the use of his instruments, prevents anything approaching to what is melo-dramatic in style—the danger most to be apprehended—and when tested, the "Recitativo Arioso" will be found to assist in getting rid of monotony; it seems to me to act upon the music as hills covered with herbage do in nature, by softening the rugged sameness of bare rocks. When such masses appear in the shape of plain recitative (and with Mr Pierson they emerge from the more harmonious concomitants of his landscape wherever in keeping) they stand out in bolder relief for the contrast.

(To be continued.)

PETIPACE! EN AVANT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—The day after the first performance of the *Amber Witch* (Scene—Edinburgh Castle; present—Panurge and Pantagruel), the following *P.P.* bets were laid, relative to Wallace's *chef-d'œuvre*. 1st—10 to 1 that no analytical *critique* would appear on the new opera on the following Saturday—2nd March; 2nd—2 to 1, ditto, ditto, on March 9th; 3rd—50 to 1, that whenever the said *critique* does appear it will not be an original analysis, but an unacknowledged removal; 4th—100 to 1, &c. Panurge—flushed with victory on the first two events—is more than sanguine about winning Nos. 3 and 4; and, in reply to Pantagruel's arguments *per contra*, simply answers—"it is the way of the *World!*" What sayest thou, most potent Petipace? Yieldest thou, rescue or no rescue, to this most plagiaristic averment?—or, wilt thou for one week, like a modern Atlas, support *the* World on thine own shoulders? An early answer will oblige the "Kings of the Castle," as well as thine,

Rabelais.

[Petipace, of Winchelsea, is *not* an "ordinary" Atlas, but an extraordinary;—otherwise he might yield.—O. B.]

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(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Will you allow me to trespass upon the space of your influential and much-read paper, to inform, not only my friends, but the musical public in general, that I am not fulfilling an engagement at the Alhambra Theatre, and that I have never been in treaty for a position there. It seems that a gentleman has had the more than questionable taste to assume my name, and is performing there nightly, and many persons infer that it is the present writer who is thus appearing, as many of my friends have spoken to me on the subject. I have not seen the gentleman; but whatever his merits, I am undesirous that any of my professional friends should, even in thought, deprive him of the honour of any criticism that may have been passed with respect to his artistic doings. In like manner, I am jealous of my own reputation, and do not wish that any review of my performances with which you, Sir, or any other discerning writer may favour me, should be put to this gentleman's credit, through my tolerably well-known Christian name being omitted. In your current number, for instance, in noticing Madame Burrington's concert, at which I sang, you say, in effect, Mr Penna was encored in both his songs; while, had you given the Christian name of Frederic, as stated in the programme, there could have been no question as to who the singer was. With every apology for thus troubling you, and thanks for many courtesies, I am, Sir, yours, most obediently,

FREDERIC PENNA.

June 21st, 1875.

WAIFS.

There was an old artist called Beverly,
Who painted uncommonly cleverly;
He faced all at such distance,
Things seemed their existence
To lose in the haze of this Beverly.

M. Faure leaves London, for Paris, to-morrow.

Mdlle Carlotta Patti (sister of the Marquise de Caux) is making a professional tour in South Germany.

ORGAN APPOINTMENT.—Mr William Coulson, Tregarthen, organist of St John's Church, Redland, and articled pupil of Mr George Riseley, has been appointed organist to St Paul's Church, Clifton.

The Stadttheater at Leipsic will still be carried on by private enterprise—not, as was contemplated some time since, by a Government Intendant, with a fixed salary and a percentage on the receipts.

The music provided by the Prince of Wales for his garden *fête*, given at Chiswick last week, was entrusted to the military bands of the 2nd Life Guards, under the direction of Mr F. Godfrey, and the Scotch Fusilier Guards, directed by Mr J. P. Clarke.

At the close of the Royal Italian Opera season, Mdme Adelina Patti will go to Dieppe, whence she returns in September to sing in concerts at Brighton, Birmingham, and Manchester, under the direction of Mr Kuhe. On hearing of the destitution caused by the recent floods around Toulouse, Mdme Patti at once telegraphed to Mdme MacMahon and M. Halanzier, offering her services at a benefit performance at the Grand Opéra. It is needless to say that the aid thus tendered was gratefully accepted, and the representation will take place on October 1st. A fortnight afterwards, Mdme Patti leaves Paris to enter upon a new Russian campaign—*Concordia*, *July* 10, 1875.

The boys of the workhouse schools of London, or those who are under training apart from workhouse influences and apart from the old *régime* which reared the pauper child into a pauper adult, had, last week, at the Alexandra Palace, a band contest, before Colonel S. F. Fitzwygram, the officials of the Local Government Board, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen interested in the elevation of the poorer classes. The bands present were from the parish (now called district) schools of Bethnal Green, St Marylebone, St Pancras, the Strand, from the Goliath training-ship, and from the schools of combined parishes at Forest Gate. The judges were Mr Dan Godfrey, Mr H. Weist Hill, Mr S. Hughes, and Mr Howard Reynolds. The bands each played a selection from Offenbach's opera of *Orphée aux Enfers*, and the judges awarded to the Strand Union band a prize of £25, given by Colonel Sir Frederick Fitzwygram; to the Marylebone School the second prize (£10), given by the same donor; and to the boys of the Goliath a purse of £5, given by Mr Edward Boulnois, the Chairman of the St Marylebone Guardians, who had arranged the contest. Lady Lee presented the prizes. There was a separate contest for a "Courtois cornet," value 12 guineas, given by Mr S. A. Chpppell.—*Times*, *July* 10.

Miss Lillie Albrecht's pleasing and girlish manner left a most favourable impression on the audience at Signor Rocca's concert, and the simple and truthful manner in which she gave one of Chopin's valses was in all respects commendable.—*Drawing-room Gazette.*

ORGAN RECITAL.—Mr J. C. Dunster, organist of the Bavarian Ambassador's Chapel, Warwick Street, Regent Street, gave an organ recital, on Thursday, before a numerous audience. The Bavarian Chapel was at one time celebrated for sacred performances, on Sundays and holidays, by the artists of the Italian opera; but, their privileges being curtailed, they have long ceased to sing there. Mr J. C. Dunster performed a varied selection of pieces by Batiste, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven, and some of his own arrangements, all of which gave evident satisfaction to those present. It is to be hoped he will repeat the performance, and enable persons fond of the organ to pass an hour in the afternoon pleasantly.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Monday the Odd Fellows will hold their *fête* at Muswell Hill; there will also be a swimming *fête*, a balloon ascent, &c. On Tuesday the Vaudeville Theatre company will perform in the *Two Roses*. The first of the Summer Evening Promenade Concerts will be held on Wednesday, and the second on Saturday. At these concerts Miss Rose Hersee, Signor Foli, and Signor Brignoli will appear, and the orchestra and choir will be largely augmented. In addition to a miscellaneous concert each day, selections from the works of Beethoven will be given on Wednesday; whilst on Saturday, the feature will be Irish ballads, and selections from the works of Balfe. Jullien's "British Army Quadrilles" will be revived at these performances with all their original effects. After the concert on Wednesday, there will be a grand display of fireworks; and, on Saturday, an illumination of the Palace and grounds. On Thursday there will be a pigeon-race, and Mr Sothern, by request, will give another performance of *David Garrick*. The first of a series of performances of standard English comedies will be given in the theatre on Saturday, when Mrs Hermann Vezin, Mrs Chippendale, Miss Caroline Hill, Mr Leathes, Mr Compton, Mr Chippendale, and other eminent artists will appear in Sheridan's *School for Scandal*.

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Edited and Dedicated (by permission) to the Right Rev. J. DANELL, D.D., Lord Bishop of Southwark, by

W. M. LUTZ,

ORGANIST OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

CONTENTS.

1	1st Sunday in Advent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
2	2nd Sunday in Advent	Deus tu convertens	Qrtt. or Chorus	Henry Smart
3	3rd Sunday in Advent	Juste et pie vivamus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
4	4th Sunday in Advent	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
5	Any Sunday during Advent	Rorate	Chorus & Solo	Webbe
6	Christmas Day	Adeste Fideles	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
7	Sunday within Octave of Christmas	Attolite	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
8	Circumcision	Tui sunt coeli	Ten. So. & Chor.	A. Sullivan
9	Epiphany	Reges Tharsis	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
10	Sunday within Octave	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
11	Holy Name	Jesu dulcis	Qrtt. & Chorus	Beethoven
12	3rd Sunday after Epiphany	Dextera Domini	Chorus	Schumann
13	Septuagesima Sunday	Bonum est	Solo & Chorus	Benedict
14	Sexagesima Sunday	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
15	Quinquagesima Sunday	Super flumina	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
16	1st Sunday in Lent	Ecce nunc tempus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
17	2nd Sunday in Lent	Preces populi	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
18	3rd Sunday in Lent	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	4th Sunday in Lent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
19	Passion Sunday	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Webbe
20	Palm Sunday	Improperium	Chorus	André
21	Easter Sunday (Gradual)	Hæc dies	Chorus or Trio, T.T. & B.	Webbe
22	,, ,, (Offertory)	Victimæ	Chorus	Webbe
23	Low Sunday	Angelus Domini	Chorus	André
24	2nd Sunday after Easter	Deus misereatur	Chorus & Soli	Webbe
25	3rd Sunday after Easter	Landa anima	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
10	4th Sunday after Easter	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
26	5th Sunday after Easter	Benedicimus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
27	Ascension Day	Ascendit Deus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
28	Sunday within Octave of Ascension Day	Rex Gloriæ	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
29	Whit Sunday (Gradual)	Emitte / Veni sancte spiritus	Trio or Chorus / Duet or Chorus	Webbe / Webbe
30	,, ,, (Offertory)	Confirma hoc Deus	Soli or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
31	Trinity Sunday	Benedictus est	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
32	1st Sunday after Pentecost	Intende voci	Chorus	André
33	Corpus Christi (Gradual)	Lauda Sion	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
34	,, ,, (Offertory)	O sacrum convivium	Solo	Webbe
35	2nd Sunday after Pentecost	Domine convertere	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
36	3rd Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
37	4th Sunday after Pentecost	Illumina	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
38	St Peter and St Paul	Roma felix	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
39	5th Sunday after Pentecost	Audi hymnum	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
14	6th Sunday after Pentecost	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
40	7th Sunday after Pentecost	Sicut in holocaustis	Qrtt. or Chorus	Mozart
41	8th Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria	Bass Solo	Webbe
18	9th Sunday after Pentecost	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	10th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett	Webbe
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exurgat Deus	Chorus	Webbe
43	Assumption	Assumpta est	Chorus	Neukom
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Chorus	Eybler
45	13th Sunday after Pentecost	In te speravi	T. So. (& Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
36	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
13	15th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum est	Solo or Chorus	Benedict
46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavere	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
55	Nativity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
56	Holy Name	Ave Maria	Solo	Cherubini
57	Seven Dolors	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Gregorian
4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
58	Purity	Succurre miseris	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
4	Patronage	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
59	Confessor	Ecce sacerdos	Duet	Webbe
60	Martyrs	Qui seminant	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
61	One Martyr	Justus ut palma	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
63	Virgins and Holy Women	Diffusa	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
64		Asperges	Chorus	Gregorian
65	In Paschal time	Vidi aquam	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
66	Prayer for the Queen	Domine salvum fac	Chorus	Martini

APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Coeli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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MDME LIEBHART will sing SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S new Song, "NORAH'S MESSAGE," with Harp accompaniment by Mr Aptomas, at the Concert for the Benefit of the Sufferers from the Inundation in France, at Langham Hall, 43, Great Portland Street, on Tuesday, July 27th, at Eight.

MDLLE E. TATE will play Sonata, No. 5 (Beethoven), with violin; Partita (1) B Dur (Bach), (2) Scherzo in B flat minor (Chopin); Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2 (Beethoven); Rigoletto (Liszt); Trio, Op. 1, No. 2, G Dur (Beethoven)—at her Concert, To-Night, at Eight o'clock, St George's Hall, Langham Place.

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No. 6.

Reinhard Keiser (born at Leipsic in 1673), is considered the father of German melody. When director of the Operahouse at Hamburgh, and the speculation was just on the point of failing, he saved the concern from ruin, by writing and bringing out no less than eight operas in one year. Every one of them succeeded, and their receipts released the theatre from all pecuniary difficulties.

Keiser, in conjunction with the learned Matheson, gave public concerts at Copenhagen, where he was honoured with the nomination of Chapelmaster to the King. On his return to Hamburgh, he brought out *Circè*, the last and most beautiful of his operas. This was first performed in 1734, and was the one hundred and eighteenth which this indefatigable artist had produced. He died in 1735. It is to be regretted that hardly any of Keiser's works are now to be procured, though a new edition of some few of them was talked of in Hamburgh about the year 1810.

Johann Caspar Kerl was a native of Saxony. He is justly esteemed one of the most celebrated organists that the world ever produced. Kerl's principal work is his "*Modulatio organica super Magnificat acto tonis ecclesiasticis respondens.*" In a competition that he had with some Italian musicians, at the court of the Elector of Bavaria, he composed a piece for the organ so difficult that none but himself could execute it.

Michael Lambert, born in the year 1610, at Vivoune, is supposed to be the first who gave his countrymen a just notion of the graces of vocal music. His compositions, however, are not very numerous. He died at Paris in 1690.

Lamia was the most celebrated female flute-player in antiquity; her beauty, wit, and abilities in her profession, made her regarded as a prodigy. The honours she received, which are recorded by several authors, particularly by Plutarch and Athenæus, are sufficient testimonies of her great power over the passions of her hearers. Her claim to admiration, from her personal allurements, does not entirely depend, at present, upon the fidelity of historians; since an exquisite engraving of her head, upon an amethyst, with the veil and bandage of her profession, is preserved in Paris, which in some measure authenticates the accounts of her beauty. As she was a great traveller, her reputation soon became very extended. Her first journey from Athens, the place of her birth, was into Egypt, whither she was drawn by the fame of the flute-players of that country. Her person and performances were not long unnoticed at the court of Alexandria. However, in the conflict between Ptolemy Soter and Demetrius, for the island of Cyprus, about three hundred and twelve years before Christ, Ptolemy being defeated in a sea engagement, his wives, domestics, and military stores fell into the hands of Demetrius. Plutarch, in his life of this Prince, tells us that "the celebrated Lamia was among the female captives taken in this victory. She had been universally admired at first on account of her talents, for she was a wonderful performer on the flute; but afterwards her fortune became more splendid by the charms of her person, which procured her many admirers of great rank." The prince, whose captive she became, conceived a violent passion for Lamia. At her instigation he conferred such extraordinary benefits upon the Athenians, that they rendered him divine honours, and, as an acknowledgment of the influence which she had exercised in their favour, they dedicated a temple to her under the name of "Venus Lamia."

More about Lohengrin.

At length, after we have waited, with more or less anxiety, for some years, buoyed up by hope and prostrated by despair, an opportunity of hearing Herr Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been vouchsafed to us; and, although we are given to understand that the opera is but, as it were, milk for babes, it is the kind of food which is able to nourish us, so that, in the time to come, those who choose can feast upon the strong meat of the Music of the Future. For ourselves, we are rather inclined to resent this term. We cannot wholly and suddenly discard the idea that Beethoven was something more than a fumbler in the dark, and that *Fidelio* is a work which embodies the true spirit of dramatic and poetical music. It is hard at first, and when we have only heard *Lohengrin* once, to grasp the notion that Mozart was a student of his craft, who worked on wrong principles; indeed, so long have we trodden in the ancient ways, that we are even reluctant to write Meyerbeer down an ignorant and misguided concoctor of orchestral effects. By a very excellent authority, "Music" has been described as a "heavenly maid;" but Herr Wagner seems to draw much of his inspiration from other sources. There is, however, music and music—the "concord of sweet sounds," of which Lorenzo spoke, and the harmony which Nick Bottom described. "I have a reasonable good ear in music," the immortal weaver of Athens once asserted; "let us have the tongs and the bones;" and Herr Wagner would indignantly ask, "Why not?" When Bottom is translated, the apostle of the Music of the Future would say inharmonious elements are enjoying a temporary triumph. The tongs and bones are comparatively inharmonious, let them be played, and the dramatic requirements of the situation will be adequately fulfilled. Herr Wagner and his disciples will be charmed, because they can argue out their motives from an irreproachable premiss, and the rest of humanity will be derided as Philistines, who can only appreciate beauty when it appeals directly through the sense which Providence has bestowed upon them, and before they are convinced that argument and the stern demands of philosophy will justify them in so doing. But whatever complaints may be made against the ignorant gibes of persons in this country who are supposed to be musical, certainly no charge of neglect can be brought against Mr Gye and those who assisted him in the maiden presentation. With Mdlle Albani as Elsa, Signor Nicolini as Lohengrin, Mdlle d'Angeri as Ortrud, and M. Maurel as Frederic of Telramund, all that could be done for this musically-illustrated drama was done; while the *mise-en-scène* was superb. Cloth of gold, regal purple, silver armour, and robes of spotless white, were all bountifully grouped together, to give effect to tableaux and processions. Several horses were led and ridden on to the stage; and the Swan, from which Lohengrin derives his *sobriquet*, was a mechanical triumph. But in opera it is impossible wholly to overlook a consideration of the music, if there is any; and, of the harmonies and melodies which we have been accustomed to class as music, there are few. The work took some four hours and a half in the performance, and the score occupies some 383 pages; though it is only fair to the management to admit that two or three dozen have been excised. Out of this lengthy book, all that is agreeable to the ear could be played in some twenty minutes. The story, we may remind our readers, describes how Lohengrin was sent by his father, Sir Percival, the guardian of the Holy Grail, to champion the cause of the innocent Elsa of Brabant, who is accused of having murdered her brother, who has really been spirited away by the witchcraft of Ortrud, wife of Frederic of Telramund. Unfortunately for Herr Wagner's hearers, a great deal of the story, and, therefore, of the music (to which the poem is supposed to be inseparably wedded), deals with the craft and cruelty of this reprehensible couple, and the "heavenly maid" is employed to illustrate their dark designs. The result is chiefly crudity and incoherence. Some passages of melody are to be found at distant intervals. The phrase in which Lohengrin bids farewell to the "bel cigno gentil" is eminently graceful, and there are a few bars of delightful chorus immediately afterwards. Elsa has one or two very short passages of truthfulness; and the *finale* to the first act, and the celebrated Bridal Chorus, "Lieti e fedel," in the third, are musical as we understand the term. But most of *Lohengrin* can only be described as "sound and fury, signifying nothing." **Globe.**

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SALVINI.

(*From the "Saturday Programme."*)

(*Concluded from page* 481.)

But a still greater triumph was in store for the artist genius. It is one thing to make a stir in the amusement loving-world, and quite another to beat down the inevitable prejudices which surround the art of any nation. Many an indifferent actor or singer has before now been made into an idol and worshipped. But to obtain the worship of the professors of art is quite another thing. Now no one would pretend for a moment to say that English actors are overriden with prejudice, or are altogether destitute of the liberal sentiments which belong to the nation. Still, it is merely human nature when some resentment is felt at the perpetual praise of rivals or the encouragement of competitors. When a beautiful woman enters a ball-room it would not be natural if all her rivals crowded round her and loaded her with praise. They are all in a measure her rivals. They desire to shine as much as she does. They would be glad enough of the praise which is showered upon her. At any rate, they have entered into an honourable competition, and do not care to be beaten out of the field. Be this as it may, there are occasions, however, when the peerlessness of beauty in woman draws, as it were, the very eye-teeth of prejudice, and compels admiration even from rivals. There are women so fair to look upon that admiration springs to the lips of their sisters. It was much the same with Salvini when he played to the dramatic profession that celebrated Monday morning at Drury Lane. There certainly had been some mutterings heard about "these foreigners." The perpetual praise of foreign art was—perhaps naturally enough—distasteful to the great majority of the profession. It galled them to be told of French plays and French players. And then, in defiance of all accepted notions of free trade, they fell back upon the old Conservative cry of the "shame of these foreigners being allowed to come over and take the bread out of our mouths." Honourably, however, let it be said that these murmurs utterly ceased at the approach of Salvini. His genius was so superior to anything that had been seen by the majority of our artists, that it was accepted with a chorus of praise. If any had come to scoff they remained to pray. And it would be difficult to quote a case in which a more flattering compliment has been paid by art to art. The excitement of that morning can never be forgotten; the acting of Salvini as Othello on that occasion has never been excelled; the effect of a performance of one actor on a large audience has never been equalled. Here, at least, was the ideal actor—a man possessing the most fascinating physical gifts—a style which is the very echo of nature—and a glorious power of execution, kept well in hand and firm as in a vice. All that actors struggled and tried to attempt was here shown to them. The day-dreams of their career was shown as in a picture, and the inevitable feeling after witnessing the performance was that further struggle was vain and ambition fruitless. They could not act that night. Their heart and spirit had left them, and the first impulse was to go about saying, "After such acting as that, what is the good of struggling any more?" All of us who are ambitious and have any respect for our callings will well understand how natural were these transitory feelings. And Salvini did not rest upon the triumph of Othello, which would well have carried him through more than a London season. In these days, when *Hamlet* is played for 200 nights, such an Othello might well act for a year. It was in *The Gladiator* that Salvini showed that he was anything but a one-part player, and, in the opinion of very competent judges, he has never shown himself such a genius as in the amphitheatre scene of this remarkable tragedy. The play, it is true, was not for the multitude. It was "caviare" to the unclassical, but it was a superb treat for the critics. There are those amongst us, thank goodness, who are not perpetually cavilling at what they choose to call dull plays, or protesting that they cannot take interest in any subject allied to a classical period. There are some of us who can enjoy a good read at Gibbon, and prefer the occupation to any perusal of the novels of the day. It was a disaster, therefore, when the general taste decided against *The Gladiator*, and compelled Salvini to set aside one of the best examples of the force of his genius. The mind, travelling back over the pictures this actor has given us, will rest affectionately on one pre-eminently beautiful. It is that of the rough brutalized slave and public murderer, humanized by a a woman's presence and electrified by the sudden apparition of his daughter's face. Here, in this very arena, before the eyes of Rome, in the presence of the Empress and her court, before debauched priests and debased people, this Gladiator, the favourite of the people, is appointed to slay the child he has lost and been seeking for years. The awakening of the man in the savage is one of the finest things ever seen in the whole range of dramatic art. The huge arena, the crowds of people, the hungry faces, the glitter, the pomp, and the show, are absolutely dwarfed and made insignificant by the superb majesty of the man. He towers above the scene like a giant. His despair appears to have given him the strength of a Samson and the proportions of an Anak. He towers over his child like a mountain, and his great arms seem like trees shading her dear eyes from the burning sun of the people's contempt. All these ideas are presented solely by the actor. We talk of "taking the stage." It is done by Salvini in this scene apparently in one bound. If anything finer or more dramatic has ever been seen, even on the boards of Drury Lane, we should very much like to be told of it. It is a picture of despair and of humanity which will linger on the memory so long as life lasts and remembrances are pleasant. In discussing the Hamlet it was natural enough that Englishmen should point out the inadequacy and inconsistency of the Italian version of the play; but it is erroneous to suppose that Salvini is in any way responsible for it. His duty was to interpret the text presented to him, and we are not aware that one single voice has been uplifted against his artistic method. It is not the English Hamlet, perhaps, or the German Hamlet, but it is a performance which brings out to the full extent all the refined culture of Salvini's style and all the exquisite finish and beauty of his art. The scene with Ophelio when Hamlet bids her farewell, the scene between Hamlet and his mother after the play, the frequent discourses with Horatio, and the pathetic death-scene of Hamlet, have never been equalled for the purity of their beauty. Loving tenderness to woman and beautiful affection to man here receive their most sublime expression.

And so, with this rapid and most imperfect sketch of the life and career in England of this remarkable genius, we take leave for the present of Signor Salvini. We have spoken of his career and influence as an artist: we should like to dilate on the charm of his society, the modesty of his bearing, the depth of his learning, the charm of his conversation, and the fascination of his presence. This, unfortunately, cannot be; but those who know him understand how to appreciate such rare gifts. Bound body and soul to his art, Signor Salvini is never so happy as when dilating upon it or discussing Shakspere—his idol—with the countrymen of his favourite poet. All will learn with some pride and satisfaction how Salvini loves England already, and expresses with the most sincere cordiality his delight at his short visit now drawing to a close. But with far more satisfaction will the news be spread about that England is so dear to Salvini that he will come again. As Horace mourned for the threatened loss of Mæcenas, so well might English art lament the farewell of Tommaso Salvini.

PRAGUE.—Mad. Friedrich-Materna has been singing here.

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MUSICIANS WHO HAVE DIED AWAY.*

By Joseph Seiler.

III.

JOHANNES BEER.

(*Continued from page* 441.)

Johannes Beer is more indebted to his original writings than to his musical compositions for a place here. The said writings, musico-theoretical, historical, and æsthetico-polemical, are numerous, and mostly conceived in a perfectly original tone of satire, something between Philander of Sittenwald's *Geschichte* and the *Kapuzinaden* of Pater Abraham. Joseph Riepel, an author of a subsequent period, has the same satirical tendency; but, though more refined and becoming, he is far less original than Beer, whose sketches, for the better comprehension of musical matters in Germany during the 17th and the 18th centuries, possess, even at the present day, an especial interest. From his principal work, *Musikalische Discurse*, published in 1719, by P. C. Monath, at Nuremberg, I will give some extracts in corroboration of what I have said concerning his originality. In the first place, however, here is something about his life, which, materially considered, was rather uneventful.

Johannes Beer (Bähr, Bär), Concertmaster and Chamber Musician to the Duke of Weissenfels, was born in the Styrian village of St George, in 1652. In his tenth year, he went to pursue his studies in the Benedictine Abbey of Laubach, where, by the beauty of his alto voice, he soon attracted the attention of the musical pater (*Regens Chori*). The latter, an old and well-trained Italian, became the first singing and music master of the lively boy, thirsting for knowledge. In 1670, Beer went to the Gymnasium at Regensberg, and, some years later, to Leipsic, where, according to Gerber, he studied theology. Very soon, however, thanks to his fine voice, his talent as a violinist, and several occasional pieces, he made himself so well-known, and so popular, that he was offered the post of Concertmaster at Weissenfels. He immediately accepted it, and, having subsequently had, also, the title of High Princely Chamber Musician conferred upon him, worthily fulfilled, to the day of his death, the duties connected with it. His writings were very numerous, but only a part of them received publicity through the press. The titles of the most important are *Ursus murmurat*, 1697 (the sole work printed in the author's lifetime), *Ursus saltat*, *Ursus triumphat*, and *Ursus vulpinatur*; the last three never having been printed, though, in their time, widely circulated by means of manuscript copies. They are all directed against Gottfried Vockerodt, who, in various school programmes for 1696, had warmly censured the immoderate love manifested by Claudius, Nero, and Caligula, for the fine arts, particularly music, and had asserted that all useful arts and callings had suffered through the one-sided partiality of the Cæsars. This was wrongly interpreted in high places, it being believed that Vockerodt wished to make sovereigns abandon their predilection for music. The consequence was that Johann Christophe Lorber, Dr Johann Christophe Wentzel, and, above all, our hero, Johannes Beer, appeared against him with biting pamphlets, in which the Gotha School Director was not treated too indulgently. He considered, therefore, that he ought to explain and defend himself more at length in a larger book. It is thus that there was published in 1697, by Zunner, Frankfort, a quarto treatise of 22 sheets, under the title: *Abuse of the Fine Arts, especially of Music, together with an extorted Investigation of the Question: What, according to the Opinion of Dr Luther, and other Evangelical "Theologi" and "Politici" is to be thought of Operas and Comedies? thoroughly and plainly set forth against the libels of Dr Wentzel, Herr Joh. Chr. Lorber, and a Musician of the Weissenfels Court* (Johannes Beer), with an appendix, containing I. *A reminder to the "censores" of this Work;* II. *The Programma attacked by the Pasquinaders;* III. *The Scruples of the Worshipful Theol. Faculty of Giessen;* IV. *Representation of the frivolous and strange Behaviour of the Weissenfels Pasquinader, who, instead of disproving this Work, which was yet unpublished, unread, and still less tested, prepares two fresh Pasquilla, and causes their titles, "Ursus saltat" and "Ursus triumphat," to be carried about and made known by interested Persons. Published, with gracious approbation, by Gottfried Vockerodt, Rector of the Princely Gymnasium, Gotha.*

But the matter was not allowed to end here. In various other treatises and tracts, Vockerodt sacrificed to his immoderate love of wrangling, showing himself in these works, now literary rarities, a genuine pedagogue with tie-wig and ferule, so that Beer and his friends, who would never allow the dogged rector to have the last word, always boasted of the laughers on their side. Besides possessing a natural talent for satire, Beer was a Latin scholar; a logician armed with all the weapons of sophistry, and a man well exercised and ready in every kind of literary fray. The combination of his various gifts rendered him a dangerous foe for the pedagogue, who possibly afterwards felt rather sorry that he ever meddled with the music of the Weissenfels Court.

Walther relates in his *Lexicon* the following characteristic anecdote of our Johannes.

A certain Duke told the Organist of his Court to compose the music of a *Singspiel*, or piece interspersed with songs. The Organist, from whom such a thing had never before been required, said that, with God's help, he would see what he could do. From this answer as well as from the Organ Virtuoso's sketches of what he was going to do, the Duke soon remarked that he had asked for more than the man could do. He ordered some one to write for Beer. The latter arrived with all possible speed, undertook, and, in three weeks, finished the task. Being asked what was the price of his work, he said that it was 100 rix-thalers. He was offered sixty and then eighty thalers. He replied however: "Every thing that I do has, like a penny roll, its fixed tariff. I never allow haggling—I would rather serve the Duke for nothing." At length he obtained what he demanded, and was then requested to give, ere he left, a musical performance during the Duke's dinner. He consented and performed something, in which he sang an air of his own composition in his sonorous baritone voice. The Duke, still angry with him for what was considered so unreasonable a demand and the want of respect in his answer, enquired at the conclusion of the air whether it was not possible to teach a donkey to sing in the same manner. To this Beer replied: "I am not capable of such a feat. If your Serene Highness is, you are the first Chapelmaster in the world." "You are a coarse fellow," replied the Duke. "I was that before to-day," answered Beer.

As already mentioned, the *Ursus murmurat* alone was published during Beer's life. In the second edition of it, the author offers to publish the following other works from his pen. 1. *German Moral Philosophy*; 2. *German Epigrammata;* 3. *Meditationes de huius Vitæ Vanitate*; 4. *The Stuck-up Secretary*; 5. *The highly respected Mrs Jabbergossip*; 6. *The honourable alehouse Catgut Scraper*; 7. *Atheniensium Morosophia;* 8. *Musical Discourses; Second Part.* The first part alone was published, though not till 20 years after Beer's death—as already mentioned. Added as appendix is: *The Musical War*, etc., an essay which, according to Gerber (*Altes Lexicon*, Part I, page 97) had already been published in 1701 as a separate quarto); 9. *Oratoria reformata;* 10. *Logica Scoti examinata*; 11. *The poetical Disputant*; and 12. *Schola phonologica.*

Beer's early and unexpected death probably prevented all or most of these works from being published. At any rate, I am not in a position to say which were printed, or which were not. *The Musical Discourses* (Part I), however, lie printed in octavo before me. They exhibit Beer's peculiar style and the state of musical matters at that period better than the words of anyone else could ever do. For this reason, two or three extracts will not be here unacceptable. I have changed nothing. Even the orthography is untouched.* In the preface, Beer defends himself for so frequently introducing Latin flourishes:

"In case, however, any *musicus* reproaches one for having thrown in so much Latin, I, on the other hand, reproach him for not having learnt that language. For it is utterly impossible to avoid disputation in these Discourses, and disputations without Latin are a meal without wine or salt. It has long since been settled in the schools, that to dispute without Latin does not differ from galloping without a horse."

Now to the work itself.

(*To be continued.*)

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

N.B.—Owing to a mistake in transmission, this article is misplaced. It ought to have immediately followed that on Antonio Salieri, at page 195.—*Translator.*

* It is, perhaps, superfluous to observe that peculiarities of spelling must generally, if not always, disappear in a translation.—*Translator.*

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JOHN HULLAH SPEAKS.

Paper read (June 17, 1875) at the Society of Arts' Rooms, before the members of the Metropolitan Schools' Choral Society, by JOHN HULLAH.

(*Concluded from page* 479.)

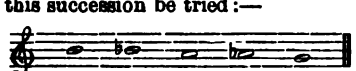
That all the sounds into which the octave can be divided should be represented by seven syllables; that one syllable should lend its name to three, and even five different sounds—*Sol*, for instance, to G, G♯, and G♭, nay, even to G𝄪 and G𝄫—is theoretically an absurdity which must continually present itself to the least thoughtful student; one for which I should have sought a remedy long ago had I found it to present any considerable practical difficulty. For I have never found students who understood the construction of the scales they were using in the least puzzled by the F♯ in the key of G, or the B♭ in that of F, though they called the one *Fa* and the other *Si*. On the contrary, I fear that in many cases they sang these notes, however correctly, with less consciousness that they were sharp or flat than I should have desired; and I am about to propose a mode of modifying or altering the *sol-fa* syllables, not in the belief that such modification will save the student trouble, but with the certainty that it will oblige him to think, and prove to his teacher that he is thinking.

A proposal to modify the *sol-fa* syllables is, of course, no new thing, either in respect to the movable or immovable *Do*. Accidentals are not inevitably indicative of modulation. The minor mode continually calls them into requisition, so does the chromatic genus. And it is often difficult, sometimes impossible (from a single part), to say to which of these they owe their introduction. I find no uniformity in the modifications of these syllables which are used to help students in sounding accidentals. Some teachers change every syllable to be applied to a sharpened note to *Si* (I give the average continental pronunciation* to the vowels throughout this memorandum) to a flattened note to *La*. Others modify every syllable by changing its vowel to *I* or *A*; thus *Fa*♯ becomes *Fi*, *Do*♯ *Di*; while *Si*♭ becomes *Sa*, *Mi*♭ *Ma*, and so on. Others have suggested or adopted altogether new names for these accidental sounds. In some schools of Germany pupils are, or were, taught to sing to the letters of the alphabet, the syllable *is* being added to the name of each sharpened note (accidental or essential), and the syllable *es* to each flattened note. The effect cannot be pleasing. Indeed, I believe the sibilation induced by it has driven it out of use.

These contrivances, like all others I have known proposed, are faulty in one and the same particular; the modifications they induce in the syllables have no proportion one to another, they have no "basis in nature." Let me explain: the vowel sounds of speech are five in number, and five only:—

(Italian) I E A O U.
(English) E A AA O OO.

Many varieties of these exist even in English, *à fortiori* in foreign languages; but all other (so-called) vowels are the result of modification of one, or of the blending together of more than one of these. Moreover, the *order* in which I have placed them is the order in which they are producible by the elongation of that portion of the "vocal mechanism" most under our control, and most open to observation. *I* is produced at the very back of the mouth, *E* in the position next to it, *A* in the next, *O* in the next, and *U* at its most forward extremity; *I* is therefore the most acute (sharpest), and *U* the most grave (flattest) of the vowels. I am not prepared to state the difference between them in musical terms, but my fancy deceives me greatly if it is not easier to sing a succession of sounds, each a semitone apart, to vowels placed in this order, than to any vocables chosen haphazard. Let this succession be tried:—



Or the same inverted:—

* Not that approximate instances of this are wanting in English—*e.g.*, *d*onor, *rem*nant, *m*iracle, *f*ather, *sol*vent (*not so*lar), *laugh*ing, *s*imile.

Be this as it may, these vowels have thus much in common with musical sounds a semitone apart, that, if not as near together as vowels or sounds can be, there are no recognized modes of expressing closer relation between either. When, in ascending, we quit C we reach C♯ or D♭; when we quit *I* we reach *E*, &c.

I propose, therefore, to modify the sol-fa syllables, not as heretofore by an arbitrary, still less a uniform and therefore inconsistent rule, but by a rule based on the *natural sequence* of the vowel sounds, and therefore not uniform but consistent. This modification would consist in changing the vowel of each *sol-fa* syllable to the next above it, when the note with which it is associated is raised a semitone, and to that next below, when that note is lowered a semitone. Thus F♮ being *Fa*, F♯ would be *Fe*; B♮ being *Si*, B♭ would be *Se*. In the following table these modifications are given, with the exception of two. In the middle row of syllables is the unaltered diatonic septenary; in the upper is the same septenary altered by sharps and in the lower by flats.

Da,	*Ri,*		*Fe,*	*Sal,*	*Le.*	
Do,	*Re,*	*Mi,*	*Fa,*	*Sol,*	*La,*	*Si.*
Du,	*Ra,*	*Me,*	*Fo,*	*Sul,*	*Lo,*	*Se.*

Two syllables here, *Mi* and *Si*, are left without names for the sharpened notes sung to them. They both include the sharpest vowel of the vowel series. I propose to apply to them so much of the German system to which I have alluded as to add to each the letter *s*. Thus *Mi*♯ would be *Mis*, and *Si*♯ *Sis*.

For general practical purposes this scheme would suffice, and indeed more than suffice. But it is still incomplete.

Every note is liable, though not often likely, to be *doubly*, as well as singly, sharpened or flattened. I propose to add to the already sharpened syllables an *s*, to the flattened an *f*. Thus *Fa* 𝄪 would be *Fes*, and *Si*𝄫 *Sef*. To *Mis* and *Sis* might be appended an *h*. Thus *Mi* 𝄪 would be *Mish*, and *Si* 𝄪 *Sish*. It need not be said that these last syllables would very rarely indeed be called into requisition. For all practical purposes, I repeat, all the syllables needed for sol-faing vocal music of the highest order may be found in the foregoing table.

The modifications here proposed of the time honoured *sol-fa* syllables would, of course, be introduced to beginners one at a time, as the necessity for each arose. When a student was first made acquainted with the scales of F or G, he would be simply told to call B♭ no longer *Si* but *Se*, F♯ no longer *Fa* but *Fe*, and so on. And in doing so he would show that he was conscious of the alteration, and knew what key he was singing in.

I invite teachers to give a fair trial to the plan I have here laid before them. Though most largely applicable to, and suggested by the shortcomings of, the fixed *Do* principle, it is still applicable to the movable *Do* principle. It entails no necessity for new books or exercises, and can be used in the practice of vocal music of every kind.

J. H.

BERLIN.

(*From an Occasional Correspondent.*)

Herr von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal, will visit Switzerland before his return from Niederwalluf to this capital. He will make a short stay at Bayreuth, for the purpose of studying the arrangements in R. Wagner's Model Theatre. He is expected here about the middle of August.

The minor theatres are making hay, while the Royal Opera-house is closed, and the crop promises to be more than respectable. Kroll's Theater is still very well attended. Herr Fessler, from the Ducal Theatre, Gotha, has made a hit as the Count, in *Il Trovatore*. He possesses a well-trained baritone, of good quality, and is far from bad as an actor. The tenor, also, Herr Staubesandt, is exceedingly popular. At the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Offenbach's *Mdme l'Archiduc* has been brought out under the title of *Mdme Herzog*, Mdlle Geistinger sustaining the part of Mariette to the great satisfaction of the public. The Woltersdorff Theater was opened, on the 3rd inst., for comedies, farces, and operettas, by a new manager, Herr Thomas, a low comedian.

EISENACH.—A successful performance of Bach's *Johannes-Passion* was recently given here, in aid of the funds for the Bach Memorial. The principal vocal artists were Herren von Milde, Borchers, and Mdlle von Milde, from Weimar.

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RICHARD WAGNER, AND HIS *RING OF THE NIBLUNG.*

(*From the "New Quarterly Magazine."*)

(*Continued from page* 480.)

A few words ought to be added in explanation of an episode at first sight so strange, not to say shocking, to our modern feeling, as the one just mentioned. The illicit love between Siegmund and Sieglinde is an important—nay, vital—ingredient of the whole story, because Siegfried, the offspring of their union, must have the unmixed blood of Volsung—that is, of Wotan the God—in his veins, in order to fulfil his mission. Thus, being unable to leave out the incident altogether, Wagner, we think, has acted rightly in treating it in the simple, open, and therefore chaste, spirit of the old Northern myth itself. The law which debars blood relations from mutual passion is essentially founded on the idea of the family. Animal nature knows of no such obstacle, and all the Cosmogonies which, like the Pentateuch, derive the procreation of the human race from one couple, imply intermarriages of brothers and sisters. The tragic guilt of Sieglinde, therefore, does not lie in the love for her brother, but in the breach of her marriage vow. The punishment of this guilt is now approaching rapidly.

The second act introduces us to Brynhild, Wotan's favourite daughter, among the Valkyries. The god bids her assist his son Siegmund in the impending combat with Hunding, and she joyfully assents to his command, when suddenly Fricka's chariot, drawn by two wethers, approaches, and the Valkyrie leaves her father to abide the brunt of his wife's indignation. The following scene reminds one somewhat of the domestic quarrels of the gods in Homer, but for its higher tone of tragic pathos. Fricka bitterly complains of the injury done to her, the protectress of marriage, by Siegmund and his sister. Firmly she demands of Wotan the punishment of his children. In vain the god pleads the power of love in favour of the culprits; in vain he reminds Fricka that, only compelled by force, Sieglinde became the wife of an unloved husband. Not even the hope of the gods' own preservation founded on Siegmund is of avail against the wrath of the goddess, and at last Wotan, in bitterest grief, has to bow down to established law, and seal his own doom, by relinquishing his chosen hero. "The curse of the gold is heavy on him; he complains to Brynhild; Alberich's son, begotten without love by the enemy of love, will conquer the gods; and his own son, who alone could have averted the fate, is now to be sacrificed to Fricka's jealousy."

Brynhild, at Wotan's command, unwillingly descends to where Siegmund and Sieglinde are resting on their flight. The horn of the pursuing Hunding is heard in the distance; Sieglinde lies swooning in her brother's arms, when the shield-maiden greets the hero with the message of his approaching end, telling him at the same time that the joys of Walhall are awaiting him. But Siegmund will hear of no joy that would separate him from his love; rather than leave her he will die with her, and is on the point of piercing her unconscious bosom with his sword, when the Valkyrie, moved by the ardour of his love, promises him the victory even against the will of All-father. The ensuing battle-scene is conceived in the grandest dramatic spirit. Siegmund and Hunding rush towards each other on the height of a steep mountain nearly covered by dark thunder-clouds. In the intervals of the storm, Sieglinde's tremulous voice is heard calling for her lover. At last the two warriors meet, and Siegmund, encouraged by Brynhild's voice, is lifting his arm for a deadly stroke, when in a flash of lightning Wotan is discovered standing over Hunding, and protecting him with the spear into which the laws of the universe are cut in eternal runes. Siegmund's sword breaks on the outstretched spear, and Hunding pierces his defenceless breast—but not to enjoy his victory; for he also sinks dead to the ground before the contemptuous wave of Wotan's hand, to bring to Fricka the message of her triumph. Brynhild has lifted Sieglinde on her horse, and disappears with her amongst the clouds. But the wrath of the disobeyed god pursues her.

In vain she spurs her horse, Grane, to the utmost speed; in vain she implores the protection of her sister-Valkyries. Wotan's voice is heard nearer and nearer, nothing can shield her from his revenge. At last she resolves to save only the helpless woman under her protection. She shows Sieglinde the way to a dense forest, there to seek shelter, and, giving her the pieces of Siegmund's sword, she bids her keep them for the child in her bosom; after which she stands firmly, though tremblingly, abiding her fate. Wotan's fury is at first boundless. He threatens to bind Brynhild in magic slumber, and lay her by the wayside unprotected, and bare of her godhood, to become the slave of the first comer. But when the maid sinks at his feet imploring his forgiveness, and appealing to the voice in his own bosom, which spoke for Siegmund, the god's wrath begins to subside. He cannot revoke his sentence, but he can and will protect his favourite child from dishonour. As he closes Brynhild's eyes with his kiss, he describes with his spear a circle round the rock where they stand, and at his summons Loge, returned to his primary form, shoots up in a mighty wall of flickering flame surrounding the bed of the sleeping maiden. Only he who dares to stride through the fire, only the best and bravest, shall possess Brynhild. Wotan's leave-taking of the Valkyrie and the breaking forth of the flames, are illustrated musically by one of those marvellous effects of graphically-decorative writing which prove Wagner's vocation as a dramatic composer quite as clearly as the higher strains of his tender or passionate imaginings.

(*To be continued.*)

One at Last.*

I met my love in spring-time,
When all was fresh and young,
When buds with joy were bursting,
While sweet the skylark sung;
New thoughts, new joys, new feelings,
Did then the bosom move:
It was the happy spring-time
When first I met my love.

I met my love in summer,
When earth was gemm'd with flowers,
Then in unclouded brightness
Flew on the gladsome hours;
No broodings of to-morrow,
No trouble, no alloy,
There was no room for sorrow
When hearts were full of joy.

I met my love in autumn,
Of many-changing hue,
And sadly marked those changes—
Could love be changing too?
Would he prove false and fickle?
Change as an April day?
Could he e'er think to leave us
When we would have him stay?

I met my love in winter;
The leaves were sere and dead,
The winds awoke from slumber,
And dark the sky o'er-head;
But love withstood the changes,
And cared not for the blast,
He drew our hearts more closely,
And made us one at last. S. P. P.

* *Copyright.*

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

(*First London season of two months opens Saturday, September* 11, *at the Princess's Theatre.*)

The opening opera is likely to be Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, to be followed by Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* (with the additional music composed for the French version played at Paris), Cherubini's *Water Carrier* (*Les deux Journées*), and other important works, including a new opera by Cagnoni, founded on *The Porter's Knot*. Miss Rose Hersee is engaged as *prima donna assoluta*, and the *primo baritono* is Mr Santley, who will sustain the leading character in an opera by Cagnoni. Mr Carrodus is first violin, and the orchestra includes Mr Betjemann (second), Mr Zerbini (viola), Mr Edward Howell (violoncello), Mr Reynolds (double bass), Mr Svendsen (flute), and other eminent artists. The *corps de ballet* is to be directed by M. Espinosa, and Mr Arthur Howell will be stage-manager.—(*Communicated.*)

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The twenty-ninth season of the Covent Garden Opera came to an end on Saturday night, in presence of a crowded and brilliant audience. The opera selected for the occasion was Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord*, with Madame Adelina Patti as Catherine and M. Faure as Peter. The two leading characters thus represented would alone suffice to attract the public. A more picturesque delineation of the romantic heroine, who wins the heart and subsequently becomes the wife of Peter "the Great," than that of Madame Patti has not been witnessed, and, indeed, could hardly be imagined. But we have so often dwelt upon its many remarkable traits that it would be superfluous to describe it again. Enough that Madame Patti was never more emphatically the Catherine of Catherines. Her performance was more than ever brilliant, and impressed the audience as vividly as of yore. No Peter could be better matched with such a Catherine than the Peter of that greatest of all French lyric comedians, M. Faure—a singer no less than an actor, fitted to rank with the highest. This, however, has long been unanimously recognized; and what we have said is merely the reiteration of an old story. The other characters were sustained as before; Signor Vianesi conducting the orchestra with his accustomed promptitude and skill. The royal box was occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and the two young Princes, Victor and George, who remained till the conclusion of the second act. The National Anthem was given at the end of the opera, the solo part being taken by Madame Patti, who, as she well deserved, was cheered with enthusiasm.

The remainder of the week was chiefly devoted to "benefit" nights, the "beneficiaires" (to employ the accepted term) being Mdlle Zaré Thalberg, Madame Adelina Patti, and Mdlle Emma Albani—a trio of operatic "stars" not easy to rival, and of which Mr Gye has fair reason to be proud. The first chose *Don Giovanni*, the second *La Traviata*, the third *Faust;* and, as the Zerlina of Mdlle Thalberg, the Violetta of Mdme Patti, and the Marguerite of Mdlle Albani are familiar to all opera-goers, a mere record of the fact will suffice. We reserve for a future occasion our general observations on the season—one of the most uniformly successful in the history of the Royal Italian Opera.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

With the exception of *Mignon*—one performance of which, with so poetical and charming a Mignon as Madame Christine Nilsson in the theatre, would at least be looked forward to—there have been only repetitions since our last reference to Mr Mapleson's theatre. We need not again discuss the merits of this opera, which many amateurs regard as the best of its composer's, and which in any case is one of the worthiest additions to the repertory of the Paris Opéra Comique, already enriched by the masterpieces of Boieldieu, Hérold, Donizetti, Adolphe Adam, Meyerbeer, and Auber. We may say, nevertheless, that the genial and sparkling music of M. Ambroise Thomas pleased as much as ever, and the embodiment of Goethe's innocent child heroine, by Madame Nilsson, *more* than ever. No wonder, for nothing in its way could be more perfect. Mdlle Singelli's Filina, too, is precisely what it ought to be. The music suits her flexible voice to admiration, and with what natural vivacity she acts her part need not be said. The performance of *Don Giovanni* deserves a passing word, if only on account of the Elvira of Madame Nilsson, one of the most highly-finished assumptions to be remembered. The deserted spouse, as portrayed by this gifted artist, is always a personage of conspicuous interest. Her by-play alone, when Leporello (Herr Behrens), in "Madamina, il catalogo," tells the story of Don Giovanni's conquests, is an exhibition of mimetic art for which we have few parallels. Madame Nilsson does not stand, as is too often the case, listless and indifferent, while the unscrupulous slave of a profligate master dwells with studied contemptuousness upon her wrongs. On the contrary, she is no lay figure, but a sensitive and outraged woman, upon whom each sarcastic sentence produces its effect. Her execution of the florid air, "Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata"—which, by the way, does not belong to the original score when *Don Giovanni* was composed for Prague—is remarkable alike for ease and dramatic significance. In short, if we speak of a "model Elvira," we can only refer to the Elvira of Mdme Nilsson. About the superb Donna Anna of Mdlle Tietjens, and her magnificent vocal declamation in the great *scena*, ending with the "*bravura*," "Or sai che l'indegno," there is nothing to be added to what has been written over and over again. How she was applauded may well be understood. Mdlle Varesi, by her Zerlina, has added another to her successes. The Don Giovanni was Signor de Reschi; Signor Gillandi played Don Ottavio, retaining, as every Don Ottavio should retain, the melodious soliloquy, "Dalla sua pace;" Signor Zoboli was a good Masetto, and Signor Costa, an excellent Commendatore. That the overture and all the orchestral accompaniments were admirably played, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, may be taken for granted.

On Saturday night the *Barbiere di Siviglia* was repeated, with Mdlle Chapuy as Rosina, the reception of the clever French singer being even warmer than before. In the Lesson Scene, besides the "Arragonaise," from *Le Domino Noir*, she interpolated the waltz from M. Gounod's *Mireille*, which last she was compelled to repeat. This lady is an unquestionably valuable acquisition to Mr Mapleson's company. Extra performances have been given during the current week:—the *Huguenots*—with Madame Nilsson as Valentine for the only time this season (Monday night); *Lucrezia Borgia*—for the "benefit" of Mdlle Tietjens (Tuesday night); *Lohengrin*—eighth time (Wednesday); *Lucia di Lammermoor*—with Mdlle Varesi (Thursday); and the *Nozze di Figaro*—with Mdlle Anna de Belocca as Cherubino (Friday). The last performance of the season is to be given this evening, the opera selected being *Lohengrin*.

QUE NE SUIS-JE LA FLEUR.*

MÉLODIE.

Que ne suis-je la fleur qui croît au bord de l'onde
Et ne souffrit jamais des feux brûlants du jour,
Que le courant rapide emporte loin du monde
Dans un autre séjour.

Que ne suis-je la fleur qui naît sur la montagne
Et ne doit respirer que l'air vivifiant;
Se tenant près du ciel et que l'aigle accompagne
D'un vol édifiant.

Que ne suis-je la fleur du rocher solitaire,
Au milieu de la mer toujours battu des flots,
Chemin inaccessible aux enfants de la terre
Et même aux matelots.

Que ne suis-je la fleur de toute solitude,
Pour naître et pour mourir sous le regard de Dieu
Après avoir vécu, loin de la multitude,
Dans un modeste lieu.

Que ne suis-je la fleur inconnue, ignorée,
Dont la beauté se donne aux sables du désert,
Dont tout parfum se livre à la brise éplorée
Dans le sol entr'ouvert.

Que ne suis-je la fleur au fond du précipice—
Où jamais le courroux de tous les éléments
Ne peut déraciner; à l'abri du caprice,
Des brusques mouvements.

Que ne suis-je la fleur de la forêt immense
Où l'arbre toujours vert tempère les rayons
D'un splendide soleil, quand le jour recommence,
Que sous lui nous ployons.

Que ne suis-je la fleur qui naît au fond des mers,
Antres mystérieux, où la vague en furie
Ne peut avoir accès, où jamais les hivers
Portent l'intempérie.

J. F.

* Copyright.

WIESBADEN.—A short time since, Herr Theodor Wachtel signed an engagement with Herr Neuendorff, manager of the Stadt-und Germania Theater, New York, agreeing to sing in that city from the 1st October next, to the 15th June, 1876, as well as in Philadelphia during the Grand International Exhibition. He is to receive half the gross nightly receipts, and will first appear at the Academy of Music, which holds 5,000 spectators, and, when full, produces 9,000 dollars. Herr Emil Drenker, the theatrical agent here, who arranged the terms of this engagement, is also charged with the task of forming an operatic company to sing with Herr Wachtel.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHARLES MOTTLE PINK.—The last published Sonata of Beethoven was the C minor (Op. 111).

DR HEDGE.—The best authorities are Sir Suppinabeles and Mr Cuningham Boosey. The "Lay" about King Mark was composed by Sir Dinadam.

DR SMOOD.—No. Schubert was in his 31st year when he died, Mozart in his 37th, and Mendelssohn in his 39th. With reference to Steibelt Dr Smood is all abroad.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the* MUSICAL WORLD *Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expediency may suggest.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1875.

MEYERBEER.

WE merely call attention to an autograph (*fac-simile*) letter from this celebrated composer, which will be found in another page. It contains nothing of artistic moment; but the fact of its being Meyerbeer's will suffice to interest all our readers.

In next number a letter from the late M. W. Balfe will appear, under similar conditions; in the number following, one from Hector Berlioz—and so on.

The Tri-logical Tetralogy at Bayreuth.

THE rehearsals of Wagner's *Nibelungen-Tetralogie* have at length begun in earnest. Herr Unger, the tenor selected as the temporary representative of Siegfried, has been here for some time studying his part. Herr Albert Niemann, Mesdes Friederike Grün, and Friedrich-Materna will have arrived before these lines appear in print. Herr Brandt, the celebrated stage machinist, from the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Darmstadt, is busily engaged putting up the machinery. The musicians will not arrive until wanted for the general orchestral rehearsals, which are fixed for the beginning of August. Those gentlemen will receive a daily sum of 5 florins. Some of the inhabitants lodge them gratuitously, in return for the privilege of attending, in due time, the grand general rehearsals, on the same moderate terms. A matter of great moment was settled a short time since. This was the weighty subject of costume. Professor Döpler, of Berlin, brought the principal sketches—the *Figurinen*, as they are termed—executed in colour, for all the characters in the four musical dramas. Wagner was delighted with the manner in which his poetical conceptions have been carried out; for the task was one beset with difficulty. The glittering forms of the Rhine Nymphs, in their long, flowing garments, with the reeds, water-lilies, and other strange productions of the mysterious river-depths, surround the Wallkyres, with their winged helmets, whence their blonde locks flow down, and their formidable equipment. Then, too, we have Wotan, armed *cap-à-pié*, with his runic spear, and, under his armour, a blue mantle, allegorically representing the canopy of heaven; Siegfried, the young hero; and Alberich, the odious dwarf. All are in especially characteristic costumes, of which, so to speak, every inch and every touch are scrupulously exact. Wagner may esteem himself fortunate in meeting with such an interpreter of the creatures of his imagination. Besides supplying the sketches, Döpler will himself see that they are truthfully carried out. The greater part will be made in Berlin. A small number, however, will be prepared at Meiningen, where, thanks to the Duke's taste, ingenious *costumiers* abound, especially for the imitation of antique weapons, metal vessels, and ornaments. But there is a question apart—namely, that of lodging some 2,000 visitors, exclusive of those professionally engaged, expected next year. Bayreuth is not a large town, and just now would experience considerable difficulty in finding accommodation for such an addition to its regular population. It has, therefore, been proposed to erect a grand hotel, at the estimated cost of 220,000 florins, or £22,000. The Corporation have offered to subscribe one-half of this sum; and, if the remainder can be raised in shares, or even only guaranteed, building operations will commence immediately. The Bayreuth Palaces are to be prepared for Princely visitors. **Gifford Scoop.**

Bayreuth, July 16.

DR HANSLICK ON THE GRAND OPERA, PARIS.

IN the Vienna *Neue freie Presse*, Dr Edward Hanslick, the celebrated Austrian critic, gives a bright and animated description of that absurdly pompous monstrosity, the new Grand Operahouse in Paris. We quote the first half of his letter—reserving the continuation till our next issue:—

I have reserved to the last my opinion of the Grand Opera. I wanted to wait until I was a little less dazzled by its magnificence and a little more edified by its performances. I found, however, small inducements to visit it often. You might live five months in Paris, and yet see, in exactly five evenings, the entire repertory of the New Operahouse. Since it was opened on the 5th January, 1875 (the anniversary of the bombardment of Paris), only five operas have been produced: *La Juive*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Hamlet*, *La Favorite*, and, to wind up the list, *Les Huguenots*. Independent ballets, filling the entire evening, are no longer given, but Donizetti's *Favorite*, on account of its shortness, has often two acts of an old ballet, *La Source*, tacked to it. The "majestic slowness" which, from time immemorial, always distinguished the Paris Grand Opera, like some indelible characteristic, or like a kind of priestly consecration, is now greater than ever, thanks to the necessity of new scenery. Our own Imperial Operahouse in Vienna produced, during the first five months of its existence, three times as many operas as the Grand Operahouse, Paris, in the same period, and that, too, with a company employed (alternately in the old and new house) every day. There are only four performances a week at the Paris Operahouse, three of them being included in the subscription. That the management does not make up its mind to give at least a fifth, is something surprising, as the public flock in an extraordinary manner to the performances, and every place is taken a week in advance. But those who purchase a box or a stall are guaranteed only a particular evening, and not a particular opera. It is the new house and not the performance which, for the present, attracts all attention. Let M. Halanzier give what he chooses, his theatre, provided there is some brilliantly lighted music between the acts, will be filled to the ceiling—golden days for a manager. A regular take of 19,000 francs, which rises, when the subscription list is suspended, to 21 or 22,000; and, in addition to this, an annual State grant of nearly a million! With the opening of the new house, however, the French Government adopted the sensible plan of regulating this grant according to a sliding scale; the grant is cut down immediately the receipts exceed a certain sum.

The architecture of the new Operahouse, and the mode in which the edifice has been decorated inside with frescoes, statues, and mosaics, has often been described at length. A description of all this may the more properly be omitted here, as I am not competent to speak authoritatively on such matters, and can do no

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more than record the impression made on myself individually. The new theatre is a magnificent structure, of which the Parisians have just cause to be proud. It was fourteen years building, or double the time required for the erection of the Vienna Opera-house. The brilliancy of the internal arrangements eclipses the effect of the edifice itself, the principal front of which appears rather crushed and pinched up, though the repeated contemplation of it continually reveals fresh beauties. The only objects that struck me as objectionable were the two gigantic golden genii on the attica, each of which raises one arm and both wings perpendicularly towards the sky; and, with its outlines, totally deficient in repose, and visible from a great distance, pursues the spectator in all directions. Directly he enters, the visitor is struck by one of the principal beauties of the new theatre: the large dimensions of all the localities attached to the auditorium, among them being the spacious grand vestibule, with the statues, in a sitting posture, of celebrated composers; the imposing crush room, supported on columns; and the entrance to the pay-places, where the attendants, decked out in massy official chains, preside with the dignity of judges over all who come in or go out. As with us in Vienna, the magnificent staircase, with its broad flights of steps, constitutes the gem of the building, and after this comes the *foyer*, or saloon. The latter is far larger and more brilliant than the one in Vienna, and so lofty that the visitor dislocates his neck in the vain attempt to make out, on the ceiling painted by Baudry, the connection between the various figures tumbling and sprawling over each other. You fancy you will be blinded by the walls streaming with gold, the chandeliers sparkling with their hundred lights, and the gigantic mirrors, which indefinitely reflect all the gorgeousness of the confused mass. Cloyed with this glittering magnificence, you turn from the grand saloon into the *Avant-Foyer*. The walls of this are decorated with mythological pictures executed in costly mosaic; it seems as though a piece of the Byzantine splendour of St Mark's had been mislaid and found its way here. Mosaic is the special fancy of Garnier, the architect of the theatre. He was obliged to send for workmen from Venice, as there were none in Paris who understood this branch of art. Though marvellously carried out, these mosaics strike one in their present situation as a motiveless improvisation. Indeed, the whole, generally, is, to my taste, too luxurious, too heavy with gold, and, in a word, too loud in colour, especially for a theatre, in which the accessory portions, though beautiful and convenient, should not be the principal consideration, and attract everyone's entire attention. Such decoration strikes me as greatly overstepping the limits of artistic beauty, and as suggesting the swagger of the spendthrift. We think first of the millionaire and only afterwards of the artist. The staircase of the Vienna Operahouse, with its white marble and fine architectural proportions, and our *foyer*, with its cheerful elegance, and its highly poetical frescoes, are not so dazzling in their effect, but they are more stately and noble. The mural paintings of our never-to-be-forgotten Schwind illustrate well-known scenes from the most celebrated operas which have made their mark in Vienna. It is something of this kind, something historical, which I grievously miss in the pictorial decoration of the Paris Operahouse. Mythology, nothing save mythology, reigns there. From the Muses (reduced to eight because funds for the ninth were forgotten) to the large ceiling-pictures of "Harmony and Melody" "Apollo's Victory over Marsyas," etc., naught but allegorical and mythological figures! There would have been plenty of room left for these, even if one hall, or one saloon, had been devoted to the great and important persons and events in whom and in which the history of French opera is richer than any other. Heavy magnificence, bristling with gold, characterises, also, the auditorium, especially the proscenium and the stage-boxes. Such a number of massive gold relievi, gold lyres, gold trump-blowing genii, etc., produces an effect which oppresses the spectator, while it diverts his attention. Much of this, may, though in time, be diminished, partly from the force of habit among the public, and partly by the gradual softening down of all the glitter itself.

Dr Hanslick has been staying for some time in Paris, and his correspondence to the *Presse* (like all he writes) is well worth perusal.

Christine Nilsson's Concert.

AT a meeting of the committee, on Tuesday, July 16th, held at the Westminster Training School and Home for Nurses, 8, Broad Sanctuary, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved, that the best thanks of the committee be given to Madame Christine Nilsson for her generous exertions in favour of the Westminster Nurses Training School and Home, and that His Grace the Duke of Westminster, as the chairman of the committee, be requested, in acknowledging her cheque for £960 17s. 6d., to convey this expression of their gratitude."

June 23rd. "Westminster."

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S VALENTINE.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

Although Mdlle Tietjens has a sort of property in the *rôle* of Valentine (*Les Huguenots*), at Her Majesty's Opera, it has been the custom for a year or two past to put forward Madame Nilsson as an occasional representative of the hapless heroine. This was done again on Monday night, and, as usual, excited a great deal of interest among those who have marked the various stages of Madame Nilsson's progress as what is technically called a dramatic soprano. For reasons obvious enough, the part of Valentine has come to be regarded as the touchstone of aspirants to a certain position on the lyric stage. During many seasons Mdlle Tietjens, at the one house, and Madame Lucca at the other, held it as their own, unchallenged by rivals, since when, however, Madame Patti has added it to her varied *répertoire*, Madame Nilsson following in her steps. Why not? It is wholly a mistake to suppose that Valentine must needs have a representative of the robust school, for though one act makes great demands upon the artist's powers of endurance, they are not more, as we have often seen, than a woman of average, nay slight *physique*, can satisfy. Anyhow, we are glad to have experience now and then of the Valentine of Madame Patti, and not less pleased when, as on Monday night, we once more meet with that of Madame Nilsson. Respecting the general performances of *Les Huguenots* there is little need to speak at length. It was not a good performance, but rather one of those haphazard affairs to which Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre* seems condemned, in consequence, perhaps, of its own unmanageable greatness. * * * The star of the occasion—need it be said?—was Madame Nilsson, and she shone brilliantly enough to make up for whatever was deficient in the light of others. At no previous time has the Swedish artist so well asserted her genius, or her claim to assume the character of Meyerbeer's heroine. The embodiment stood forward definite as to conception, clear as to outline, and as to details most skilfully elaborate. During the scene of the conspiracy, every facial expression and movement was a study, revealing careful thought, with strict subordination to the general idea of the part. Madame Nilsson's Valentine is naturally gentle and affectionate, ill-fitted to move amid the scenes of a St Bartholomew; but firm as a rock and bold as a lioness when love controls the springs of action. The change, therefore, from the shrinking witness of the plot to the resolute heroine of the great scene with Raoul was most marked and impressive; while throughout the whole of that splendid *finale* Madame Nilsson showed consummate judgment and sense of climax. Abandoning herself, apparently, to the natural emotions of the situation, she never forgot the highest art, and it was almost with a sense of relief to strained nerves and over-excited feelings that the audience saw the curtain fall. A nobler performance—we say it emphatically—the lyric stage rarely shows. As Madame Nilsson sang not less well than she acted, it may be imagined how profuse were the audience in marks of sympathy and admiration. Call after call, amid ringing cheers from every part of the house, asserted the artist's triumph to be one of no ordinary character, as indeed it was. With the laurel of this great success upon her brow, Madame Nilsson, though she plays twice more in *Lohengrin*, took a formal farewell till next year.

MDLLE ALBANI left London at the end of the season, in order to fulfil a five weeks' engagement at Venice. She returns to England for the Norwich Festival in September, after which she joins the *troupe* of Sir J. Benedict, who intends to have an opera season in the provinces, lasting until Christmas.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

The opera concerts at the Albert Hall, which have been among the leading incidents of the now waning musical season, came to an end on Saturday afternoon last, and, like its predecessors, was entirely supported by the artists of Mr Mapleson's company. The first section of the programme had the independent distinction of being wholly confined to *morceaux* from *Lohengrin*, and though nothing of an operatic kind so ill bears transference from the stage to the concert-room as a work of this peculiar school, the specimens given were listened to, it may be presumed, with a natural deference by those who had not visited the theatre, and probably with a special interest, as being exemplifications of the new forms of dramatic music, which are to prevail in future—if the creed of Wagner is adopted. The extracts were the best, no doubt, that could have been chosen, and they could not possibly have been heard under more favourable circumstances, for, with but one exception, they were executed by the same principals who have been concerned in the work at Her Majesty's Opera—the same chorus singers and the same instrumentalists; and our readers well know with what exemplary perfection these various artists executed their superlatively difficult task upon the stage, and, consequently, how satisfactory would their efforts necessarily be in the Albert Hall. The selection consisted of the solo and chorus when Lohengrin comes in his boat drawn by the swan, and the effective quintet, "O sommo dio," from the first act; the duet between Ortrud and Elsa, and the chorus of nobles and retainers, from the second act; and the Bridal Chorus from the third. Little need is there to say how efficiently these several pieces were rendered. Mdme Tietjens, Signor Campanini, Signor Galassi, and Herr Behrens resumed, so to speak, their original characters, the only change being in that of Elsa, in which Madame Christine Nilsson was superseded by Mdlle Pernini, and it may be added with no material disadvantage to the general result. The *finale* to the first act was placed at the close of the selection, as being, probably, from its breadth and effectiveness, a more suitable climax to what had gone before than either of the other *finales*. The chorus singers discharged their multiplex and intractable duties with a precision and vigour that cannot be too highly praised; and the instrumentalists, too, under the direction of Mr W. G. Cusins, were entitled to a similar measure of approbation, for their close and masterly playing throughout, and notably of the introductions to the first and third acts—evincing an excellence, as in the case of the chorus singers, that could only come from the most intimate acquaintance with the strange and untoward characteristics of the music. This passing taste of *Lohengrin* gave, no doubt, some pleasure to the large and gaily dressed company assembled to hear it; but it could not but be observed that it touched but few sympathies, and that what applause was vouchsafed was reserved chiefly for the end, though what proportion of it was intended for the singers, and what for the music, must for ever remain unknown quantities. The second part of the programme awakened a more visible interest, much of it dealt with matters by no means cast in the Wagner mould. Madame Christine Nilsson, who had not before appeared, released the pent-up enthusiasm of the audience by her admirable executancy of Verdi's "Tacea la notte," and, subsequently, "Voi che sapete," in the former of which she was loudly encored, as was also the case in the inevitable and never-failing "Teco il serba," from *Il Talismano*, which she sang with Signor Campanini. Her great contemporary, Mdlle Tietjens, was called and recalled after her splendid performance of the waltz of Arditi; and in the course of the morning the accomplished Mdlle Varesi, who has now so deservedly become one of the public's best favourites, sang the bolero from the *Vespri Gicolvani* with her usual attractive skill. That the goatherd's song from *Dinorah* should be given by Mdme Trebelli-Bettini in a way that might fairly be termed faultless, would, doubtless, be conceded by every one who had the privilege of hearing her. No indistinct success, on the other hand, befell Signor Fancelli in Flotow's "M' appari," which he rendered with such remarkable taste and expression, with such unexpected excellence, in short, as to exact a determined mandate of repetition; and in the same sentence may be placed Signor Gillandi, in whose hands Mozart's effeminate *aria*, "Il mio tesoro," fared something more than prettily. Signor Catalani and Signor Castelmary were likewise in the programme, the one singing "Largo al factotum," the other the *aria* from *La Juive*, "Sa il rigor." The contributions of the orchestra to the miscellaneous act were Nicolai's overture to the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and Mendelssohn's *Wedding March*. D. W. H.

BRIGHTON.

(From a Correspondent).

We are now at the very antipodes of *the* season; yet this queen of watering-places is tolerably well filled with *people*, but not with *the* people; for though Brighton has two or three periods of the year when different classes of individuals resort to it, there is but one period which is styled *the season*. Consequently I have but little to report that will interest the readers of the *Musical World*. Those very clever mimics and exposers of some of the things needing to be held up to ridicule—the Wardropers—are here. The concerts at the Aquarium draw good audiences, and there is at present a singer of whom, if you have not already heard, you will doubtless hear in the course of the autumn. The *conoscenti* in this town speak loudly of the beauty and the freshness of her voice, her fine execution, and her musicianly skill, which is said to be *à merveille*. It is Miss Catherine Penna, and it is said that she has just come from the sunny south. But it must be something different from blue sky and clear atmosphere that makes a musician or a singer: it must be natural aptitude and good training, else all students from Italy would be artists. The air does not make a vocalist any more than good pens make a good writer. This reminds me of an anecdote almost good enough to belong to the category "*Se non è vero è ben trovato.*" I can vouch for its truth. A director of a public company, possessed of a clerk whose writing resembled "copper-plate," was looking over the ledger kept by the skilful individual, and, being wonderfully struck by the beauty of the writing, said, "Pray, Mr —— what pens do you use?" "Why, Sir," was the reply, "they are some I buy in Bermondsey, ten a penny." "Oh, indeed!—as it would be very inconvenient to me just now to go to Bermondsey, would you kindly give me a few of them?"

Leaving this digression, I ought to say that, having heard Miss Catherine Penna, I can fully endorse what the people say, and am of opinion that she is indebted less to climate than to natural aptitude for the unquestionable gifts that she possesses. Sir Michael Costa and Sir Julius Benedict have heard her, and, I have been given to understand, have both pronounced a very high estimate of her abilities.

We are looking forward here for the summer, which is very late in coming, or, if come, has very soon departed. Bathing-machine proprietors are not doing well; and boatmen stand about with their hands lost in the depths of their large trouser-pockets, and if asked why they stand idle, would, I am persuaded, plead an answer very well known,—"Because no man hath hired us." Nor, if this weather continue, is it very likely that they will have a prosperous season. People seem to prefer brisk walking, and, in some cases, a seat at the fireside with a novel in their hand, to water enjoyment, though it is the middle of July. One gentleman, wrapped in his great coat, a day or two since met a friend, and, to be relieved of a doubt he had in his mind, said—"Is this last winter or next winter?" "It's neither one nor the other," replied the friend, "it's *this* winter."

During my stay here I hope to be able to find topics for writing about more acceptable than that of the weather, and my only excuse for introducing the subject now is its seemingly perverse conduct: otherwise I fancy you would exclaim—"I've heard speak of the weather before." If, however, its perversity extend itself to the other side of the globe, and in consequence, or even in despite of it, induce a certain lady there, known as the "Empress of the Keys," to return from those regions, and to let us once more hear those *perfect strings of pearly-sounds*, the remembrance of which still hangs upon the sensitive ear like a "thing of beauty" which is a "joy for ever," I shall smile again, plunge into the "cold, cold sea" with delight, and make an inward vow (or "wow" as my German friend will persistently call it) never to object to the frolics of the weather again. A. B.

Old Ship Hotel, 14th July.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Mad. Mallinger has appeared at the Stadttheater as Rosa, in *Der Verschwender*.

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MUSICAL PRECOCITY.*

(*Continued from page* 471.)

The above cases of precocity are scarcely a tenth of those with which we have met in our studies, and which we might have cited. And who knows how many we have missed? How many, too, were missed by the historians and the writers whom we have consulted? †

Having established thus much, the conclusion to which we come is that: taken one by one, the cases of which we are treating cannot fail to excite our wonder, but that, when studied in history where we come across them at every page, and where they are nearly continuous, our wonder entirely ceases, and it does so to make way for a very different feeling.

With history in hand, then, what really surprises us is not the abundance and excellence of the natural tendencies, nor their precocious development, but the fact of their bearing such mediocre and meagre fruit, and of their finally resulting nearly always in nothing.

This is a most appropriate place for observing that anyone who studies the history of music is struck no less frequently and no less strongly by cases of an opposite kind, namely, cases in which he finds musicians, not simply capable and enjoying a fair reputation, but illustrious and truly great, princes of art, and, as they are called, geniuses, whose gifts and natural aptitude remained as though latent, all through their childhood and youth, and even longer.

Grétry, for instance, now considered one of the fathers of French comic opera, and whose works, *Richard, Zémire et Azor*, and *L'Ami de la Maison*, are universally esteemed masterpieces, entered as a boy the choir of the cathedral at Liége, and was sent away almost immediately, *as possessing no aptitude for the study of music*. When he entered Casali's school at Rome, some years afterwards, the same sentence was again pronounced on him.

A sentence in no way differing from this was that uttered by Rey on another prince of French comic opera, Berton, composer of *Aline, Françoise de Foix*, and *Montano et Stéphanie*.

Of Pietro Guglielmi (the father), when he was a pupil at the Conservatory of the Madonna di Loretto at Naples, it was said for some time by his fellow-students, and occasionally by some of his masters as well, that *he had the ears of an ass!* Yet Pietro Guglielmi, author of a hundred operas, of which forty, or more, were highly popular, was the competitor and emulator of Paisiello and Cimarosa.

In Beethoven, as a pupil and a boy, no sign or indication of natural aptitude at all unusual was perceived by Van der Eden, Neefa, Haydn, Salieri, or Albrechtsberger.

Besides Bérésowsy and Onslow, each of whom gained for himself a celebrated name, Rameau, Handel, and Gluck were slow in developing their talent. They were not the grand artists and composers whom we now so much admire until the appearance of works which they wrote at a mature age, Rameau, when he was forty-nine; Handel, when he was forty; and Gluck, when he was fifty-seven.

How shall we explain these anomalies and results, so contrary to all promises and expectations?

In our opinion (but we are ready to retract if proved to be wrong), they can be explained only in one manner, which is by putting forward the fact that, in order to judge a person's natural gifts and aptitude for music, we start, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, from an erroneous and superlatively false principle.

By the public (and as to the public, they are not so much to blame), by musicians, and even by teachers, by directors of Conservatories and schools, attention is paid only to the material and mechanical part of art. Of the other elements, which we will call æsthetic, people do not even speak.

To cultivate the art of music we all agree in considering that a good ear; a proper appreciation of rhythm; a quick and tenacious memory; and, according to the particular case, active hands, or a robust, well-sounding voice of extensive compass, are *absolutely necessary qualities*, and that, without them, no one can become anything, no matter what he may do, or how he may study.

But, when this has been said, recognized, and admitted, we must further say, recognize, and admit that all the above qualities put together do not possess the slightest artistic value unless they are accompanied, fertilized, and rendered valuable by the æsthetic faculties; by a noble and elevated mind; by a lively and just sentiment of the Beautiful; by warmth of feeling; by a fervid imagination; and by a fondness for poetry.

From our not noticing how different is the nature of the mechanical from that of the æsthetic faculties, and from our not troubling ourselves about the latter, while we foster the former, there results the exceedingly frequent appearance of precocious children, and, notwithstanding this, the continually increasing infertility of the schools; the scarcity, likewise continually on the increase, of real artists, and the crowd, so numerous and compact, so restless, so hurtful to art, and yet deserving our pity, of the unsuccessful, the mediocre, and the incapable.

We have gone through the twenty or thirty plans put forth, these last few years, for the re-organization and reform of our Conservatories, but we have never found a word nor a hint referring to the necessity of distinguishing one kind of aptitude from another. When their ear, their memory, their hands, and their voice have been tried, the candidates are admitted without more ado.

To convince ourselves of the artistic worthlessness of mechanical aptitude, when, as we have already said, it is alone, we need merely observe that it may very well be found, and that it actually is found—as proved by countless examples—in persons who are really born antagonistic to the muses; persons who do not feel, who do not understand, and who do not like either music or any other fine art—and that it may be, and is, found in persons devoid of the most common and vulgar mental gifts, and even, we are inclined to say, in idiots and cretins; such was the case with the Boy Tom, who was blind into the bargain, and who, some few years ago, created such a sensation in Paris, London, and the principal cities of America.*

There is, too, this fact to be added: in everything relating to musical *mechanism*, persons of mediocre and vulgar minds make frequently great and rapid progress, of which their masters are often as proud as they are. But, on observing closely, we find that all this great progress is due to the fact that their attention is not diverted by their own feelings and ideas, that they are not pre-occupied by inward aspirations, and that they feel always most certain of and contented with themselves, because they do not see and do not measure the height of art.

With persons possessing minds endowed with æsthetic faculties, things often take an opposite course. Such persons perceive the height of art; they feel its nobleness; they are perpetually agitated and moved by the visions of the imagination and of the heart; by the tumult of ideas and aspirations; they endeavour, not to copy or imitate, but to make evident, to bring out, and to render in notes what they feel within their own breast. It is easy to understand that, with such a state of things, purely mechanical processes are found to be tiresome, nay, sometimes insupportable or even odious.

To this and this alone must be attributed, according to our view of the subject, the cases of tardy development cited above.

G. A. Biaggi.

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* From the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano*.

† If we consider the question carefully, we shall find that the abominable traffic in boys from Calabria and the Abruzzi, which, during recent times, so moved the civilized world, and is now said to have ceased, had, as its starting point, the precocious development of the musical faculties. The poor boys knew nothing of music or of anything else; but they possessed ears; they tuned their rude instruments most admirably; their fingers displayed great agility; they duly observed measure and rhythm; and, when they sang, they sang in tune, and phrased agreeably.

* The Boy Tom, there is no doubt, after hearing a cabaletta, a polka, or a mazurka only once, could repeat it without making a mistake in a single note, either of the melody or of the accompaniment. But the instinct of imitating and repeating all he heard was in him so powerful, while his reason was so limited and weak that, for instance, it was utterly impossible to make him comprehend that, in theatres and concert-rooms, though he was to repeat the music played over to him, he was not to repeat the applause with which the public rewarded him after he had done so. This he could never understand. No sooner had he left off playing, than he arose from the piano, clapping his hands, stamping, and shouting: "Bravo," like the public.

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"CANTILENA ROLANDI," "CHANSON ROLAND," "ROLAND'S SONG."

One of the most celebrated songs recounting the glorious exploits of an ancient hero, and which maintained its popularity for a lengthened period, namely, during the time of Charles the Great, and long after his death was the so-called "Roland's Song," "Chanson Roland," "Cantilena Rolandi."

It is not exactly known who Roland was, because his narrative was often selected as a subject for poets of his epoch and mixed up with so many fables, that we are not able to separate the fiction from the truth. But this much we know of him, that he was a valiant hero, one of Charlemagne's captains, and renowned for his warlike exploits. This is confirmed by many historical circumstances of which we entertain no doubt. The song we give an account of was made upon this hero when he, with his companions in arms, were slain in the valleys of Ronceval. Many are of opinion that Charlemagne was himself the composer of this song; but, whoever it may have been, of this we are assured, that this song was a favourite with many nations and supplanted all others which were sung at that epoch; like the "Marseillaise," at a later period, in France.

The Roland's song stood in such high estimation, that it was considered one of the greatest honours if a warrior were chosen to sing it before an army previous to the commencement of the battle. Du Conge, in his "Glossarium med. et inf. Latinit. voc Cantilena Rolandi," gives us the following citations. The first is taken from an old romance by Wace, named "Rou d'Angleterre," from which we learn that a "Nobleman of Normandy, Taillefer," sang this song with such force and energy at the battle of Hastings, that he created a general impression and an enthusiasm throughout the whole army, and William the Conquerer, as a reward for his spirited performance, honoured him with permission to make the first attack upon the enemy. The following is the description in French verse:—

Taillefer qui moult bien chantoit,
Sus un cheval qui tost alloit,
Devant eus alloit chantant,
De l'Allemangue et de Rollant,
Et d'Olivier, et de Vassaux,
Qui moururent en Rainschevaux.

The second citation is from William of Malmesbury's "De gestis regum Anglorum," and is as follows:—

Tunc Cantilena Rolandi inchoata, ut Martium viri exemplum pugnatores accenderet, inclamataque Dei auxilis, praelium consertum, bellatumque acriter. Lib. 3, at annum 1066.

The next citation of Du Cange, taken from Hector Boethius "Hist. Scotor.," Lib. 15, will show how long the Song of Roland has been popular.

King John of France, who was unfortunate in war, and made a prisoner at Poitiers, in 1356, reproached his soldiers for singing the song, as there were no Rolands in existence. One of his soldiers gave him this spirited answer: "If there were only a Charlemagne upon the throne, there would be no lack of Rolands to fight his battles." The Latin text is as follows:—

"Soanni Francorum Regi conquerenti, nullos modo se Rolandos out Gavinos reperire, unos ex majoribus cajus aliquando virtus in juventa clamerat, respondit: non defuturos Rolandos, si at sint Caroli."

Notwithstanding Roland's Song was sung until the middle of the 14th century, as we have shown, it has not been preserved to the present time. The Marquis de Paulmy has discovered relics of it in some old romances, which he has collected and embellished, and also composed new strophes, imitating the style in which they were written, and has presented us with such a beautiful piece of poetry, that, should the ancient Roland Song have resembled his, we cannot be astonished at the enormous effect it created at that time. Count Tressau, another nobleman, also searched for some remains of this song, but not the least trace could he meet with. He thought that, perhaps, he might get some information from the peasantry in the Pyrenean Mountains, as Roland must have died there—so Turpin relates, in his mythical accounts of him. However, the Song of Roland has been composed after his death, to memorize his grand deeds, and has been sung by soldiers all over Europe, so that we cannot find any reason why this song should have been preserved longer on the Pyrenean mountains than anywhere else. But Count Tressau declares that he received some remnants of this song from the Marquis Viviers Lansac, which family held estates in the Pyrenean Mountains over 600 years. A portion of the original song, which was sung by the mountaineers, and translated into modern French, is as follows:—

O Roland! honneur de la France,
Qui par toi mon bras soit vainquer!
Dirige le fer de ma lance
A percer le front, ou le cœur
Du fier ennemi qui s'avance.
Que son sang coulant a grand flots
De ces flancs, ou de sa visiere,
Bouillone encore sur sa poussiere,
En baignant les pieds des chevaux.

These fragments may be considered very beautiful, but they are only relics from which the Marquis de Paulmy has formed his more recent Song of Roland. His poetry is in reality sublime, and we doubt whether the old and lost one could have been more effective, more powerful, or more instructive to the soldier. We give it to its fullest extent. The melody is very fine, and conveys to us the superiority of the ballad-music of the fourteenth century, but we are unable to name the composer notwithstanding our minutest researches.*

CHANSON ROLAND.

Soldats François, chanton Roland,
De son pays il fut la Gloire,
Le nom d'un Guerrier si vaillant
Est le signal de la victoire,
Roland etant petit Garçon,
Faisoit souvent pleurer sa mere:
Il etoit vif et polison—
Tant mieux disoit Monsieur son père—
A la force il joint la valeur,
Nous en feront un militair.
Mauvais tête avec bon cœur,
C'est pour reussir à la guerre.
Soldats François, &c.

Le père pensoit justement,
Cas dès que Roland fut en age,
On vit avec etonnement
Briller sa force et son courage;
Perçant escadrons, battaillons,
Renversant tout dans la melée,
Il faisoit tourner les talons,
Lui tout seul a tout une armée.
Soldats François, &c.

Dans le combat particulier,
Il n'etoit pas moins redoutable,
Qu'on fut geant, qu'on fut forcier,
Que l'on fut monstre, ou que l'on fut
Rien jamais n'arretoit son bras, [diable.
Il se battoit toujours sans crainte,
Et s'il ne donnoit le trepas,
Il portoit quelque rude atteinte.
Soldats François, &c.

Quand il falloit donner l'assaut,
Lui même il appliquoit l'echelle;
Il etoit le premier en haut,
Amis, prenez le pour modèle.
Il passoit la nuit au bivac,
L'esprit gaillard, l'ame contente;
Ou dormoit sous un avresac,
Mieux qu'un general sous sa tente.
Soldats François, &c.

Pour l'ennemi qui resistoit
Reservant toute son audace,
A celui qui se soumettoit
Il accordoit toujours sa grace.
L'humanité dans son grand cœur
Renaissoit, apres la victoire;
Et le soir même le vanqueur
A vaincu proposoit à boire.
Soldats François, &c.

Quant on lui demandoit pourquoi
Les François etoient en campagne,
Il repondit de bon foi,
C'est par l'ordre de Charlemagne
Ses ministres, ses favoris
Ont raisonné sur cette affaire;
Pour nous, battons ses ennemis,
C'est ce que nous avons a faire,
Soldats François, &c.

Roland vivoit en bon Chretien,
Il entendoit souvent la messe,
Donnoit aux pauvres de son bien
Et même il alloit au confesse;
Mais de son confesseur *Turpin*
Il tenoit que c'est œuvre pie
De battre, et de mener grand train
Les ennemis de sa patrie.
Soldats François, &c.

Roland à la table etoit charmant,
Buvoit du vin avec delice
Mais il en usoit sobrement
Les jours de garde et d'exercice;
Pour le service il observoit
De conserver sa tête entiere,
Ne buvant que quand il n'avoit
Ce jour-la rienmieux a faire.
Soldats François, &c.

Il corrigeoit avec rigeur
Tous ceux qui lui cherchoient querelle,
Bon camerade, ami fidèle:
L'ennemie seul dans les combats
Trembloit, voyant briller sa lance,
Et pour le dernier des Soldats
Il se seroit mis dans la flamme.
Soldats François, &c.

Roland amoit le cotillon
"On ne peu guere s'en defendre":
Et pour une reine, dit-on,
Il eut le cœur un peu trop tendre:
Elle l'abandonne un bon jour
Et lui fait tourner la cervelle:
Aux combats, mais non en amour:
Que Roland soit notre modèle.
Soldats François, &c.

Roland fut d'abord officier,
Car il etoit bon gentilhomme;
Il eut un regiment entier
De son oncle, Empreur de Rome.
Il fut Comte, il fut General,
Mais vivant comme à la chambrée
Il traitoit de frere, et d'égal
Chaque brave homme de l'armée.
Soldats François, &c.

DR FERDINAND RAHLES,
Professor of and Lecturer on Music.
Malvern House, Grove Street Road, South Hackney, June, 1875.

* The melody of this song, to which Sir Henry Bishop has composed an accompaniment for the pianoforte, was published many years ago by Lonsdale. Dr Rahles has lately again harmonized this fine melody, and will with pleasure forward a manuscript copy, on application, to those who take interest in it.

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THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS.

On Monday, the 12th inst., a farewell meeting was held in the Mildmay Hall, North London, avowedly convened for the purpose, after "praise and thanksgiving," of receiving from any minister of religion, either orally or by letter, "testimony to blessings received either by himself or his congregation during the time Mr Moody has been in Great Britain." In other words, Mr Moody, having come to revive religion in England, wished to know how far he had succeeded. It will be observed that only those ministers who could give evidence in favour of the revival were invited. The gathering, however, was significant both as a summing-up of results and as showing with what tact Mr Moody can drive the nail home. Some men would have considered their work finished with the meetings which came to an end last week. Mr Moody has a keener insight into the fitness of things. He must not only himself be satisfied of his success; he must leave it on the record of the Churches, and from the mouths of their ministers, that his satisfaction was no chimera, but an attested fact. His shrewdness, or foresight, or whatever we may call it, was fully justified by the meeting. The hall was crowded in every part, and the audience (about 1,500 in all) comprised, perhaps, about 300 ministers of religion, who in the main seemed friends, and many of whom were demonstrative admirers of the revivalists. Mr Moody himself was altogether quiet and undemonstrative. He opened the meeting by stating that during four months of incessant work in London they had not had one accident, nor had any of the workers in the revival suffered in health. For this great mercy and for all other mercies let the glory, he said, be given to God. He begged the speakers who followed him to remember this, and say as little as possible of human agency.

The Chairman of the London Committee told a wonderful story in a like undemonstrative manner. The Committee, he said, had been formed months ago to prepare the way for Mr Moody. It was composed of members of many different Churches, and its arrangements had included such gigantic operations as the building of two new halls (in Camberwell and Bow), besides the renting of the Agricultural Hall and the Opera House. Yet the money had flowed in as fast as they wanted it, and, more extraordinary still, they never had had one instance of difference of opinion, nor even the necessity of taking a vote, as to their operations. There had been not merely peace, but actual unanimity on all points. Choirs (think of choirs never disputing), stewards, ministers, every one concerned had been cordial and kind and had worked for unity. The members of the Committee never had asked each other as to their respective Churches; in fact, they knew nothing of Churches, but simply aimed to make the people acquainted with Christ. An aged minister from Glasgow (Mr or Dr Potter as we caught the name) testified to the Revival in Scotland, and especially in Glasgow. It was calculated, he said, that not fewer than 7,000 persons had been gathered into the Churches of that city within a year, and he reminded his hearers that in Scotland, unlike England, they had a certain way of testing their figures in these particulars by referring to the very names of the new admissions to their Churches. There was no doubt whatever among the ministers whom he represented that the figures he had given did not exaggerate the fact. As many as a hundred persons had been added to his own congregation, and now they had preaching tents all over Glasgow and daily conversions in such numbers that next year they would, he trusted, be able to show still greater results. They secured unity, not by talking about union, but simply by asking no questions about differences. A clergyman (Mr Billings), from the South of London, spoke in glowing terms of what the revival had done in his parish, and of the pleasure he had enjoyed in welcoming and working with the revivalists. Hundreds had been added to the South London Churches, and he heartily endorsed all that had been said as to the value of merging minor differences to carry out the one simple aim which had been set before them by Mr Moody. A Baptist minister, Mr Brown (a student from Mr Spurgeon's College, we believe), gave like testimony as to Stepney. Religious stagnation had been swept away. Prayers such as some months ago no one ever heard at the East-end of London were now common. The people even rose early to attend worship. Bow Road at 6 o'clock in the morning was now worth seeing. In fact, Mr Moody and Mr Sankey had shown that, after all these centuries and with all that modern times could produce, there was still no attraction like the gospel of Christ preached in simplicity and with directness of purpose, and resting on a personal Christ. No philosophy ever had reached the masses as this gospel was now reaching the East-end masses in London.

(To be continued.)

PENNY READINGS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

What ingenious torturer of the musical portion of mankind was first struck with the thought of inflicting upon a confiding public that purgatorial species of entertainment denominated "Penny Readings?"—and why, having conceived the idea, did not the inventor thereof hide the terrible suggestion in the most secret recesses of his own bosom? But no, it is broached; and the epidemic spreads with lightning rapidity.

We enter a room in which one of these delectable evenings is being spent, and behold six or eight persons, male and female, perched upon a kind of platform, looking as uncomfortable and out of place as possible. An elderly gentleman is muttering something in a muffled monotone, inaudible to any but a few occupying the front row of seats; and even these do not appear to be in the entranced condition usual upon such occasions. This elocutionist now retires, and is succeeded by a young lady, who bends in recognition of the applause which greets her, and in a soprano that might have reduced an infuriated cockatoo to quiescence, proceeds to inform the listeners that "It was a dream." From her agonized expression we can only infer that the vision bore a close resemblance to nightmare. Having concluded with a scream, she regains her seat, and is succeeded by two other ladies, who knock the overture to *Semiramide* out of time, until, at length, the approbation of the audience proclaims them victorious. A youth in a bright blue tie now favours the assembly with an imitation of some popular "comique;"—but we can stand no more, and rush from the place with the determination never to attend another "penny performance," fervently hoping that the "kismet" of the originator may be a succession of them upon the brain.

WESTON S. JACKSON.

AUS HALNEY COTCH.

(By a Confirmed Maniac.)

Dr Johnson, who was connected with *The Rambler* (or was *The Rambler* connected with Dr J.?), said things, concerning other things, the like of which has not been yet; or peradventure, fortuitously, will be. But not a word either in Dr Johnson's outpourings of Balfe or *Il Talismano*. But we digress. Johannes, of Bristol, was enamoured of Phenicopters (or Phœnicopters, or Phenœcopters, as the case may be, the occasion providing), as men are of that which is beyond their grasp. Natheless, for numismatic considerations, J. of B. affected the fullest knowledge of, and acquaintance with, the plumed two-stalker. But more of this subsequently. Will Mefisto answer?

And still another Johannes, of the Castle, Edinburgh—perennially and pluvially under a cloud with silver (and copper, though rarely gold) lining—of whom Pantagruel spake well, and 's hand be-shook. Though Rabelais be no more, yet Pan. lives free, and Panurge, too, for the matter of that, of which no matter.

But to resume:—A dog has a long tail—provided the fates have been gracious and knives be-blunted. This acknowledged, *ergo*—or *argal*, as Bill Shak. was wont to say, in his antic mood (O! Rainbow Tavern!)—every dog has a fine tail, if not otherwise apportioned by destiny. Wagner, who is no dog, and, therefore, points not our remarks, has a long tale about the Future of music. Salvini, who barks not, has an elongated narrative about the present of the drama.

Here we hasten to revert to J. S. Bach, who put the Clavier in a Good Temper, was no Good Templar (as Lionelius Broughius would, or would not, remark, according to events, or elsewise); Handel goes down to posterity without a handle to his name; Arthur Sullivan wakes sweet i' the ear, and gives us pretty music. For whom (and which) "Silence in the court!" Is not Mefisto bestaggered?

PHITTHILL-THE-RIG.

[The writer of the foregoing was evidently *in vino*, when with pen in hand, and must be understood *cum grano*—without salt.—A.S.S.]

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PIERSON'S *JERUSALEM*.

By Amicus Patriæ (1852).

(*Continued from page* 491.)

There are in the oratorio forty-seven numbers, as they are technically called, twenty-one of which are choral, one quintet, one duettino, two terzettos, five ariosos, two plain recitatives, and eighteen songs or arie. These, with the overture and a symphony expressive of the march of the Roman army against Jerusalem, make up the total. The larger proportion, by far, are choruses or solos, by which it is inferred that the composer prefers to wield the force of his whole orchestra, or to make use of the one obedient organ; which is tantamount to saying that he makes his effects, with the greatest willingness, *simple* and *broad*. So it is. Not, I would explain, that his simplicity is that of leaving to a beautiful voice a canvass to paint upon, or his breadth mere body of sound. Without any real disparagement of *executive* art, Mr Pierson considers voices merely as a part, though the superior part, of the one vast power by which he declares his conceptions to the world as a *creative* artist, and they are as plastic in his hands as are the stringed and metal subordinates of his orchestra. I much question whether a single note of ornament, comparatively, can be introduced into his music without such a violation of good taste, as few singers would hazard; but what is far better, his songs, in common parlance, *sing themselves*. An anecdote will illustrate this. At one of the private parties given in this city for the purpose of trying portions of the *Jerusalem*, a desire was expressed that the soprano air, "Ho! ho! come forth," should be gone through. After a pause of doubt as to who would attempt the performance of this very peculiar song, a little fellow who is educating for musical purposes, said very modestly to the composer—"Sir, if you like, I think I could sing it if you would let me try it." "Indeed!" was the reply, "then I should like to hear it very much." The air was sung without failure of a note; all its fresh resonant beauty came forth in the young voice; the effect upon the adult hearers was perfect. Thus the child had interpreted the man without effort, without preparation, and nothing could afford a more complete proof of the adaptation of the music to its purpose. Such is the character of all the solos without reserve. Difficulty is certainly rather courted than shunned, simply for this reason, that Mr Pierson sees and feels everything regarding music in a strong light, and never allows a supposition of inadequacy as to means to cross his mind; a free use of chromatic intervals, unexpected modulations, and wide reaching distances, marks his style, but these effect his purpose—they *say* and *sing* what he wishes, and this is all he requires. But it is not all he does; some of the most exquisite melodies will be found in the *Jerusalem* that ever flowed from the heart of a Poet of Sound.* A blind musician, known to the writer, once listened to a beautiful strain from one of the old masters with which he was newly made acquainted. "To that," said the old man, devoutly folding his hands, "to that I can say my prayers." I feel sure that many will repeat this in their hearts as they listen to the recitative and solo for the tenor and soprano in the third part, beginning "What are these arrayed in white robes?" it is by such efforts that art proves its best power—the power to "purify our affections." The tenor air, "For a small moment have I forsaken thee," partakes largely of the same character, and those for the bass, "Woe to Ariel! the city where David dwelt," and "I saw a great white throne," are effective in a manner that it is scarcely possible to describe, without the aid of the musical colours that make them palpable. Among the *ariose*, one which peculiarly brings out the distinctions of Mr Pierson's style, is that for the soprano in the second part, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help," and perhaps beyond anything else in the work does the setting of this deeply yet simply dramatic sentence prove that he acknowledges *poetry to be the foundation of all art*. Its grandeur, its stately reproach—from the remarkable boldness of the distances used—is most impressive, and the heart-appealing change that is effected by the simple transition from a minor to a major key, seems like the relief of tears after sorrow and suffering have long dried their fountains. Mr Pierson has composed much, in his short career, for the stage, and it is alike an evidence of his fine taste and strong will, that such a temptation as the powerful contrast contained in these words afford, should have been so entirely resisted.

(*To be continued.*)

* Tondichter. German.

COME BACK, MY LOVE.

(*Copyright.*)

Come back, my love, come back to me,—
Oh! would I had a carrier dove
To take this message o'er the sea,
And homewards hasten my true love.
Come back, my love, come back to me;
Oh! with my pray'r, sweet love, comply,
And hasten home from o'er the sea,
Before I break my heart, and die.
For I would have my dear one nigh,
To say, "Farewell, my love, good bye.
Forgive me, love, farewell, good bye."

I vow'd, when we were forc'd to part,
That I should ever faithful be,
And sacred keep my hand and heart,
Until you claim'd, or set me free.
But now my father, mother, too,
And, still more strange, your sister Kate,
Would have me, love, prove false to you,
Forget and leave you to your fate;
To break your heart, perhaps, and die,
And never hear me say, "Good bye.
Forgive me, love, farewell, good bye."

They say *he's* rich, and fond of me;
That *you* are poor; if this be true,
The greater, then, your need must be
That I should keep my heart for you.
The rich man does not need my heart;
'Tis no great prize, but wealth can't buy;
'Twas pledg'd to *you* when we did part,
And yours it shall be till I die.
Come back, my love, the hour is nigh,
When I must say, "Farewell, good bye.
Forgive me, love, farewell, good bye."

Edmund Falconer.

YORK MINSTER ORGAN.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Sir,—Will you permit me to correct an error which appeared in the letter signed "Palmam qui meruit ferat." Referring to the "electors," mentioned by the musical man of ****, I stated that "there was no one present at any of the organ performances who *was* qualified to act as umpire." The public have been solicited by the Dean to subscribe for the renovation of the **** organ; but *what* renovation is required, or who is to have such an important task, is not stated. £1,200 or £1,500 was asked for, and, I believe, is already subscribed by all classes, without knowing how the money is to be expended. With such liberal, easily-pleased friends, well may the Dean and Chapter have all their own way. Your correspondent, "Musicus," is quite right as to what an organist ought to be. In the Church of the Madeleine, of Paris, in Cologne Cathedral, in St Gudule, Brussels, &c., &c., their are choir-directors, who have all the drilling of the choir, the organist having his own department to himself. I ask, in the name of common sense—Why spend thousands on the organ, when the talent of the performer is of secondary importance? I should have thought some one with a world-wide fame ought to have filled the organ seat of **** *******. We have as fine organists in England as you can hear anywhere; need I mention such men as Weasley, Hopkins, G. Cooper, Rogers, Best, McKorkill, Chipp, Rea, Monk, &c.? These are not men of mere Cathedral routine. Let any one read the anthems and services of Wesley, poor Walmesley (late of Cambridge), Hopkins (of the Temple)—such men as these the wiseacres of **** and other cathedrals would employ in drilling their half-dozen choir-boys and decrepid "lay vicars;" yea, and even subject them to be examined for appointment by some influential canon's wife! This really did happen once upon a time. I must now leave this subject in the hands of the profession, in the hope that they will so influence public opinion that they may have justice even from the dignitaries of the Church of England. Yours truly,

Palmam qui meruit ferat.

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VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

The oft-mooted plan of combining the resources of the Burgtheater and those of the Royal Operahouse in a series of special performances is at length destined to become an established fact. The two managers, Herren Dingelstädt and Jauner, have agreed on producing, next winter, Sophocles' *Antigone* and *Œdipus in Colonos*, with Mendelssohn's music, the artists being taken from both houses, and the pieces being mounted in strict accordance with the Greek model. These pieces are to be followed by Shakspere's *Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and others.

It is reported that, in consideration of the gracious reception accorded him in high places, and the marks of favour showered on him during his recent stay in this capital, Verdi has promised the Emperor of Austria that he will compose a grand work to be first represented at the Imperial Operahouse. The *Neue Freie Presse* says this report is unfounded, and that Verdi has merely promised to come next season and conduct the first performance of *Don Carlos*. D.

A SILVER WEDDING.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Silver Wedding—celebrated on the 2nd inst.—of our *Capellmeister*, Herr Carl Krebs and his wife, Mad. Krebs, formerly Madlle Aloyee Michalesi, afforded a most convincing proof of the lasting affection and high esteem entertained for them both here and elsewhere. While the leading notabilities in art, and members of all classes in Dresden, came forward to congratulate the amiable couple, and overwhelm them with absolute floral mountains of the most magnificent bouquets, Hamburgh, where their praiseworthy efforts are unforgotten, was represented by rich presents. We may especially mention a silver salver with tankards, the profusely decorated lids of the latter having engraved on them the names of the operas in which Mad. Krebs established her fame, and which her husband conducted. In addition to these there were the beginnings of songs, and themes from masses, cantatas, etc., of Herr Krebs's composition—a gift as significant as it was costly. On the salver is the inscription: "To the universally celebrated Pair, in honour of their Silver Wedding, etc., from Friends and Admirers in Hamburgh." Telegrams and letters were received from the musical centres of Germany. The press, too, which honours in Herr Krebs a man of determined character as well as a highly gifted and amiable artist of the old stamp, while it unfortunately is compelled to admit, that the place of Mad. Krebs has not yet been, and, probably, will not be, for some time to come, filled up here, offered its congratulations. The Royal Chapel sent a particularly flattering letter to Herr Krebs, while the vases, salvers, flower-tables, albums, and silver wreaths, interwoven with gold leaves, in anticipation of the Golden Wedding, were so numerous that they could scarcely be counted. The good-humoured, unconstrained tone usual in the Krebs family reigned, also, on the present occasion, and the wonderfully fagrant bowl of fresh pine-apple punch, brewed by the hand of the *Capellmeister* himself, proved that in this respect, as in others, the author of so many beautiful songs is no novice. The inmates of the house speak in terms of rapture of a morning greeting offered by Herr Hühler, with the celebrated horn quartet of the Royal Chapel, together with the members of the Chorus at the Theatre Royal, under the direction of Tempesta. Mary Krebs, who brought her parents the most welcome congratulations from London—in the shape of the renewed expression on the part of the most competent judges of her talent—might, perchance, have been prevailed on to give the guests a few chords on the piano; but where was the piano? where was the sofa? where were the tables and the chairs? The apartment kept getting more and more crowded with flowers and beautiful women, and ——well, the piano may have been hidden beneath yonder heap of lilies and roses, but we cannot see it, and is is time to shake the respected couple by the hand, with every good wish for their welfare, bearing in mind the saying: "He who sows love cannot reap hatred, for love strikes deeper root than hatred can ever strike."

Dresden, July 6.

COPENHAGEN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Danish papers frequently contain articles upon "the Copenhagen which is disappearing," and they find ample materials for reflection in the grand transformations now being effected in the town itself and the suburbs, by the opening of new thoroughfares, the demolition of old buildings, and the erection of new ones. The last well-known edifice about to disappear is the theatre in the Westabro suburb. It was built no further back than 1830. In 1837 it was occupied by a German operatic company, whose performances were largely patronized by the more refined portion of the public. The principal member of the company was a tenor, of the name of Georg Seest, still living, there is reason to believe, in the town of Schleswig. The site of the theatre has, within the last ten years, so increased in value as to be now worth a fabulous amount; yet, when it was at first put up for sale, no one bade for it.

F. W. S.

"'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Mr Brinley Richards, in a letter which appears in your last number, relative to the above melody being an ancient Irish one, gives as his authority Mrs S. C. Hall. We might as well accept her fairy legends, and fabulous tracts and stories of the Irish peasantry, as historic facts, as to imagine she is any authority on the ancient music of Ireland. The melody was written, at the latter part of the last century, to an Anglo-Irish burlesque song, called "Castle Hyde," in a style anything but characteristic of the ancient Irish music. The absurdity of the words, so unfitted to the beautiful melody, induced Richard Adare Millikin to write "The Groves of Blarney," which soon rivalled its predecessor, "Castle Hyde," and continued long a favourite. Sir John Stevenson pointed out to Thomas Moore the beauty of the melody. Moore wrote his words to it, cutting out a portion of the melody to suit the ballad-mongers of the time. Neither Mrs S. C. Hall nor Mr Brinley Richards can point out any copy of the air earlier than Millikin's "Groves of Blarney." Moore's words popularized it, whilst Millikin's Anglo-Irish are now hardly, if ever, heard. The Village Bard, who wrote and composed "Castle Hyde"—Brian Tierney, a chimney-sweeper—was turned out of "Castle Hyde," by order of the master, and the watch-dogs set at him, for stringing together such words as the following:—

"'Tis there is handy,
Both beer and brandy,
With sugar-candy," &c.

Mr Tierney—whose practice it was to make songs upon the various gentlemen's houses, the chimneys of which he swept, and all to the same melody—celebrated the bounty of a family residing at Uskean, Tipperary, to the air on which "'Tis the last rose" is founded:—

"The thread of hope
Becomes a rope
Within the scope
Of Uskean's shade."

At the singing and recital of the Bard's poem and song, Father Tom McCormick, finding fault with the construction of a sentence, was settled by the following reply of the chimney-sweeper:—

"What is grammer?
I say, damn her."

Brian Tierney died in 1809, in his ninetieth year, and is buried in the country church-yard of Coolamore. His name is found on a small tombstone, where he is described, in the Irish language, as a worthy man, a bard, and a chimney-sweeper. Such was he who composed the melody of "'Tis the last rose of summer." Mr B. Richards is a good authority on the music of his native land, and great on the history of the "Scottish Snap," and the old story extracted from Burney and Hawkins' histories of music, of how Scotch tunes were manufactured from the scale of the black keys on the pianoforte, all of which he delivers and makes interesting to his Welsh auditors; but, when touching on the ancient music of Ireland, he had better be coached up in Walker's "Irish Bards," Hardman's "Minstrelsy," and other works.

A Visitor at Mr B. Richards' last Lecture on National Music.

Moscow.—Mad. Artôt and Señor Padilla are engaged for next season at the Imperial Italian Opera.

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BENEFIT OF MDLLE TIETJENS.

Last night it was the turn of Mdlle Tietjens to meet her friends, who, we are sorry to say, did not crowd the house, as they should have done. This result, however, must not be explained by referring to a supposed indifference of the public about a great artist and faithful servant. Rather is it to be accounted for by a decidedly unfortunate choice of opera. That Mdlle Tietjens wears the mantle of Grisi, when she plays the terrible Duchess of Ferrara, is true enough; but she has done it so often, and Donizetti's music has become so hackneyed, to say nothing of its undramatic character—a fault which amateurs are becoming more and more able to appreciate—that *Lucrezia Borgia* appealed neither to curiosity nor taste. None the less, however, did those who looked only to a display of vocal and dramatic power on the part of the *bénéficiaire* enjoy the performance. Mdlle Tietjens was grander than ever in her part, more terrible in her revenge, more pathetic in her grief. We need not dwell upon the great features of her performance, hastening to say rather that the audience, mindful, perhaps, of the fact that she is about to leave us for a time, were demonstrative in the highest degree. At the close of each act Mdlle Tietjens had again and again to come forward, amid a rain of flowers, laurel wreaths, and other appropriate offerings. No "ovation" could have been more satisfactory, and, without doubt, none was ever more deserved. The other leading parts were sustained by Mdlle Trebelli (Maffio Orsini), Signor Fancelli (Gennaro,) and Herr Behrens (the Duke Alphonso.)—*Daily Telegraph, July* 21.

GAIETY THEATRE.

The performances of French comic opera came to an end last night, with a concert and the *Fille du Regiment* of Donizetti. A series of English operatic performances, under the direction of Miss Blanche Cole, will commence on Saturday next.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Si j'étais Roi! Robert le Diable, La Favorite, La Juive, La Dame Blanche, Lucie de Lammermoor, Haydée, Le Chalet, Les Noces de Jeanette, and the comedy, *Le Serment d'Horace*, have been placed on the boards of the Salle Monsigny by M. Lemaitre. His *troupe* of artists seem to have taken heart, and do not find that the public who frequent the theatre at Boulogne are so difficult to please after all. M. Charelli, who appeared in the *rôles* of Zephoris in *Si j'étais Roi!* Leopold in *La Juive*, and Georges in *La Dame Blanche*, met, as usual, with hearty applause. M. Rohani is a "robust tenor:" he is *fort* in every way, an enormous man, with an enormous voice, of good compass, but with a metallic quality decidedly not pleasant. Mdme Soustelle, who played Rachel in *La Juive*, and Léonore in *La Favorite*, possesses a good soprano voice, but does not understand how to use it. Mdlle Emma Nelly—1re *chanteuse légère*—has had a great deal to do since she joined the *troupe*, and we begin to appreciate her neat acting and her charming voice. Her Jeanette in *Les Noces de Jeanette*, and Eudoxie in *La Juive*, alike give satisfaction. M. Desuiten (bass) and M. Rey (baritone) also win approbation. Under the auspices of M. le Maire, the subscriptions for the "inundated" had, on Monday, reached the total of 38,000 fr. At a recent performance in the theatre a subscription was made; and, in less than ten minutes, 311 francs 60 cents was collected. The receipt at the doors was over 800 francs.—X. T. R.

A concert takes place on Friday, July 30, at the Etablissement des Bains, with Sinico, Demeric-Lablache, Campobello, and Bettini. The programme is good; and I advise all amateurs of good music, now the London season is over, to stay a few days in the queen of French watering places, on their way to Germany or the Alps. If Alpine or watering aspirants will linger among the hills and valleys of Boulogne, and patronize the concert on Aug. 9th, got up by Mdlle C. Patti and M. C. Ritter, I do not think they will regret their stay here. Many *fêtes* are being organized; one for the inauguration of the Skating Rink, to take place in the first week in August. Of course there is a concert, at which I have no doubt the "Skating Rink Polka"—yesterday in a conspicuous position at a music publisher's window—will be played. Opera always the same. Concerts at Etablissement also.

July 20, 1875. X. T. R.

WAIFS.

Tamberlik is in Paris.

Faure left London for Paris on Sunday.

Mr John Boosey and Mr W. Duncan Davison are in Paris.

Mr Santley and Mr Charles Lyall have gone to the Lago Maggiore.

Mr Lovell Phillips has returned to England, after two years at Lisbon.

Sig. Salvini has returned to Italy—crowned with laurels, never more nobly earned.

Mr Josiah Pittman, of the Royal Italian Opera, has gone to Venice, with Mdlle Emma Albani.

Mr Ashdown, of the esteemed firm of Ashdown and Parry, Hanover Square, has returned from a tour through the United States and Canada.

Mdlle Marguerite Chapuy left London for Paris on Monday. Her success in London has been so great that she will doubtless visit us next season.

Mdlle Zaré Thalberg has gone to Barcelona, with Señor and Mad d'Abella (Mad. Angri of old times). She comes back (happily) to England for Mr Gye's tour, with Mdlle Albani.

MUNICH.—The Theatre Royal is closed till the 1st August.

MANNHEIM.—The eighth musical festival of the Lower Rhine came off here on the 4th and 5th inst. The principal works in the programme were Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, the second part of Schumann's *Faust*, and the Ninth Symphony. The performers numbered 940, of whom 140 were in the orchestra, and 800 in the chorus.

ST PETERSBURGH.—M. Cronier, the manager of several theatres in the French provinces, is at present endeavouring to obtain permission to erect a Théâtre Comique. As he is highly recommended, it is supposed he will be successful. A petition from the German inhabitants to build a German theatre in the Wassili-Ostrowosch Quarter has, on the contrary, again been rejected, though the necessary funds, both to erect and maintain the theatre, were subscribed by the German mercantile community ten years ago.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHILLINGFORD SPOOL.—We really cannot say—and, we may add, we really do not care—whether or no the gentleman you mention did or did not receive one hundred pounds for singing two songs at a party given by Baron Rothschild. If you are so very anxious for information on the point, you had better write to the gentleman himself.

DR DOT.—The word signifies simply a "Finder," as we have had occasion to inform more than one correspondent already. Listen to what an Italian author says on the subject :—

"Quasi in igual tempo impresero pure a scriver i Provenzali nel loro dialetto, così in verso che in prosa, rendendosi celebri per la prontezza della loro dizione. Questi eran tenuti in grande considerazione alle corti de' Principi, ed erano conosciuti sotto il nome di *Troubaduri* (Trovatori) per la facilità con que trovavano improvvisando le rime."

BASKETHILT.—The first lady to sing Rossini's music in Germany was Signora Borgondio, who appeared, in 1816, at Munich, in *Tancredi* and *L'Italiana in Algeri*. After visiting most of the Continental Capitals, she came, in 1823, to London. She did not make a very favourable impression. Her voice had suffered considerably in her prolonged wanderings, for travelling then, we need scarcely remind you, was not such an easy task as it is now, and she had voyaged both to Moscow and St Petersburg. But why: Baskethilt?

FIX-UND-FERTIG.—We should not advise you to attempt the task, though there certainly *is* such a thing as an English Hexameter. Lines of this description, as the learned Mr Walsh has shown, may be made, for instance, by a fresh distribution of the verses on Sir John Moore. Thus :—

"Not a drum was
Heard, not a funeral note, as his corpse to the rampart we hurried,
Not a soldier dis-
Charg'd his farewell shot o'er the grave where our hero was buried.
"We buried him
Darkly at dead of night, the sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling
Moonbeams' misty light, and the lantern dimly burning.
"Lightly they'll
Talk of the spirit that's gone, and o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll
Reck if they let him sleep on, in the grave where a Briton has laid him."
&c., &c.

English Hexameters, like "A view of Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," executed in worsted work, are very well as curiosities, but will never become general with us. The fact that our system of Prosody is based upon stress or rhythm, and not upon quantity, in the classical sense, is dead against them.

ERRATUM.—In an article upon the Gaiety, which appeared in our last number, the following sentence occurs :—

"For the same reason that *Satanella* is less frequently heard than the *Bohemian Girl*, *Lurline* is less frequently heard than *Maritana*—the *latter* work in each instance being more elaborate than its predecessor," &c.

For "latter" read later, *Satanella* having been written after the *Bohemian Girl*, and *Lurline* after *Maritana*.

DEATHS.

On August 8th, at Walthamstow, WILLIAM BENNETT, Esq., for many years Secretary of the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.

On April 14th, drowned by the capsizing of the Stewart Hahneman, ARCHIBALD GORDON, third son of Mr C. W. Doyle, late of Jermyn Street.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. Owing to press of matter, "Music in Boulogne," and various other articles, are unavoidably postponed till our next number.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1875.

IN another column will be found an autograph (*fac-simile*) card of the late Jules Janin, the Emperor of feuilletonistes, the world-renowned "J. J." of the *Journal des Débats*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *MUSICAL WORLD*.

SIR,—Now that the two Operahouses have closed their doors; now that the multinational host of artists, *prime donne*, *assolute* and *comprimarie*; tenors, robust and lyric; and basses, more or less profound, have taken their departure for fresh fields, and sea-breezes, or, if more intent on gain than on health, to stages new, elsewhere than in Bow Street and Drury Lane, you may have a little more space to spare than you had during the Season. Should this be the case, you will not, perhaps, refuse to let me raise, or, more correctly speaking, write a column in memory of one who, though in his day tolerably well-known among those connected with the world of music, has long since been forgotten save by a few, like myself, who think that facts, like wine and gothic cathedrals, are vastly improved by age.

At every epoch, we find individuals without number who attach themselves to men of genius, in the hope of mounting with them to the seventh heaven of fame. But, somehow or other, they rarely attain their object. May be, the men of genius, to whose coat-tails they would fain, metaphorically cling, pursue—also, metaphorically—the plan which Maworm determined to adopt on the occasion of his apotheosis, and prefer jackets or jerkins to claw-hammer or steel-pen coats. I grant that there may be a few exceptional cases. In fact, there are. Such a one was that of Antoine Schindler, who is principally indebted for his fly-in-amber notoriety to the effrontery with which he described himself upon his visiting cards, as the "ami de Beethoven." Everyone, however, is not blessed with the impudence and rhinoceros-like imperviousness to ridicule, of Herr Anton Schindler; and, as a rule, those who bask in the light reflected from the celebrity achieved by men of genius, are left more and more in the shade, till at last they are involved in total obscurity, in proportion as their idols, and the aureola surrounding the latter, rise higher and higher above the level of common humanity.

Baron Carl von Bagge belonged to the class to which I have referred, and was by no means a bad specimen of it. Yet how many persons now-a-days have eaten, drunk, and been merry without caring a fillip about Baron Carl von Bagge; nay, how many have duly figured in the papers under the three heads of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, without even hearing of Baron Carl von Bagge! Allow me to place a small sprig of *immortelle* upon his neglected tomb.

Baron Carl von Bagge, in so far resembled Voltaire that he was a Chamberlain at the Prussian Court. With this, however, to the best of my knowledge, the likeness between the two ends. He did not reside at Berlin, but in Paris, and was devotedly fond of music. He considered, also, that he was a first-rate instrumentalist. One day, the Emperor Joseph II.,—of Austria, naturally, for where else do we find emperors of that Biblical name?—one day, I repeat, the Emperor Joseph II. said to him:

"My dear Baron, I never heard anyone play the violin like you!"

There is every reason to believe that the Emperor was speaking the exact truth, but in a sense diametrically opposed to that attributed to his words by the Baronial musicophilist, who became more than ever persuaded of his great skill as an executant, and more than ever devoted to his favourite instrument. He practised indomitably for hours together; played out of tune with a self-satisfied gusto which proved that he might have possessed with advantage a more delicate ear; and received with affable complacency the compliments and bravos which were the breath of his nostrils; as necessary

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to his existence as resin was to his bow. He took care never to be without an audience. He gathered round him the most celebrated artists. He did more. He offered to act as their master. When they refused, he would observe: "You had better take lessons of me. They will benefit you, I assure you, and, as I am rich, I will charge you nothing." Shakspere says:

> "How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
> Makes ill deeds done?"

Is it surprising that some of the Baron's visitors could not withstand the temptation of earning a dishonest franc or two? Accordingly, like the wily beings they were, they would reply:

"We do not, in the least, deny the probability of our deriving benefit from your instruction—on the contrary. The fact, too, that you would instruct us for nothing renders your offer doubly attractive. But we are not rich men, and are obliged to employ our time in gaining our daily bread. With us time is money."

"Do not let that stop you!" the Baron would exclaim. "Since you are not well off, while I am, I will not do things by halves. Come and take lessons, and, instead of your paying me, I will pay you."

Is it surprising, once more, that the classes of the most successful "Coach" who now prepares young gentlemen for the Army, Navy, and Learned Professions, are not more popular than were those of the Baron von Bagge with certain musicians of that period? What was Mecænas, Horace's "*Præsidium et dulce decus*," to the Baron von Bagge!

But there is one fact which especially redounds to the Baron's credit. It was he who first introduced Boccherini to a Paris public. When Boccherini, accompanied by his friend and artistic colleague, F. Manfredi, visited the French capital, previously to settling in Spain, at the invitation of the Infanta, Don Luis, it was in the *salons* of the Baron von Bagge that the two friends made their *début*, to the great delight of those who heard them. My hero deserves to be rescued from oblivion if only for his patronage of Boccherini.

Despite all his eccentricities—among which I include the bad ear he possessed for music—the King of Prussia's Chamberlain composed an eight-part Symphony, which might, I must confess, have been better, just as it might have been worse. He wrote, also, a Concerto, which Kreutzer, then very young, for I am speaking of 1773, performed with great success, though I am not aware he took lessons of its composer.

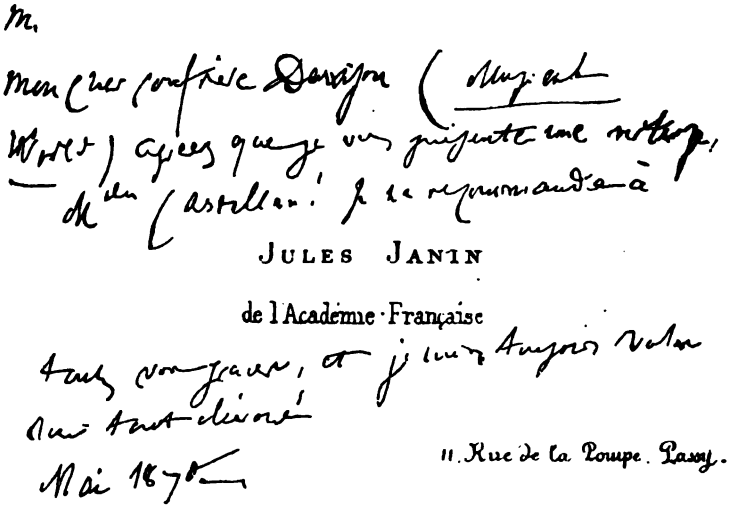
Many are the musicians who, but for Bagge, would have lived and died unknown. Whenever he saw a struggling young man of talent, he invariably stretched out a helping hand towards him. For musicians, his house and his purse were alike open. If it were only because some of those most deeply indebted to his bounty were most active in ridiculing his weaknesses, I should esteem it, in a certain degree a duty, as I consider it a pleasure, to devote these few lines to the memory of a kindly, liberal patron of artists, and a sincerely enthusiastic lover of art.

N. V. N.

—o—

MR HOLLINGSHEAD, of the Gaiety, has hit upon an entertainment which seems to take firm hold upon the public. Many must remember the palmy days of French Opéra-Comique, when the late Mr John Mitchell was director of the St James's Theatre, and the Chartons, Marie Cabels, Coudercs, Chabeaufortis, with other lyric comedians of repute, were successively introduced to English audiences, a series of the most generally accepted works being given, one after another, in a style to attract general attention. Since then, we have had nothing of the kind to compare with this, until now, when the spirited manager of the Gaiety is doing his best to follow the example set by his predecessor, in a theatre which, during the period referred to, whether operatic or purely dramatic entertainments were presented, stood high among the fashionable resorts of London. We have not, it is true, the chief performers from the Paris Opéra-Comique, as of old; but M. Coulon, Mr Hollingshead's chief agent, provided him with a company so generally efficient as to enable him to offer a constant succession of operas, carefully rehearsed, and presenting an "*ensemble*," all that, under the circumstances, could have been looked for. The chorus was numerous enough, well acquainted with the repertory, and, therefore, effective; the orchestra, some forty strong, was excellent; and last, not least, the conductor, M. Hasselmanns, showed himself to be a musician of experience, familiar with the task he had in hand. With first and second ladies, tenors, and baritone-basses, &c., the "troop" was amply provided: and, though none of its members could fairly be placed in the highest rank of singers, they were most of them beyond—some, far beyond—the average; and —no small advantage—they were, with scarcely an exception, actors of merit, conversant with the business of the stage.

At all events, the performances at the Gaiety were kept up with unflagging spirit. Since our brief allusion to the opening, with Halévy's *Mousquetaires de la Reine*, various works, more or less well known, were produced, and for the greater part in a manner fully accounting for the vogue which they enjoyed. Among them may be named the *Dame Blanche* of Boïeldieu; *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, *Domino Noir*, *Haydée*, and *Fra Diavolo* of Auber; *Zampa* and the *Pré-aux-Clercs* of Hérold; the *Fille du Régiment* of Donizetti, &c., together with others of less importance. These were the means of bringing under notice several artists who were favourably received, and the public, comparatively indifferent at the outset, in the end took a strong liking to the performances—a sure sign that they were of sterling merit. It is to be hoped that Mr Hollingshead may bring over another French operatic company next year. Every amateur of sterling and characteristic national music will thank him for the boon.



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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ONCE a year, we learn from the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, the Sultan, Abdul-Aziz, honours the Italian Opera at Constantinople with his presence. This year, on the usual day, the Manager received due notice to prepare everything for the reception of the illustrious visitor. The latter was to arrive at six and remain until one o'clock the next morning. The artists were to sing fragments from all the operas in vogue, but the fragments were to be as short as possible. As the entertainment was to last so long, it is not surprising that soon after the notification of the Sultan's pleasure to the Manager, a long train of beasts of burden reached the Theatre, laden with provisions and accompanied by all the culinary utensils and cooks necessary for cooking them. They likewise brought a considerable quantity of the Imperial wearing apparel, as it is the custom for the Sultan to change his clothes several times during the course of the performance. Thus, when Abdul-Aziz entered the theatre, everything was in readiness. The entertainment began at once with the second act of the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. But, after listening for a few minutes, the Commander of the Faithful, saying that he knew the music, seized the opportunity to hold a council in the box with his Ministers. The Council had not ended when the curtain fell. An act of *Crispino e la Comare* followed, and the Ministers were dismissed in order that their Imperial Master might the better enjoy the music. But the opera of the brothers Ricci did not please him any more than *Il Barbiere*, and, as he lay upon his cushions, smoking his chibouque, he eased his feelings by venting his dissatisfaction on the Director of his Musical Establishment. At length there was an act of *Ernani*. This gave rise to a regular catastrophe. When they came to the chorus in praise of Charles V., the artists, thinking they were paying an agreeable compliment, shouted: "Long live Abdul-Aziz!" Hereupon, the Sultan, who hates all such manifestations, left the Theatre in a towering passion. Next day, Constantinople heard with dismay that the Chief of the Imperial Musical Establishment was ignominiously dismissed. The *Neue Freie Presse* does not inform us whether the offending artists were bowstrung.

ENGLISH journalists are not disinclined, now and then, to dilate complacently upon the superior promptitude of the English over the French Press in the matter of news. That this superiority does not always exist is proved by the fact that the following story—of course well authenticated—has been published in the *Moniteur*, and republished by Continental journals innumerable, without having, up to this moment, appeared in a single Daily or Weekly printed within the boundaries of the United Kingdom. Yet it is fearfully interesting. The reader must know that, ten years ago, an English actor, Mr Walter Hastings, dining one day at a London club, in company with a Peer of the Realm, expressed an opinion that solitary imprisonment in a dark cell was not so severe a punishment as people generally imagined. In reply to this observation, the Peer, whose name, by the way, is not given in full, but simply represented by an initial S. and a dash, said that, being rather curious on this head, and entertaining his doubts about it, he would pay his companion ten thousand pounds if that companion would consent to try the experiment for ten years. The proposal was accepted, and a neat little cell, fifteen feet by ten, from which daylight was totally excluded, prepared in his lordship's own mansion. The prisoner was to have candles or lamps, books, writing materials, and abundant food. He was to be waited on, however, by an invisible servant. These conditions having been accepted, were rigorously carried into execution. Mr Walter Hastings remained shut up alone for ten years in the cell. He left it only a short time since; in fact, on the 15th of June, for the *Moniteur* is so well served by its correspondents as to be able to give the exact date. It is needless to say that the captive was paid the ten thousand pounds he had so well earned. It is also, perhaps, needless to state that he is not quite so well as he could wish to be, for his captivity has told upon him considerably. Though he is scarcely five and thirty, he looks sixty. He stoops very much; he walks with an unsteady gait; his face is deadly pale; his beard and hair are perfectly white; and he experiences serious difficulty in articulating. We should say, however, that his brain has been more affected than aught else, if, as the *Moniteur* asserts—and who can doubt the *Moniteur*?—Mr Walter Hastings, despite all the physical infirmities above enumerated, and the handsome income he must derive from the ten thousand pounds paid him by Lord S——, still expresses an intention of resuming his histrionic career.

PROMENADE CONCERTS AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

When autumn begins to lay a fiery finger on the leaves, and unseen hands are at work tearing down that tapestry of flowers with which summer had festooned her orchestra of birds in the hedges, other leaves and other tapestries become unfolded in town. Printed programmes come forth with the cheering promise of a reviving time of melody for all who love sweet music none the less that they must listen to it in London; and the skilful decorators, Messrs Dayes and Caney, throw a gay canopy of the lightest fabrics and the brightest colours over the tuneful throng flocking at this season into the region of Covent Garden, making us even cease to regret the nights are lengthening during their stay. That there will be no lack of listeners to these strains of harmony may be safely inferred from the presence of that vast audience which on Saturday evening filled every portion of Covent Garden Theatre, when Messrs A. and S. Gatti commenced another season of promenade concerts. In all essential respects the arrangements are similar to those of last year; and it will be observed that the decorations are, as heretofore, tastefully designed in hues harmoniously blended. Thickly carpeted throughout, the promenade at the back of the orchestra has once more its picturesque nooks and corners; while the illuminated recesses are made lyrically suggestive by such groups as Faust, Margaret, and Mephistopheles, or agreeable to the imagination by trickling waterfalls splashing over rock-work amidst ferns and water-lilies. A notable feature of the present season is the circumstance that Signor Arditi has been appointed conductor. The orchestral force at his command is composed of about a hundred instrumentalists, many of whom have achieved considerable individual distinction. The vocalists are also of established reputation. At an early period of the evening the delight of the vast auditory found enthusiastic expression when Mdlle Bianchi rendered the "Shadow Song" from *Dinorah*, and afterwards gave Ganz's ballad, "A damsel fair was singing," in her most effective manner. Mdlle Cristino, who, accredited from the principal opera-houses of Italy and Germany, made her first appearance in England, gained rounds of plaudits, added to a cordial reception, in recognition of her skilful execution of the cavatina, "Robert, toi que j'aime," and her tasteful and spirited rendering of a charming composition by Arditi, new to the public; while Signor V. Fabrini won no less admiration by his artistic treatment of Flotow's romanza, "M'appari," and Balfe's familiar ballad, "Then you'll remember me." Solo performances of high merit were, besides, given on the violoncello by M. Jules de Swert, and on the piano by Signor Rendano, who are both *débutants* at these concerts. The excellence of the band and the ability of the conductor received forcible illustration in the overtures to *William Tell* and *Zampa*, and the first part of the programme was brought to an effective close by a grand selection from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, arranged by Signor Arditi for the full orchestra and band of the Coldstream Guards. In this remarkable composition the solos of Mr Young on the flute, Mr Horton on the oboe, Mr Lazarus and Mr Tyler on clarionets, Mr Maycock on the bass clarionet, Mr Wotton on the bassoon, and Mr H. Reynolds on the cornet, proved exceedingly effective. There is no occasion to dwell on the details of a programme which will be varied almost nightly; but mention must be made of Arditi's quick step, "I Bersaglieri," and Harper's post-horn galop, "Down the road," as likely to preserve for some time a fixity of position. Conducted with such energy and enterprise as the Messrs Gatti displayed in their first year, there can be little doubt that the present series of Promenade Concerts, so auspiciously commenced, will have an equally prosperous issue.

BRUSSELS.—An organ is now being constructed in the workshops of M. Schyven for the use of the Organ Class at the Royal Conservatory. It will be solemnly inaugurated next October, when the pupils will celebrate the 35th anniversary of the foundation of the class by Girschner, in 1840. Christian Girschner was the master of M. Lemmens and, also, of M. Alphonse Mailly, the present professor of the class.

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TWO TSIGAN VOCALISTS.*

To be a musician and to possess musical feeling are two different things. A man becomes a musician by study; but study, however intense, cannot innoculate him with musical feeling though it may perfect it. How many musicians are deficient in this quality? and, on the other hand, how many persons possess musical instinct and taste without ever having put a finger on any instrument and without knowing a single note? I have just found a proof of this while turning over a few pages of my reminiscences.

In 1813, I was making a forced stay, as a prisoner of war, at the small Russian town of Mizelinski, situated in the government of Orembourg, on the banks of the Kama. The province was inhabited by different hordes of Calmucks, Tartars, and Baschkirs, besides being traversed, from time to time, by bands of the extraordinary people called Tsigans,† with whom no one will have anything to do, and who are yet found spread over every part of the world. Even in South America have I met members of this Indian caste, driven forth from their native land, and distinguished from the other tribes of India by a name signifying: thief. The Tsigans draw near the towns on the occasion of festivals and large gatherings. When they do, the owners of horses and poultry have to be on their guard. Everything is fish that comes to the net of these wanderers, who are so clever in taking what people decline to give them, that the object lost is far away before anyone has perceived it has disappeared.

In the month of February, which was the epoch of the fair of Mizelinski, several of these Bohemians came and established themselves in the suburbs. Everyone was made aware of their arrival by the care the inhabitants took in shutting their stables, clogging their horses, and shutting up their cocks and hens.

I had been assured that, among these vagrants, some of the females were very remarkable vocal extemporists. I felt a great desire to hear them, and said so to one of the large landed proprietors of the place. One morning, I received an invitation to go and take tea with him.

On the appointed day I went to his house. In the courtyard, I found two small bands of Tsigans, who had come from two opposite directions. One was from the country of the Khirgises, and the other from the neighbourhood of Tobolsk. I remarked that they all had the same features and almost the same articles of apparel. The women resembled generally the women of India. They wore enormous caps ornamented with ribbons, and their foreheads were covered with a large number of small pieces of silver. Their necklaces also, and ear-rings consisted of similar pieces.

At the invitation of the master of the house, a group of Tsigans, male and female, began dancing to the sound of the voice, accompanied by a violent clapping of the hands. They broke out, at intervals, in cries and short exclamations, of a very expressive kind, corresponding to the gestures and turns of the dance. The women carried in their hands a handkerchief, with which they draped themselves in very becoming postures. The dance, though frequently highly licentious in its movements and indecent in its gestures, is exceedingly graceful. It is a kind of dishevelled *chahut*, or cachucha, in which the dancer expresses his joy and his desires by cries and contortions, moaning with tenderness or howling with rage. Thus we French have invented nothing, not even the can-can.

After the dancing came singing. A tall handsome girl, with a complexion of bronze, at first declared she could not sing, assigning as a reason that she did not know any air. Our host was not to be satisfied with such a reason. He sent for something, namely: brandy, warranted to loosen the most refractory tongue, and, after the girl had taken a copious libation, he invited her to extemporize something instead of singing any known air. A male member of the band took a two-stringed guitar, called, I think a Balalaïka, and struck a chord. The girl half closed her eyes, and began, in a sharp falsetto, a strain possible only for anyone capable of reaching with purity so high a register. She had a sweet and agreeable though somewhat tremulous voice. She played with it as though it had been a bauble sparkling with spangles, which she liked to see glisten. The sounds seemed to come down from the sky, and then to keep continually ascending and descending, in turns. From the heights where she appeared to be hovering, the singer poured forth showers of dazzling and gracefully undulating melodies, and then suddenly a magnificent *point d'orgue*, resembling a meteor, would be lost in silence. After a pause of a few seconds, which scarcely gave us time to breathe, she resumed with splendid audacity the motive she had left off. The perfect art with which this girl, who did not know a single note of music, and sang entirely from inspiration, managed the modulations was something even more astonishing than her shakes and flourishes.

Such was my astonishment and admiration, that some difficulty was experienced in awakening me from my state of ecstacy, in order that I might partake of the refreshments which our host had had served up with the ostentation and profusion usual in every noble Russian household.

After some moments of repose, our host proposed that we should hear another girl. He called one, and enquired whether she consented to sing. She at first refused, saying that she had scarcely left her home, situated in a distant country, on the Chinese frontier, and that she was ignorant of everything. "Come, come; that is not the reason of your refusal," observed our host. "You are afraid to venture, because you feel your inferiority. There, take courage; we know your ignorance, but, to inspirit you, swallow this glass of punch." The girl rose, drew a deep breath, and emitted a tremulous, feeble, and unequal sound. It did not seem to issue from her chest, but to come from outside and be flung among the audience. It had a singular effect upon them. A second sound, firmer and more prolonged, was emitted. It resembled a harmonic chord vigorously attacked, and then allowed to vibrate freely. This was succeeded by a third sound, finer, fuller, and firmer. The girl then brightened up, and her song displayed more warmth and volume. The melody was eminently sorrowful in its character. We had been for a moment anxious, but we were soon re-assured, and breathed freely. The velvety gracefulness of the intonations and the nice gradations of light and shade were all that could be desired. There was something timid and slightly jerky about the young, fresh voice; an accent of suffering which at first was hurtful to one's feelings. But deep sentiment and true passion were soon manifested in it. Youth, power, sweetness, and a charming carelessness seemed all mixed up with some acute sorrow. A soul full of warm feeling re-echoed in the voice, which went straight to one's heart, causing all its chords to vibrate with emotion. Under the force of inspiration the melody grew and rose higher and higher, its ecstacy overpowering the singer, who delivered herself up entirely to its voluptuous delight. There was no longer any trembling in the voice. A shudder certainly sometimes ran through the latter, but it was a gentle, communicative shudder, caused in the soul by passion. We were all palpitating under the charm and the weight of these sensations, when the singer ended with a sharp note of extreme delicacy and extraordinary purity, as though Heaven had gradually withdrawn from her her angel's voice.

No one said a word; no one moved. Everyone appeared to be awaiting the return of the voice thus lost in the sky.

AD. DE PONTÉCOULANT.

* From *L'Art Musical*.

† *Tsigans* is evidently another form of the German: *Zigeuner*, and the Italian: *Zingari*, *i.e.*, Gipsies.—TRANSLATOR.

MR BAYLE BERNARD.—We regret having to announce the death of this gentleman, which occurred, a few days since, at Brighton. Mr Bernard had been suffering for some time from ill health, but had profited greatly since he went down to the seaside. A reaction, however, supervened, and was quickly followed by a fatal result. Mr Bernard was by birth an American, having first seen the light at Boston, U.S., in 1808, but he had lived in this country, which he made his home, since his boyhood. As a dramatic writer, he contributed some hundred works to the British Stage, several of these still being popular stock-pieces. As a critic, he displayed considerable knowledge of our older dramatic literature, as well as with the productions of a more modern date, and his criticisms, while conscientious, were always conceived in a kind and good-natured spirit. Last year he published a *Life of Samuel Lover*, and, when death overtook him, was preparing for the press his own Reminiscences of the Stage. He leaves a wife and daughter to deplore his loss. In private life, Mr Bayle Bernard was a genial, kind-hearted man, highly esteemed by his friends and respected by all who knew him.

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BERLIN.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The Royal Operahouse re-opens on the 7th inst., but for ballet only. The operatic season does not commence until the 12th, after these lines will have been posted. Several of the leading artists, however, have already arrived. Among those still absent is Miss Minnie Hauck, and absent she is likely to be for some little time, since, before entering upon the fulfilment of her engagement at the Royal Operahouse here, she will play a round of characters at the Royal German National Theatre in Prague. A few weeks ago, she was stopping, for the benefit of the waters, at Marienbad. I believe she has now gone to make a short stay at one of the watering places in the north of Spain.

At Kroll's Theatre, Herr Nachbaur has followed up his success in *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* and *Il Troratore*, by appearing as Arnold, in *Guillaume Tell* and Raoul in *Les Huguenots*. His popularity seems, if possible, greater than ever, for not even the tremendously hot weather prevents the public from flocking to see and hear him whenever he sings.

A novelty, in the shape of a three-act romantico-comic opera, has been produced at the same house. It is entitled *Ekkehard*, the author of the libretto being Herr Ludwig Bussler, and the composer, Herr Moritz Jaffé. The work has been carefully rehearsed and well put upon the stage, but is not likely to achieve a lasting success, though, on the first night, the composer was called on after the first and after the third acts. But one, two, or even—in Italy—twenty recalls do not constitute a genuine success, any more than one swallow makes a summer; one flower, a wreath; or one bush, a quickset hedge. Herr Moritz Jaffé must be considered a clever amateur rather than a regular musician, and it is, therefore, not to be regretted, perhaps, that he favours his hearers with more numerous reminiscences of Meyerbeer, Verdi, and others, than would be pardonable were he judged by a strictly professional standard. Even if he possessed greater powers, natural and acquired, than he does possess, he could not have made much of the libretto, in which a 'prentice hand is painfully evident. Among the really original things—alas! too few and far between—may be mentioned the Monks' Chorus, at the beginning of the first act, and the *finale* at the end; an air sung by Ekkehard; and the description of Hadwig's dream. The different artists acquitted themselves more than creditably of a task which was sometimes less than pleasant. Mdlle Parsch was as excellent as the part would allow her to be as Hadwig. She was ably seconded by Herr Grisa, as Ekkehard. Mdlle André did all that was to be done with the character of Praxedis; while Herren Baumann and Ziehmann were respectively respectable as Spazzo and Rudiman, two characters supposed to be comic, but in which, to make a fearful joke, the Rudimans of comicality are wanting. Great praise is due to Herr Prcumayr, for the manner in which he got up and conducted the work.

After appearing thirty times successively, and successfully, as the heroine of Offenbach's *Mdme l'Archiduc*, at the Wilhemstädtisches Theater, Mdlle Marie Geistinger has left Berlin. The next novelties at this theatre will be, according to report, *Cagliostro* and *Die Königin Indigo*, both by Herr Johann Strauss.

Following the example set by Herr von Hülsen, at the Royal Operahouse and the Theatre Royal, the Intendants and less aristocratic managers, as the case may be, of the Theatres Royal, Grand-Ducal, Ducal, or Municipal, at Munich, Weimar, Brunswick, Coburg, Hamburg, Basle, Chemnitz, and elsewhere, have adopted the electro-pneumatic gas-lighting apparatus invented by Herr C. Barrot, of Vienna.

A short time since, Herr Emil Breslaur, a master in the New Academy of Music, dedicated to George, Duke of Saxe Meiningen, a work called *Technische Grundlage des Clavierspiels*, which has been most favourably noticed by the majority of the German papers. His Highness, in return, has created the author a "Professor." Herr A. Haupt, who is already a Professor, has been appointed Director of the Royal Academical Institute for Sacred Music. Mdlle Thoma Börs, daughter of Herr Börs, the pianoforte maker in Hamburgh, is also about to change her style, and assume the title of Princess, which, with his heart, has been offered her by Prince von Lichtenstein. This young lady, who was brought up for the lyric stage, has been staying for a considerable period in Italy and the South of Germany.

OPÉRA-COMIQUE.

The moral once attached to the celebrated anecdote in which the words "toujours perdrix" played a conspicuous part seems to be a thing of the past. At any rate, it does not apply to that musical phenomenon *Madame Angot*, which, after attracting such crowds for so long, has now broken out in a fresh place. That M. Lecocq's work is still attractive would be sufficiently proved—were all other proof wanting—by the mere fact that so experienced a manager as Mr Charles Morton believes in it as much as ever, and, acting upon that belief, opened the above theatre with it on Saturday night. Mad. Pauline Rita assumed, on the occasion, the part of Clairette for the first time, and proved herself one of the best of the many representatives, yet heard, of the part. She was frequently and deservedly applauded. The other characters were thus cast: Mdlle Lange (her original character), Mdlle Cornélie d'Anka; Ange Pitou, Mr E. D. Beverly; and Pomponnet, Mr J. F. Brian. Judging from the applause throughout the performance on Saturday night, as well as on subsequent nights, and the appearance of the house, which not even the hot weather prevents being well attended, it is rather difficult to give even an approximate guess when the career of *Mad. Angot* will be brought to a close. The programme included, also, a performance by M. de Furtado Coelho on his new instrument, called the "Copophone," and a new farce: *Backing the Favourite*, the two principal characters in which were cleverly sustained by Mr J. B. Rae and Mr E. Marshall.

CRICKET MATCH.

A match between the M.C.C., with 4 Professionals, and 15 (Orpheus Amateurs) of the Music Trade, was played at Lord's Cricket Ground on the 11th inst., and ended in a draw in favour of the M.C.C. The Club acquitted themselves well, as did also Messrs McKewan, Boyd, Darville, and C. Boosey, of the Orpheus Club. The players batted extremely well. The following was the score:—

ORPHEUS.

	FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.
Mr W. McKewan, c Clamp, b Hearne	24	b Clamp	1
Mr A. Boyd, c and b Clamp	8	c G. Hearne (s.) b Hearne	33
Mr C. Boosey, b Hearne	22	c G. Hearne (s.) b Hearne	44
Mr J. Wood, b Clamp	2	not out	2
Mr A. Boosey, c Vansittart (s.) b Hearne	0	b Hearne	0
Mr C. Darville, b Hearne	27		
Mr R Jonas, c Gaye, b Hearne	4		
Mr S. Hayes, b Hearne	2		
Mr R. Newcomen, c Gaye, b Clamp	7		
Mr G Barron, b Clamp	6		
Mr A. Ashdown, b Clamp	3		
Mr H. Griffiths, b Clamp	0		
Mr E. Lewis, not out	3		
Mr J. Hardy, run out	0		
Mr W. Joy, b Clamp	0		
B 6, l-b 2	8	B 2, w 3	5
Total	116	Total	85

M. C. C.—First Innings.

H. Baron-Dickerson, b Darville	0
Mr A. P. Vansittart, l b w b Darville	16
Mr W. Garth, c Ashdown, b C. Boosey	1
Hearne, b C. Boosey	29
Mr R. E. Gaye, b Darville	0
Clamp, c Hayes, b Boyd	49
Capt. Pilleau, b Walker	11
Mr E. H. Fishbourne, b Boosey	9
G. F. Hearne, not out	34
Mr C. W. Beauclerk, b Boyd	2
Hunt, run out	10
B 6, l-b 3, w 6	15
Total	176

Umpires—Nixon and Farranda. Scorers—Randon and Davey.

Constantinople.—A new Theatre, intended exclusively for Italian opera, is being erected upon the site of the Alhambra. It will have three tiers of boxes, and be very richly decorated. It is to be opened in November.

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"'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Your correspondent, who has done me the honour to allude to my "Lecture on National Music," objects to the authority I quoted, in reference to "The Last Rose of Summer," and suggests that I should consult "Walker's Irish Bards." It may be presumption on my part, but I cannot accept "Walker's History" as a safe guide in musical matters. The following extracts from that work will explain my reasons :—

"The Welsh are indebted both for their music and instruments to Ireland."

"The *crwth* (violin) was brought from Ireland to Wales, by Prince Gruffydd ab Cynan. The Welsh only invented the bow." (Query —How did the Irish play it without the bow?)

"The Irish had a slight knowledge of counterpoint from the Greeks."

"The scale of music *the same in all countries!*"

"The Irish word 'Teadhloin,' the origin of 'Teylin,' a word which has no etymon in the Welsh language!"

"The inhabitants of the Isle of Lewis were great lovers of music. They gave an account of eighteen men who could play on the violin pretty well *without being taught!*"

"The *Keivnine* was the *Kannun* of the Persians—a species of Dulcimer Harp or—*Sackbut!*"

Very truly yours, BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Belle Vue Hotel, Aberystwith, August 7th.

—o—

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR IN A SONG BY FRANZ SCHUBERT.*

The heading, "Auf der Brücke"† to a song of Schubert's (Op. 93), with words by Ernst Schulze, is wrong, and should be replaced by: "Auf der Bruck."‡

The "Bruck" is a hilly, well-wooded spot, a favourite resort of excursionists and pleasure-seekers, near Göttingen, like the Plesse, Gleichen, etc. The proof of this is to be found in Ernst Schulze's work called "*Poetisches Tagebuch*," which contains the above song, "Auf der Bruck," beginning with the words :—

"Frisch trabe sonder Ruh' und Rast,
Mein gutes Ross, durch Nacht und Regen;"§

the second song: "Im Walde," in Op. 93; and "Ueber Wildemann,," in Op. 108. In Schulze's original verses the title runs "Im Walde" with the addition "hinter Falkenhagen"‖ (a village not far from Göttingen). Wildemann is a little town in the Harz.

May I beg that, in a new edition you will kindly remember this rectification? A QUANTZ.

Göttingen, July, 1875.

There was an old pianist called Schuloff,
Who played music of every known school off
Without any book,
And, by hook or by crook,
It was scrambled through somehow by Schuloff.
Jonathan Swift.

PRAGUE.—Herr Lebatt, from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has been fulfilling a short but successful engagement here. He has appeared as Raoul, Tannhäuser, and Vasco de Gama.

LEMBERG.—Mad. Emilie Pohlmann-Kressner, the once popular singer, who divided public favour with such an artist as Henriette Sontag, died here on the 28th ult., at the ripe age of 75.

GENEVA.—The grand organ built, for the Church of St Gervais, by M. Joseph Merklin, was to be inaugurated on the 12th inst., by M. Edouard Batiste, and the principal organists of Switzerland.

MADRID.—The following artists are engaged for the next season at the Italian Opera: Signore Pozzoni, Fossa, Cortes, Signori Tamberlik, Stagno, Anastasi, Boccolini, Roudil, David, Ordinas, and Fiorini.

* Addressed to the editor of the Berlin *Echo*.
† "On the Bridge."
‡ "On the Bruck."
§ "Trot bravely on, nor stop to rest,
My trusty Steed, through night and rainpour."
‖ "Behind Falkenhagen."

WAIFS.

Miss Lydia Thompson leaves England for the United States next April.

Miss Rose Massey is fulfilling an enagagement at Union Square Theatre, New York.

Mr Albery is working on a comedy for the Court Theatre, and on another for Mr Sothern.

Madame Schneider, it is reported, will re-appear at the Variétés in *La Boulangère a des Ecus*.

The next novelty at the Alhambra will be a spectacular dream-drama, constructed by Mr J. Cave and Mr R. Reece, called *Spectre-sheim*.

London is to have still another Theatre. The new building will be erected on a site near the Strand, and Mr Robinson is to be the architect.

Sig. Mario Gigliucci, who married, a short time since, Miss Mozley, is a son of the Countess di Gigliucci, better known in England as Clara Novello.

There is a report current in Paris that M. Gounod is engaged on a grand opera entitled *Jane Grey*, to be produced at Mr Mapleson's new Operahouse.

Mr Brinley Richards has accepted an invitation to attend the Eisteddfod held at Rhayaden on the 19th inst., and that held at Haverfordwest on the 26th.

The Dieppe papers announce the arrival in that town of the Marquis and Marchioness de Caux, where the Marquis has hired a charming cottage close to the sea.

M. Offenbach has returned, in excellent health, from Aix to St Germains, where he is working hard at the various pieces he has undertaken to furnish by the winter.

Mr Edmund Yates has been compelled, by the amount of other literary work on his hands, to discontinue his clever and spirited contributions to the *New York Herald*.

Madlle d'Obigny Derval, daughter of M. Derval, of the Gymnase, has been engaged by M. Halanzier, and will shortly make her first appearance as Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell*.

Mr Charles Matthews intends visiting India. Before he does so, however, he will appear at the Gaiety Theatre for a season of eight weeks, commencing on the 13th of September.

Mr J. L. Toole will make his first appearance in London, since his return from America, at the Gaiety Theatre, on Monday, November 8th. His engagement will extend till next Easter.

It is reported that the winners of the solo prizes at the National Music Meetings intend to form a concert party, for the purpose of making a tour in the autumn through the provinces.

The Baroness Willy de Rothschild, author of the well-known songs bearing her name, which are sung so successfully by Madame Patti and Madame Christine Nilsson, is stopping at Tréport.

Madlle Sangalli has left Paris, but will return before next February, when she is to "create" the principal part in *Silvia*, the new ballet, by MM. Jules Barbier and Léo Delibes, at the Grand Opera.

Mr William Bennett, for many years connected with the two Patent Theatres, died this week. For a considerable time past he filled the post of Secretary to the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund.

Drury Lane Theatre will be opened for the regular dramatic season on September 4th, with Mr Dion Boucicault's drama of *The Shaughraun*. Mr Boucicault will sustain his original character of Conn.

It is said the Minister of Public Instruction in Italy intends to publish a notice strictly forbidding professors in the Royal Conservatories of Music from giving paid private lessons to their pupils.

The King of Spain has just created M. François Bazin, Professor of Composition at the Paris Conservatory, and M. Danhauser, also a Professor in the same institution, Commanders of the Order of Charles III.

The success of the *Tour du Monde*, in Paris, continues as great as ever, although above 300 performances have already been given. The receipts amount to between three and four thousand francs every night.

A new picture gallery has been opened at Melbourne. The walls will give a superficial area of over 26,000 square feet. The cost of the building is about £8,000. On the opening day the new gallery was visited by 6,525 persons.

Mr George Rignold has been playing for a short time at the Queen's Theatre in Mr Tom Taylor's drama of *Clancarty*, Mr Watts Phillips's *Amos* Clark, and Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*. He was supported by Mrs Charles Calvert as Lady Clancarty, and Miss Ada Cavendish as Juliet.

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Mr F. B. Carpenter has completed a full length portrait of President Lincoln, for Albany, U. S.

Admiral Tom Trump (Jean Hannema), who will appear at the Royal North Woolwich Gardens next week, is the smallest man in the world, his height being only 26 inches, which is six inches less than Tom Thumb. He is 36 years old, and was born at Franeker, Friesland, Holland, 23rd April, 1839; his weight is only 26lbs. He speaks five languages fluently, viz., English, French, Dutch, German, and Italian.

All the grants for the national theatres and the Conservatory of Music, amounting to a total of 1,616,000 francs, have been voted by the French National Assembly without discussion. Nothing was said concerning the balance of 97,000 francs remaining from last year, owing to the non-application of it to the Théâtre Lyrique, and the Minister will consequently be able to carry out his promise of adding the above sum to this year's grant of 100,000 for the same theatre.

Hans Christian Andersen was buried on the 11th inst., at Copenhagen, with great solemnity. The funeral procession was very numerous, comprising the King, with his suite, the Crown Prince of Denmark and Prince Hans, the British, Swedish, German, and American Ministers, the chief military and civic authorities, deputations from the common councils of Copenhagen and Odensee (birthplace of the deceased), representatives of art and science, and many citizen associations. The Queen placed a crown of laurel interwoven with lilies upon the coffin, and wreaths were also sent by the Princesses.

Mdlle Elise Jansen.—This young lady, who will be remembered as the accomplished harpist formerly of Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, is at present engaged at Pawlowsk, near St Petersburgh, where Herr Bilse and his orchestra are giving concerts every evening at "Vauxhall." Mdlle E. Jansen has already proved herself a harpist of the first order. We may particularly notice her splendid success at Herr Bilse's benefit concert, where she played C. Oberthür's grand fantasia "Souvenir de Londres," with such brilliancy as to call forth the most enthusiastic ovations. With an equally satisfactory result she played, at a previous concert, the same composer's harp solo, entitled, "Meditation," with all the grace and expression which this musical poem demands. Mdlle Jansen will certainly make the instrument of her predilection more favourably known here than ever it was before.—A. B.

Alexandra Palace.—On Monday next there will be another display of fireworks, with the great set piece representing "The Fairy Grove of Palms." On Tuesday and Wednesday the August Race Meeting will be held, when the added money will amount to £1,000. From the number and character of the entries, a most successful meeting is anticipated. On Thursday the Moore and Burgess Minstrels will give a special entertainment, with their new programme; and after dusk there will be an illumination of the great lake and water village, and a procession of boats with coloured lights and other novel effects. On Saturday afternoon the popular burlesque, *Nemesis*, will be performed in the theatre by the Strand company; and in the evening there will be a concert, in which the national airs of all countries will be given by an enlarged orchestra, military bands, and the company's choir. The Jackley *troupe* of Russian gymnasts will repeat their marvellous performances every day during the week.

"The impression I derived from Mr Irving's acting in the adaptation of Erckmann-Chatrian's ghastly melodrama, in Mr Wills's play, and in his other appearances, was that he distinctly belonged to the class of artists of talent. He struck me as an actor who would produce much effect at the Porte Saint-Martin or at the Ambigu Comique; who possessed plenty of power of action, a good knowledge of telling attitudes, and a really artistic anxiety never to flag in the character he might be sustaining, but to 'look' the part from one end to the other. By the side of these qualities, he seemed to me to exhibit some serious defects; he lacked culture and refinement; his style of elocution was trivial, and he was addicted to that singing and unreasonable dropping of the voice from a higher octave to a lower one which is common to untutored players. Some may think that all this was no reason why Mr Irving should not succeed as Hamlet: I thought otherwise, and I sincerely believe that all reasonable critics who had attentively observed Mr Irving thought so too, though they may have hesitated, out of commendable reluctance to discourage an honest and praiseworthy effort, to say so too openly. We all know what a tremendous strain of power the part of Hamlet involves. We all know that if the artist who undertakes it has not the rapid and facile power of elocution used in comedy, blended with a deep power of bitter humour, he fails to render the most conspicuous feature of Hamlet's mind; and no one will venture to say that Mr Irving possesses this."—*Gentleman's Magazine*,

La Mandragore, a new opera by Henry Litolff, will shortly be produced at the Théâtre des Galeries, Brussels.

A collection of letters, mostly unpublished, by Donizetti, has been advertised to appear ere long by a bookseller at Bergamo.

Mr Richard Smith of Hull, the well known composer and arranger of brass and military band music, has arrived in London, on his way to Paris and Germany, seeking novelty in the military music line for his popular journal.

The little Théâtre de la Tour d'Auvergne, Paris, has been taken by M. Guérin, formerly conductor at the Theatre in Rio Janeiro. The new manager proposes giving comedies, vaudevilles, and operettas by young authors.

M. Courbet's appeal has been rejected, and he stands condemned to pay the sum of about thirty-two thousand pounds sterling for the expense of rebuilding the Column in the Place Vendôme. Thirty-two thousand pounds sterling cannot, under any circumstances, be considered a trifle, but it appears positively fearful when expressed in French currency, thus: 800,000 francs!

The Cloud.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
While to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

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ORGANIST OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

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37	4th Sunday after Pentecost	Illumina	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
38	St Peter and St Paul	Roma felix	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
39	5th Sunday after Pentecost	Audi hymnum	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
14	6th Sunday after Pentecost	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
40	7th Sunday after Pentecost	Sicut in holocaustis	Qrtt. or Chorus	Mozart
41	8th Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria	Bass Solo	Webbe
18	9th Sunday after Pentecost	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	10th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett	Webbe
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exurgat Deus	Chorus	Webbe
43	Assumption	Assumpta est	Chorus	Neukom
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Chorus	Eybler
45	13th Sunday after Pentecost	In te speravi	T. So. (& Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
36	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
13	15th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum est	Solo or Chorus	Benedict
46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavero	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
55	Nativity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
56	Holy Name	Ave Maria	Solo	Cherubini
57	Seven Dolors	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Gregorian
4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
58	Purity	Succurre miseris	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
4	Patronage	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
59	Confessor	Ecce sacerdos	Duet	Webbe
60	Martyrs	Qui seminant	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
61	One Martyr	Justus ut palma	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
63	Virgins and Holy Women	Diffusa	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
64		Asperges	Chorus	Gregorian
65	In Paschal time	Vidi aquam	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
66	Prayer for the Queen	Domine salvum fac	Chorus	Martini

APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Cœli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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No. 10.

Dr Martin Luther, the celebrated reformer and professor, was born at Isleben, in Saxony, in 1483. His "*Eulogium on Music*" has been published by Dr Forkel, in the second volume of his "*History of Music.*" Luther also wrote several choral melodies. Johann Walther, in his epistle, speaks with particular praise concerning the hymns, "Das grosse Glauben," also of "Jesaia dem Propheten," especially as to the manner in which Luther has adapted the notes to the text. In the fifteen century no difficulty was made in introducing the melodies of profane songs in churches. The music of some of these is attributed to Luther. Luther's psalm-book was at first very small, and in 1524 contained only three sheets. They together contained eight psalms, but with only three melodies. Of these, are yet sung in Germany, No. 1, "Nun freut euch, liebe Christen" ("Now Christians, fill your hearts with joy"), but much altered, and "Es ist das Heil uns kommen her" ("Salvation now is come to us"). The melody of the eleventh Psalm, "Salvum me fac," &c., is likewise in the first edition of Luther, as the psalm is yet found in German choral books. The songs in that collection, "Ach Gott von Himmel sieh" ("O God from Heaven look"), "Es spricht der Unweisen Mund wol" ("The lips of fools will speak"), and "Aus tiefer Noth schrey ich zu dir" ("I call to Thee in deep distress"), must be sung to this same melody of the eleventh Psalm. After Luther's first edition, the number of hymns increased yearly, because he not only wrote thirty more songs for the collection, but other divines did the same. The first edition of the enlarged hymn-book was edited by George Rhau, Joh. Walther, and Babst, in Leipsic, also some later editions, Dresden in 1593, Pommern, 1593, and Eissleben, 1598. Luther was equally fond of figurate descant, which he endeavoured also to promote in the church. This appears from a printed collection of motets, with a preface by him which well deserves to be made public in some musical periodical work. The title is, "*Symphoniæ jucundæ 4 vocum, seu Motettæ 52, cum præfatione Mart. Lutheri,*" Wittenberg, 1538. In the fourth year of the *Leipz. Mus. Zeit.*, p. 497, is to be found an arrangement of Luther's interesting thoughts on music and science in general; also his remarkable letter to Ludu Seufel, translated from the Latin into German.

J. A. Maresch, born in Bohemia in 1719, was the inventor of the hunting music performed on horns, which has been brought to such perfection in Russia. These horns were all of different lengths and curvatures, each of them meant to produce only a single tone. To execute the most simple piece of harmony, or even a melody, at least twenty musicians are necessary; but the execution is not complete without at least forty performers, often many more being employed. Each of them had only to think of his single tone and to blow it in precise time, and with a force and shading proper to give effect to the passage. This music more resembles the sound of a large organ than any other instrument. In a calm and fine night, it has often been distinctly heard at above four English miles distant.

Marie Martin Martel, Viscomte de Marin, of the family of the Marini, some of which were *doges* of the republic of Genoa, was born at Saint Jean de Luz, near Bayonne, in 1769. He learned music from his father from the early age of four, and at seven composed a sonata for the piano. He studied the harp under Hosbruker, and it is generally acknowledged that he was soon without an equal on that instrument.

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RICHARD WAGNER.

(*From the "Times."*)

The long dream of Richard Wagner's life seems now on the point of being realized. When, some thirty years ago, he produced *Rienzi* at Dresden, where, through the influence, it is said, chiefly of Meyerbeer, he had been appointed Kapellmeister, he simply gave birth to a showy and pompous reflection of the style of that early friend and model. This was before the *Communication to his Friends*, which forms an introduction to the published poems of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*—before, according to his own confession, Wagner became "a poet;" before he had laid down the theory which attributed the want of emotional impulse in "the present" to a prevalent zeal for the "monumental;" and, in his famous treatise, *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, explained to his friends that the true artist could only unfold himself in a purely dramatic sense in conformity to the possible life of the "future." He, thereupon, had recourse to the *mythos* as his medium of expression; and the result appeared successively in the three above-named works. Not absolutely satisfied, however, with these, at least in regard to their alliance with music, Wagner strove more fully to exemplify his doctrine by the aid of still remoter myths, and the outcome of this new endeavour appeared in *Tristan und Isolde* (or *Iseult*, the "Belle Isonde" of our own *Mort d'Arthur*), *Rheingold*, and the trilogy of the *Nibelungen*. These, the last offspring of Wagner's genius, were imagined and developed in so unaccustomed and colossal a form that the difficulty of getting them represented in accordance with his preconceived notions seemed at first insurmountable. Wagner was well aware of the fact, though not by any means dismayed. How incessantly, and with what astonishing energy, he has written and laboured for the accomplishment of an object upon the attainment of which he believed, and believes, conscientiously no doubt, depends the resuscitation of German art, in the shape through which alone, he protests, it ought to be exhibited, we need hardly say. His own literary works, backed up by those of his many enthusiastic disciples, have for a long period absorbed the attention of the reading musical public. Not to pay heed to them was barely possible, their vigorous eloquence and acuteness of investigation being in a great measure irresistible. A more uncompromising and self-satisfied preacher than Wagner could scarcely be cited from the records of art-controversy, or a stauncher and more resolute set of followers than those who advocate his cause. Whatever arguments may be brought forward in antagonism to his one fixed idea, it cannot be denied that he has succeeded in fascinating and winning a large number of earnest thinkers, who preach Wagnerism as an art-religion, and stand by him resolutely for weal or for woe. These proselytes, it should be understood, thoroughly acquainted with his revolutionary projects and his habitually emphatic manner of supporting them, insist upon Wagner, the whole Wagner, and nothing but Wagner. As obstinate as their master, they are wise in their consistency; for, to accept Wagner by halves, or, indeed, with any special reservation, would be equivalent to not accepting him at all. He, in fact, tolerates no modification in his theory, no variation in his method of carrying it out, regarding it (to employ the quaint phrase of Shelley, in *Julian and Maddalo*) as "refutation-tight." He has told us in his preface to the *Ring der Nibelungen* that the German operatic theatre, as it exists and has existed, is "the worst public institute"—a branch of art that has hitherto degraded instead of elevating. The purifying and converting power of his *Lohengrin*, he adds, referring to its first performance in Vienna, produced an entire revulsion of taste, and emboldened Herr Eckert, the conductor ("a man of artistic mind") to revive serious works which had long disappeared before the enervated judgment of the public. Nevertheless, according to Edward Hanslick, the well-known Viennese critic, the "serious works" which immediately followed *Lohengrin*, as novelties, were simply the *Reine Topaz* (Massé), the *Rose of Castile* (Balfe), *Diana von Solonge* (Duke Ernest), the *Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto*. Whether *Lohengrin* this year in London exercised the same influence with which Wagner credits it at Vienna has yet to be proved. The work was successful beyond dispute, but its success in no way damaged the popularity of operas by other composers—from Mozart to Rossini and Auber, from Beethoven to Donizetti and Bellini. Nor can we understand why, because *Lohengrin* raised a certain degree of excitement, that it should act thus prejudicially on art-works of a very different calibre.

But to leave speculative digression: as has already been suggested, the realization of Wagner's poetic and artistic dream seems near at hand; that is, in so far as a series of model performances, aided by advantages not very likely to be of frequent occurrence, may help towards it. *Tristan und Isolde*, which, by the way, was composed ibetween the second and third parts of the *Nibelungen*—an episode as t were—had already been tried and found practicable; and this notwithstanding the formidable difficulties which, except under unusually favourable circumstances, must always militate against a perfect representation of the drama and a perfect execution of the music. But now comes the *Ring of the Nibelungen*, "a dramatic festival play," *(Buhnen Festspiel)* "for three days and a preliminary evening.'' This extraordinary production, as the same Hanslick, with a slight touch of exaggeration, says, "holds the same position relatively to *Lohengrin* as the Falls of Niagara to a glass of water." A performance of the *Ring der Nibelungen*, on the grandest scale, is to come off in the summer of 1876 at the new theatre which the composer, with assiduous perseverance, has contrived to get erected at Bayreuth, where, with a view, it may be surmised, to the eventful occasion, he has for some time taken up his abode and built himself a house. The preparatory rehearsals—preparatory because it is understood that the months of June and July next year will be exclusively devoted to rehearsals of the work in its integrity—have been going on at Bayreuth, under Wagner's immediate supervision, since the middle of last month. The *Ring der Nibelungen* consists of a so-called "trilogy," ushered in (descending from great things to small) by a "prologue," like Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. Unlike *Lucrezia Borgia*, however, the *Ring* exacts four days in performance, being divided into four plays, or dramas, the one growing sequently out of the other. The ancient Germanic legend, derived from the Icelandic "Sagas," and known to those versed in literary lore as the *Nibelungenlied*, was a theme only possible to a bold and original thinker, to a man of inventive genius, and to a true-born poet. Even the fiercest opponents of his musical theories, who stand up for music as an independent art, and protest against the dogmatic assertion in *Oper und Drama* that "music is a woman" ("*Die Musik ist ein Weib*"), and, therefore, dependent upon man ("the poet"), will hardly question the fact that Richard Wagner is all these. Many of his sincerest admirers declare that his poetical dramas want no music to complete them—that, in fact, they are complete in themselves; and for this *dictum*, if not ample justification, at least a fair show of reason may be adduced. It might also be suggested that the "Weib," when, by espousing the poet, she fulfils the object of her existence, becomes somewhat garrulous, often noisy, occasionally a veritable Xantippe, if the quantity and quality of the music with which Wagner illustrates his dramas be taken into consideration. Thus much admitted, however, the *Nibelungenring*, after the manner in which he has handled the subject, is a creation standing apart from ordinary art work. Here the rules laid down by Wagner as those by which the future destinies of the operatic drama should and must be guided are adhered to with uncompromising severity. To select excerpts, with the object of making stock in trade of this or that especial passage, is out of the power of the most experienced manufacturer of "variations," &c., for the pianoforte or any other instrument. We must take the whole, or leave it untouched. The four parts of which the drama is composed are alike safe from depredations of the kind. *Rheingold* (the preamble), the *Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung* are one and all of a piece. Of this any amateur or musician may convince himself by a perusal of the vocal scores with pianoforte accompaniment, which are now published and accessible. True, Wagner carries out "to the bitter end" his avowed disdain for the

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traditional laws of "tone-families," which govern the relations of keys to each other; and this, which to many would appear equivalent to doing away with the relations of colours to each other in a sister art, alone suffices to arouse the jealousy of a large majority, who have been used to look at art from quite another point of view. It also encourages a wide-spreading belief that he is a far greater dramatic poet than he is a musician. On the other hand, the nature of his themes, and his peculiar way of developing them, are such that Wagner may put forward a more or less reasonable plea on his own behalf. According to a zealous disciple, he has selected, for his modern art work, these legends, wrapped in clouds of darkness, inasmuch as they represent "the pure symbol of primeval forces, while *we* are the compounds of successive generations." This, nevertheless, in one who avowedly aims at pourtraying, through dramatic agency, the probable life of the "future" appears somewhat inexplicable. Admitting that the "present," apart from the "monumental," is chiefly "fashion," sham, and barrenness; that everything achieved up to this time is more or less faulty, the greater portion worse than faulty: how can Wagner, who holds that with the advance of time and change of epochs we have become worse and worse, reckon upon his cherished "future" for better things—and these brought about materially through the scenic apparition, accompanied by unearthly music of the gods, demi-gods, goddesses, gnomes, and heroes of a mystic past? Is he a prophet? One would be inclined to think so.

THE FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY MEMORIAL.

The Association founded in 1868 for the purpose of erecting a Monument to Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, in Leipsic, have determined to resume their operations, which were interrupted by the war and other circumstances. They now begin by informing the public that, for the object in view, the sum total of 6051 marks has been subscribed up to the present time. This amount, which at interest has gradually increased to 8700 marks, is invested in the four per cent. Preference Shares of the Leipsic Dresden Railway Loan of 1866. Moreover, the Leipsic Concert Committee, as far back as the 11th March 1868, in grateful acknowledgment of the important services rendered by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy to the institution of the Gewandhaus Concerts and to the cause of music generally in Leipsic, voted a capital of 3000 Marks for the Monument, binding themselves to pay the Association this sum together with the interest therefrom accruing, "as soon as the Monument was taken in hand." Thus, at the present moment, there are about 12,600 marks available for the project. Since, however, this is not sufficient for the erection of a Monument worthy of, and corresponding to, the importance of so great a composer, the undersigned Association hereby once more call upon all Friends, Admirers, and Pupils of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, to assist the project by subscriptions, and other suitable means. All Concert-Societies and Vocal Associations, in Germany and abroad, are especially requested to get up performances for the above purpose, and forward the receipts to the Association.

The special list of the subscriptions already received may be seen on application to the treasurer of the Association, Herr Alderman Raymund Härtel, (of the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel), in this town, and it is requested that all further contributions to the Monument may be forwarded to that gentleman.

THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE ERECTION OF A MENDELSSOHN MONUMENT IN LEIPSIC.

Leipsic, July, 1875.

THE third and last of the subscription concerts, arranged by Mr W. Haynes, was held, by kind permission of the Rev. A. Faber, in the large hall at the College, Malvern. The programme included three songs by Mr E. Lloyd. He was encored in two of them. He also took part in a duet with Miss Katherine Poyntz. Mdme Thaddeus Wells (piano) and Mr Nicholson (flute) played two duets. Mr Nicholson played a flute *obbligato* with one of Mdme Thaddeus Wells's songs. Signor Federici sang well, both in his solos and in the concerted pieces. The other vocalists, Miss Katherine Poyntz and Miss Alice Fairman did good service in the harmonized pieces. Mr A. C. Nicholson was conductor and pianist.

BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

One of the novelties this season at the Royal Operahouse is to be *Tristan und Isolde*. During his recent visit to Bayreuth Herr von Hülsen, the Intendant-General, requested Herr Wagner to conduct the first performance himself, and Herr Wagner promised that he would do so. It is to be hoped that the members of the *Hofcapelle* of his Majesty, Wilhelm, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, are less recalcitrant and more sensible than their colleagues, the members of the orchestra at the Grand Opera, Paris, who recently refused to follow the beat of M. Gounod's *bâton*, when one of that gentleman's works was performed for the benefit of the *Inondés*. But there is not much fear. The German instrumentalists are made of different stuff to their French brethren in sweet sounds, and, if they were not, Prussian discipline extends beyond the barrack-yard and parade-ground.

Apropos of Bayreuth, Herr Niemann has left that now celebrated town rather sooner than was expected. He has been here since the 1st inst., though his *Urlaub*, or leave of absence, does not expire until September the 1st. "But how about the rehearsals of the *Ring der Nibelungen?*" the reader will naturally enquire. To this I make answer that the rehearsals must take care of themselves, as far as Herr Niemann is concerned. He packed up his trunks and was off at a moment's notice, having previously sent back his part. The cause of his abrupt exodus is said to be a misunderstanding with Mad. Wagner. Who will replace him? At present this is not known, but some vocal Marcus Curtius will no doubt fling himself into the gap. It will be interesting to read what Herr Wagner says in his next "Communication" to his "Friends," and the public at large, regarding the fugitive tenor.

Herr Taglioni, Royal ballet director, will celebrate, on the 4th of next November, the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the Royal Operahouse. There are to be grand doings in honour of the event. Talking of anniversaries reminds me of one kept on the 3rd of this month, by Herr G. Reichardt, who is at present a resident here, to celebrate the day on which, half a century ago, his setting of Arndt's verses beginning: "Was ist das deutsche Vaterland?" was sung for the first time. A military band played a number of pieces under his window, early in the morning, while congratulations, oral and written, succeeded each other all day. The *Liedertafel* of Hanover sent the Anniversarian—allow me to coin a much needed word—a beautifully written diploma of honorary membership.

At Kroll's Theater Herr Nachbaur has added the character of Masaniello in Auber's opera of *La Muette*, to the other characters sustained by him during his present engagement. I have not been able to see him in the part, but all the persons who have spoken to me on the subject, and the majority of the papers, praise him highly. The *Echo*, however, is of a different opinion, which it expresses thus:

"Herr Nachbaur, Royal Bavarian Chamber Singer, was the Masaniello. We must repeat what we have already said, namely: that, on this occasion, he does not come up to his great reputation, since he has scarcely appeared once without being indisposed. Whether the enthusiastic notices of the critics in other parts of Germany, concerning the natural gifts of Herr Nachbaur, and what he did, were formerly justified, is a question we will not attempt to decide. Leaving his singing entirely out of consideration, we do not like the coarse realism with which he incarnates the character of Masaniello, so different from the ideality with which Theodor Formes, an artist in many respects never to be forgotten, raised, when in his prime, with perfect æsthetic and dramatic propriety, the folk's hero above his actual social sphere. Such a mode of conceiving and carrying out the part is altogether foreign to the Bavarian singer, in whom we can praise only the decorational sharpness of the outlines with which he sketches and then fills in the part. We may add that the tone-colour of his powerful voice agrees with the plump reality of his impersonation. His pronunciation of the text was exemplary; his intonation not undeserving blame; and his manner of singing naturalistic rather than artistic."

Variety, they say, is charming, but the observations of the *Echo* may, perhaps, when compared with the utterances of the other papers, strike Herr Nachbaur as an exception to this apothegm.

BARCELONA.—*I Promessi Sposi*, by Sig. Ponchielli, is announced for the 26th inst., at the Novedades.

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Anna Bishop.

(From the "Daily Evening Post.")

"England," said Mendelssohn, sententiously, "has given three great singers to Italy, Clara Novello, Catherine Hayes, and Anna Bishop." The writer, then a wee lad—for this was in those old days of the early "forties," when gold had not been found in California, and the first of the pioneers had not started for the new El Dorado—pricked up his ear and catching the amiable great man by the elbow, some minutes afterward, when the guests were gone, and no one left in the room but the musician, the piano, and the then innocent individual who pens these lines, said, "Who is Anna Bishop? Miss Hayes I heard when I was in Ireland, and mamma took me to hear Clara Novello in *Sappho*, a long time ago, but I have not heard Anna Bishop," and the musician, the

Gentlest and most kind of men,

a child at heart himself, and a lover of children to his dying day, sat at his piano, and in mock recitative, with full chords (where the hyphens come hereafter), said: "Anna Bishop is the great composer's 'pretty Jane'—that is, his wife—and if you are good you shall hear her in *Tancredi*." The impatient hearer was contented with the promise, but he was fated not to hear Madam in *Tancredi* for years, not, in fact, until he was familiar with every note of her wonderful voice in everything else that she did sing. They were a grand trio—women with the staunch, lasting English physique, plus the glorious Italian training, a combination that makes extraordinary singers. These three upheld their supremacy when there was no lack of prima-donnas, and when the singers who now command

One thousand dollars per night

would have had to be content with that per month. The first, Clara Novello, belonged to a family who were all talented, all good, and all devoted to the cause of artistic truth. Her eldest sister, Mary Cowden Clarke, is the author of the Concordance to Shakspere, and the editor of the best literary edition of the poet's works known to the world—that published by Appleton & Co., of New York, in 1863. Clara Novello had a noble voice, rich, smooth, velvety, and perfectly trained. She was hardly impassioned enough for opera, but just fervent enough for oratorio; her style was intensely devotional and her singing of "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was like the rapt expression of a saint's faith. She retired finally in 1860, being then barely 40 years of age, and in the fullest possession of all her glorious powers. Poor Catherine Hayes, who died prematurely in 1862, at the early age of thirty-six, had travelled the world over, and had carried her sweet voice and innocent manner unchanged through all triumphs and trials. She was so excessively nervous that she seldom did herself real justice, for the least *contretemps* would make her quite unfit to tread the stage, and though invariably mistress of her part, and of her unequalled voice, she felt any displeasure that was expressed concerning her fellow artists as keenly as if she had been fated to be hissed, which indeed she never was. She was possessed of a singularly pure, light soprano voice, and of a refined dramatic style that rendered her the best exponent of her day of such characters as Lucia and Amina, and probably of the present day also; for, in spite of the writer's penchant for the exquisite Lucia of Nilsson, the first notes of the lovely solo where the Scottish beauty awaits her lover, brings back the memory of twenty-five years ago, and of a slender figure with pale face and hair of fair gold, whose melting tones brought silence among even the gabblers of Fope' Alley, as the lounge under the pit boxes of the old Italian opera used to be called. Ah! how distant those times seem now.

Clara Novello

is living among the Palaces of Florence, star of a society that numbered once amongst its bright galaxy the Brownings, Landor, and others great in poesy. Catherine Hayes has "gone over to the majority," and sleeps in Kensal Green, and Anna Bishop remains the last of that great school of vocalists which began with Storace nearly a hundred years ago. Oh, the memories that come with that neat figure as it trips on to the stage! The recollections of triumphs won when Grisi and Viardot, Alboni and Cruvelli, Lind and Persiani were acknowledged queens of song! Of tales of adventure and travel, of peril by flood and field, of wreck, robbery and danger! Of all these and more survived and conquered, until admiration of pluck and endurance grows until it would almost forgive vocal deficiencies did they exist.

Madam Anna Bishop's Singing

is a thing to be watched and studied. The secret of her success is in her method. No voice, however naturally beautiful, can last if it be badly trained or badly managed, and if any ambitious young lady wishes to preserve her voice for a whole lifetime, she must do as Madam Bishop does; that is, open her mouth and let the sound come clear from the larynx, without affectation or hindrance. Even Madam's companions hardly appreciate this truth, and Mr Gottschalk, especially, keeps his magnificent voice rumbling in the back of his throat, or in the region of his palate, being apparently afraid to let his mouth look wider than a teaspoon. Madam has been singing in public ever since 1837, and her method is as good now as it was then. Her voice is a little tired. She probably overtaxes herself, but otherwise there is no change since these twenty years. Dejazet, who is seventy-seven years of age, still sings as well as she ever did, though her voice is thin; and so, if she choose to remain on the stage so long, will Anna Bishop. Madam was born in 1814, and married in 1831 Sir Henry Bishop, composer of "The Chough and Crow," "Tramp Chorus," "Pretty Jane," "Pilgrim of Love," "Home, Sweet Home," and countless glees, songs, and ballads. In 1837 she began her public appearances at the provincial musical festivals in England. In 1845 she reigned supreme as an opera queen; in 1848 she first tried her luck in America, and now, after

Five-and-twenty Years of Travel

and good fortune, she elects to begin her farewell trip here. Her mezzo-voce singing is still superb; her upper notes clear, sweet, and resonant; her scales and shakes brilliant and facile, and her figure, gestures, attitudes and expression exactly, precisely, and entirely like what they were when first she made her bow in America. If this be really what we hope it is not—her farewell trip—we can only counsel every one who wishes to know what good singing is to go and hear her.

A PASTORAL.

A little rill beneath my feet,
An oak on either side me,
The setting sun, in golden sheet,
Just showed a path to guide me.

A vista opening 'tween the trees,
Where lambs did sportive play,
The murmuring hum of laden bees,
The scent of new-mown hay.

The honeysuckle, eglantine,
The sweet clematis flower,
Together here did all combine
To make this sweetest bower.

I laid me down beside the brook,
And watched the rippling bubbles,
My thoughts from out the world I took,
Its cares and all its troubles.

The brook seemed thus a thought to shape,
As ever on and gliding,
The wavelets seemed a voice to make,
As if they would be chiding.

Oh, busy town! they seemed to say,
Far from your noise and "hum"
I wander on in sportive play,
While to the sea I run.

Through park and meadow on I go;
My time it passes gaily;
Neither fast nor yet too slow,
My music making daily.

O learn a lesson, mortals, do!
Waste not your time in strife;
Be only to yourselves but true,
And learn the music of my life.

I. G.

THE BRIGHTON ROYAL AQUARIUM.—At the afternoon concert on Saturday last Miss Maudsley sang "It was a dream" and "The Erl King," and also joined Signor Adelma-Wilrington in the duet, "Una notte a Venezia." Signor Adelma-Wilrington sang "The Shades of Evening" and "Vive tu te ne sconguiro." Further variety was afforded by some solos on the violin by Mr J. Niedzielski, and on the piano by Signor Romano; while, under Mr Reyloff's skilful conductorship, the band of the establishment contributed its full share to the pleasures of the concert. In the evening the same *artistes* again appeared, and gained successes equal to those of the afternoon. Every evening this week, and yesterday afternoon, Mdme Pettit has been achieving fresh laurels by her skilful use of the charming soprano voice with which she is gifted. Her songs, too, have been judiciously chosen, and, altogether, her engagement must be pronounced a success.—*Brighton Gazette, Thursday, 12th August.*

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THE AMERICAN REVIVALISTS.

(*Concluded from page* 550.)

Surely the wisest and ablest religious teacher among us need not be above inquiring into the causes of the success (call it "success in the low sense," if he please) of these two, in most senses, untaught men? It may sound well to say that large congregations are not the great end of preaching, as undoubtedly they are not, but a congregation of some kind is the first preliminary of preaching; you must have people to preach to, and, granted other conditions, the larger the congregation the better, we should say. There is much in the proceedings which must ever be abhorrent to the feeling of many persons distinguished at once for piety and refinement of taste. There will not long be much sympathy, we hope, on this side of the Atlantic with several of the circumstances of this Revivalism. We must censure alike the theatrical act of sinners standing up to be viewed at once by the saints and by the greater sinners who have not arrived at the point of exhibiting themselves as reprobates; those sudden conversions; and those (to our view) most obnoxious "Inquiry Rooms," at the doors of which stand smirking men, asking the outgoing people if "Christ is precious to them" (we heard one such man ask this very question of two or three little girls, who knew no more what he meant than if he had spoken Greek). Nor do we reprobate less the scattering about broadcast of the photographs of the Revivalists. It is hard, indeed, to know on what ground a man like Mr Moody can allow this to pass without stern reproof, especially when he preaches of the meek Moses, and remembers that of the Great Master we have no acknowledged portrait. Whatever may be said to the contrary, the photographs have been used as advertisements on a large scale, and with an effect altogether unhealthy. Mr Moody ought to give this up, as a sin of pride into which he has unwittingly fallen. There is much, we say, to condemn in these services, much that, as time goes on, even the most ardent admirers of the Revivalists among reasonable people will condemn. Perhaps before Mr Moody and his friend reach home a reaction will have set in to the extent of a disapproval of much in their manner of teaching. It will come to be remembered that the preacher, even when most fervid, laid less stress on purity of life, on "holiness before the Lord," on that grand duty which some think embodies all others, the duty of Sacrifice, upon honesty, upon integrity, than upon some charm he finds in such words as "Come unto Me," &c. We do not mean that Mr Moody does not hold up and exemplify these Christian virtues. He does the former, and may do the latter. We do say that the effect of his teaching is to push the Christian virtues to the background, that all attention may be directed to his central fact that "faith in Christ can be had this moment," and "can this moment save the worst sinner" and make of him a saint. Mr Moody's friends will not dispute this. They do not want, any more than the old Covenanters wanted, "Mere morality sermons." It is pleasant to them to feel, as Cromwell is said (after much struggling) to have felt at last, that, "once in grace, it is impossible to fall away." "I know that I was in grace once," the dying hero is reported to have said. Bunyan, however, had greater difficulty than our Revivalists. He had Bulls of Bashan, and worse bulls, to fight before the question was settled for him; and so will it be while men remain on earth. Let us do Mr Moody the justice here to admit, and we admit it with pleasure, that, so far as we can see, he has owed little to the "terrors of the law." The gospel he preaches is one of "glad tidings." His Christ is "waiting to be gracious." His theme in the main is the boundless compassion of the Saviour, not the terror of hell. It will, however, be for religious teachers themselves to draw a moral from what they have seen, and, after they have disapproved much, we think they will find much to learn. There cannot be a doubt that the Revivalists have scattered truths where truths are few and falsehoods powerful. It is an error to say that they have not reached the lower strata of the life of London and of our large towns generally. It is no opinion, but a fact that they have done so. Can we bring ourselves actually to say that harm has been done, if depraved men or women, rich or poor, have been led even to think of a higher life? The men have gone into all manner of places, have invited the rich, have pleaded with the poor, have blundered as to ticket arrangements, and have made "the right and the wrong" to blend in a unity which, as a fact in human life, may be either approved or disapproved, contemned or criticized, but which cannot be ignored. We hope Mr Moody will not become vain of what he has done, and of his large meetings and his great numbers of supporters. If he escape that, he may yet (he is quite a young man) do much good. Faith and singleness of purpose can never be other than of value. But to be fêted and caressed is to face a greater danger than that of being told to give up all attempts to make a speech. Mr Moody has overcome the second, the lesser danger; but when we look at his photographs in the shop windows and hear of his confident assertions, we are not at all sure that he is likely to escape the first, the greater. We hope he will learn in time that much of what he says would not stand any test of criticism. He classes as sin much that is innocent, and as saints many who would hardly make a heaven upon earth. But, on the other hand, and looking at the movement as a whole, if he can bring people, whether from crowded alleys or elsewhere to live useful lives, we, at all events, should not care to say him nay.

—o—

JOHN HULLAH SPEAKS.*

(*Concluded from page* 550.)

The difficulties of the musical instructors in the training colleges arising from the want of preparatory training of students are, as I have already stated, great. They are largely increased from another cause—the varieties of ways in which those having any musical skill on entry have been trained. I have been surprised to find that the teachers have in some cases allowed students to continue practising on methods not approved by themselves or sanctioned by the college authorities. It would be hard to say whether such a course of proceeding was likely to be more injurious to the music of a training school, as throwing difficulty in the way of the teacher, or to its morale, as fostering conceit in the pupils. Whatever be the method of instruction in a training college, the students should be required during their term of studentship to adopt it; first for the sake of discipline, which the student surely must conform to before he can enforce; and, secondly, because the method which the teacher thinks the best *is* the best *for him*, simply because he believes in it and is most familiar with it.

The results of my individual examinations of students in practical skill are exhibited in an appendix.

I am unwilling to bring this report to an end without some reference to a matter inseparably, though indirectly, connected with it—the inspection of the work for which students in training colleges are continually in preparation, the teaching of music in elementary schools. It is well ascertained that there is hardly a school in Great Britain wherein singing, of some kind, does not now "form part of the course of instruction"—evidence, at least, of the estimate of the subject on the part of school managers, as a means of moral discipline. That your Lordships concur in this estimate has been recently and markedly shown in the New Code, wherein the grant for musical instruction is made contingent on singing being "*satisfactorily* taught"—a condition which will assuredly be heartily welcomed by all interested in the subject.

Hitherto, singing "by ear" has been accepted as "singing," and the preparation of twelve songs as "teaching singing." It is to be hoped that this obviously provisional, and for a time inevitable, condition of things will soon be brought to an end. Whatever its value as "a means of moral discipline," singing "by ear," regarded from a musical point of view, is simply worthless. That the possession of ninety-nine songs got "by ear," will not enable the possessor to add another to the number by any independent effort of his own is obvious. The process of learning them in this way adds nothing to the power of the learner. It is absolutely sterile, and ends with itself. On the other hand, the least skill in reading music, and the least acquaintance with musical science—and some of both may be given to every child who remains even a year at school—might easily, with subsequent opportunity, be developed, and has often been developed into a means of innocent and even ennobling recreation.

* Report, for the year 1874, by John Hullah, Esq., Inspector of Music, on the examination in music of the students of training colleges in Great Britain.

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The natives of some parts of Great Britain—*e.g.*, of Lancashire, the West Riding of Yorkshire, and South Wales—have shown that musical skill and science are not unattainable by those whose means and whose leisure are alike limited. What is even more satisfactory, is the fact that this skill is, as a rule, brought to bear on the noblest music—the concerted music of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn—uniformly illustrative of and connected with the noblest themes.

Teaching songs "by ear," whatever it may be, is not teaching music. On the contrary, it is a serious hindrance to doing so, both as respects scholars and school. As respects the former, experience shows that those who have been longest in the habit of singing by ear are the slowest to apply themselves to singing by note; while, as respects the latter, the preparation thus of any considerable number of songs, absorbing, as it often will, the whole time available for music in a given school, leaves none for dealing with the subject thoroughly.

I very earnestly and respectfully pray your Lordships to take into consideration the pressing and increasing need there is for the inspection of such teaching—not of songs, but—of music as is already carried on in many elementary schools, and which, if recognized, would soon make its way into many more. The machinery available for such inspection is already considerable. By turning it to account for the application of some uniform practical tests, like those to be applied next Christmas to the candidates for admission to training colleges, a fair estimate would be arrived at of what is being done for music in elementary schools throughout the country, and a stimulus be given to the subject which would prove of inestimable value to the people.

I have the honour to be, &c., JOHN HULLAH.

To the Right Honourable
The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.*

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The concert given at the Etablissement on Friday by Sinico, Demeric-Lablache, Campobello, and Bettini, was, of course, a great success. That it was so is a fact; but a rumour had been abroad that these great artists were so "used up" by their efforts during the London season, that it would be a great extra effort on their part to please the fastidious and critical public of Boulogne-sur-Mer. They gave a second concert on Sunday, at the same building, in the afternoon, which was well attended. It would be useless for me to say anything about the singing of these well-known artists or of the well-known *morceaux* they selected to delight their crowded audiences on each occasion. Suffice it only to add that it was a great treat for the Boulonnais to hear well-known pieces given by such artists, who are better known in other towns than Boulogne-sur-Mer. Mdlle Boulanger has played once at the Etablissement, and received great applause for her performance of a difficult fantasia on airs from *La Juive*. This really talented and young violinist seems to have made great progress since last year; and I trust she may meet with as much applause when she appears in London—I hear, she soon will at the Covent Garden Concerts—as she has already here. She gives a concert here on the 16th inst., which I am sure will be well attended.

The season begins to make visitors of every sort and kind flock to our shores. One can judge so by the crowded audiences at the theatre to listen to such operas as *La Favorite*, *Les Huguenots*, *Faust* (three representations), *Le Barbier*, *Trouvère*, *Guillaume Tell*, which have been played during the last fortnight to crowded houses. M. Lemaître seems happier in his mind, in consequence, and is sanguine of the success he well deserves. Of his artists, I would mention with special praise Mdlle Nelly, who is now quite at home among us, and is a most useful and graceful member of his troupe. The *Barbier* went especially well, thanks to her acting, and that of M. Benaben, who undertook the title *rôle*. He is not unknown to us, having sung here four years ago, and also for a short time last year. He is a good actor, as well as an accurate singer—combined necessary acquirements for this *rôle*. M. Charelli also, as Almaviva, gave entire satisfaction. Mdme Soustelle, in *Le Trouvère*, was excellent; being a *forte chanteuse*, she played the part, and sang the music allotted to the character of Azucena, with force and ability. Her impersonation of Marguerite in *Faust* left something to be desired.

The concerts at the Etablissement Kioske attract crowds from 8 to 9 p.m. three times a week. M. Lefebure, the able conductor, seems to have improved his band this year, and he himself has composed several eccentric pieces, which are generally given at the end of the programme. One is an especial favourite; it is entitled Le Polka du Bébé, and consists of an ordinary polka, into which are introduced, at intervals, those charming (?) cries of an infant, so well known to good husbands about 3 a.m., and to neighbours all day long, when possibly a little administration of a small doze of Dill-water and patting on the back, or Mr ———'s soothing-syrup would do more good than anything else. Whether they hire a real live infant for the occasion, *hide* it in the orchestra, and pinch it when required to speak, or whether the reed instrumentalists perform on their reeds without their instruments, at proper times, I do not know.

The Skating Rink is finished, and soon the band of the Société Musicale will perform three times a week, in a newly-erected kioske. I dare say the favourite air will be the celebrated valse from *La Fille de Mdme Angot*, "Tournez Tournez," which will encourage the *patineurs* to cut figures of 3 and 8, and otherwise display their agility. So great is the attraction of the Rink, that a new French verb has been created, and universally adopted: "*Rinker*"—"Je rinke, Tu rinkes, Il rinke, Nous rinkous," &c. A song *àpropos*, "Voulez-vous rinker, Mdlle?" is said to be soon forthcoming, arranged to a well-known old tune alluding to Terpsichorian performances.

A Monster Fête took place at the Tintilleries Gardens on Sunday evening last, at which some thousands of people assisted, including many of our compatriots. It was very brilliant and amusing.

Prospective events:—the Patti Concert, on Monday, Aug. 9th, at the Etablissement. At the theatre, *La Fille du Regiment*, on Saturday; *La Reine de Chypre* in rehearsal; Maillart's *Dragons de Villars* to morrow.

First verse of song alluded to, wet from the press, and "copyright:"—

"Who rocked me in his arms to sleep?
And walked the room awake to keep?
Although my mother's sleep was deep—
My father."

4th August, 1875. X. T. R.

I must write you just a line this week to assure you of the great success of the concert given last night at the Etablissement by Mdlle Carlotta Patti avec le concours de Mdlle Elena Sanz (contralto du San Carlo, de Naples), MM. Theodore Ritter et Alexandre Batta. Mdlle Patti sang with even more than her usual good taste. Her sweet rendering of the songs and parts she took in duos electrified the crowd of Boulonnais who came to hear her. M. Theodore Ritter also made a great impression, and elicited hearty applause for his excellent performances on the pianoforte. I need hardly add that both these artists had several recalls and encores. Mdlle Sanz, whose fine contralto voice told well in our beautiful temple dedicated to the Muses, and M. Batta's executions on the violoncello, contributed much to the success of the evening.

10*th August*, 1875. X. T. R.

MAD. WAGNER AND HERR NIEMANN.

(*Extract from a private Letter.*)

. . . . . Mad. Cosimo, wife of R. Wagner, has had a difference with Herr Niemann, the tenor, and Herr Betz. She insisted on correcting these artists and ordering them about the stage. The former declared he would not obey anyone save the *maestro*. As Mad. Cosimo still persevered in giving her objectionable commands, Herr Niemann left the stage, went to his hotel, packed up his trunks, and started for Berlin. There has been a quarrel, also, with the costumier, who said to Herr Wagner: "You will have to take the costumes in hand yourself, for I will not make them, if I am continually interfered with." As he *was* continually interfered with, he likewise left, and Herr R. Wagner is, for the moment, his own costumier.

HALLE.—The Singakademie, assisted by Mdlle Krienitz, from Gotha, lately gave a very successful performance of the oratorio of *Belshazzar*, by Halle's illustrious son, Handel.

* Through press of matter, the above letter from our esteemed correspondent was unavoidably "crowded out" last week.

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NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1875.

UP to a period not only within the memory of the present generation, but within the memory of the very juvenile section of that generation, Bayreuth was not a place known to the general public. But it has, so to speak, now awoke and found itself famous. Not long since it was by no means unusual to meet with persons beyond the magic pale of the Royal Geographical Society, though in very good society for all that, entertaining a vague, dreamy notion that Bayreuth was in the East, and once bombarded by Admiral Sir Charles Napier, or some other British admiral. Bayreuth, however, is quickly but surely emerging from obscurity. Ere this globe of ours has again reached the place it now occupies in the Ecliptic, those enterprising guides of modern travel, Messrs Cook and Gaze, will have taken Bayreuth under their patronage, and then it will bask in the glare of concentrated publicity. And to whom is all this due? To Herr Richard Wagner, who has selected a site in the old town for the erection of his Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play Theatre, where his *Nibelungen-Trilogy*, with a Preparatory Evening, is to be enacted next August.

Twelve years ago, we published a translation of an article upon the subject, from the talented pen of Dr Hanslick. The article might almost have been written yesterday. As we think it may interest our Readers, we subjoin it *in extenso*:—

RICHARD WAGNER'S *NIBELUNGEN*.*

A short time since, when, referring to the ceremony of laying the first stone of the new Operahouse here, in Vienna, we suggested that there should be an extraordinary performance supported by the most eminent singers to be found all over Germany, we did not suspect that we agreed in this pet idea of ours with no less a personage than Richard Wagner. That gentleman, like ourselves, urges a grand congress of all the vocal celebrities of Germany, though, it is true, he and we have a somewhat different object in view; we desire to witness a model performance of the best classical operas, while Wagner, on the other hand, wishes to have such a one of his *Nibelungen*.

A small book, newly published, and as elegant in its thickness as a book of 443 pages can be, supplies us with detailed information on this head. The book is called *Der Ring der Nibelungen; ein Buhnen-Festspiel für drei Tage und einen Vorabend, von Richard Wagner.* (*The Ring of the Nibelungen; a Grand Stage Play for three Days and a Preparatory Evening, by Richard Wagner.*) *Published by J. J. Weber, Leipsic.* An opera which lasts nearly half a week is no everyday matter, and we must therefore feel thankful to the author for himself enlightening the world, by means of a long preface, on so comprehensive a production. The four pieces composing this huge dramatic series are entitled: 1. *Das Rheingold;* 2. *Die Walküre;* 3. *Siegfried;* 4. *Götterdämmerung.* The music to *Das Rheingold* (*The Rhine Gold*) is completed, printed and published; long fragments from the other parts have been performed at Wagner's concerts. We cannot quite understand why, at the end of the preface, Wagner frightens his reader with the assertion that he hardly hopes to have enough leisure and inclination left to finish the composition of the music, for, in the face of this, he has already assured us, in the first page, that he is convinced "of the possibility of a complete musical and dramatic performance of the work, and of the actual success of the undertaking." For this the completion of the music is, at any rate, indispensable, and consequently, we look forward to it with a reassured mind. Let us now see how the author has conceived his work, and how he would like to have it performed. Thank heavens, he says very plainly what he means, so that we cannot anywhere misinterpret his words. Two fundamental truths proudly stalk, side by side, through the preface from beginning to end. Firstly, that everything generally known under the name of "German Opera" is fit only to perish; and secondly, that Wagner's *Nibelungenring* is an extraordinary work, for the representation of which no trouble and no sacrifice can be too great. Wagner sits enthroned in the preface like the Almighty on the day of Judgment; on his right hand he places the Wagnerian operas, as the sole good ones; on his left, all others, for the sulphurous pit. He calls opera, without more ado, "the worst public art-institute" existing, "An art-institute which deeply compromises and ruins the musical taste of the Germans." "With the *complete stillessness** of German opera," he goes on to say, "and *the almost grotesque incorrectness of its efforts*, we cannot entertain the hope of meeting corporatively at a principal theatre art resources trained to higher tasks than usual; the author who thinks of carrying out, in this most neglected department of public art, anything with a serious purpose and of more than ordinary value, finds nothing to support him except the real talent of individual singers, who, taught, however, in no school, and guided by no style in their performance, are to be found only here and there, seldom—for, on the whole, the talent of the Germans is, in this respect, but insignificant—and completely left to themselves." Consequently, for "something more than ordinary value," like the *Nibelungen*, there is no other plan available than to collect, at one point, the best singers from all German theatres, to study and perform Wagner's last work.

The extraordinary blessings which must result from such a monster performance for the whole system of the cultivation of music in Germany, are depicted by Wagner with convincing eloquence. In the first place, how advantageous it would be for *the artists*, "to have for a certain period to occupy themselves only with one thing, and not be interrupted in their studies by any of their usual operatic labours, diverting them therefrom." "The result of this concentration of their mental faculties on one style, and one object is, of itself, not to be estimated highly enough." Nothing can be more obvious. Up to the present time, artists, when studying Wagner's operas, have always been "interrupted" and "diverted," by the interpolation of works by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and such-like "usual operatic labours." To sing for a certain period nothing but Wagner's music must necessarily produce all the more salutary effect upon our wretched German vocalists, as this "certain period" would evidently prove a very long period. If the best singers are compelled to take all the trouble in the world for months together to learn by heart the three-act *Tristan*, it is not in a short time that they will study perfectly an opera of the same style, requiring *four* nights for its performance. When Wagner praises the artistic advantage attendant on this concentration of all the artists' "*mental faculties*," he does not go far enough. The *physical* advantage, also, which the continuous rehearsal and performance of a four-days' opera would have for the vocal powers can be no trifling one. We cannot imagine anything more strengthening and more healthy for a tenor or a *prima donna* than the act of singing for three successive evenings the part of Siegfried or that of Brunhild. If our singers are at present half killed after only one performance of a Wagnerian work, the sole reason of this is the system hitherto pursued of frittering away their powers by degrees.

Wagner wants a theatre built expressly for his *Nibelungen*. "It is only in this manner that the scenic and decorative representation could be well and appropriately carried out," while an opportunity would be at last afforded the scene-painter and machinist "of dis-

* Translated from the *Neiderrheinische Musik-Zeitung*, by J. V. Bridgeman, expressly for the *Musical World*.

* If it be objected that "stillessness" is not English, we reply, what then? We know it is not English, but it is an equivalent for Herr Wagner's word, "Stillosikeit," which is not German, and for this reason we coined "Stillessness." Indeed, we may as well warn our readers at once that, if they want pure English, they will not find it in our translation of Herr Wagner's prose or verse. To give a faithful version of what proceeds from the pen of the great Prophet of the Future, we are compelled, as everyone acquainted with the German original knows, to indulge only too often in strange neologisms and barbarous phraseology.—TRANSLATOR.

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playing their art as *real art.*" This second advantage, also, is obvious. When painter and machinist shall have actually executed all the scenic trifles which Wagner wishes to have worked out in the four parts of the *Nibelungen*, they will have proved their art to be not only "real art," but downright magic. Not one of them can possibly fail to obtain his diploma as "real Royal operatic necromancer."

For the orchestra, too, Wagner has imagined a beneficial measure of reform in his *Nibelungen*. The "movements of the musicians affect him," it appears, "nearly quite as *woefully** as the cords and ropes of the scenery." The "invisibility of the orchestra" constitutes one of the principal advantages of the "theatre constructed especially for the occasion." The proposal must meet with the approval of every reasonable being; to witness the noise of Wagner's opera is indeed "woeful;" the instrumentation hurts the eyes. But now comes the greatest gain of all, advantage No. 4, namely, the impression the *Nibelungen* opera must produce upon the *public*. On the latter, who "have hitherto been accustomed to seek a source of thoughtless amusement in *the exceedingly doubtful exhibitions of this ambiguous branch of art*," there would "*dawn a comprehension*"† to which they have, up to the present time, been strangers, nay, which has been absolutely impossible. The spectator will now "arrive at the beneficial feeling of the facile activity of a hitherto unknown power of conception, filling him with novel warmth, and illuminating the light by which he plainly perceives *things of which he has previously had no suspicion.*" Wagner here again says rather too little than too much, since it is not the actual *Nibelungen* performance, but the mere perusal of the "preface" which illuminates lights and displays things of which we have previously had no suspicion. "The effects produced upon the general mass," Wagner goes on to observe in reference to his projected operatic performances, "cannot be estimated too highly." "The assurance has frequently been given to me personally that the fact of listening to an especially good performance of my *Lohengrin* has produced in an individual a *complete revulsion of taste* and tendency, and that the then director of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, a man of an artistic mind (Herr Eckert), was emboldened by the *successful career of this opera* to produce, with a chance of also being successful, serious works, of a more significant character than usual, belonging to the department of opera, and which had long disappeared before the enervated taste of the public."

No one will dare to doubt an assertion of Herr Wagner; but yet, for the sake of shameless opponents, it would not have been undesirable for Wagner to have corroborated the second sentence of his *Lohengrin* apology by a few valid proofs. In our very exact notices we have not been able to discover a single classical opera which had "long disappeared before the enervated taste of the public," and the revival of which in Vienna was, in the most remote degree, connected with Wagner's *Lohengrin*. Wagner, when praising, with especial reference to Vienna, the purifying and "converting" power of his *Lohengrin*, meant, perhaps, to say that the influence exerted by that work was immediately apparent in the character of the *novelties* subsequently produced by Eckert. The novelties produced under that gentleman's direction after *Lohengrin* (19th August, 1858) were:—*La Reine Topaz*, by Massé; *The Rose of Castile*, by Balfe; *Diana von Solange*, by Duke Ernest; and *Il Trovatore*, by Verdi; followed immediately after Eckert's retirement, by *Rigoletto*. There is no documentary evidence to prove any other kind of influence exerted by *Lohengrin* upon the Vienna repertory. But how does this slight historical error of Wagner vanish before the irrefutable truth of his *prophecies!* Who, for instance, can doubt that, after an exclusively *Nibelungen* season, such as is projected by Wagner, "It would be impossible for our performers to fall entirely back into the groove of *their former habits*," or that the "artistic governing-bodies and artists" who flocked in from all countries must receive an impression which "could not *possibly remain completely without influence upon their own subsequent artistic efforts.*" We should, in fact, arrive most speedily at that happy epoch when all singers would sing *Wagnerially;* all dramatists write *Wagnerially;* all composers compose *Wagnerially;* and all managers manage their theatres *Wagnerially*. Could there be any sacrifice so great which we would not joyfully make to obtain so universal a blessing! That, indeed, it would not be possible without trouble and expense to erect a new theatre for the *Nibelungen*, as, likewise, to obtain the best singers and instrumentalists in all Germany, and keep them together until they had studied and performed the four-evening opera, is a fact that Wagner readily admits. But he immediately suggests the means by which these difficulties are to be overcome. He perceives two ways open to him. The first is "an association of monied men and women with a love of art, for the purpose of obtaining the requisite funds." But, with the "petty" sentiments of the Germans, no success is, in Wagner's opinion, to be expected from such an appeal. And why not? It strikes us that the person whose sentiments are here "petty" is the master himself. With the converting power which he says is possessed by his *Lohengrin*, the number of the "converted" must be even more than sufficient to collect a few hundred thousand florins for a work which holds the same position relatively to *Lohengrin* that the Falls of Niagara hold to a glass of water! The second way would be for a *German Prince* to devote to the monster-performance of the *Nibelungen* the sum "which he has previously applied for the support of the worst public art-institute existing, namely, his operatic theatre, which so deeply compromises and ruins the musical taste of the Germans." "After I had shown him" (the Prince) continues Wagner, "what a most extraordinary influence he would thus be enabled to exert upon the morality of *a branch of art which has hitherto degraded us*, and what a creation of most peculiarly German art he could advantage, he would put aside the sum devoted to the support of opera in his capital, and, by so doing, found an institution which would gain for him an incalculable influence on German taste in art, on the development of German genius for art, and on the formation of a true and not obscure national spirit, while it would win for his name an undying reputation." This means that the Court of Vienna, Berlin, or Dresden should (for about a year, since no person competent to form an opinion can suppose the projected performance could be got up in a shorter period) close its operahouse and devote the sum usually set aside for the latter to a representation of the *Nibelungen*. Nothing could be more simple. But we must remind the reader that, according to Wagner's proposal, the best singers are to be collected from *all* the German theatres, so that the weight of the sacrifice would not rest exclusively upon the shoulders of any *one* Prince alone. Then again, the average sum a *single* "German Prince" allows annually for opera could not possibly suffice to build a new *Nibelungen* theatre, supply the most unheard-of machinery and scenery needed for it, and engage for ten or twelve months all the most eminent artists in Germany. However, this could offer no real difficulty. If the theatres were closed simultaneously in Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Dresden and Stuttgart, for one year, with the pecuniary and artistic resources thus available, Wagner's *Nibelungenring* might, probably, be produced upon the stage, and the German people would willingly make up their mind not to hear, for the period just named, a note of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Spohr, Cherubini, or any others of those who have propagated existing opera, which "is so gross an insult to all feeling for music as well as for drama." We are convinced that the only thing which stands in the way of convening the *Nibelungen* delegates is the non-completion of the Wagnerian score. Fortunately, all Wagner's opera-books are, as everyone knows, perfect dramatic poems even without the music, and can and should without more ado be performed as tragedies by actors. Consequently Richard Wagner has begun by presenting the public with a portion of his *Nibelungen*, that portion being: "The word, that is to say, most properly speaking, the word, without tone, nay, without sound, but merely *the word put forth by types;*" he offers: "to book-reading publicity a more dramatic poem, a poetical literary production."

We feel ourselves too weak and unworthy to pronounce an opinion on this wonderful drama. Let the task be reserved for those who are better qualified to execute it.

Were the Bayreuth art-horizon free from clouds, we should say to the young aspirants of both sexes for the honours of the German lyric stage: Study zealously during the next twelve months; be ready by August,

* "Wehsam" in the original. "Woefully" thus employed is Wagnerian for "painfully."—TRANSLATOR.

† The reader is respectfully requested by the victim of a despotic Editor—who threatens the writer of this appeal that he will have the whole of the *Nibelungen* Anglicised—to refer to the latter part of the note on the word, 'Stillessness."—TRANSLATOR.

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1876; because, if nothing prevents the *Nibelungen* performances at Bayreuth, there will then be a grand opening for you. You will all be wanted. To employ the style of Mincing Lane and the parts thereto adjacent: There will be a brisk demand for sopranos and contraltos; tenors will fetch any price; and basses will rule very firm. And all this, thanks to Herr Richard Wagner!

But ——

Herr Niemann, who was to have played one of the principal parts, has already, as they say in German, *einen Strich durch die Rechnung gemacht.* He has left Bayreuth in a huff. Others may follow his example, and then —— will *Der Ring der Nibelungen* be performed even in 1876? R. K.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SPEAKING of the Ghent Festival, the Leipsic *Illustrirte Zeitung* informs its readers that among the larger works executed were *The Seasons* by Haydn and the oratorio of *L'Escaut*, by——Beethoven! How about M. Peter Benoit?

THE manager of a French provincial theatre lately announced a performance in favour of the sufferers by the late inundations. The receipts were very large, but that manager only handed 20 per cent. of them to the Relief Fund. He evidently believes in the proverb which says that Charity begins at home.

IN the eleventh volume of his *Correspondence*, published by Lacroix and Co., Paris, M. Proudhon expresses the following opinion concerning the subjects of King Leopold II.:—

"I consider that the atmosphere of Belgium renders the imagination sluggish, but that, at the same time, it develops in the inhabitants an aptitude for music. In a humid atmosphere the human voice is more tuneful and more sonorous; it invites one to sing."

Is M. Proudhon right? Is M. Proudhon wrong? *Quien sabe?*

A REALLY precious work was lately found at an old bookseller's—that is, a seller of old books—in Florence. It was the *first* libretto of the very first opera ever written. Previously to writing *Euridice*, Ottavio Rinuccini wrote, in 1594, *Dafne*, though it was not till 1600 that Giorgio Marescotti published it in Florence. Both librettos, set to music by Peri, are exceedingly uncommon. The libretto now found is doubly valuable, first, as being so rare, and, secondly, as being mentioned by the Accademia della Crusca.

DURING the composer's last stay in Berlin, one of Wagner's friends, so it is reported, endeavoured to get him a post there. The Musician of the Future was delighted. Meanwhile, he received an invitation from the Baroness von S—— to meet Prince Bismarck at her house. On being introduced to the famous Chancellor, Wagner made a deep bow, and said, "I regret exceedingly that fate has not placed me where I could live with the greatest statesman of the century." "I regret it, too," replied Bismarck; "but, as I have no chance of being summoned to Munich, things must remain unchanged." It is, perhaps, superfluous to add that the Prince is not a Wagnerite.

IN future, Mdlle Ilma de Murska will, no doubt, be more careful in seeing that her dumb favourites are properly secured, before she goes upon the stage. A short time since, she was announced to sing, at a concert in San Francisco, the mad scene from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. On she came, in the most airy and elegant of summer toilets, and began the air. She was just executing certain *staccato* passages and chromatic runs, especially calculated to pourtray madness, when her two pet lap-dogs suddenly appeared unsummoned, and, after gambolling about for a short time, ensconced themselves comfortably on her train. The public at first smiled and then laughed outright. At length the lady perceived there was something wrong, and, looking round, caught a glimpse of her two—and too—faithful favourites. Suddenly stopping a series of marvellous shakes, she left the platform, followed by the dogs, who barked joyously as they made their *exeunt*. After having had them properly secured under lock and key, the fair artist returned, and proceeded to go mad again incontinently.

THE *KREUZSCHULE* AT OBERAMMERGAU.

While the audacious mystification of the public lately attempted by a strolling company who went about Germany performing what they wanted to palm off as the Oberammergau *Passion-Play*, was properly prohibited by the authorities in the Protestant capital of the German Empire, the inhabitants of Oberammergau itself, who were not in the remotest degree connected with the speculation just mentioned, have long been busy preparing for another religious theatrical exhibition. They desired to revive the once usual performances of the *Kreuzschule*, or *School of the Cross*, a variety of the grand *Passion-Play*. They were more especially induced to take this step by the present which the King of Bavaria made them, not long ago, of a colossal cross, destined to adorn one of the eminences surrounding the place. In the *Kreuzschule* the relative importance of the dramatic portion and of the *tableaux vivants* is the reverse of what it is in the *Passionsspiel*, or *Passion-Play*. While, in the latter, the real dramatic action is based upon our Lord's passion, the subject selected for dramatic treatment in the *Kreuzschule* is taken from the Old Testament. The typical events of the Old Covenant constitute the drama, and the separate acts are illustrated by *tableaux vivants* pourtraying the Passion. In the last century, the *Kreuzschule* was usually performed two years before the *Passion-Play*, properly so called, to which it served as a preparatory course. It was subsequently transferred to the middle of the decennium separating one performance of the *Passionsspiel* from another. The same rule has been observed in the present instance, the summer of 1875 being selected for the revival. According to the original plan, the performances were to have commenced several weeks ago, but they had to be postponed as the consent of the Government had not arrived for them to take place. Doubts were probably entertained whether the performance of the *Kreuzschule* would not be an evasion of the legal regulation that the *Passionsspiel* should not be represented more than once in ten years, since in the *Kreuzschule*, as in the *Passionsspiel*, our Saviour is the principal figure, though, it is true, only of the *tableaux vivants*. At last the first performance, announced to the people of the neighbouring districts as the "grand rehearsal," came off on Sunday, the 11th June. The grand *Passion-Play* lasts from eight o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon, but the performances of the *Kreuzschule* begin at 1 p.m., and do not last longer than an ordinary theatrical representation. The Passion-Play Theatre is contracted for the *Kreuzschule* to about a quarter of its usual size, so that both the actors and the audience are under cover. The text of the old *Kreuzschule*, represented for the last time in 1825, has been judiciously altered for the present occasion by the Rev. Herr Deisenberger, formerly priest of the place, who did so much for the *Passion-Play*.—*Berlin Echo.*

"WHEN YEARS AGO."*

When, years ago, a happy boy,
Straying on yonder shore,
With what delight, young, awed delight,
I'd list the wild waves roar.
And still the restless waters bound,
And dark their foam and spray,
The same, the same, unchanged in all,
As in my boyhood's day.

But I—ah! what to me is left
Of life's fresh feelings now—
The peaceful mind, the buoyant heart,
The calm, untroubled brow?
What now remains, ah! what remains
Of all I treasured then?
One vanished hope of that long past
Will ne'er revive again.

Ah! happy days, ah! happy days
Of bright, unclouded joy;
Could yon vast sea but tide me back
The feelings of a boy.
Yes, still thy wondrous waters bound,
And still I love their roar;
But never can they charm me back
The dreams I dreamed of yore.

ADA LESTER.

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TWO LETTERS FROM BEETHOVEN.*

I.

To Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic.

Baden, 23rd September.

For a considerable time past I have been expecting a letter from you, but in vain. On the 1st August, they wrote to me from Leipsic saying you were not in town: since the epoch, however, when I wrote you that fearfully long letter of mine, I have had no answer, yet have one I must. I have not yet been able to forward you the songs forming part of the 2nd Issue, not knowing myself, in consequence of my eagerness for you to get them, which are those I have already sent. Of the 3rd Issue, I have nothing more than the *Grand Characteristic Sonata*, and the *Italian Songs*, which are at your service. I am, therefore, impatiently awaiting a satisfactory reply from you, as our post-office is managed quite as badly as in other countries, may I request that you will write, besides my address, the following address on a special envelope. "To be given to Herr von Oliva, at Ofenheim and Herz's, Countrymen's Market-Place," as in summer and in autumn, I am rarely in Vienna, this will be the safest way, I hope soon to receive a few lines from you. Yours very truly,

BEETHOVEN.

The above letter was written in 1810. "The songs forming part of the Second Issue" can be no others than those published in 1811, under Op. 83. The Grand Characteristic Sonata is that bearing the Opus Number 81. The Italian Airs appeared in 1811, as Op. 82.

II.

To C. T. Peters, Leipsic.

My very dear Sir,—I deplore the loss your family has just experienced, and I participate, with all my heart, in your sorrow, may time diminish its bitterness. I beg to inform you, as to what concerns us two, that there left here last Saturday *three airs, six bagatelles*, and *a tattoo*, instead of a *march*, you will forgive me the delay, and I venture to hope you will not accuse me of having committed a bad action deliberately, to-day I confided to the post the two *tattooes* that were still wanting, and the fourth *grand march*, it struck me that it would be better for me to send you instead of *four marches, one march* and *three tattooes*, the more especially as the latter will do for *marches*, the heads of the military bands are the best judges of that matter, arrangements, too, may be made for the piano. To what an extent I behave like an artist, you will see by the airs, one of them is accompanied by two *clarinett*,† a *cor*, *alto*, and *violoncello*, and is sung, either without the piano, with the accompaniment of these instruments, or with the piano and without these instruments. The second *air* has an accompaniment of two clarinett, of two horns, and of two bassoons, and is sung similarly with an accompaniment of these instruments or of the piano alone, the two airs are with choruses, and the third is an arietta tolerably developed with accompaniment of the piano alone; I hope you are now easy, and I should regret extremely if these delays were imputed to my unwillingness or fault. But the hour, for the post, presses, till Wednesday next I will write to you at greater length about the quartet for piano and violin. I will also write to you about the mass, I beg you, also, with respect to the two trifles which you have received besides, to send the order for 16 fl., as heretofore, to myself, I can send to Herr Meissel, being extremely overburdened with work and still always indisposed, till Wednesday. May Heaven aid you to support your sorrow, who has not suffered similar poignant losses, and who does not like to bewail them?

With all my heart, I embrace you. Yours very truly,

BEETHOVEN.

The airs to which reference is made in the above letter are Op. 121*b*, Op. 122, and the Ariette entitled "The Kiss." Beethoven subsequently modified the instrumentation of Op. 121. The six Trifles bear the No. 126 in the master's works. Of the three Tattooes, one only has been engraved. The March (in D major) is still in existence, arranged for the piano and two hands, and was published at Cappi and Czerny's, Vienna. As for the Piano Quartet and other works mentioned in the letter, it is not known what has become of them. Let all possessors of manuscripts bear this fact in mind.

According to a manuscript note of Peters, this letter was written in 1823.

* From the *Guide Musical*. † Sic.

These letters are translated as literally as possible, and the punctuation is *exactly* the same as in the German. It is to be regretted that we cannot reproduce in the translation the orthographic faults of the original, for there are such faults, and very picturesque ones into the bargain.

A MODEST MUSICIAN.

(To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph.")

SIR,—There has been great indignation aroused by the notice of my violin recital, which appeared in yours of yesterday. As an old stager, I can afford to laugh at such criticism; however, it is not so with the general public. The entire paragraph is an *Artistic Libel*, intended to be personally and commercially injurious to me! Now, as a man and an artist, who can count his friends and admirers by the *thousands*, I am not going to submit tamely and bow my head! Your reporter confesses to a "*Serious feeling of disappointment*" at the performance. Now, Mr Editor, how can that be? *Lord Harrington*, a great *connaisseur!* was present, and expressed himself most *thouroughly delighted* with the entire programme! Mr Cocks, the well-known music publisher was present, and said that *since* Paganini he had heard *nothing like it*. A gentleman who had known and heard Paganini also stated that in his opinion *I* was a GREATER artist!! And last, and certainly HIGHEST of all, Mr G. A. Macfarren!! the *English Beethoven*, was present!! and said, that for thirty years!! he had not enjoyed such a wonderful musical treat!!! *Now, this* will be sufficient at present to show you that *The Telegraph* has made a mistake. It can be proved by great witnesses that I am a most extraordinary and finished artist on the violin. I can bring all the people I have mentioned to "*back up*," this statement in a *Law Court*. Sir Julius Benedict, Mons. Rivière, and such men would come forward and assert that I can hold my own with any violinist *that ever lived!!* So!! make me an *amende honorable!* in your paper either to-morrow (Saturday) or *Monday!* and we will shake hands over the matter! if not! my friends have promised to subscribe £500 for me at twenty-four hours' notice! to proceed against you, when overwhelming evidence could be brought to show that the paragraph in question was not a *fair criticism*. I would employ the best man in the country to carry the matter through; and, as *The Telegraph* has such immense influence, I would lay my damages at 5,000 pounds. I am an old newspaper hand myself—so I imagine perhaps that you may not even have *seen* the notice—look it over!! and do as I ask you—for it would be ridiculous to let the papers suffer for the stupid spleen of the scurvy animal that you sent to disgrace us both!—Yours truly,

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS.

[The writer treats the whole matter so exhaustively that we cannot refuse him the advantage of publicity.—ED. *D. T.*]

SWEET NIGHTINGALE.*

Sweet nightingale, thy soothing notes awaken
Thoughts of the past, when life was young and fair,
When light, as blossom on the greensward shaken,
The heart was buoyant and undimmed by care;
Untravelled then the world which some find hollow,
Unseen the future by the curious eye,
Unknown the path of life that one would follow,
Unfelt the anguish, and unheard the sigh.

In those young days the golden hues of morning
O'er life's bright scenes their radiant glory cast;
No gloomy sibyl with prophetic warning
Foretold that those bright visions would not last;
But as we watch the evening shadows banish
The last faint glimmer of expiring day:
So one by one our earthly prospects vanish,
And while we strive to grasp them melt away.

But, bird, thou singest when all else is dreary,
And charm'st the woodlands through night's darksome hours;
Thy voice is welcome to the spirit weary,
Yea, welcome art thou as the breath of flowers.
My bird of birds, sing on, and I will listen,
Will steal the hours that should be spent in sleep;—
What though thy numbers make the eyelids glisten,
My bird of beauty, eyes were made to weep!

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PARIS SCRAPS.

(*From our Parisian Scrapper.*)

The weather here has been very hot, but not hot enough to prevent the Grand Opera from being full every time its doors are open. What matters it that the thermometer stands at ever so many degrees in the shade, and that the regular patrons of the establishment are doing the sea-side, or otherwise spending their *villeggiatura*? There are always plenty of Provincials and Foreigners eager to take their place. Among the Foreigners who have lately visited the theatre over which M. Halanzier presides, and with which, for the present, at least, Sig. Verdi respectfully declines having anything to do, may be mentioned a very illustrious specimen of the class. This is no less a personage than his Imperial Highness the Russian Grand-Duke and Grand-Admiral, rolled into one, Constantine. Like a naval officer related to him by marriage, in the British service, he is a great lover and patron of music. He went to hear *Les Huguenots*, and was present, two days afterwards, in M. Halanzier's private box, to witness a performance of M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Mdlle de Reszké, who studied at the Imperial Conservatory of Music, St Petersburgh, was the Ophelia, and Mdlle Bloch, the Queen. His Imperial Highness was by no means chary of his applause.

The list of works to be produced at the Opera this season includes M. Mermet's *Jeanne d'Arc*. *Don Juan* is to be given at the end of September, or, at any rate, early in October, with Mdlle Krauss as Donna Anna. The other parts will be cast thus: Don Juan, M. Faure; Leporello, M. Gailhard; Don Ottavio, M. Vergnet; Mazetto, M. Caron; the Commendatore, M. Bataille; Donna Elvira, Mad. Gueymard; and Zerlina, Mad. Carvalho.

The truth of the proverb: There is many a slip between the cup and the lip, has just received a striking illustration. The Ventadour, which was to have served as a new home for the Théâtre-Lyrique, is lost to M. Arsène Houssaye, who appeared almost certain of it. It has been secured by M. Léon Escudier, who will open it in April with Verdi's *Aida*, interpreted by Signore Stolz, Waldmann, Signori Masini, Pandolfini, and Medini. Sig. Muzio is named as conductor.

M. Arsène Houssaye is naturally somewhat discouraged by the turn affairs have taken, but he has not, as some papers assert, sent in his resignation as manager, because he has never been officially appointed to the post.

> "The Spanish fleet thou canst not see, because
> It is not yet in sight."

He cannot resign what he never possessed. So sure, however, was he of mounting the managerial throne, and obtaining the Ventadour, that he lately had Gluck's *Armide* put in rehearsal at the Conservatory, the use of which was kindly granted him by the proper authorities. He had, also, engaged Mr Henry Litolff as his conductor. What he will now do is not known.

Some persons have proposed that he should rent the Ventadour till it opens next April, with *Aida*. By that time, they say, a new Théâtre-Lyrique might be erected by a joint-stock company on some convenient spot between the Place de la Concorde and the Champs Elysées. So it might, but it would first be necessary to catch your limited liability company, and six months are scarcely sufficient to do this and build a first class theatre as well.

The artists of Paris came forward nobly in aid of the sufferers by the late inundations, and still continue their kindly exertions. Among the many performances recently given by them was one at the Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin. One of the attractions in the programme was a *tombola*, or lottery, the first prize being a fine picture, "Sous Bois," for which the painter, Diaz, had refused 6,000 francs. It was gained by a gentleman of the *ouvrier* persuasion, who was up in the gallery, and was pleased to express himself gratified at his good fortune. A collection made in the house produced 440 francs, 70 centimes. Altogether the receipts amounted to between three and four thousand francs.

The Dramatic Authors' Society have just published their balance sheet for the year 1874-75. It appears that the total amount received was 2,304,526 francs. Of this sum, Paris contributed, 1,652,014; the suburbs (Banlieue), 68,547; the Departments and the Colonies, 488,681; Cafés-Concerts, 31,136; and Foreign Countries, 64,198 francs. During the last ten years, Paris yielded 13,000,000 francs, while 4,000,000 only were derived from the Departments, the Colonies, and abroad. We are also informed that France possesses 542 theatres. Of these, 37 belong to Paris (*intra muros*); 13 to Paris (*extra muros*); 31 to Cafés-Chantants; and 461 to the Departments and the Colonies.

—o—

THE STAGE AND THE PRESS AT BERLIN IN DAYS GONE BY.*

On the 26th April, 1803, in the name of himself and the actors under him, Iffland presented to Count Haugwitz, Privy Councillor and Minister of State, a petition, begging him no longer to allow criticisms on the performances at the Royal National Theatre to appear in the weekly Berlin papers, but only in literary periodicals better suited for them. As a reason for this step, the petitioners mention emphatically the exceedingly one-sided criticisms, full of nothing but personalities, of *Spener's Journal*, which "is always trying to be witty, but which never instructs—which inflicts great and constantly-increasing injury, not merely on the individual members of the company, but on the art itself, as well as on all zeal displayed for it and all satisfaction taken in it." Nearly every newspaper, the petitioners assert, is a proof of what they say. "We are praised, blamed, made, as a rule, the butt of small jokes, bantered, and rendered ridiculous in the eyes of the entire public, just as it pleases a scribbler, who does nothing but try all he can to see things in a laughable light, and who indulges in petty jokes at our expense. This is the more insulting for us, as the wretched writer cannot disguise the party spirit of one who calculates, lengthens, shortens, or breaks off the standard of judgment governing his criticisms, which embrace and ridicule everything, in obedience to certain notorious relations, considerations, and specious reasons. Praised to day, blamed to-morrow; overwhelmed with small witticisms, which degenerate among the lower classes into nicknames, and exaggerations of all sorts, we at last do not know how to behave, how to get up and play our parts," etc.

To this a reply was returned on the 13th May, to the effect that the entire prohibition of theatrical criticisms in the Berlin papers was incompatible with the freedom of the Press existing in Prussia. But, for the satisfaction of the complaining actors, the publishers of newspapers were expressly enjoined, on pain of official reproof, to refrain for the future in their notices from all insulting attacks, bitter remarks, and degrading observations.

How, a few years previously, a theatrical manager handled a critic who did not please him may be seen from the following letter:—

"Mister (I cannot call you: Professor) Newspaper-Scribe!—In *Voss's Paper* of to-day, you have attacked me, my management, and my Theatre in the most unworthy and the most unjustifiable manner. I am too old to allow myself to be annoyed by an atrabilious being like you. I have suffered too long as a martyr for art. Who first produced *Minna von Barnhelm*? Döbelin! Who first brought out, and in manuscript too, *Emilia Galotti*? Döbelin, in Brunswick. Who was the German who had the courage to reproduce *Nathan der Weise*, in a manner worthy of such a work, with new scenery and dresses? The same D——, whom you have so unjustifiably attacked.

"For Heaven's sake, learn to know me better, or you will go too far, and then cease to write notices and play the criticaster.

"May God —— me, if you obtain the free pass which young Herr Voss tried to get for you from me.

"Farewell, and reform. Such is the wish of one whom you have mortally insulted, and whom you have endeavoured to rob of his bread. "DOEBELIN."

"*Berlin, the 16th November*, 1784."

FLORENCE.—Sig. Emanuele Biletta's opera, *Rosa di Firenze*, already successfully represented in Paris, will be produced this autumn at the Teatro Principe Umberto.

MAYENCE.—The National Hungarian Orchestra, under the direction of M. Josef Barres, have been giving concerts in the "Bierhalle zum Heiligen Geiste," formerly a church dating from the 15th century. Their repertory comprises 150 pieces, all which they play without music. After leaving here, they will visit Frankfort, Leipsic, Dresden, Berlin, Cologne, Brussels, Paris, and London. They will reach the British capital about December.

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* From the *Theater-Chronik*.

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WAIFS.

What wine is both food and drink?—Port with a crust.

Mad. Marie Sass has given two concerts at the Casino, Vichy.

Mr and Mrs Jewson are sojourning in Ramsgate for the season.

Nash & Nash, husband and wife, are attorneys in Columbia, U.S.

Miss Ada Swanborough has been suffering from rheumatism in the eye, which produces paralysis of the lid.

The Brussels Museum of Pictures, which had long been closed for repairs, is now again opened to the public.

Mr Alexander Reichardt arrived in London, from Boulogne, on Monday last, to attend the funeral of a friend.

Mr Harvey, the celebrated solo trombone player, has been appointed principal trombonist for next season at the Italian Opera.

Mdlle Samary, who gained the grand prize for comedy at the Conservatoire of Paris this year, has been engaged at the Théâtre-Français.

Three Orange, Conn., Irishmen stretched out in line measure 18 feet 9 inches, an average of 6 feet 3 inches each. The tallest wears No. 14 boots.

Mad. Parmentier (Teresa Milanollo) took part in a concert given at Bourbonne-les-Bains, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations in France.

M. Couturier, who gained the prize for operatic singing at the last examination at the Conservatory of Music, has just been engaged at the Grand Opera, Paris.

Amongst the objects of antique art lately discovered in Crete is a statue of Roman sculpture, believed to represent Metellus, the Roman general who conquered the island.

It was on the 25th Aug., 1830, that Auber's *Muette de Portici* was first produced at Brussels. The performance tended very considerably to precipitate the Belgian Revolution.

Portraits of Hannah More, George Stephenson, and Jeremy Bentham have been added to the National Portrait Gallery. They were bought at the recent sale of Mr Pickersgill's pictures.

The vacancy in the organistship of St Saviour's Church, Falkner Square, Liverpool, caused by the death of Mr Osmond, has been filled by the appointment of Mr James J. Monk to the post.

No one can deny that ladies now-a-days appear extremely musical, whatever they may be in reality, for they are frequently seen with their dresses covered with bugles and a brass band round their waist.

The French journals state that the band of the Life Guards are going to Paris in a few days, and, under the conduct of Mr Godfrey, the composer of the *Mabel* waltz, will give two concerts in aid of the inundated.

Buffalo Bill, as an aristocratic Southerner, created fearful havoc among the ladies of Long Branch. When his true character was discovered, the dear creatures looked right through him without seeing him.

A lady correspondent, who assumes to know how boys ought to be trained, writes as follows: "Oh, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boys' nature." Mothers often do, with an old shoe.

There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers in which glory is not mentioned, and duty forgotten; there is not an order of Wellington to his troops in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is alluded to.

Mr Barlow is at work upon the engraving of Mr Sant's portrait of the Queen and some of her children. His plate of John Phillip's great picture "La Gloria"—a Spanish wake—is, says the *Academy*, now in a somewhat advanced state.

Judge Fullerton, we learn from an American paper, is fishing on his Virginia estate. The American editor's moral on the fact is, that Judge Fullerton's lines are laid in pleasanter places than they were, even if the fish are not as big as formerly.

Sir Julius Benedict will open, with the Royal Italian Opera Company, the new Southminster Theatre at Edinburgh. The troupe will comprise Mdlles Albani and Thalberg. It is expected that the new theatre will be ready for opening early in November.

Pasquale Altavilla, the celebrated Neapolitan *Pulcinella*, or Punchinello, died on the 3rd inst., aged sixty-one. He was not only a most excellent low comedian, but also a most fertile comic author. In his work entitled *Italie est-elle la Terre des Morts?* and also in the article contributed by him to the *Tour du Monde*, M. Marc Monnier speaks of Altavilla with genuine enthusiasm, and does not hesitate comparing him to Molière himself.

The four largest libraries in the United States are:—The library of Congress, containing 274,000 volumes; the Boston public library, 274,000; Harvard University library, 198,000; and the New York Mercantile Library, of 155,120 volumes.

The proposal of M. Falguière, the sculptor, for the assistance of his unfortunate fellow-citizens at Toulouse, has been liberally responded to. Over 400 works of art, signed by some of the most eminent names, will shortly be offered to public competition.

Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes* appears to have become very popular lately. It has been given within the last few months at several large French provincial theatres; it has re-appeared on the Italian stage; and it was revived, the other day, at Barcelona, with Signora Mantilla, Signori Ugolini and Parboni in the principal parts.

The death of Samuel Priestly Taylor, one of the oldest organists in America, is reported in the *New York Sun*. Mr Taylor was born at London in 1779, and was the eldest son of the Rev. James Taylor, a well-known clergyman in the latter part of the eighteenth century. He was taught music by Whittaker, and Dr Russell of Oxford, and, before he was seven years old, sang in the choir in Surrey Chapel.

Lanigan, of the *New York World*, in a poem on a plumber, depicts the hero's mildest act thus:

"Would," said he, as he drew the bill,
"My father were alive!
10lb. of solder at 10c.,
$1.75."

Schubert's Mass in G, which has been for some time in rehearsal by the Choral Society meeting at 48, Oxford Street, Liverpool, under the conductorship of Mr James J. Monk, has given place to Mendelssohn's *Lorely;* and it is said the choristers intend shortly to take in hand Sullivan's humorous cantata, *Trial by Jury*, and Hiles's cantata, *The Crusaders*. The axiom anent variety is evidently respected by the society.

HAMILTON'S DIORAMA.—To any one desirous of an autumn tour, on strictly economical principles, an opportunity is presented of a "run to America and back," by the Messrs Hamilton, at present located at St James's Hall. Many of the pleasantest spots "over the water" are reproduced in a most artistic manner; and, under the genial guidance of Mr Arthur Matthison, a pleasant and profitable trip may be enjoyed, without the discomforts of a sea voyage.

Sig. Boucheron, Chapel Master of the Cathedral, Milan, proposes publishing the catalogue of all the musical works preserved in the archives of the sacred edifice. The catalogue will form a sort of musical history of the metropolitan chapel of Milan, a history which deserves to be written, as was that of the Chapel of St Mark, Venice, by Sig. Francesco Caffi. There is no want of documents, and the sacred compositions of the musicians who, from the time of Franchino Gafforio, have directed the music of the Milan Cathedral, are full of interest. At Milan, nearly all these musicians have been Italians, while, in most of the other musical towns throughout the Peninsula, during the 15th and the 16th century, recourse was generally had to the Flemings.

The people of Florence are preparing for the celebration of the 400th anniversary of the birth of their illustrious citizen, Michael Angelo Buonarotti. The festival is to be held on the 12th, 13th, and 14th of next month. On Sunday, the 12th, the citizens and rural inhabitants of Tuscany, by their representatives, will meet in the cloisters of Santa Croce to do homage at the tomb of the great artist; after which a visit will be paid to the house of Buonarotti, where he was born, followed by the inauguration of a monument in a square to bear his name. On Monday will take place the inauguration of the tribune of the "David," and the exhibition of the works of Michael Angelo in the Academy of Fine Arts, when a concert, vocal and instrumental, will be given. On Tuesday the *fête* will close with a meeting of Academicians in the Senate hall.

The late ex-Emperor, Ferdinand of Austria, taking shelter one day, in a Styrian farmer's, from a storm, found the farmer's wife just putting on the table a good dinner of dumplings, made of rather coarse flour. The Emperor was invited to partake, which he not only did heartily, to the horror of his attendants, but insisted ever afterwards on having similar dumplings of coarse flour brought up to his own table. His physicians prohibited this, and he was told he should not and could not have these dumplings, to which he replied that in that case the machinery of State must stand still, for nothing should be done until he received his dumplings. Again, at a council of Ministers, when a long report of great moment was being read, the Emperor, who was sitting at an open window, appeared to give the most earnest attention for hours, but, when the minister had at length finished, he only said, "Four hundred and twenty-five fiacres, and one hundred and eighty omnibuses have passed through the Hofburg during the last two hours."

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All the places for the concert to be given at Dieppe by Mad. Adelina Patti for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations in Normandy, and for the widows of Dieppe sailors, have been taken in advance, at 20 francs each.

In reference to the estate of the late Thomas Worrallo Kelly, of 33, Beaumont Street, Portland Square, who died a widower without any known relations, Mr E. Baggallay applied in the Court of Probate a short time since, for letters of administration to be granted to the Solicitor of the Treasury. The will was dated the 25th of September, 1849, and the codicil, which was duly attested, was written on the same paper, and bears date October, 1857. It was as follows:—

"I, having neither kith nor kin,
Bequeath the whole I've named herein
To Harriet, my dearest wife,
To have and hold as hers for life;
While in good health and sound in mind,
This codicil I've undersigned.
"Thos. Worrallo Kelly."

His Lordship granted the letters of administration to Mr Stephenson, as asked.

Alexandra Palace.—The great feature of next week's attractions will be the *fête* on Monday next, in aid of the Railway Provident Societies, which will be supported by excursions of railway officials and servants from all parts of the country. The entertainments on this occasion will be numerous and varied. The Jackley troupe of Russian gymnasts, Mackney, Howard Paul, the Payne family, the Clown Cricketers, and others, will contribute to the day's enjoyment. Wrestling, sword exercise, and boxing will be practised in the circus; Denayrouze's diving apparatus, and Holden's marionettes will tempt many of the visitors; in the afternoon their will be a balloon ascent, and in the evening a grand display of fireworks. Music will receive its due share of attention, and, in the course of two grand concerts, several military bands will reinforce those of the company. On Tuesday and Wednesday the Metropolitan Floral Society will hold a show of autumn cut flowers; and, on Tuesday, Mr Oxenford's popular drama, *The Two Orphans*, will be performed in the theatre, with the principal artists in their original characters. On Thursday, Maccabe, the popular ventriloquist, mimic, and character delineator, will give his new entertainment. On Saturday Offenbach's *opera bouffe*, *La Fille de Madame Angot*, will be performed by the company of the Opéra Comique, and in the evening, in consequence of its great success, the selection from the works of Handel, by the Company's band and choir, will be repeated. There will also be a final performance of Jullien's "British Army Quadrille," with the aid of the bands of the household troops.

One matter is deserving of notice. We have no less than six newspapers in London devoted exclusively to the musical art, and though some of these papers take weekly extracts from the *Figaro* upon all sorts of subjects, not one has dared to mention a word for the poor players. The reason is obvious; they live as the sycophants of high-placed masters, they dare not offend the conductors. This fact discloses a state of things perfectly stupendous; a general newspaper is compelled to take up a brief which the leaders of musical opinion, from motives of false fear, timidly refuse. Musical men can draw their own conclusions from this. If from motives of fear or of pecuniary loss, these so-called musical journals pass over a crying evil, their opinions are of no weight whatever. I would gladly refer a case, for the full discussion of which I have not sufficient space, to a paper devoted to the art, but these precious journals are afraid. For myself, I have a rich reward. While I am received coldly by the people I have exposed, while I am subjected to petty snubs and insults from high quarters, every letter I receive, thanking me for my outspokenness in the cause of British and foreign artists, every communication I have from the poor starving instrumentalists, is more precious to me and more gratifying to an honourable man than all the little favours which the "guinea-pigs" can offer. I have no fears from them; they in their turn have to answer to a higher tribunal than their sweet selves and their much cherished pockets; they stand in virtuous awe of public opinion as expressed by the outspoken utterances of a free and independent press, and, if their *employés* be but firm, must eventually give way. When they do so, it will be better for themselves and for the art the cause of which they are never weary of vaunting.

Dr Hermann Härtel.—We regret to state that this gentleman died, after long suffering, on the 4th inst. For forty years he had been a partner in the renowned musical publishing firm of Breitkopf and Härtel, in Leipsic. His brother, Herr Raimund Härtel, is now the sole surviving representative of the firm, the Breitkopf family having been long extinct.

VIENNA.

The Imperial Operahouse re-opened on the 8th inst., with *Don Juan*. Among the novelties to be produced this season is Herr Kretschmar's opera, *Die Folkunger*.

A statement has been going the round of the press, to the effect that Herr Jauner, manager of the Imperial Operahouse, has concluded with Wagner an engagement by which the composer undertakes to put all his operas on the stage himself, and conduct them personally. For this purpose he will come here on the 1st of November next, and reside here some months every succeeding year. Instead of a fixed remuneration of 1,500 or 2,000 florins, which he would otherwise have received, he will be entitled to 7 per cent. of the receipts arising from each performance, and this per centage will be continued to his heirs. It is not said whether the total or the net receipts are meant, nor for how long the per centage is to be enjoyed by his legatees.

M. Offenbach has written to say that the score of the new operetta, *Die Kreolin*, will soon be finished, and that the management of the Theater an der Wien may rely on having it by the commencement of autumn. It will not, however, be produced before December, for which month Mdlle Geistinger, who plays the heroine, is engaged.

Herr Adalbert Michna, a member of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, has had a two-act comic opera from his pen accepted by the manager of the German Landes-Theater, Prague. Its title is *Der Hauptmann von der Schaarwache*. It is founded on the French piece known as *Le Chevalier du Guet*, which has figured in the London playbills as *The Captain of the Watch*. Herr Michna is the second member of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse whose work will have been first produced at Prague, *Das Landhaus in Meudon*, by his colleague, Herr Kässmeyer, having originally been brought out there some years ago.

Mannheim.—Herr Karl Freund, formerly a popular operatic bass singer, died a short time since, in the public Lunatic Asylum. The body was given to the Heidelberg School of Anatomy for dissection.

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SINGERS AND SINNERS.

The Very Reverend the Dean of Worcester is a mighty dignitary, and has prevailed over an ancient custom and the social forces which backed it, both of town and county; his cathedral, this year, will not be desecrated by the voices of ungodly singing men and women. Admiration for this divine instinct of knowing the good from the bad, and wonder at the godlike power exercised by him, in this world of doubts, of separating the sheep from the goats, divert the mind from inquiring whence cometh this infallibility. Little recks it whether his reverence inherits it by virtue of apostolical succession, or has secured it, with his twelve hundred a-year deanery, by the grace of the Right Honourable B. Disraeli; in any case the conviction must be general that Mr Dean is right. Singers are ungodly; at any rate from his standpoint.

Singing has never been advanced by terrestrial artists as a saintly profession. True it is poets have dubbed music the *divine* art; but what vice or folly have not those delightful sycophants decorated or sublimated? When Scripture foils the grim tempter of mankind, the poets may supply him with apt and plausible quotations. Singers have the rare modesty of claiming only worldly merits and rewards. They pretend to form no holy order or religious sect; in fact theological science is utter foolishness to them. They stand in no need of reading the Bible in Hebrew, or the Testament in Greek; nor do they see any absolute necessity of mastering the rudiments of their native tongue. For the practice of their craft they have not to subscribe to any Thirty-Nine Articles, nor to wrestle with the mysteries of the Church Catechism. Although fulsome critics try to establish a relationship between them and the celestial choir, yet they know full well such a claim will not hold good in any court of law, human or divine, and feel perfectly aware that they have nothing more in common with angels than the rest of mankind, excepting the collateral occupation of crying "Hallelujahs."

Between the singers and the public there is a perfect, though tacit, understanding. They acknowledge no other authority than the latter. Kings and princes, nobles and rulers, prelates and clergy, managers and critics, they heed not, if they only bask in the smiles and favours of that bran new shoddy potentate—the Public. The singer's duties to his patron are to amuse, instruct, and edify. The first above all. If the singer be not interesting, though pure as an angel and wise as Solomon, the agreement is broken, and he is dismissed. In feudal times a fool was kept to say words of wisdom through the entertaining medium of folly. In these days singers are kept to express the loftiest ideas by melody of voice and the raptures of musical accent. To simulate passion and feeling, and to express them through inflections of the voice, are the powers demanded of the vocal artist. To fly on the wings of dramatic instinct to the extreme limits of the soul's flight; to cast away his individuality; to throw his whole personal nature from him, and allow it to be tossed helplessly to and fro, now in ecstasies to the heavens, and now in sorrows to the depths of despair; to open wide the flood-gates of his soul, that the streams of sentiment and the torrent of passion may flow through them without let or hindrance; and to guide and control these varied conditions and forces by the magic power of his art, so that they may move, excite, and influence those beneath his sway: these are the deeds of witchcraft expected of the singer.

The British public are not remarkably ethereal in their nature: they are seldom given to restless, heavenly journeyings, like the angels seen by Jacob in a dream. Instead of saying, with the fairies and other celestial beings, "Let us fly," they invariably mutter, "Let us sit;" and, it cannot be denied, they have heavy capacities for their favourite sedate occupation. Still, occasionally they like to travel a little outside their usual dismal sphere; to see a world beyond their shops, and snatch breath of an atmosphere purer than their counting-houses; to escape far from themselves, and their dull and sordid surroundings, into a fairer region and more ecstatic state. To realize this happiness for some brief moments they hire the singer for a guide; they hold on to the skirts of his musical garments, whilst carried by him on the wings of melody to a point whence they obtain a glimpse of another world and the kingdoms thereof. Singers, who can accomplish this feat on subjects so corporeal and material, are generally regarded with great favour and leniency. If, upon inspection, the Englishman discovers the wings of his angels to be soiled, and their pinions torn and besmeared with theatrical tinsel, he still will value them according to their merits. The soprano, who had quickened his faith by singing "I know that my Redeemer liveth," will not be despised when found to be a scheming and grasping lady. The contralto, who consoled him by murmuring, "O rest in the Lord," will not be contemned if proved to be vain and vulgar. The tenor, who quickened his soul with religious ardour whilst declaiming, "Sound an alarm," will not be despised if he be only an ordinary mortal; and the emphatic utterances of the basso will not lose their sublimity because they happen to be delivered by means of breath heavily laden with the fumes of tobacco and beer. John Bull knows full well that singers, in frailties and vices, are like the rest of men and women, but unlike them in their public and artistic assumptions of holiness. In oratorio, the singer, perhaps a frail woman, becomes an angel, the timid man, a hero, seizing upon the mantle of Elijah; and a poor erring creature, changed into an inspired being, uttering forth mandates of the Almighty. The artist, however, is never heard to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, there is no deception;" but rather, like Snug the joiner, with half his face seen through the lion's neck, he will declare, "I am a man as other men are."

The singer's voice is never so potent as when heard in oratorio performed in a cathedral. It then appears to be pitched in the very key-note of holy mysteries; it can call forth to the mind images, dimly conceived, of another world; it can soothe and hallow earthly sufferings; it can throw a ray of hope amidst the approaching shadows of death, and embody the triumphant hallelujah of the blessed in Heaven. This artistic luxury, this year, the Dean of Worcester denies the public. No musical festival, in the old established form, will he permit to be celebrated in his church. Ecclesiastical music, services and anthems, are to be substituted for oratorios. If there be one quality in which John Bull excels, it is tact in going to the best market for all things; and he certainly will not go to the priests for his music, any more than to the singer for his religion. His instincts and experience tell him that music may produce doubtful morals, but that the best of morals generally bring forth only dreadful music. Religion and art are often divorced. He acknowledges learning and piety in the clergy, but at the same time contends they are, to a man, bad singers and worse musicians. Is it any wonder that respect is denied the church in matters musical? During the past London season the two English Archbishops were invited by the future "Defender of the Faith" to say something in furtherance of the cause of music; and the only thing they could say was: they know nothing whatever about it. It is to be deplored that our prelates should not see the importance of understanding the principles of an art so much employed in the services of the Church, and by means of which Christians express their praise, thanksgiving, and adoration; and it is to be regretted their example is followed by the clergy who, with very rare exceptions, are utterly ignorant of the simplest rudiments of music, though often moved with envy at the power it has upon their congregations. If they pursued its study, and made themselves musicians, then perhaps the scandal they attach to the art would be removed, and musical performances would not be left to the mercies of singers and sinners.

JONATHAN JONES, Jun., *Musical Student.*

A LASTING IMPRESSION.

To hear again that *scream!* that *strain!*
That *trill!* fair maid, which thou indentest;
I only know one place to go,
'Tis where you're rivalled—*chez* my dentist. S.

PARMA.—*La Regina di Castiglia*, a new opera by Sig. Guindani, will most probably be produced here next Carnival.

TRIESTE.—The coming autumn season at the Teatro Communale bids fair to be a very interesting one. The manager, Sig. Brunelli, who is also manager of the Scala, Milan, purposes including in his repertory Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, Verdi's *Aida*, and Sig. Ponchielli's *Lituani*. His company will comprise—Signore Stolz, Sang, Valleria, Mariani; Signori Patierno, Pantaleoni, and Maini. Verdi's *Requiem*, also, will be performed, under the direction of the celebrated conductor, Sig. Faccio.

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ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

By Gibbs Gibb Gibbs, Esq.

No. 11.

Jean Baptiste Lully was born of obscure parents at Florence, in the year 1634. Having, whilst a child, showed great taste for music, a cordelier, from no other consideration than from the hope of his some time becoming eminent in the art, undertook to teach him the guitar. While under the tuition of this benevolent ecclesiastic, the chevalier Guise, then on his travels, arrived at Florence, and engaged Lully as a page for Mdlle de Montpensier, a niece of Louis XIV., who directed that a master should be employed to teach him the violin; and in the course of a few months he became so great a proficient that he was elevated to the rank of court-musician, and gained admission into the King's band of violins. In a little time he began to compose. Some of his airs having been noticed by the King, the author was sent for, and his performance of them was thought so excellent, that a new band was formed, called *les Petits Violins*, and he was placed at the head of it. Under his direction they soon passed the famous band of twenty-four, till that time so much celebrated throughout Europe. This was about the year 1660, at which time the favourite entertainments at the French court were dramatic representations called *ballets*. These consisted of dancing intermixed with singing and speaking in recitative; and to many of them Lully was employed to compose the music. In 1669 Louis wished to have an academy in France to excel the one established in Venice for the performance of operas. He granted to the Abbé Perrin, Master of the Ceremonies to the Duke of Orleans, a privilege for the conducting of an opera after the model of that of Venice, but to be performed in the French language. Cambert, the organist of St Honoré's, was engaged to compose the music; but after a little while Lully contrived to get him to be removed, and himself to be appointed in his stead. Possessing now the situation of composer and joint-director of the Opera, he instituted a band of his own, and formed the design of building a new theatre near the Luxemburg palace, which was opened in November, 1670. At the time when Lully was placed at the head of *les Petits Violins*, not half the musicians in France were able to play at sight; and, with respect to composition, nothing can be conceived more inartificial than most of the sonatas and airs for violins at that time. The combination of sounds then allowed were too few to admit of sufficient variety; and the art of preparing and resolving discords was a secret confined to few. Lully contributed greatly to the improvement of French music. It is somewhat difficult to characterise his style. It seems, however, to have been completely original. He is said to have been the inventor of that species of composition, the overture; and more particularly that spirited movement, the *largo*, which is the general introduction to the fugue; for, though it may be said that the symphonies or preludes of Carissimi, Colonna, and others, are in effect overtures, yet the difference between them and those of Lully is very evident; the former were compositions of a mild and placid kind, the latter are animated and full of energy. In his overtures he introduced fugues, and was the first who, in the choruses, made use of the side and kettle drums. In the year 1686, the King was seized with an indisposition that threatened his life; but, recovering from it, Lully was required to compose a *Te Deum*. Accordingly he wrote one, which was not more remarkable for its excellence than the unhappy accident with which its performance was attended. Nothing had been neglected; to demonstrate his zeal, he himself beat the time. With the cane he used for this purpose, in the heat of action (from the difficulty of keeping the band together), he struck his foot, which caused such considerable inflammation, that his physician soon advised him to have his little toe taken off; and, after a delay of some days, his foot; and at length the whole limb. At this juncture, an empiric offered to perform a cure without amputation. Two thousand pistoles (£1,700) were promised him if he should accomplish it; but all his efforts were in vain. Lully died in 1687, and was interred in the Church of the Discalceat Augustins, at Paris, where an elegant monument has been erected to his memory. A singular story of a conversation betwixt Lully and his confessor in his last illness is related, which exposes the weakness and folly of the priest. Having been, for many years, in the habit of composing for the Opera, the priest, as a testimony of his sincere repentance, and the conditions of his absolution, required of him to throw the last of his compositions into the fire. Lully, after some excuses, at length acquiesced, and, pointing to a drawer in which the rough draft of *Achilles and Polixines* was deposited, it was taken out and burnt, and the confessor went away satisfied. Lully grew better and was thought out of danger, when one of the young princes came to visit him. "What, Baptiste," says he to him, "have you thrown your opera into the fire? you were a fool for thus giving credit to a gloomy Jansenist, and burning good music." "Hush! hush! my lord," answered Lully in a whisper, "I knew well what I was about, I have another copy of it." Unhappily this ill-timed pleasantry was followed by a relapse; the gangrene increased, and the prospect of inevitable death threw him into such pangs of remorse, that he submitted to be laid on a heap of ashes with a cord round his neck, and in this situation he expressed a deep sense of his late transgression. On being replaced in his bed he became composed, and died shortly afterwards.

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Sir,—The great event of the month has been the re-appearance of Miss Alice May here, after nearly two years' absence. Mr Lyster's company of Opera Buffa having left the town to open the new Academy of Music at Ballarat (the first stone of which was laid by Mdme Goddard), Mr Allen took the Opera House for his company, and crowded houses show how much it is appreciated. Miss May received such a welcome as only a great artist can obtain. She is now performing a round of operas that only the most versatile could play—Satanella, Drogan, Marguerite, Bohemian Girl, Grand Duchess, &c., &c.—and the papers scarcely know which to admire most. Unfortunately for Melbourne, this is to be her farewell visit, as, on the conclusion of the present season, the company goes to India, China, Japan, &c., &c. The manager of the Corinthian company, in Calcutta, has been sent over expressly to engage Mr Allen's company, and Mr Maguire, of California, has also sent to endeavour to obtain its services; so the probability is, the tour will begin in Bombay and terminate in San Francisco. It is needless to add that this final season is likely to prove the best ever given in Melbourne. On Saturday, crowds were unable to gain admission. The admirable way in which the company works under Mr Allen's conductorship is the talk of the town. In his opera, *Castle Grim*, two *débutantes* made a successful appearance on Friday last—Miss Emily Thompson and Miss Maggie Liddle. Mr Hallam has made great advances in his profession, and is now really a most capable actor as well as singer. The success of the Company in India is certain, and Miss Alice May's triumph is assured.

Your own Correspondent.

Melbourne, June 15th, 1875.

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SECULAR OR GREGORIAN MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—Man feels, and has ever felt, strong emotions in his soul—grief, sorrow, indignation; love, sympathy, and joy; and these he expresses, on all occasions, in strains that strike a corresponding chord in our nature. If speech is the medium of his emotion, or if song conveys it to us, there is that faithful and essential harmony between his emotion and ours, that, if he would touch our heart, he must strike the chord which is in unison with ours. Otherwise he fails to give satisfaction or pleasure.

Now, the question is—whether the emotions of the soul are better expressed in one form of music than in another—in Secular or Gregorian music. I must claim your indulgence while I treat of this question, for it appears there are writers to be met with who have a preference for Gregorian music, and especially there is one, a member of the church to which I have the honour to belong, to whom I would particularly direct my observations. In reaching him I believe I shall reach all other writers who are robbing the Church—Catholic or Protestant—of soul-stirring and delightful music. If I am more favourable to my own church service than to the Protestant service, it is my faith; and I may be excused this pardonable liberty.

Since music is only an accompaniment to our emotions, and since there is no restriction to our emotions, there can be no restriction placed to the music which accompanies them. But writers argue that one form of music is preferable to another. Here is an attempt to limit the accompanying strains in which we give utterance to our emotions; and we cannot allow that the emotions have any circumscribed song to express them. That being so, there must be definite and incontrovertible reasons given why Gregorian, and not secular, music should accompany our services. This form of music must be shown to be universal in point of time and place; that it is devotionally and musically better; and that its construction is superior. It is not sufficient to make an assertion; proof is necessary before we accept Gregorian music as suitable to our emotions. Writers have not descended to proof; and, what is more, they cannot; for Gregorian music will not bear any test, either as to universality, adaptability, or construction. They take safer ground in generalities, and leave the specialities of Gregorian music alone. We must commend their foresight; for it is easier to offer a general remark, than to show the excellences of the one and the deficiencies of the other—to show where Gregorian is universal, is superior in construction, or better adapted to our emotional feelings than secular music. Not in time or in place, in suitableness or in construction, is Gregorian music comparable to secular music. That Gregorian is essentially church music is no reason why it surpasses, either devotionally or musically, secular music; or that it expresses equally the emotions of the soul. It is characteristic music—not so much of the emotions as of the church; and herein consists its real value. Secular music, on the other hand, is particularly adapted for expressing the emotions. It is a form of music universal in point of time and place. We are accustomed to secular music from the time of our infancy. All the world over we accompany our sorrow, our love, our joy, our sympathy, or indignation, with this pleasing strain, which is in unison with sacred feelings in our hearts. What more natural, then, than that that form of music which satisfies our highest feelings, with which our ears have become familiar, should accompany our emotions when expressed to God in His church?

The gist of the matter lies here. If we are accustomed to music, which is fully recognized as adequate, to express our emotions, why shall we seek a strange form of music, which is not adequate or in harmony with them? Is it simply because it is church music? There is no other reason. But the same reasoning would show (I speak as a Catholic, and my words will apply to those Protestant churchmen who copy our Church in this and other matters) that we might adopt Latin in our prayers, and not our mother tongue, because Latin is the language of the Church. Gregorian advocates may say this is no parallel. It is an exact parallel to their reasoning. Protestant churchmen may say, what applies to Catholics does not apply to them; but, inasmuch as they copy our Church, and for the same reason—to make their music characteristic of the Church—it applies to them equally. The Church adopts Latin for her own use; she also adopts a Gregorian form of music; not because God is praised more in Latin than in English, nor that Gregorian music is more devotional than secular music; but because she requires distinguishing features of her own. Therefore, on this solitary reason on which they rely, Gregorian advocates are upset.

I will meet them in another way. If Gregorian music were the best adapted to emotions, the Church could not encourage secular musical art; and she does. Justly so; for what she requires is that the heart should pour forth every joy and sorrow in a free, natural, and unrestrained manner. The Church is not more catholic in religion than she is in promoting every happiness and pleasure which bring gratification and satisfaction to her children—and music is a real happiness in weal or woe. I suppose the Protestant would lay claim to this also. Catholics have enjoyed this wise and salutary encouragement in all ages, and hence the grand ceremonial and joyful music which work on our emotions and rejoice the heart. The Catholic Church leads her children in a natural way. She does not dispossess them of aught that gladdens the heart; on the contrary, she heightens the measure of their satisfaction by making all her services aglow with colour and warmth. This is what Protestants cannot understand. They think the joy and hilarity of Catholics nothing less than licence and profanity. They are so lugubrious themselves, so long accustomed to join in cold, rasping services, stultifying the emotions and surrounding the heart in cheerless gloom, that their Puritanism is shocked when brought in contact with Catholic worship. I say this out of no ill will towards them, but in all sincerity. Even converts cannot immediately disassociate themselves from the frigidity which marked their barren services. But when converts want to reform our services—there's the tickle! I know a writer, a convert, who has been lately treating us to articles on this subject of Gregorian music. Curiously enough, he sets himself up to be an authority on music, when actually he has no knowledge of Gregorian or secular music! This eccentric luminary has been throwing all the light he could afford—and that not more than a tenth-rate amateur's—on the two forms of music. In his erratic wanderings he tells us he has discovered where Gregorian music has been adopted. He hastens to the conclusion that we ought to adopt it in our services.

I take notice of this writer because he is no authority on any form of music; because he does not understand the genial atmosphere of Catholic services; for whom Gregorian music was intended; and because he has unburthened himself of pretentious knowledge in an influential Catholic paper, the *Tablet*. For his information, I tell him he may hear Gregorian music not only in Germany but in every country where Catholic worship exists. In every conventual chapel throughout the world he will hear Gregorian song. But he forgets entirely that this form of music was made, and is intended expressly for religious communities of men shut out from the world and using simple devotions. Even they draw largely on secular music whenever special occasions demand it. In Catholic public worship, however, secular music, in Germany, as in all other countries, accompanies public services. This is in use for all the reasons I have mentioned; because it is the music always accompanying our emotions, and in harmony with them; because it has a richer and completer construction; because the Catholic Church wishes to encourage the free and spontaneous expressions of the heart; and because she would swell the grand proportions of her majestic services by a full chorus of voices blending in harmonious and lovely song. All voices are asked to praise God; secular music provides a part for every voice. Why not help to strengthen our choirs by assigning their part to female voices for whom it was created, and without whose assistance secular music is incomplete? Yet it is sought by writers in our Church, and in the Protestant Church, to exclude the female voice from our choirs; thereby to prevent an effective rendering of secular music, the most impassioned strain of our heart, and introduce Gregorian music instead.

This effort cannot last. Our emotions cannot be warped by cheerless music, nor our understanding deceived by a fallacious argument in favour of Gregorian music. Catholics want the glow and the warmth of their public services unimpaired, while Protestants should see that the little music left them in their services was spared to them, and if possible increased. We all want to derive pleasure and satisfaction from our devotions, and there is no means so efficient as those eternal sounds which are in unison with our hearts' purest feelings, and have ever assuaged them—the thrilling strains of secular music.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

CONCORDIA.

MAD. ADELINA PATTI AT DIEPPE.

An event to which, for some time previously, people had been looking forward with great eagerness, and which had furnished matter for more conversation than half a dozen other topics put together, including even the revolt in the Herzegovina and the daring feat projected by Capt. Webb, came off with great *éclat* on the 25th inst. Mad. Adelina Patti appeared at a concert for the benefit of the sufferers by the Normandy inundations, and of the widows of sailors belonging to Dieppe. The Minister of Marine and all the rank and fashion now sojourning in the town were present. Every seat had been snapt up the instant the concert was announced. Mad. Patti sang the cavatina from *La Traviata*, Gounod's "Ave, Maria," the "Shadow Song" from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*, and some French ballads by Gounod. She was enthusiastically applauded and encored in every piece. After the concert, she was serenaded by the orchestra of the Theatre. The evening's receipts exceeded considerably 12,000 francs.

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PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

At the Grand Opera, *Guillaume Tell* has been performed, the new comer, Madlle de Reszké, taking the part of Mathilde, in which, as in that of Ophelia, she produced a favourable impression, despite the fact of her having to struggle against the recollection of Mad. Carvalho. Whether Madlle de Reszké will ever be a Patti or a Nilsson it would be rash to predict, but even now she can very well hold her own with most of the artists belonging to M. Halanzier's company. M. Salomon was the Arnold. Vocally, he was not bad; dramatically, he would not have shone too brilliantly among a troop of amateurs, kindly giving their services for some local charity. By the bye, what a nose for scenting out local charities, under cover of whose name they can make public display of their inefficiency and awkwardness, amateur actors do possess. M. Lasalle was Guillaume.

The Opéra-Comique re-opened its doors with *Richard* and *La Fille du Régiment*. The next day it gave *Les Dragons de Villars* and *Bonsoir, Voisin*, and, the day after that, *Le Caïd* and *Les Noces de Jeannette*. Then, too, we have had M. Valdéjo, formerly of the Athénée, in *Zampa*. Whatever other faults and shortcomings may be laid to his charge, M. Du Locle, the manager, cannot be accused of any want of variety in his programmes. Very soon he will revive *Le Val d'Andorre*, with Mdlle Chapuy as Rose de Mai and M. Obin as the Goatherd. This will be followed by the *Piccolino* of M. Guiraud, for which M. Victorien Sardou has altered one of his comedies into a libretto. Two composers, Johann Strauss and Mad. Grandval, have already tried their hands on the same subject. Before concluding my notice on this theatre, I must, I am sorry to say, tell you that M. Deloffre, the conductor, is so indisposed, that it has been necessary to replace him by M. Hostein. He is not, however, in absolute danger.

After all, M. Arsène Houssaye will not be the manager of the Théâtre-Lyrique. The lucky, or unlucky, individual is M. Campocasso, who, not very many months ago, was manager of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, Brussels, in which capacity he did anything but give general satisfaction. Let us hope that he may please the Parisians better than he pleased the good people of the Belgian capital. He begins his new managerial career with the respectable Government grant of 197,000 francs.

The Rennaissance will, it is said, re-open with *Giroflé-Girofla*. We are then promised a revival of *Les Porcherons*, by MM. Sauvage and Albert Grisar, with Mad. Peschard in the principal part. The new opera by Herr Johann Strauss will be produced in November, while the season is to conclude with the same composer's *Reine Indigo*.

The commencement of the season at the Bouffes Parisiens is fixed for the 1st September, as, by that time, Mad. Théo will have returned from Aix-les-Bains. The opening piece will be *La Jolie Parfumeuse*.

On the motion of M. Hérold, the Municipal Council have voted the sum of 10,000 francs, "as an encouragement to such musical composers as apply themselves to the composition of symphonic and popular works." This is the first time the Council have manifested any interest in artistic matters, and, though the sum in question is small, the precedent created is of importance. It has been decided to apportion the 10,000 francs in the following manner, which does not seem to tally exactly with the object the Council had in view when making the grant:—1. One prize of 300 francs and another of 200, to the two teachers in Communal Schools who can produce the best musical scholars. 2. Three medals, worth 500 francs each, to private musical institutions tending to raise the standard of musical education independently of the Conservatory. 3. An annual prize of 3,000 francs for the most remarkable musical work—symphony, oratorio, &c., but not an opera—produced in the course of each year. 4. Two prizes of 1,000 francs each for a composition for voices only, to be sung in unison by the people, and a four-part song for the Orphéons of the City of Paris. The subjects of these pieces must be the grandeur and the love of one's native land. The writer of the words to each piece will receive 500 francs. 5. Two prizes of 500 francs each to the private choral societies which possess the best female choruses. 6. 1,000 francs every year to cover the expense incurred for the musical examination of female pupils intending to follow the profession of teachers.

—o—

MUSIC AT ST JAMES'S, HATCHAM.

The dedication festival of the above church took place on St James's day and was observed with unprecedentedly elaborate services. The Holy Eucharist was thrice offered, the celebration being fully choral. The Processional was hymn 82 (Hymnal Noted), and the Introit 'How dear are Thy counsels.' Schubert's Kyrie, Credo, Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei, and Gloria in Excelsis were sung, the offertory being 'Glorious king of martyrs,' and the Hallelujah Chorus. Gounod's 'O salutaris' followed the Agnus Dei, the antiphon being 'Wisdom hath builded.' The service was rendered by a surpliced choir of fifty men and boys, and a band of twenty-two performers. The vicar of St James's, Rev. Arthur Tooth, M.A., celebrated. He was assisted by acolytes, thurifers, and crucifix bearers in their respective degrees. The altar was splendidly adorned with flowers, and numerous lights burned on and around it. Incense was freely used, and during the elevation the trumpets played a phrase twice, after the manner observed in some continental churches. The clergy in choir were the Revs. H. Gurney (Fellow of Clare College, Cambridge), E. Kirkland (St Paul's, Walworth), W. H. Browne (St James's), and A. H. Stanton (St Alban's, Holborn), the last named reverend gentleman having been announced as the preacher. They wore birettas, cassocks, and surplices.

At evensong, the church was again crowded to excess, and numbers of persons failed to obtain admission. The office was sung from the sedilia, the officiating priest being vested in a cope. The Rev. R. Linklater, of St Peter's, London Docks, preached on the words, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth." The special psalms were 47, 29, and 136. They were taken to the 5th tone, first and second ending. The Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were sung to a service in A, composed by Mr Jacob Bradford, Mus. Bac., Oxon, the musical director of the festival, special orchestral accompaniments being also written by him for the occasion. His fine anthem, "I was glad," took the place of the office hymn. After the sermon, "Faith of our fathers" and the Hallelujah Chorus were sung. The clergy and acolytes, cross bearer, and thurifers, next ranged themselves before the altar, which bore numerous lighted tapers, and a solemn Te Deum was chanted. The banner bearers, choir, cross bearer, and clergy then took their respective banners, and left the chancel, singing, "Onward, Christian soldiers," the effect being heightened by the orchestral accompaniments. Thus ended the most elaborate and ornate service as yet heard in any Church of England place of worship, both as regards ritual and music. The care with which the musical portion was rehearsed entitles Mr Bradford and Mr Wareham to high credit for the able discharge of their respective duties as director and organist. The choir and band worked well together from the first, and, during the two months that special practisings have been carried on, there has been but one feeling uppermost. The orchestra was efficiently led by Mr Pawle, and, amongst its members, Mr Webb (of the Crystal Palace) was clarionet, Mr Wilmore (also of the Crystal Palace) and Mr Foghill (of the Philharmonic orchestra), trumpets; Messrs Horsley and Walter, flute; Messrs Cobbett, Bath, Rudersdorff, Kendall, Bliss, and other gentlemen assisted with stringed instruments; Mr Brett with the euphonium, and Mr Cleaver with the drums. Mr King had charge of the choir arrangements. The soloists were Messrs Palmer, Loveday, Gardner, Hewitt, and Master Belle.

The voluntary before service in the morning was an *andante* from Schubert's Symphony in E flat; in the evening, an Ave Maria by Cherubini, arranged by Mr Webb (clarionetist), a "Marche aux Flambeaux" (Scotson Clark), and, after the service, "Marche Romaine" (Gounod). This latter was repeated in the evening, in the place of "Marche Héroique" (Bradford), which had been specially scored for the occasion, but was not played, owing to the fact that the MS. copies were not complete. The tone of the band was excellent throughout; the *ensemble* of the strings was specially to be commended. We noticed particularly the quartet in the anthem, the clarionet *obbligato* being splendidly played by Mr Webb. The entire services were repeated on the following day.

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THE TEMPLE AT BAYREUTH.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—To-day I forward you an article, which, under the above heading, I found in a recent number of the *Art Musical*. I take this step, not because I agree with all that the writer says, or because I suppose that you do, but because I deem the article well adapted to enlighten your readers as to the sentiments entertained by very many persons in France towards the Musical Prophet of the Future. Here it is:—

"It cannot be a theatre; it is a temple erected in honour of a god by the god himself. On one occasion only will the deity exhibit himself to the eyes of believers. After that he will ascend to the spheres of eternity, leaving behind him a luminous track on our unhappy world. Once will the *Nibelungen* dazzle our souls, and then Bayreuth and its temple will return to chaos. One single type of the ideal masterpiece will issue from the sacred mould; the mould will then be shattered or carried away by angels. The act of faith will have cost some millions of francs, but with what glory it will cover the holy people who had the ineffable grace to produce Richard Wagner!

"Such is the substance of the hymns now being sung by the fanatics. We French, who, in questions not involving politics, are gifted with robust common sense, ask whether the whole business is a mystification or a proof of insanity.

"A letter published by M. Edmond Neukomm, in the *XIXe Siècle*, furnishes us with details which give a poor opinion of the edifice at Bayreuth. It is large, uniform, and regular, like an immense barn, or an enormous shed at a fair. The auditorium is dwarfed, while the height of the stage reaches ninety-six feet. The interior is repulsively naked and monotonous. No boxes or luxurious places; the whole is a kind of amphitheatre separated from the stage by a chasm in which will be concealed the orchestra, out of sight of the spectators. Herr Wagner, who has invented and directed everything, calls this chasm the 'mystic space.'

"The *Nibelungen* will be performed in four evenings, for the opera which the Pontif of the Future is about to administer to his fanatics is quadruple. Then, as we said above, Bayreuth will relapse into silence, and the temple will be turned into a magazine for forage, unless it is burnt, so that its ashes may be scattered to the four quarters of Germany. Lastly, the *Nibelungen* will re-ascend to the clouds, or constitute the glory of the Musico-German Fatherland—if they do not fall flat the fourth evening, leaving behind them only the recollection of the most gigantic mystification of modern times, for, we repeat it, the whole business is either a mystification or a proof of insanity.

"We have no reason to spare Herr Wagner. Whether speaking as Frenchmen or cosmopolitan critics, we find for him only words of indignation. This man whom Nature endowed with marvellous gifts; this man who ought to have become a great musician, and shed lustre upon the epoch in which he lived, has done nothing but heap up ruins around him. His absorbing, envious, and malevolent spirit has attacked everything beautiful and deserving respect; on the remains of the splendid school founded by the masters of music and even by great poets, he has attempted to raise himself a throne, and, were he allowed to do so, nothing would remain standing of whatever has rendered famous the nineteenth century and the end of the eighteenth; everything would be dominated and wiped out by his invading personality, by that fatal face in which hate displays its most odious grimaces. A false admirer of the Antique, which he arranges after his own fashion; an utter contemner of what is modern; admiring only himself, but doing so without cessation and without restraint, Herr Wagner, we hope, will leave behind him nothing more than the recollection of an artistic monstrosity.

"Both as a politician and as a man of the world, Herr Wagner would, certainly, furnish matter for a study the reverse of flattering, but we will speak of him only as a musician. We shall find ample grounds to account for our antipathy.

"The musician, who began with works full of promise, and was endowed with the qualities to produce a master, has fallen, thanks to his pride, into the balderdash of exaggeration. In the first place he thought: 'I will not do as others have done. My genius shall strike out a new road.' This road was scarcely aught but a narrow path, encumbered with weeds and stones. He then thought: 'The road by which I was the first to pass, must be the only good road, the only road to be followed.' He then attacked, with savage brutality, everything he had previously admired. He saw nothing but Himself; Himself; always Himself! The pride of the artist, a pride pushed to madness, rendered execrable a man who was naturally bad. This man has been stubborn and cruel in his hate. He has gone so far as to forget the time when he gained his livelihood among us, and was always well treated in Paris. For this he will render an account to Heaven.

"To all of us, French, Italians, and even Germans, he is bound to render an account for the miserable state to which he has endeavoured to reduce musical art. His genius for intrigue, his audacity, and his art as an actor, have procurred for him such supporters, that he has imperilled our great art and, for a time, obstructed its progress. Italy will be saved by the vigour of her temperament; as for Germany, she will remain unproductive and foggy so long as she chooses to imbibe the Wagnerian poison. Let her. But we French cannot entertain for this false reformer too much hatred.

"He has perverted the musical feeling of our youth; he is the cause, to a great extent, why they produce nothing that will live; he has poisoned the young school by his anti-musical doctrines; he has robbed it of its respect for the masters, and has doomed it to protracted sterility. Had not our public opposed, with their cold energy, an insurmountable barrier to the Wagnerian encroachments, our national art would now be in the most pitiable condition. But the public were on their guard, and are so still. We are the more sure of them because it is their nature itself which resists. In their invincible repugnance to this false music there is nothing to show a preconceived purpose. The public consider the new Wagnerian manner to be hideous and irritating. They reject it, and disown works from which it seems to peep forth. That is all.

"Yet, in days gone by, we applauded some superb pages signed Richard Wagner, and, had he not tortured his musical genius, so as to render it as monstrous as his intellect, we should, doubtless, applaud him still. But his bad feelings have become more strongly marked and exaggerated; he has produced tiresome, soporific, and unhealthy works. We have had the *Meistersinger*, that summary of his musical life up to the present, and the *Meistersinger*, a genuine mystification, has not been able to succeed anywhere.

"Now come the Temple of Bayreuth and the *Nibelungen*, an opera in four evenings—the maddest enterprise ever yet conceived by an artist or a patient escaped from Charenton. Everything is being prepared; the chorus is studying; the solo singers are ready; the orchestra is rehearsing under the direction of the composer, who has declared he is the only person worthy of conducting the immense work, which, like the 'De Profundis' of Master Barnabas, 'is destined to inter all the others.'

"Let us await the result. If it is such as we suppose it will be, the Theatre at Bayreuth may, without any very great modifications, be turned into a lunatic asylum.

"Come what may, however, we determined not to let slip the opportunity of expressing our opinion about Herr Richard Wagner, and his Temple. Richard Wagner, our common enemy, and the executioner of modern art, has launched out into a foolhardy enterprise which proves that his pride has been pushed to insanity. His disappointment can never equal the failure we hope he will experience; the complete failure he deserves. The greater that failure, the more ought the world of art to rejoice. "G. STRADINA."

If this is not a striking exemplification of the adage: "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," I am at a loss to say what is. Though no Wagnerite, I was, among other things, ignorant until now, that Herr Wagner is the cause of the present dearth of great musicians in France.

I sometimes do not exactly understand M. Stradina, but that does not matter so much. I know he is pitching into Herr Wagner, as surely as I should feel convinced that, in any engagement for which their services might be secured, English troops, though hidden from my sight by the smoke, were pegging away at their foe.—Yours obediently, PELTER BROWN.

Grand Hotel A l'Œuf Rôti, Paris.

COLOGNE.—The immense bell of the Cathedral will require some alteration before it can be rung. The clapper is too short, and will not touch the sides.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Saturday last, the Summer Evening Concert was devoted to national hymns and ballads, and attracted an immense audience. The artists engaged were Miss F. Heywood, Mdme Osborne Williams, and Mr Wilford Morgan, with increased orchestra and chorus of 500. The concert was a great success. Miss Heywood sang "Come back to Erin," very agreeably, and Mdme Williams was heard to advantage in "Kathleen Mavourneen," but the vast space of the great central hall is very trying for ladies' voices. It did not, however, seem to affect Mr Wilford Morgan, whose voice told out with immense effect in Shield's old song, "The Thorn," which was enthusiastically encored, Mr Morgan substituting "The Bay of Biscay," in response thereto, with, if possible, increased effect. In the second part, he gave his own popular ballad, "My sweetheart when a boy," which was unanimously encored and repeated. The chorus were very successful, and the orchestra, under Mr Weist Hill's direction, everything that could be desired.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ETHEL.—We have great pleasure in being able to afford our fair correspondent the information she requires. The first performance of M. Gounod's *Faust* in Wiesbaden took place in July, 1861. Mad. Deetz was Marguerite, and Herr Caffieri, Faust.

PUZZLED.—The document to which you refer was entitled "The humble Memorial of the Professors, Members, Associates, and Honorary Members of the Royal Academy of Music." It was addressed to the Right Honourable William Ewart Gladstone, then Chancellor of the Exchequer.

ROUGE CROIX.—The Arms of her Ladyship's first husband were emblazoned on the front of the instrument, and occupied the space generally devoted to the maker's name. The shield was *lozengy vair and gu.* The supporters were two Leopards, rampant and gorged, *i.e.*, bearing a collar round each of their throats.

NICODEMUS.—We have heard nothing of the rumour in question, and we think it utterly without any foundation in truth. The conditions on which the theatre is offered would alone be sufficient, we should say, to deter the most sanguine speculator from becoming a tenant, unless, indeed, he could get the present lease considerably prolonged.

DON DIEGO DE LOS BIGOTES LARGOS.—The *Capitan del Popolo* was never a native of the town in which he held command. A stranger was always selected for the appointment, because it was supposed that he would fulfil his duty more impartially between the various factions of the place than a man connected with any of them by ties of consanguinity. The *Capitan del Popolo* was a very important personage in days gone by.

SQUIRE MARMADUKE.—*Euryanthe* was dedicated, by permission, to the Emperor Franz, who subsequently sent Weber a handsome snuffbox set with diamonds. At the interview granted to the composer, his Majesty, referring to the Italian singers at the Imperial Operahouse, between whom and their German colleagues there reigned a feeling which was the reverse of friendly, observed, in the Viennese dialect: "*Ja, ja, der Krieg ist halt aus, aber's Geplänkel hört nit auf.* ("Yes, yes, the war may be over, but the skirmishing will not cease for all that.")

ONCE MORE.—The first English representative of the part of Arsace in Rossini's *Semiramide* was Mad. Vestris. We can still recollect the full length portrait of her as the young hero in the "penny plain, twopence coloured" series of theatrical characters which adorned the shop-fronts some thirty or thirty-five years ago. The lines in Voltaire's original tragedy, on which the libretto is founded, run, we think, as follows, though we are not sure, as we quote from memory:—

"Oui, Mitrane, en secret l'ordre émané du trône
Remet entre tes bras Arsace à Babylone.
Que la Reine, en ces lieux, brillants de sa splendeur
De son puissant génie imprime la grandeur.
Quel art a pu former ces enceintes profondes,
Où l'Euphrate, égarée, porte en tribut ses ondes;
Ce temple; ces jardins, en l'air soutenus;
Ce vaste mausolée, où repose Ninus!
Eternels monuments, moins admirables qu'elle,
C'est ici qu' à ses bras Sémiramis m'appelle!"
Etc., etc., etc.

Are these the lines you mean?

MARRIAGE.

On August 19, Mr ROBERT WILLIAM ABEL, of Northampton, to EMILY MIDDLETON, daughter of Alderman Vernon, of Nine-Springs Villa, Northampton.

ERRATA.—In the extract from a private letter, headed "Mad. Wagner and Herr Niemann," at Page 569 of our last issue, there is a correction needed. "Mad. Cosima" should be read for "Mad. Cosimo."

At the sixth line of the Poem: "When years ago," Page 572, for "dark" read "dash."

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1875.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *MUSICAL WORLD.*

SIR,—One night, at the old Coburg, the two portions of a certain back scene—nearly every back scene was then divided into two portions—stuck fast. There they stood, with a yawning gap of some four or five feet between them. All the efforts of the scene-shifters proving ineffectual to move them, the stage-manager gave the signal for the actors to proceed with the drama. This was too much for a patron of the establishment in the gallery, who exclaimed, in a tone of indignant expostulation: "We don't look for grammar 'ere, but yer might close yer flats." To a certain extent, I resemble the author of the above remonstrance. I have something to say regarding some of our Metropolitan Managers, but I am not foolish or weak-minded enough to ask anything preposterous of them, any more than, to judge by his words just quoted, our Transpontine playgoer was. It would never enter my head to suggest that Managers should consent to be taxed for the purpose of paying inspectors—not appointed by them, but by the chief of the Metropolitan Police, the Chairman of the Board of Works, or any properly constituted authority—to go round *every* day and see that the tanks, which are nominally full of water, are really full of water; that the engines and hydrants, which are supposed to be ready for service at a moment's notice, are not, on the contrary, out of gear and useless; and that the hatchets which ought to be hanging at various stations in the "flies," to cut away any scenes or "cloths," as they are technically designated, which may happen to catch fire, are actually in their places, and, moreover, bright and sharp, not rusty and blunt. I am not so outrageous as to propose that, if Managers will not spontaneously adopt the very best modes of ventilation known to modern science, they should be compelled to do so, by the strong arm of the law; nor do I say that they should be called on to throw their money away, in causing the various doors in their theatres to shut properly, so as to diminish the risk, or, rather, certainty, to which their audiences are at present exposed, of colds in the head, neuralgia, and acute rheumatism. Still, like our Coburg acquaintance, who thought the stage-carpenters of the once popular establishment in the Waterloo Road might "close their flats," I fancy there are a few reforms, which, moderate as I am, I consider needful. I would even venture to advocate that something should be done with a view of carrying them out.

I begin by putting a question. Is there any valid reason why English playgoers, or a considerable portion of them—and that the portion, moreover, who constitute the very backbone of the theatrical treasurer's hopes—should be subjected to grievous personal inconvenience, if not absolute torture, before they can gratify their dramatic tastes? Englishmen have been accused of taking their pleasure sadly. Must they take it uncomfortably into the bargain? On Boxing-night, for instance, and other occasions when, as a rule, the weather is not all that could be desired, why should those who wish to obtain good places in the pit or gallery have to wait an hour or two in, probably, a murky yellow fog of the consistency of pea-soup, or a drizzling rain interspersed with sleet and snow, ere they can gain their object? And why, when the doors are opened, should the public waiting before them be obliged to initiate the enjoyment of

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the evening by engaging in a protracted struggle, during which shoes are lost, bonnets smashed, hats knocked off, and coats rent up, while the shouts of the men and the shrieks of the women might lead any one unacquainted with our peculiar customs—say Lord Macaulay's typical New Zealander—to suppose that the crowd were intent upon murder rather than amusement? Is there no remedy for this not very creditable state of things? I am inclined to believe there is an extremely simple one, though the fact of its never having been hitherto adopted is, of course, terribly against it. Let all the seats in the pit and gallery be duly separated and numbered. Let it be possible for any one to call at the theatre on the morning of performance, or even a day, or two days, or three days, previously, and purchase his pit or gallery ticket, also numbered. Nay; let him be able to procure it by forwarding its pecuniary value, plus postage, in the shape of a post-office order. In the evening, let there be a sufficient staff of attendants to see that the holder of each ticket, whether taken at the doors, or bought beforehand, obtains the numbered seat to which he is entitled. Were this plan adopted, people would not have to kick their heels, as at present, for hours in the street; they might enter the theatre exactly when they choose; and a dangerous personal conflict would cease to be as indispensable to a Christmas Pantomime as the overture itself.

But this numbering of all the seats would clash with another system which deserves, perhaps, reprobation. Managers know how many persons their theatres can accommodate just as well as a wine merchant can tell you how many bottles of whisky are contained in a gallon. Yet, only too often, they act as though they were totally ignorant on this head, or laboured under the strange delusion that, owing to some elastic quality inherent to them, theatres expand like india-rubber or gutta-percha, and that their size can be regulated to suit the number of persons seeking admission. I am reckless enough to consider this managerial impression not only as subversive of the ideas which Science has implanted in our minds concerning the unyielding nature of bricks and mortar, but as conducive to a practice more honoured in the breach than the observance. As many a holiday-maker has discovered to his cost, it is rather hard, after paying your money, and battling your way into the theatre, to be obliged, not only to dispense with such a luxury as a seat, but to find that even standing-room means room for one foot alone, and that, in this crane-like position, you must be content to view the performance under the arms or between the heads of those before you, unless you listen to the voice of the charmer who ejaculates: "Plenty of room in the upper boxes, gentlemen;" and, sooner than lose the sum you originally paid for admission, incur additional expenditure, on which you never reckoned, and which you can, perhaps, ill afford.

Again, several of our metropolitan theatres are so defectively constructed that any notion of obtaining from a large number of side places in them aught but the most infinitesimal glimpse of the performance, is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. All that the occupant of such a place can see is the opposite side of the auditorium, with, if he is exceptionally lucky, two or three of the furthest gas jets of the float. A Manager is not to blame for the faulty construction of his theatre, if he did not build it himself, but he has no right to receive payment for places whence he is perfectly aware no one can obtain a view of what is going forward on the stage. Whenever he had any peculiar attraction, he might just as logically, and not one iota more reprehensibly, fit up seats on his roof, and let them for the price he charges for places in the best parts of his house. Such a plan would not be a whit more objectionable than the system pursued at present. Ill-natured persons might stigmatise both the one and the other as extremely like obtaining money under false pretences.

At some future period, I will, with your permission, return to the subject, which is far from being exhausted.

N. V. N.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"We old maids," once remarked a representative of the class, "love cats because we have no husbands. We attach ourselves instinctively to the most treacherous animals after men."

The German poet, Grillparzer, attained an advanced age. Towards the end of his life, he complained, one day, to his medical man, of not feeling very lively. "You are suffering from nothing," observed the doctor. "No, nothing," said Grillparzer, "except," he added with a smile, "from the want of young blood."

A number of the Berlin *Intelligenzblatt* contained, some time since, the following advertisement:—"A ladies' orchestra, with or without costume, are open to an engagement. Apply directly, Fehrbellinerstrasse, No. 23, first floor." What can the Berlin police authorities be about to allow such an advertisement?

Rossini, we are told, hit upon an excellent expedient for shortening the audiences he could not avoid granting to a great number of importunate visitors. He had only one chair in his reception-room, and thus no one could sit down and indulge in a long prosy conversation. It was only especially privileged persons whom he sometimes invited to go into the next apartment, and—fetch another chair. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*

One day that there was a dinner-party at Prince Carl of Prussia's country house near Potsdam, Count Dönhoff, the Prince's Chamberlain, whispered to the young Countess von Seydewitz, shortly before the company took their seats: "The gentleman yonder, who will occupy the chair to your left, is Strauss." During the repast, the Countess turned towards the individual thus pointed out, and said, with a most amiable expression of countenance: "I am delighted to meet the celebrated author of *The Life of* ——." "I beg your pardon, Countess; I am not the author of the work in question; I am ——." "Excuse me," said his fair interlocutress, interrupting him; "How could I be so foolish. I have the pleasure of addressing the composer of the celebrated Vienna waltzes, which ——." "I must once more beg your pardon. You are again mistaken. I am the Rev. Herr Strauss, Royal Chaplain!"

If, when the present number of the *Musical World* appears, the weather is as hot as it has been for some time past, our readers may peruse with pleasure the following extract from a letter, sent, a winter or two since, by a musician in Königsberg to a friend of his:—

"Your letter reached me only this morning. Locomotion on the railway has been stopped since Wednesday; the workmen were

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employed a whole day in shovelling away the snow, but more kept falling. This winter is rather too much of a good thing, and I am not at all pleased with our planet. I never knew such cold. Every third pupil that enters the room is a Polar bear, that wants to warm itself. It is something quite usual for two or three wolves to drop in of an evening to tea. If the thermometer is only ten degrees below freezing point, a thaw sets in, so much is Nature out of her reckoning. Formerly, a man had five fingers to his hand; he has now five icicles. I have been obliged to have the keys of my piano scooped out, and live coals put in the cavities. This is not a pleasant place, as you may have heard. Every year we have winter for nine months, and no summer for three. I greet you most Arctically."

SIG. TREBBI, a music-publisher of Bologna, has opened in that city two large rooms, where, for fivepence an hour in the daytime, and double that amount in the evening, the lovers of music may execute the newest and most fashionable compositions, music and pianos being provided without extra charge. That the scheme will prove a success is more than we are prepared to affirm. We will content ourselves by observing that, if we wished to locate ourselves at Bologna, we should not rent a *palazzo*, or even the humblest lodgings, next, or near, to Sig. Trebbi's establishment. We have had occasion, when visiting Margate and other aristocratic sea-side resorts, to learn the effect produced by only one piano when played in the public room by a patroness of the Baths attached to that room. The very thought of such a fair performer, with hair streaming down her back, a vigorous wrist, an unscrupulous ear, and far from perfect execution, fills us even now with horror. But what, in the name of goodness, or rather badness, would be the result, if twenty pianos instead of one were going at the same time? The thought, we repeat, fills us with horror. As King Lear says:

> "O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
> No more of that."

A CONCERT was given, on the 18th inst., in the new Banqueting Hall of the Cutlers' Company, Sheffield, under the auspices of Mr Charles Harvey. It was numerously attended. The admirable band was that specially engaged for the ball and luncheon during the royal visit. The *Fra Diavolo* and *Der Freischütz* overtures were most praiseworthily interpreted, as were the less pretentious items of the programme, such as a waltz of Strauss's, Mr Harvey's own effort at dance music, "The Oakbrook," and Mr Frederic H. Archer's "Triumphal March." The vocalists were Mr Theodore Distin (baritone) and Mdme Nouver, of Manchester. This was the lady's first appearance on a concert stage in Sheffield. It will assuredly not be her last. Mr W. T. Graves played a solo on the cornet, and was much applauded. Mr W. J. Phillips was the pianoforte accompanist, and Mr Harvey himself conducted the orchestra.

MUSICAL KITES IN CENTRAL ASIA.—In Central Asia the amusement of flying kites is as popular as in Europe or America; but it is made to yield a double gratification. It delights the ear by an emission of soft, melodious murmurings, at the same time that it pleases the eye with its graceful, bird-like motions. Each kite is so constructed as to produce the effect of a floating Æolian harp, and thus the flight and the song of winged warblers are both imitated in the ingenious plaything. Major Abbott gives a description of these musical kites in his *Narrative of a Journey from Herat to Khiva*. "Each kite is a square stretched upon two diagonals of light wood, whose extremities are connected by a tight string, forming the sides of the squares. Over the whole paper is pasted. A loose string upon the upright diagonal receives the string by which the kite is to be held, and a tail is fastened to its lower extremity. The transverse diagonal or cross-stick is then bent back like a strong bow, and fastened by a thread of catgut. Of course, every breeze that passes the kite vibrates this tight cord, and the vibrations are communicated to the highly sonorous frame of the kite. And, as numbers of these kites are left floating in the air all night, the effect is that of aerial music, monotonous, but full of melancholy interest. We suggest," says the Major, "to experimentative youths that they equip their kites with an Æolian attachment, and test their effect on a quiet evening. The wild, wayward music of Æolus is far more enchanting than any that can be drawn from instruments played upon by human fingers

BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

The season was opened at the Royal Operahouse with *Der Freischütz*, the part of Agathe being sustained by Madlle Reinmann, a new member of the company. All things considered, she got through her task creditably, but failed to produce any marked effect upon her audience.

In addition to Herr R. Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, which, as already announced, is to be produced during the course of the present season, Herr von Hülsen has accepted Herr Goldmark's *Königin von Saba*, which has been successful at the Imperial Operahouse Vienna, and *Das goldene Kreuz*, by Herr Ignaz Brüll. The list of older works includes Gluck's *Armide*, and Hérold's *Zampa*, with Herr Niemann as the hero of the latter. Miss Minnie Hauck is to sing the part of Aida in Verdi's opera of the same name, and Herr Paul Taglioni is to produce a grand new ballet.

Having obtained from Herr von Hülsen, in whom the acting copyright is vested, permission to play M. Gounod's *Faust*, Herr Engel, the manager of Kroll's Theatre, did not allow the grass to grow under his feet, but lost no time in profiting by the privilege accorded him. He produced the piece forthwith. It has proved a great hit. Herr Nachbaur is a good Faust, and Madlle Hasselbeck a charming Margarethe, dramatically and vocally. The chorus and orchestra, under the command of Herr Preumayr, acquit themselves well.

It is reported that, next summer, Herr Engel will not have, so to speak, an operatic company of his own. He is said to intend importing the entire company from the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, being doubtless strengthened in his resolve by the marked success recently achieved here by Mesdlles Gallmeyer, Geistinger, and Herr Schweighofer. There are, however, several serious obstacles to be overcome before the project can be realized. One of them is that the operas by Offenbach and Strauss which constitute the greater part of the repertory at the Theater an der Wien, can be played in Berlin at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater only, and it is doubtful whether the manager of that establishment would cede his rights to Herr Engel.

No candidate has yet presented himself this year for the Meyerbeer Exhibition.

Mad. Lucca has determined to make a "starring" tour through Germany during the winter, and then to retire into private life. She has signed an agreement with Sig. Merelli, who undertakes to give her 3000 marks every time she sings. A Berlin manager is said already to have offered Sig. Merelli 4000 marks a performance for the lady's services, but Sig. Merelli stands out for 5000.

The recent little misunderstanding at Bayreuth is a general topic of conversation. A correspondent of the *Berliner Tribüne* writes thus in reference to it:—

"Albert Niemann has sent back his part to Richard Wagner, and left suddenly, not to return. Wagner is greatly put out, as he has been corresponding for months with him about the undertaking, and asking his advice upon every event connected with it. Herr Niemann became involved in disputes and differences with Wagner's wife, Mad. Cosima, which were principally occasioned by that lady's peculiar behaviour toward the artists. Several journalists who have been here during the last few weeks could say something on this head if they chose. Mad. Cosima has adopted such a tone with various professional musical critics from Berlin and America, and with the representatives of important literary periodicals, as to render it imperative on them to turn their back forthwith on Bayreuth. They include the very musical critics who for years have exerted themselves to the utmost to forward Wagner's projects, and who have been most active in advocating the Bayreuth enterprise. On the other hand, among all the artists and journalists here, there is only one opinion, a most favourable one, concerning the amiable and courteous behaviour of Wagner himself. One of the feats of which Mad. Cosima may boast is that of frightening away the charming Berlin contralto, Mdlle Marianne Brandt, with whom Wagner himself got up the part of Frikka, now confided to Mad. Grün, and to whom he addressed the most flattering letters concerning the admirable manner in which she realised it."

WIESBADEN.—Herr C. Gramman's new opera of *Melusine* is to be produced at the Theatre Royal on the 15th September. Herr Jahn, the conductor, lately paid a visit to the composer, in Schieritz, for the purpose of ascertaining his views with regard to several details connected with the getting up of the work.

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CENTENARIES TO COME.*

Signor Giovanni Paloschi has compiled with great acumen and singular patience a *Universal Musical Annual.* This *Annual*, which will form a valuable present to the subscribers of the *Gazzetta Musicale* for 1876, contains a number of precise dates and memoranda. We may say that no musical event of any importance is omitted in it. The book will be of great use to the unlearned as well as a ready and even necessary manual for writers on musical subjects in all countries. With laudable diligence, the author has taken the greatest care in ascertaining dates, names etc, and in correcting a host of errors which the press has propagated in thousands of works enjoying a high (a too high) reputation.

We take to-day from the yet un-published *Annual* a page of "Centenaries to Come." The reader will observe that the Boïeldieu Centenary, which falls on the 16th December, 1875, is not included among them because the *Annual* is not destined to see the light before 1876.

1876.	14th Jan. .	Pietro Francesco Cavalli, died in Venice, 1676. (Second Centenary.)
1878.	3rd July .	Jean-Jacques Rousseau, died at Ermenonville, 1778.
——	17th Nov. .	Johann Nepomuceno Hummel, born at Presburg, 1778.
——	. . .	Antonio Caldara, born at Venice, 1678. (Second Centenary.)
1881.	10th Dec. .	Emanuel Astorga, born at Palermo, 1681. (Second Centenary.)
1882.	20th Jan. .	Daniel François Esprit Auber, born at Caen, 1782.
——	14th April .	Carlo Coccia, born at Naples, 1782.
——	22nd Nov. .	Conradin Kreutzer, born at Messkirch, 1782.
1883.	25th Sept. .	Jean-Philippe Rameau, born at Dijon, 1683. (Second Centenary.)
——	25th Dec. .	Johann Adolph Hasse, died at Venice, 1783.
1884.	18th Feb. .	Nicolò Paganini, born at Genoa, 1784.
——	15th March	Francesco Durante, born at Fratta Maggiore, 1684. (Second Centenary.)
——	5th April .	Ludwig Spohr, born at Brunswick, 1784.
——	14th June .	Francesco Morlacchi, born at Perugia, 1784.
——	1st July .	Friedemann Bach, died at Berlin, 1784.
——	3rd Aug. .	Padre Giambattista Martini, died at Bologna, 1784.
1885.	23rd Feb. .	Georg Friedrich Handel, born at Halle, 1685. (Second Anniversary.)
——	21st March	Johann Sebastian Bach, born at Eisenach, 1685. (Second Centenary.)
——	. . .	Domenico Scarlatti, born at Naples, 1685. (Second Centenary.)
1886.	24th July .	Benedetto Marcello, born at Venice, 1686. (Second Centenary.)
——	19th Aug. .	Nicolò Porpora, born at Naples, 1686. (Second Centenary.)
——	8th Oct. .	Antonio Sacchini, died at Paris, 1786.
——	18th Dec. .	Carl Maria von Weber, born at Eutin, 1786.
——	20th Dec. .	Pietro Raimondi, born at Rome, 1786.
1887.	22nd March	Giovanni Battista Lulli, died at Paris, 1687. (Second Centenary.)
——	15th Nov. .	Christoph Gluck, died at Vienna, 1787.
——	17th Nov. .	Michele Carafa, born at Naples, 1787.
1888.	14th Sept. .	Philipp Emanuel Bach, died at Hamburgh, 1788.
1890.	15th March	Nicola Vaccaj, born at Tolentino, 1790.
1891.	28th Jan. .	Louis-Ferdinand Hérold, born at Paris, 1791.
——	21st Feb. .	Carl Czerny, born at Vienna, 1791.
——	5th Sept. .	Giacomo Meyerbeer, born at Berlin, 1791.
——	5th Sept. .	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, died at Vienna, 1791.
1892.	29th Feb. .	Gioachini Rossini, born at Pesaro, 1792.
1894.	2nd Feb. .	Giovanni Pier Luigi da Palestrina, died at Rome, 1594. (Third Centenary.)
——	30th May .	Ignatz Moscheles, born at Prague, 1794.
——	14th June .	Orlando Lasso, died in 1594. (Third Centenary.)
——	. . .	Leonardo Leo, born at San Vito degli Schiavi, 1694. (Second Centenary.)
1895.	16th Aug. .	Heinrich Marschner, born at Zittau, 1795.
——	31st Aug. .	André Philidor, died at London, 1795.
1896.	17th Feb. .	Giovanni Pacini, born at Catania, 1796.
——	. . .	Ferdinando Giorgetti, born at Florence, 1796.
1897.	31st Jan. .	Franz Schubert, born at Vienna, 1797.
——	26th June .	Saverio Mercadante, born at Naples, 1797.
——	29th Nov. .	Gaetano Donizetti, born at Bergamo, 1797.
1897.	. . .	Pasquale Anfossi, died at Rome, 1797.
1899.	27th May .	Fromental Halévy, born at Paris, 1799.
1900.	7th May .	Nicola Piccinni, died at Passy, near Paris, 1800.
1901.	11th Jan. .	Domenico Cimarosa, died at Venice, 1801.
——	1st Nov. .	Vincenzo Bellini, born at Catania, 1801.
1902.	20th Feb. .	Charles de Bériot, born at Louvain, 1802.
——	28th July .	Giuseppe Sarti, died at Berlin, 1802.
1903.	24th July .	Adolphe Adam, born at Paris, 1803.
——	23rd Oct. .	Albrecht Lortzing, born at Berlin, 1803.
1904.	12th Jan. .	Hippolyte Monpou, born at Paris, 1804.
——	2nd May .	Michael Glinka, born near Smolensk, 1804.
——	19th Nov. .	Pietro Guglielmi, died at Rome, 1804.
1905.	28th May .	Luigi Boccherini, did at Madrid, 1805.
——	8th June .	Luigi Ricci, born at Naples, 1805.

* From the *Gazetta Musicale di Milano.*

A COLLEGE OF MUSIC FOR AMERICA.

We are assured by one, who has had opportunity of knowing, that the "wealthy old bachelor," a man of over eighty, is no "myth," and that, after consulting his physician (Dr Elmer) as to the best way of immortalizing his name in connection with some good work, he has verily devoted his whole fortune of some five or six millions to the foundation of a "College," with a magnificent building, for the musical education of the daughters of America. This scheme, our informant furthermore deposes, has been developed into a free fantasia by the writers in the newspapers, making the wish father to the thought, and that all the reports about calling upon Richard Wagner to become the head of the institution, as well as about Thomas and other prospective professors, are purely the invention of said writers. We trust that it is so; for the idea of placing Wagner at the head of musical education in America, with unbounded millions at his disposal, is too absurd for serious consideration. A College for the unlearning of Music were perhaps a truer title.

Taking the reports as we found them, and trying to realize to our imagination the dazzling descriptions of the proposed building in the Central Park, with Wagner throned there as the *genius loci*, we in a free and playful way, yet logical, began to develop a little of the "tale without an end" implied in that suggestive theme; it was too tempting, and we could have gone on much further; but imagination shrinks exhausted from the task. One thing, however, we omitted when we spoke of possible professorships: the department of *Morals* would of course be kept in the exclusive charge of the great head himself ("Music and Morals" doubtless in his thought are one); with this assurance need any mother in our Israel hesitate to entrust her daughter to so excellent a school?

But, Wagner or no Wagner, looking at the matter practically, here are five million dollars, more or less, to be devoted, with the best will no doubt, to musical instruction in this country; and it is indeed most creditable to the projector that he so well appreciates the vital worth of such an element of culture in our great young Republic. What is the wise way of doing it? What were the safest investment of so vast a sum for such a noble object? Is it precisely prudent to risk the whole in one vague ambitious venture? Might not more good be realized by distributing it among several more modest and more definite experiments? Here, for example, is Boston, is every city in the Union, with the exception of New York, without a permanent orchestra; a fund of a few hundred thousands for such a purpose, in each musical centre, would be an invaluable means of culture. Or, again, suppose that Harvard University, and Yale, and Cornell, and more, could have a few hundred thousands for the endowment not merely of a professorship, but of a full faculty of music, —would not this be a more practical and sure way of beginning the good work, at several points at once, each with its own distinct and compassable aim? Among a dozen such plantings there would be a reasonable chance that two or three at least would actually take root and yield increase. In two or three, if not in all, the providential man might turn up, the man with the right organizing, quickening genius for the work; and two or three successes, or one only, would be a blessing to the country and a gain for Art. Whereas, invested in a single showy institution, with parties plotting, clamouring for management—there *are* parties in music, and some of them mean "business" more than they mean music —the danger is not slight that the munificent endowment would be all thrown away.—*Dwight's Journal.*

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BAYREUTH.

Besides the Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre erected—and christened—by Herr Richard Wagner, this small town, though not numbering more than 17,000 inhabitants, can boast of two other theatres. The older of the two is the Royal Operahouse, built in 1748, by the Margrave Friedrich, in the richest and most luxurious rococo style. On beholding it, the visitor might fancy himself in the once Royal Theatres of Trianon and Versailles, and almost expect to see the curtain draw up for the performance of one of the Watteau-like Pastorals in which the Grand Monarch and his Courtiers delighted. The second theatre is within the grounds of the Hermitage, about a mile and a half from the town. It is an amphitheatre hewn out of the rock, and, if tradition is to be trusted, Voltaire once acted there. As for Herr Wagner's own Theatre, it stands on a charming eminence surrounded by woods and forests, access being gained to it by about twenty minutes' walk through a deliciously shady avenue. The gas machinery and fittings were made in Frankfort, and tried, for the first time, at the rehearsals on the 15th inst. There are more than 2,500 jets for the stage alone. The auditorium, though less brilliantly illuminated, takes, with the other parts of the house, 1,500 more. Great precautions have been adopted against fire, and immense masses of water can be thrown, at a very short notice, on all parts of the building. At some distance from the latter, a supply of steam will always be ready for scenic effects. By means of certain ingenious contrivances, the whole stage can be enveloped in vapour, which, by means of variously coloured lights can be made to imitate fogs, clouds, rainbows, and so on. It could also be employed, in case of necessity, to aid in extinguishing fire. We are not informed how this vapour will affect the singers and—the audience. No less than 6,666 metres of pipes are requisite to convey to the Theatre the gas, water, and steam, for the above objects.

A FRENCH SINGER AT THE BERLIN OPERAHOUSE.*

On Friday, June 13, 1851, I arrived in Berlin. My first visit was to Meyerbeer. He was ill, but we had a long conversation together. In the evening, I saw *Faust*, a drama I did not know. It interested me greatly by the boldness of its conception and the admirable manner in which it was performed. I shall think of this same *Faust*; perhaps a drama might be made out of it for Paris, but all the philosophical reflections would have to be omitted, and the fantastic element, as furnishing a good opportunity for display, brought prominently forward. I reside in the Hôtel de St Petersbourg, Unter den Linden. A man called on me, and asked me to give him tickets for my first appearance. After talking of one thing and the other, he remarked that the Berlin public were very cold, and that it was absolutely necessary to dispel their frigidity by certain vigorous movements of the hands. I recognised in my visitor the chief of the Berlin *claque*. With us matters are not managed so discreetly. I thanked him politely for his visit, remarking that I was not acquainted with this "German custom."—21st June. A bad day. At 10 o'clock, rehearsal of *Les Huguenots*. I was really detestable; no voice in consequence of indisposition. And Meyerbeer himself was there! He introduced me to the orchestra, who greeted me with applause. After I had sung, however, the applause ceased. I felt after the rehearsal like one damned. Berlin already displeased me. I fancied that every one in the street must read my disgrace in my face. Bacher, a friend of mine, who induced me to sing in Germany, had come from Vienna to hear me. And then such a falling off! I sat the whole day at home, with death in my heart.—22nd June. My success in *Les Huguenots* was great. After the romance in the first act, the ice was broken. The public, said to be generally so cold, applauded valiantly, like paid *claqueurs*. The duet in the second act, and the septet went well. The fourth act put the crown on everything. Madlle Wagner and I were called on three times in succession; something unusual for Berlin. After the fifth act, the applause resembled a regular ovation.—Madlle Wagner is a tall slim lady, a niece of Wagner the composer, who is beginning to attract attention in Germany. In Paris, her figure would, perhaps, be considered too tall; but she is so nobly plastic, that she produces the greatest effects. She studied under Garcia, who greatly developed more especially her chest notes. She possesses a great deal of fire and a lively imagination; in a word, she is an artist. As I sat at her feet, she leaned over me, and her beautiful long locks almost enveloped me completely; I saw nothing more and felt like a nightingale caught in a cage made of hair.—After this success, I was myself again; I once more became the "Parisian star" worthy of the reputation by which I had been preceded. Bacher brought me on the stage a bouquet from Meyerbeer's mother.

* This somewhat self-complacent extract is from the *Diary* of M. Roger, the once famous tenor.

HERR DANNREUTHER ON OPERA.

In the houses of Count Bardi and Jacopo Corsi at Florence, towards the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, we find enthusiastic scholars and amateurs of music, tired of fruitless theorizing, engaged in practical efforts to resuscitate that which they conceived to be Greek music. An attempt at a declamatory setting of the scene of Ugolino, in Dante's *Inferno*, was made by Galileo, the father of the celebrated mathematician; he wrote it for one voice, and performed it with an accompaniment on the viola. Caccini and Viadana followed in his footsteps; but the first result of any real importance was attained by Peri, who set to music an intermezzo called *Daphne*, and made use of a style which became the progenitor of our recitative. Anno 1600, on the occasion of Marie de'Medici's marriage with Henry IV. of France, "una tragedia per musica," called *Euridice*, composed by Peri and Caccini, was performed, and received with unbounded enthusiasm. It was, in fact, the first opera. It contained all the elements of the modern opera—recitatives, airs, ballet tunes in an embryonic state. The instruments representing the orchestra on that occasion were a harpsichord, a large guitar, a viol, a large lute, and several flutes; all of which were placed behind the scenes. * * * * * * *

From the first opera to the last, there are two conflicting tendencies noticeable. On the one hand we see the high and somewhat vague aspirations of men of literary culture who wish to transform the opera into a kind of ideal drama on the Greek model; this is in the main Wagner's side, also that of Gluck and his immediate successors, and in some measure, though quite unconsciously, also the side of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. On the other hand there is the frivolous leaning in the direction of vulgar theatrical amusement, wherein all imaginable artistic luxuries, music, dancing, acting, painting, costumes, fireworks, and what not, are muddled together, so as to produce a few hours of intoxicating diversion. This is the side represented by Rossini, Meyerbeer, Verdi, Offenbach, and so on, down the scale of operatic celebrities.

Oh! the merry days of childhood,
When the heart was free from care;
When we wandered through the wildwood
And all around was fair;

For the sun itself shone brighter
Than we ever see it now,
Perchance our hearts were lighter
And less care oppressed the brow.

For worldly cares are evil tares
Which choke the better seed,
Take root in the soil, but only to spoil
The harvest with bitter weed.

Beware! beware! 'tis constant care
Alone can the evil stay;
Keep watch and ward, the closest guard,
O'er the mind by night and day.

Let every thought, with mischief fraught,
Be banished from the heart;
That nought remain to cause us pain
When soul and body part.

Be it our prayer, that God's own care
Preserve us still from sin;
And ripen fast, until the last,
The seed He sows within. J. R. R.

NAPLES.—A buffo opera, *Mamma Angot di Constantinopoli*, by Sig. Mugnone, has proved a failure.

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THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES: PUBLIC MEETING.

A public meeting was held, a short time since, in the Town Hall, Aberaeron, for the purpose of laying before that part of the county the claims of the University College of Wales. There was a good attendance. The chair was taken by Mr Brinley Richards, who said it was generally considered to be a great mistake when a person was asked to preside over a meeting to begin with an apology, but he was bound to do so on this occasion because he had been given very brief notice that he was to be asked to preside. It had been so brief that he was not prepared to make any remarks, but he was sure his shortcomings would be amply redeemed by the gentlemen who supported him, who would be prepared to make statements concerning the nature of the institution on behalf of which the meeting was called. They were assembled that afternoon to lay before the inhabitants of that town the claims which the University College of Wales had upon their consideration as an institution which was intended to supply a real and existing want in the Principality, and one that ought to appeal to the hearts of all Welshmen.

After a spirited speech from Mr Hugh Owen, the Rev. J. Griffiths addressed the meeting at some considerable length. In conclusion he moved the following resolution: "That this meeting, after hearing the statement of Mr Hugh Owen, rejoices in the success of the University College of Wales as a means of advancing the cause of high class education on a national and unsectarian basis."

The resolution was seconded by the Rev. W. Evans. After several other speeches in favour of the college, Mr Hugh Owen, in moving a vote of thanks to the chairman, referred to the Wrexham Eisteddfod, which he believed would be pre-eminent in the history of Eisteddfodau in Wales. Preparations were being made for it on a scale unprecedented, a sum of £2,000 had been subscribed for prizes, and there was reason to believe that Royalty would be present on one of the days. He also remarked that the committee of the Pwllheli Eisteddfod had determined to devote the surplus funds to the University College of Wales. The Rev. Evan Morris seconded the resolution and it was carried. The Chairman in acknowledging a vote of thanks said the majority of meetings were held to benefit certain individuals or in favour of some political scheme, but on that occasion they were assembled as Welshman to show their earnest sympathy with one of the best proposals, one of the noblest schemes of the nineteenth century.

The proceedings then terminated.

—o—

WAIFS.

A bachelor's soliloquy—Misfortunes never come single.

It is said that a regular series of concerts will be given next winter at the Alexandra Palace.

The children in Florida, U. S. say that they live on sweet potatoes in the summer, and on strangers in the winter.

M. Ernest Reyer, musical critic of the *Débats*, has just had the misfortune to lose his mother, who has died at Marseilles.

They stopped at the restaurant for dinner. They were newly engaged undoubtedly, for he blew on the mustard to cool it for her.

The well-known band of the Belgian Regiment of Guides, under the direction of M. Staps, has just made a most successful tour through Holland.

MM. Aimé Dollfus and Edouard Drumont, the authors of *Je déjeune à midi*, have just offered a new one-act piece to the Gymnase, entitled *Dans le bleu !*, which is accepted.

The Royal Orphéon Society of Brussels, conducted by M. Ed Bauwens, was to take part in the vocal competition to be held at Limoges (France) to-morrow, the 29th inst.

Mdme Nilsson passed through Paris on her way to Mont Doré (Puy-de-Dôme) from the Isle of Wight, where she had the honour of being received by the Princess of Wales at Osborne.

"Where," says a Yankee editor, "is that elderly scamp who has howled for sixty-three years for an old-fashioned winter? Where is the old reptile that we can get at him? How we should like to run him through a plaining-mill worked by ice-water, and cut him open with a snow plough, and fill him full of snowballs, and sew him up with an icicle, and strap him to the North Pole until the spring rains released him—the awful wretch!"

This is the time of the year when mothers and daughters endeavour to give the breakfast table chat a watering-place tint, while paterfamilias eats hastily and departs promptly to his business.

Herr Josef Gung'l arrived in London, *via* Hamburgh, on Wednesday, to fulfil an engagement at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden. He will appear for the first time this evening.

"Mayor Tewksbury is a brick," observes the *Boston Post*. Whereupon the *Chicago Tribune* adds: "Our Mayor is not quite that, but he's a pretty hard man, nevertheless."

A work supposed to be by Sir Joshua Reynolds has been discovered in Chicago. It is a portrait of Mrs Sherman's great-grandfather, and was painted by Sir Joshua, if at all, in the prime of his powers.

The principal artists of the operatic company which, under the conductorship of Sir Julius Benedict, will go round the Provinces this autumn, are Mesdlles Albani, Thalberg, Ghiotti, MM. Naudin, Pavani, and Maurel.

How soon some women change their minds respecting their husbands! Mrs Spinn was for ever telling her husband that he wasn't worth the salt in his bread, but, when he got killed in a railway collision, she sued the company for a thousand pounds.

M. Duquesnel, of the Odéon, has engaged two of the pupils of the Conservatoire who attracted much attention at the last competitions—Mdlle Chartier, who obtained the second prize in comedy, and Mdlle Kolb, who was also much applauded.

Mr John Boosey's Ballad Concerts will commence, at St James's Hall, on Jan. 5th. Among the artists engaged will be Mesdes Lemmens-Sherrington, Patey, Misses Wynne, Julia Elton, Messrs Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, and Foli.

The Stanislas Academy, Nantes, has conferred the title of Corresponding Associate on M. Oscar Comettant, Member of the Congress of Americanists, for his work entitled: *La Musique en Amérique avant la Découverte par Christophe Colomb.*

Old Baron Rothschild gave a louis to a charity-fund, and the person receiving it said, "Ah, Monsieur le Baron, you gave only a louis, and your son gave five!" "And reasonably enough," said the Baron; "his father is a millionaire, and I am only a poor orphan."

The management of the French Vaudeville Theatre has been resumed by the former director. The sharing company of artists realised an important sum, valued at 60,000 francs, after paying all expenses and salaries, during the two months for which its direction lasted.

Artists have been invited to compete for the execution of two statues representing the Tragic Muse and the Comic Muse, for the façade of the new Théâtre des Célestins, Lyons. The sketch will have to be sent in to the Prefecture of the Rhone by the 15th of November.

The *Academy* states that the Marquis of Lorne has in the press a narrative poem of about 3,000 lines, called "Guido and Lita: A Tale of the Riviera," founded on an incident in one of the many Saracen inroads which troubled the coast of Provence during the 10th century. This volume will be published, in the autumn, by Macmillan.

In future, visitors to the Parisian Theatres will no longer have to run the gauntlet of the promiscuous crowd of seedy individuals offering either to sell or purchase tickets. Henceforth, before indulging in this occupation, everyone must have a permission from the Prefecture of Police, and this permission will be accorded only very sparingly.

The artists retained for the approaching Musical Festival at Norwich are—Mdlle Emma Albani, Mdlle Mathilde Enequist, Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle Anna de Belocca, Miss Enriquez, and Mdme Patey; Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Henry Guy, Mr Minns, Mr Wadmore, and Signor Foli; M. Sainton (violin) and Mr T. Harper (trumpet). Sir J. Benedict wields the *bâton*.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Monday next there will be a trotting match on the new track. On Tuesday, the great Fête in aid of the City and Metropolitan Police Orphanage will be held, when the attractions will be varied and numerous, including a concert, conducted by Mr H. Weist Hill, in which Miss Banks, Miss Emily Mott, Mr Wilford Morgan, and other popular vocalists, will take part. The Moore and Burgess Minstrels will repeat their new programme; Mr George Conquest will give one of his clever performances; the Jackley Troupe will contribute with their graceful gymnastic exercises; Captain Dight will make another balloon ascent; and the bands of fourteen divisions of the Metropolitan Police will play in the grounds during the day. On Thursday, in the theatre, Mr J. Clark and Miss Furtado will appear in *The Bonnie Fishwife* and in the sketch of *Sairey Gamp*, from Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit*. On the last three days of the week there will be a great International Fruit Show, when prizes to the amount of upwards of £600 will be awarded. On Saturday, *Our Boys* will be repeated; and, in the evening, the Venetian Fête and Illumination of the Lake, which gave so much satisfaction on Thursday, the 19th inst., will be given, with improved effects.

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An "able seaman" from Ardnamurchan was at the tiller of his sloop one night, shortly after the introduction of coloured signal lights on ships. A steamer was approaching, and Archy saw the green and red lights for the first time at sea. He astonished his shipmates by yelling out, "Hard-a-port! hard-a-port! we're gaun richt intae the 'pothecary's shop at Gourock!"

It is stated that some valuable autographs of Galileo have been found at Milan among the State archives. These autographs are not included in the Palatine collection, but refer to his negotiations with the Spanish Government relative to ceding the application of his method for applying longitude to navigation. The letters also relate to Galileo's journey to Rome in 1624 to pay homage to Pope Urban VIII.

Boston babies are weaned early and fed on fish, says the *Brooklyn Argus*. They accumulate much phosphorus. A chronicler, mentioning the circumstance of a group of Boston children going upstairs to bed in the dark, says that their heads appeared to be surrounded by an atmosphere of luminiferous ether, and that they reminded him of a procession of straggling meteors.

The *Choir* states that the successful candidate for the first election to the Sir John Goss Exhibition, to be held for three years in the Royal Academy of Music, is A. Ernest Ford, formerly a chorister in Salisbury Cathedral. Willie Hodge was highly commended; as were, also, R. W. Wilkinson, formerly a chorister in St James's Chapel Royal, C. J. Dunster, and F. Broad.

Mr Lyster was to open on the 28th June, in Sydney, New South Wales, with an *opera bouffe* company. The list of works to be produced included *La Fille de Madame Angot*, *Giroflé-Girofla*, and operas by Offenbach and Hervé.—The new Prince of Wales' Theatre is progressing very rapidly, and there is every likelihood that the lessee, Mr Lazer, will be able to re-open it in November.

It was a graceful compliment that "Papa" Haydn paid to a great female vocalist. Reynolds had painted her as Cecilia listening to celestial music. Looking at the picture, Haydn said, "It is like her, but there is a strange mistake." "What is it?" asked Reynolds. "Why, you have painted her listening to the angels, when you ought to have represented the angels listening to her."

The Blondinette Minstrels are about to make a tour of the provinces, commencing at Ipswich. Among the names of the performers is that of a young *artiste* well known as a concert singer, Miss Florence Ashton, who recently made a most successful operatic *début*, while with Miss Susanna Cole's company, as Mdlle Lange, in a drawing-room version of Lecocq's *Fille de Mdme Angot*.

The *Musical Standard* hears that the late Mr R. L. Pearsall has left several madrigals, part-songs, &c., hitherto unpublished, and only recently accessible, and that these have been purchased from the executors by Mr Trimnell, of Clifton, who intends issuing them in a cheap form. Amongst the part-songs highly mentioned are "Brave Lord Willoughby," and "Gaudeamus igitur."

In his *Ariadne Florentina*, just published, Mr Ruskin gives an interesting description of three pieces of Florentine needlework, which attracted his attention in the bedroom in which he slept at the King's Arm's Hotel, Lancaster. Mr Ruskin, while staying at this "good old inn," was engaged in revising a lecture on "Design in the Florentine Schools of Engraving," and he thus seizes the opportunity of illustrating his subject:—"On the walls of the little room where I finally revise this lecture hangs an old silken sampler of great grandame's work; representing the domestic life of Abraham; chiefly the stories of Isaac and Ishmael. Sarah at her tent-door, watching, with folded arms, the dismissal of Hagar; above, in a wilderness full of fruit trees, birds, and butterflies, little Ishmael lying at the root of a tree, and the spent bottle under another; Hagar in prayer, and the angel appearing to her out of a wreathed line of gloomily undulating clouds, which, with a dark-rayed sun in the midst, surmount the entire composition in two arches, out of which descend shafts of (I suppose) beneficent rain; leaving, however, room, in the corner opposite to Ishmael's angel, for Isaac's, who stays Abraham in the sacrifice; the ram in the thicket, the squirrel in the plum-tree above him, and the grapes, pears, apples, roses, and daisies of the foreground, being all wrought with involution of such ingenious needlework as may well rank, in the patience, the natural skill, and the innocent pleasure of it, with the truest works of Florentine engraving. Nay, the actual tradition of many of the forms of ancient art is in many places evident—as, for instance, in the spiral summits of the flames of the wood on the altar, which are like a group of first-springing fern. On the wall opposite is a smaller composition, representing Justice with her balance and sword, standing between the sun and moon, with a background of pinks, borage, and corncockle; a third is only a cluster of tulips and iris, with two Byzantine peacocks; but the spirits of Penelope and Ariadne reign vivid in all the work—and the richness of pleasurable fancy is as great still, in these silken labours, as in the marble arches and golden roof of the cathedral of Monreale."

M. Caillot, the barytone of the Théâtre-Lyrique and the Athenée, is dead. For two years previous to his decease he suffered from a bronchial affection, and had completely lost his voice. He was a pupil of M. Bataille, and considered a young singer of considerable promise.

With a view to the better protection of copyright in dramatic works, a declaration has been signed by Lord Derby and the Marquis d'Harcourt cancelling the paragraph in the convention of 1851, by which it was understood that the protection stipulated for by the Convention was not intended to prohibit fair imitations or adaptations of dramatic works to the stage in England and France respectively, but were only meant to prevent piratical translation.

The Orpheonic Festival to be given to-morrow, the 29th inst., in the gardens of the Tuileries, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations, will be one of the most curious exhibitions of popular musical art ever known. A principal feature in the programme will be the execution, by all the associations combined into one, and numbering some 3000 singers, of the "Hymne à la Charité," dedicated by permission to the Maréchale Mac-Mahon. The music is by M. Léon Gastinel, and the words are by M. T. Saint-Félix. The Railway Companies will run special cheap trains.

France is determined not to be behind other nations in erecting statues to her great men. The bronze image of Chateaubriand, which will be raised at St Malo on the 5th of next month, amid great literary pomp, is finished. It represents the author of the *Génie du Christianisme* sitting in meditation on a rock, with the waves at his feet. As a politician, Chateaubriand was a chameléon. He was the friend of Béranger, as well as of Mdme Récamier. Under the First Empire he was the proprietor of a paper called *Le Mercure*. His *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, which appeared under the Monarchy of July, were bought by M. de Giradin for £4,000, a handsome sum in those days.

SHANKLIN (Isle of Wight).—On the 20th inst., Dr Sloman gave an organ recital at St Saviour's, on the beautiful organ lately erected by Messrs Walker. The programme was selected from the works of ancient and modern writers for that instrument. It also included a selection from Dr Sloman's new cantata, *Supplication and Praise*.

BRESCIA.—Sig. Verdi's *Aida* has been very successful here.

PESTH.—A new opera by Carl Huber will be the first novelty at the National Theatre. The libretto is founded upon an adventure in the life of King Mathias Corvinus.

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24	2nd Sunday after Easter	Deus misereatur	Chorus & Soli	Webbe
25	3rd Sunday after Easter	Lauda anima	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
10	4th Sunday after Easter	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
26	5th Sunday after Easter	Benedictmus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
27	Ascension Day	Ascendit Deus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
28	Sunday within Octave of Ascension Day	Rex Gloriæ	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
29	Whit Sunday (Gradual)	Emitte / Veni sancte spiritus	Trio or Chorus / Duet or Chorus	Webbe
30	,, ,, (Offertory)	Confirma hoc Deus	Soli or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
31	Trinity Sunday	Benedictus est	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
32	1st Sunday after Pentecost	Intende voci	Chorus	André
33	Corpus Christi (Gradual)	Lauda Sion	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
34	,, ,, (Offertory)	O sacrum convivium	Solo	Webbe
35	2nd Sunday after Pentecost	Domine convertere	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
36	3rd Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
37	4th Sunday after Pentecost	Illumina	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
38	St Peter and St Paul	Roma felix	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
39	5th Sunday after Pentecost	Audi hymnum	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
14	6th Sunday after Pentecost	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
40	7th Sunday after Pentecost	Sicut in holocaustis	Qrtt. or Chorus	Mozart
41	8th Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria	Bass Solo	Webbe
18	9th Sunday after Pentecost	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	10th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett	Webbe
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exurgat Deus	Chorus	Webbe
43	Assumption	Assumpta est	Chorus	Neukom
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Chorus	Eybler
45	13th Sunday after Pentecost	In te speravi	T. So. (& Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
36	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
13	15th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum est	Solo or Chorus	Benedict
46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavero	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
55	Nativity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
56	Holy Name	Ave Maria	Solo	Cherubini
57	Seven Dolors	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Gregorian
4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
58	Purity	Succurre miseris	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
4	Patronage	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
59	Confessor	Ecce sacerdos	Duet	Webbe
60	Martyrs	Qui seminant	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
61	One Martyr	Justus ut palma	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
63	Virgins and Holy Women	Diffusa	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
64		Asperges	Chorus	Gregorian
65	In Paschal time	Vidi aquam	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
66	Prayer for the Queen	Domine salvum fac	Chorus	Martini

APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Coeli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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"'The Maiden's Tear,' Second Rêverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. This charming piece evinces in its style throughout no small share of original talent, as well as sparkling and artistic cultivation, it being full of delicate and plaintive feeling. We have no doubt that it will be very popular, both in the concert-room and saloon."—*Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, May*, 1875.

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A GENERAL ORDER FROM THE HEAD-QUARTERS AT BAYREUTH.*

We may say what we will about the extravagant enterprise of the tenant of Wahnfried, but we shall seek in vain for anything analogous in the whole domain of art-history, and we must, at any rate, characterize it as something unique. For this reason, every document relating to it can lay claim to a certain historical interest, both in our own and future times, and, therefore, I cannot refrain from publishing *in extenso* a circular, sent, in a printed form and signed by the illustrious hand of the "Master" himself, to the artists judged worthy of co-operating in the Bayreuth Festival-Play.

The document possesses an especial relative importance, because, through it, we obtain for the first time authentic information concerning the "plan of performance" which Wagner has drawn up as being "best adapted" for the object in view, and which he proposes to carry into execution next year.

This characteristic communication runs as follows:—

"As you are already aware, from our personal relations, so gratifying to me, with each other, I desire your co-operation in carrying out my project of effecting, under totally exceptional circumstances, a triple performance of my four-part Festival-Play, entitled *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. I believe that the realization of my purpose, on the one hand bound up with the unusual interest taken in it by monied lovers and patrons of my art, can, on the other hand, be brought about only by the hearty and vigorous will of the admirable artists whose assistance I have solicited, as the interest felt in the matter by my patrons could be bestowed, and ought to be bestowed, only on a scheme from which every idea of profit-bringing speculation was excluded. You thus find yourself, perhaps for the first time in your life as an artist, called upon to devote your powers wholly and solely to the attainment of an ideal art-aim, namely: to show the public of Germany what Germans can do in the domain of theatrical art, peculiarly their own, as well as in other things, and, to exhibit to foreign nations, after hitherto living mostly on what they rejected, something which they cannot rival. Allow me then to state to you personally the obligations to which you would bind yourself, solely under the conditions presupposed by me, as soon as you send me, as I earnestly beg you will, the final promise of your co-operation. You will be able to prescribe these obligations for yourself more accurately than anyone else can do it, if I inform you what is the plan judged by me to be best adapted for the preparatory rehearsals and the performances themselves, and, in conformity with which, you will see what share in the work, especially with regard to the time you will have to devote to it, is allotted to you.

"The first preparatory rehearsals will take place at *Bayreuth*, from the *first of July* to the *first of August* in this year; of this time—

"The *first week* of *July* will be devoted to pianoforte rehearsals of *Das Rheingold;*

"The *second* week to the same for *Die Walküre;*

"The *third* for *Siegfried;* and

"The *fourth* for *Götterdämmerung.*

"From the first to the fifteenth August, the same rehearsals will be repeated in close succession, with the addition of the full band, for the purpose of rendering the musicians for the first time acquainted with what they have to do, as well as for that of making the musical ensemble clear to the singers present.

"The third week in August will also be devoted to the trial and settlement of difficult scenic operations, under the guidance of the machinist and scene-painters, the performers whom it may concern taking part, if necessary, in the proceedings.——

"After these preparatory measures have been carried out in the current year of 1875, the months of *June* and *July* of next year, 1876, will be devoted to the complete general rehearsals of the entire work. By this I mean that, all over-exertion and fatigue being avoided, day by day, with band and scenery complete, the separate parts shall be so rehearsed that, in the period from the first July to the fifteenth July, *Das Rheingold, Die Walküre, Siegfried,* and *Götterdämmerung* shall be rehearsed successively, and that, from the fifteenth to the thirtieth July, all four pieces shall, as needed, be rehearsed.

"In the first week of August, 1876, the first performance of the entire work will take place as follows:—

"*Sunday:* At 7 p.m.: beginning of the performance of *Rheingold.*

"*Monday:* At 4 o'clock in the afternoon: *Die Walküre,* first act; at 6 o'clock, the second; and at 8 o'clock, the third. (The long intervening pauses will be devoted to the assembling of the public anew in an agreeable open site near the theatre, and to enabling the actors to recruit themselves in covered garden-enclosures immediately attached to their dressing-rooms.)

"*Tuesday:* Beginning in the same way from four o'clock in the afternoon: *Siegfried.*

"*Wednesday:* Likewise so: *Götterdämmerung.*

"Precisely in the same way will, in the second week of August, the first repetition, and in the third week the second repetition, of the entire work take place.——

"In sketching out for you this plan of performance, I am acting in accordance with a thorough knowledge of the difficulty of my enterprise, as well as of the capabilities of the artists, immediately, it is allowable to presuppose, as regards their co-operation, unconditional willingness. Only on such an assumption, as I before told you, did I undertake my work, and do I hope for its success.

"Will you, by a binding assent on your part, put it in my power to consider your co-operation as gained for the performance of my Stage-Festival-Play, and, at the same time, notify whether you require any remuneration, and, if so, to what amount. From the statement I have given you of the position taken by me towards the patrons of the enterprise, you will see that, in the case of every one engaged, all thought of gain is excluded; nay, more, that self-sacrifice must invariably be presupposed. Yet it has struck me that, in cases where the sacrifice would be impossible, I might be prepared to give the requisite remuneration for anyone's services, and, thanks to the magnanimous renunciation, of which they have already informed me, on the part of several pre-eminent singers, by which they forego any kind of remuneration, I shall be enabled to pursue in this respect such a course that none of the artists I have in view need refuse their co-operation on account of insurmountable material obstacles. (!!)

"With these sentiments, I await your kind declaration, in order to know whether I may include you in the number of those who, by a voluntary obligation, and with the object of carrying out an artistic plan never before conceived, bind themselves to a truly companion-like association of the most pregnant significance.

"RICHARD WAGNER.

"*Bayreuth, 20th Jan.*, 1875."

Leaving out of consideration the inflated and turgid style which characterizes the present manifesto of the hot-blooded agitator, as it does all his other publications, the manifesto is a fresh proof of the undeniable skill with which he knows how to hit the weak points of those easily affected souls, the artists, and especially to flatter to good purpose their vanity. Though it is notorious that he was not previously at all acquainted with a great number of those at present constituting the Chosen and Elect, he does not disdain to speak, at the very outset, of "the *personal* relations so gratifying to him," which are supposed to have existed, and to have induced him to solicit the persons concerned for their co-operation under "totally exceptional circumstances."

Many an artist probably shook his head at this bold exordium, passed his hand over his forehead, and tried in vain to remember the when and where of these "gratifying personal relations." But his scruples were assuredly soon dissipated. The "great master" had affirmed their existence, and to doubt the truth of such an affirmation would be an act of disobedient insubordination—the twig thickly smeared with birdlime effects its purpose, and another noodle is caught in the Bayreuth birdcage.

Even the following piece of insolence: "You thus find yourself, perhaps for the first time in your life as an artist, called upon to devote your powers wholly and solely to the attainment of an ideal art-aim," no longer does harm. The mouth, to which virgin-honey has just been given, naturally does not taste such bitter impertinence, and its owner now, perhaps, even speaks of a depraved system of art to which against his will he has hitherto had improperly to sacrifice his talent.

To come now to the Ideal itself, on which Wagner plumes himself as being its sole inventor, what does it represent, and how is it realized? Let the public read and marvel! In Bayreuth shall the German public be taught for the first time "what Germans can do in the domain of theatrical art, peculiarly their own, as well as in other things, and exhibit to foreign nations, on whose refuse we have hitherto mostly lived, something which they cannot rival." One moment!—it is not to the German public, but only to a small number, which is growing less and less, of "monied friends and patrons," that the doors of the mystic art-temple will be opened, and what thus takes place under totally *excep-*

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung.*

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tional circumstances, cannot possibly produce any permanent *general* effect.

And foreign nations?—The reference to what they rejected naturally applies to France and to the experience of Wagner himself, who afterwards suddenly exhibited such a national German tendency. With regard to Italy, we know what zealous efforts were made there to propagate the new art-form, but without gaining any ground worth mentioning. England and America, as in the political concert, so in other musical matters, cannot, at present, boast of any influential voice. It is true that newspaper reporters have already arrived from those countries, and those gentlemen will forward to their respective journals accounts of the newly constructed theatre, of the rehearsals, and of the performances next year. But such a course, always repeated whenever a monstrosity turns up in the world, in no wise proves the artistic importance of the project. Foreign nations, too, will wisely refrain from trying to imitate what they cannot "rival." If Germany is unable to see its way clearly through the confused mythological chaos of the Edda poem, and its adequate musical illustration, we are scarcely justified in expecting that other nations should understand it and be tenderly alive to its beauties, far less envy us the possession of such a treasure.

The appeals to the heroism and love of self-sacrifice addressed to those wooed with insipid flattery as well as with majestic coarseness, imply more than at first seems to be the case. It is certainly no small thing to be for seven weeks this year, and absolutely eleven weeks next, entirely at Wagner's beck and call. Under these circumstances, it is unintelligible how, with rehearsals every day (and I beg to add, parenthetically, toping every night), all over-exertion and fatigue are to be avoided. Neither the "capabilities of the artists," nor their "unconditional willingness," can explain such a riddle.

I would direct particular attention to the coolness of the concluding phrase, in which Wagner, completely dodging the gratification of his own personal ambition, is pleased to designate the Bayreuth scheme as "a truly companion-like association of the most pregnant significance." *Difficile est satiram non scribere.* But I will reserve this for some future day, when the drunken delirium of morbid enthusiasm has been dissipated, and, in its place, calm reason has resumed its rights.

DR MAX EHRENFRIED.

—o—

"'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In your journal of the 14th of August, you published a letter from Mr Brinley Richards, headed as above, in reply to a communication of mine as to the composer and true history of this melody and song, in contradiction to Mr B. Richards' mythical assertion, at his lecture on the National Music of Ireland, as to its antiquity. Mr B. Richards, in the present instance, shirks the question; and, though he will not accept "Walker's Bards" as a safe guide (I never thought he would), others will, on Irish musical matters, as well as on Welsh. Mr B. Richards will assert, as an authority on such matters, a writer of fabulous traits and stories of the Irish character, which are looked on as gross caricatures of a people, and whose knowledge of their music is as void as a native of Coomassie. Mr B. Richards is welcome to his authority of the antiquity of this song. As well might I assert that another specimen of Irish music he put forth at his lecture was such—he had such there—"Kathleen Mavourneen." The world knows it is purely an English ballad, with not one particle of Irish music in its composition, yet Mr B. Richards gives it as a specimen of Irish music. As well might be put forth his own pretty song sung there as a Welsh ditty. This is not the way to enlighten lovers of national music, by sailing under false colours. Mr B. Richards sneers at and assails several statements selected from the same work—"Walker's Bards"—all of which have been proved long since, by those who have studied the subject, to be founded on facts. The Irish language is an original one, not a second-hand language like the Welsh, derived, like their music, from the Normans and Picts, who went to settle amongst the savage wildness of Wales and its mountains. All idea of music, or poetry, amongst the natives of these climes, is totally out of the question. Whatever they knew of those arts was due to the immigrants from the Continent forced to settle there against their will.—I am, Sir,

YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT
AT THE LECTURE.

The Vale of Avoca, C. Wicklow.

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

BY GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, ESQ.

No. 12.

Marie Martin Martel, Vicomte de Marin, of the family of the Marini, some of whom were *doges* of the republic of Genoa, was born at Saint Jean de Luz, near Bayonne, in 1769. He learned music from his father from the early age of four, and at seven composed a sonata for the piano. He studied the harp under Hosbruker, and it is generally acknowledged that he was soon without an equal on that instrument. In 1783, he was received and crowned by the Musical Academicians at Rome. He there extemporized on the harp, and followed up subjects for fugue which were given to him, in a manner quite unknown on that instrument. He played on the harp at first sight, from the scores of Seb. Bach's fugues, and from those of Jomelli, and achieved on that instrument what could scarcely be done by another on the pianoforte. Such an impression did his performances at the Academy at Rome make on his audience, that the celebrated Corianna, who was present, rehearsed extemporary verses in his honour. On his return from Italy, De Marin, then only fifteen years of age, commenced his military education at the Cavalry School at Versailles. He quitted it at seventeen, as captain of dragoons, obtaining at the same time leave of absence to travel. The French Revolution closed the doors of his country against him, and he was placed on the list of emigrés. He then proceeded to England, where his performance on the harp was universally admired. M. de Marin composed much music for the harp; several of his compositions were so much esteemed by Clementi, that he arranged them for the pianoforte. As it is rare that modern musicians have been honoured by the first poets of the age, we cannot resist copying the following lines by the celebrated Abbé Delille, which he wrote on Marin, when they were both in England as emigrés.

"Hélas! plus d'un Français, dans ces momens funestes,
Se montra des Français l'implacable ennemi.
Tel ne fut pas ton cœur, toi, courageux ami
De ceux que poursuivait la fortune inhumaine;
Toi, que chérit Bellone, ainsi que Melpomène;
Qui, parant la vertu par d'aimables dehors,
Joins la beauté de l'âme à la beauté du corps.
Qu' on ne me vaute plus le chantre de la Thrace,
Des tigres, des lions apprivoisant l'audace.
Ton art, qui dans la Grèce aurait eu des autels,
O Marin! sut dompter des monstres plus cruels;
Le désepoir affreux, la hideuse indigence.
Que de fois au plaisir mêlant la bienfaisance,
Sterile pour toi seul, ton talent généreux
Mit son noble salaire aux mains des malhereux!
Ainsi, par le concours de brillantes merveilles,
Charmant le cœur, l'esprit, les yeux, et les oreilles,
On te vit tour à tour vouer à nos malheurs,
Ta lyre et ton épée, et ton sang et tes pleurs.
Le concert de vertu, de grâce et de génie,
Ah! voilà ta plus belle et plus douce harmonie!
Tel, beau, jeune et vainquer, le dieu de l'Hélicon,
Chantait, touchait sa lyre, et combattait Python."

M. Martin, an excellent tenor singer at the Théâtre Feydau, at Paris, was born there, about the year 1770. In 1788 he made his *début* at the Théâtre de Monsieur, with unparalleled success. Martin was the first singer who established at Paris the Italian style of singing to French words. His singing at the Chapel Royal in the Tuileries, in the year 1822, was still greatly admired, and attracted all ranks of society in Paris.

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DWIGHT UPON DR HANS VON BÜLOW.

This famous pianist, who as a public virtuoso has for some years worn the mantle of Liszt, and was for some years too his son-in-law, and, though no longer that, is still his friend, will be one of the chief attractions of our coming musical season. It is understood that he will make his first bow before an American audience at the opening of the new Chickering Hall in New York, some time in October, and that he will visit Boston in November. Probably no one of the great European pianists, now that we have all heard Rubinstein, his only peer, and, seeing that the Abbate Liszt himself makes no more concert tours, could excite so much curiosity among our people. Whether the spell will work as widely and as long as that of the fiery, strong young Russian, remains to be seen.

Bülow is just in the full maturity of his powers, having been born in Dresden on the 8th of January, 1830. Among his earliest teachers in music was Fr. Wieck, the father of Mdme Clara Schumann. At the age of sixteen he went to the gymnasium at Stuttgart, and in 1848 to the University of Leipzig for the study of law, where at the same time he received instructions in musical theory from Hauptmann. After passing his legal studies for another year or two at Berlin, he decided to devote himself entirely to music, and, much against the wishes of his parents, betook himself to Zurich, where he could be near Richard Wagner, then living there in stately exile; he had already fallen under his influence in Dresden. Wagner approved of his decision, and schooled him to the functions of conductorship in the Zurich theatre. In June 1851 he went to Weimar, where Liszt prepared him and inducted him into his career of virtuoso. He studied with Liszt about two years, and then made his first appearance in Vienna and Hungary. In 1855 he took up his abode at Berlin as piano teacher in the Conservatory of Stern and Marx; in 1858 he was appointed court-pianist to the King of Prussia; soon afterwards he was made a knight of the Order of the Crown, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University at Jena. In 1857 he had married Cosima, Liszt's gifted daughter. In 1864 he was won away from Berlin to Munich by the art-loving King Louis of Bavaria, to be his *Capellmeister*. The newspapers have kept us all well-informed of his doings, his comings and goings, since; they have told us how he espoused the Wagner crusade with all his might and main; how under his direction, and often for the private gratification of the royal young enthusiast and himself alone, the Wagner operas—we beg pardon, dramas, "*actions*"—were so sumptuously brought out in Munich; how he afterwards settled for a time in Florence, and made German music palatable to Italians; how he developed a smart literary talent likewise, particularly in the line of controversial satire, as witness his unsparing onslaught upon Verdi's *Requiem* Mass and the Italian music generally. And now the enterprising concert speculators have him for a season, and have booked him for America; and all the under-speculators, ticket-sellers, concert-brokers, who know the ins and outs of music halls, in each several city, are bidding eagerly for their share of this "big bonanza;" so that before the winter passes we shall have a chance to take the measure of the wonderful art of Bülow as compared with that of Rubinstein.

It was in Berlin, in the winter of 1861, that we had the privilege of meeting and of hearing Bülow. We were enjoying our first and only interview with Liszt, who had come for a day or two to the old Hotel de Brandebourg, where we were living all that winter. On the sofa sat his daughter, Mdme von Bülow, bearing the unmistakable impress upon her features; the welcome was cordial, and the conversation on the part of both of them was lively and most interesting; chiefly, of course, it was about music, artists, &c.; and nothing delighted us more than the hearty high appreciation which Liszt expressed of Robert Franz, then (strange as it may seem) but very little recognized in Germany, nowhere so much as here in Boston—thanks to one man! Of some other composers he seemed inclined to speak ironically and even bitterly, as if smarting under some disappointment, perhaps at the unreceptive mood of the Berliners towards his own Symphonic Poems, to whose glories Bülow had been labouring to convert them. Before we had a chance to hint of one hope long deferred, that of hearing Liszt play, he asked: "Have you heard Bülow?" alluding to him more than once as *the* pianist to be heard, his representative and heir, on whom his mantle verily had fallen. Thinking it possible that there was some new grand composition by some one of his young disciples to be brought out, and that he had come to Berlin to stand god-father as it were to that, we modestly ventured to inquire; he smilingly replied: "No, I am here literally as god-father, having come to the christening of my grandchild." Presently the conversation was interrupted by a rap at the door, and in came, with lively step, a little man, who threw open the furs in which he was buried, Berlin fashion, and approached the presence, bowed his head to the paternal laying on of hands, and we were introduced to Herr von Bülow.

Shortly afterwards we were present at several of the concerts which Von Bülow gave there in the hall of the Singakademie. In these he was the sole performer; the piano, a fine Bechstein *Flügel*, if we remember rightly, was placed near the middle of the floor, and there he sat surrounded by a large host of admirers, plainly a select and highly cultivated audience. His programmes, like those of Rubinstein when he was here, covered the whole range of the higher pianoforte literature from Bach to Liszt, and Liszt's successor *in propriâ personâ*; only he did not crowd such extravagant quantities of solid things—five Beethoven Sonatas, for instance—into one evening, as Rubinstein did here sometimes; he was content to give *enough*. One of these programmes we have preserved:—

Toccata, in C minor ..... Bach.
Suite, in E minor, Op. 72..... ..... Raff.
Sonata, "Les Adieux," &c. ..... Beethoven.
Venezia e Napoli (MS.) ..... Liszt.
Præludium, from Op. 35 ..... } Mendelssohn.
Two Lieder ohne Wörte, Book 5..... }
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 8 ..... Liszt.

Other works given in the series were:—

J. S. Bach.—Bourrée, A minor; Gigue and Gavotte, G minor. Ph. Em. Bach.—Rondo, B minor. Beethoven.—Fantaisie, Op. 77. Hummel.—Sonata, F sharp minor, Op. 81. Chopin.—Berceuse. Concert Allegro. Schumann.—Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13. Liszt.—Eclogue. Au Lac de Wallenstedt. Au Bord d' une Source. Schiller Marsch (*nach Meyerbeer*). B-minor Sonata, in one movement. *Tannhäuser* Overture (transcription). A. Rubinstein.—Prelude and Fugue, Op. 53. H. von Bülow (selbst).—Die Elfenjagd. Impromptu, Op. 14. Mazurka, Op. 4.

Compare this with one of his London programmes of this last spring, and we find the general character of the Bülow programme still essentially the same, although John Bull gets rather the more solid dose:—

Bach.—Organ Prelude and Fugue in B minor, arr. by Liszt. Schumann.—Fantaisie in C, Op. 17. Raff.—Métamorphose, Op. 74, No. 2. Brahms.—Scherzo, Op. 4. Rheinberger.—Andante and Toccato, Op. 12 (dedicated to Bülow). Beethoven.—Sonata, Op. 101. 33 Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli.

Many of those Berlin selections were quite new then; now they have nearly all of them become somewhat familiar here in Boston.

He played all from memory,—a power less common then than it is now; but Bülow, we believe, exceeds all others, not excepting Rubinstein, not only in his accurate, retentive memory of vast repertoires of music, orchestral and vocal scores included, but also in the rapidity with which he learns a piece by heart, sometimes by simply hearing it performed two or three times.

He impressed us somewhat as Charles Hallé did in London, as a cool player; remarkably self-possessed, sure and careful in his renderings, and essentually intellectual, thoughtful, thoroughly convinced in his conception and interpretation of the composer and the work in hand. None of that almost wild impetuosity of Rubinstein; less of that personal magnetic power; less wilfulness of moody moments, which led the latter into various *tempos* and shadings of the same thing at different times. Nothing that Bülow does is not thoroughly studied and thought out; while his technique seemed, even then, perfect beyond *our* power to conceive of aught beyond. And yet we enjoyed—felt Madame Schumann's playing more. Of course von Bülow was, and is, a growing man, and doubtless greatly in advance to-day of what he then was, not only as pianist, but still more as artist and musician in the broad sense. As a conductor of orchestra and chorus, he stands among the foremost of our day. Probably we shall have opportunities of witnessing his skill in that capacity, as well as in piano-playing, with and without orchestral accompaniment.

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ART AND SCIENCE IN THE TEACHING OF MUSIC.

To the President of the Society of Arts.

Mr President,—Music, like all the fine arts, is composed of two essential elements—*art* and *science*. This truth is so manifest that it is doubted by none; and the more one thinks of it, the less one can explain how it is, since music is fashionable, one has never thought to teach, side by side, *the art* and *science*, *practice* and *reasoning*, *mechanism* and *intelligence*. It is notorious and undeniable that musical teaching, admitted into custom, firmly rooted, and of long standing in all manners, transmitted from father to son, and acclimatized all over the world, occupies itself exclusively with the dexterity of the fingers or of the voice—of the simple, mechanical, execution of written music. So, what results from this teaching, so senseless, unintelligent, pretentious, dry, and so unworthy of the age? It follows, that the musical student, condemned to practise the piano, without understanding chords and their harmony with the air, finds unheard-of difficulties in deciphering and reading music, because, being in no way guided by sense, understanding absolutely nothing of the harmony of notes, in this reading—to him mysterious and hieroglyphical—it is impossible for him to foresee what it may be. He does not know how to guess one note nor a single chord.

Thus, what does he do, after having groped along in this darkness for some years, after having made long and vain efforts, expended much time, labour, and money? He gives music the blame, says that its study is too difficult, whilst, really he should only complain of the illogical manner in which it has been taught him. Discouraged by negative results, he looks upon his instrument with aversion, heartily regrets the time he has devoted to its study, and abandons an art which would have furnished him many joys and pleasures, if they had only taught it in a reasonable and comprehensible manner.

It is true that among such persons there are always a few who, cost what it may, confront the difficulties, and succeed, by means of labour, time, and patience, in mechanically reading what the great masters have written; but what real advantages have they over those who were discouraged on the way? Very few, indeed. They are obliged to make efforts, almost superhuman, if they wish to interpret worthily the thoughts of the composer, because they are in no degree aided by science.

Many other sorry consequences result from a musical training where science is missing. The pupil does not know how to transpose, prelude, improvise, compose, find the simplest accompaniment to a given song, or make a piece of a simple melody by developing it, as a school-boy does a literary subject, by amplification and dissertation. Does he study music for twenty years or more, he is still wanting the power to note down, or to render immediately upon the piano or on the organ, his simplest inspirations. If in company he does not know from memory some pieces made by another, or forgets his music book, he is nowise in advance of him who does not know a note.

Upon whom ought the responsibility of this old-fashioned learning-by-rote method to rest? It is not at all in agreement with the march of intellect and the requirements of the present age. Must we blame those who teach music? I do not think so. Rather blame tradition—the old manner, which each one follows by habit, without reflection. To give an idea of the manner in which this method is established and universally practised, it is enough to say that in the conservatoires of all countries they think no more than elsewhere of teaching, side by side, art and science. However, these official schools have for their mission to train persons capable of diffusing good principles, and should do all in their power to add to the prosperity and the splendour of music, in each of their respective states. In these schools, however, there are a limited number of pupils, who come to the harmony and composition classes, and really learn music. The others, being mere readers and executionists, do not know the first word of the science, pay no heed to what they read, and do not understand what they play.

But, if custom is false, erroneous, and long established, it is no reason why we should retain this miserable *statu quo*, and perpetuate a chronic and hereditary disease in the teaching of an art which has so great an influence on manners.

We must believe that, in educating the pupils, so as to understand readily and fully both the art and science, we shall reveal to themselves what they were ignorant of, and we shall see advancing from the multitude of aspirants to fame, true organizations—rare privileged ones, who, coming, bring with them the sacred fire—and we shall prepare future generations to love and understand better this sublime art. The public, thus enlightened, will close the ear to indifferent publications, will be able to reproduce, with facility and intelligence, the masterpieces, will know how to judge soundly of their merits or their failings, will appreciate them more, and they will procure for them joys until then unknown. In short, such a method, in which *art* and *science* would be side by side, would not only augment the number of composers, but would diminish the number of people who do not understand music.

Long experience in teaching together *art* and *science* has convinced me that harmony, which explains the *cause*, the *reason for* all that relates to music, may be understood by every one, even by children. I have made of this science, not a study, but a game, an amusement, a pleasure, a family recreation. This is precisely what I always wished—*to instruct* by or while *amusing*, in order to attract the pupil towards a knowledge which offers him the advantage of being able to *transpose*, *prelude*, *improvise*, *accompany*, *harmonize*, *&c.*—all things which every one likes to know. I have a strong desire to introduce into England my method and my innovations. I beg earnestly all men of honour, all enlightened artists and amateurs, to enquire fully into this serious question to which I call their attention. I am persuaded that, having weighed its importance, they will join their efforts to mine, in order, without delay, to do away with a mode contrary to the spirit of the age, and which has this evil effect—much of the precious time of youth is lost, and leaves uninstructed many millions of intelligent beings.

I have the honour to be, with much respect, Mr President, your very humble and respectful servant, Bernardin Rahn.

BERLIN.

A few lines will suffice to narrate all that has been done here during the past week. In the first place, there is not much calling for remark at the Royal Operahouse. Among the works performed since my last have been *Oberon*, *Le Nozze*, *Fidelio*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *La Dame Blanche*. Herr von Hülsen, the Intendant-General, having returned from his last trip, which was to Colberg, has now once more settled down steadily to the duties of his office.

In the second place, *Margarethe*, otherwise *Faust*, proved so successful, with Mdlle Hasselbeck, Herren Nachbaur and Fessler, at Kroll's Theater, that a fourth performance, by the permission of Herr von Hülsen, was added to the three performances originally announced. Herr Nachbaur concluded a most successful engagement, by appearing as Manrico, in *Il Trovatore*. Herr Preumayr, the talented *Capellmeister*, has also left, to enter on his new engagement, in a similar capacity, at Cologne. For the few remaining nights of the season he was succeeded by Herr Faltis.

Mad. Mathilde Mallinger has just purchased Castle Fernstein and a large estate in the Tyrol, where she intends in future residing when not professionally engaged. She is at present stopping at the Tegernsee, to recruit, after the exertions of the past season. She will remain there until recalled by her engagement at the Theatre Royal.

Herr Johann Strauss's opera of *Cagliostro*, selected to open the winter season, is in active rehearsal at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater. Meanwhile, the place of Herr Carl Swoboda, who has gone for a holiday, is being temporarily and successfully filled by Herr Telek, from the ill-starred Comic Operahouse, Vienna. Herr Telek possesses an agreeable tenor voice, a good stage presence, and the gift of using both to the best advantage. He is quite at home in the works of Offenbach, Hervé, and Lecocq, and has already become popular with the Berliners.

Berlin can boast of a new association: The "Lohengrin for Male and Mixed Choral Singing." Such is its rather peculiar appellation. The new association will not, however, be devoted exclusively to singing, either male or mixed. It will include among its attractions a dancing-club, or "*Tanzkränzchen*," and is to be opened, vocally and saltatorily, about the middle of the present month.

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A STOCKHOLM SCRAP.

(From a Private Letter.)

. . . . . One of *Capellmeister* Fliege's recent concerts, at the Royal Djurgarden, brought the following programme, which we give in the original Swedish :—Ouverture till *Manfred*, af Schumann ; Variation ur A-dur-Quartetten, af Beethoven (utföres af 20 personer); "Ständchen," Schubert ; Indisk Marsch ur *Afrikanskan*, Meyerbeer ; Ouverture till *Si j'etais Roi*, Adam ; "Mon séjour à Darmstadt," trio for Harpa, Violine, and Violoncell, Oberthür (utf af Kammarvirtuosen Fröken Dubez samt Herrar Herrman och Wendel); Ouverture till Op. *Martha*, Flotow ; "Es kann ja nicht immer so bleiben" Vals, och "Vielliebchen" Idyll, af Fliege ; "Fantasie ur Op. *Ernani*, Verdi ; "Alliance-Marsch," Bach ; "J morgon Lördag;" Symfoni-Konsert, hvarvid uppföres ; och Symfoni (A moll) af Mendelssohn.

THE ROYAL NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES.

This grand musical event commenced at Pwllheli, Carnarvonshire, on Tuesday, the 24th August, and was concluded on the following Friday evening. The town, which is small and quiet, is the centre of an extensive agricultural district, and, in regard to convenience and ease of access, a worse selection could not have been made. The committee of the Eisteddfod offered about £800 in prizes for poetry, prose, music, choral competition, art, and industry. In the number and excellence of compositions it outshone several of its predecessors, the committee having been exceedingly happy in their choice of subjects. The meetings, which were attended by thousands from all parts of the Principality, were held in a spacious wooden pavilion. The Presidents were :—Tuesday, Mr Owen Evans, J.P., of Broomhall ; Wednesday, the Right Hon. Lord Mostyn, of Mostyn Hall, Flintshire ; Thursday, Mr R. Lloyd Edwards, J.P., of Nanhoron ; and Friday, the Hon. G. Sholto Douglas Pennant, M.P., for Carnarvonshire. During these four days a variety of prizes, ranging from fifty guineas to half a guinea, were awarded. In poetry, Mr Thomas Jones (Taliesin o Eifion), house-painter, Llangollen, received 15 guineas and a gold medal for an epic poem on "Cassivellaunus : his First Campaign against the Romans." The prize of 10 guineas for a satirical poem on "The Traitor" was awarded to Mr John T. Morgan, of Dolgelly. A gold medal of the value of £10 was won by Mr Thomas Tudno Jones, of Bangor, for the best metrical translation of Gray's "Bard ;" and this young poet also carried off the chief bardic prize of the year —£30 and an ornamental oak chair—for an ode on "Beauty." He was installed, with an imposing ceremony, as "Chair Bard of Gwynedd, Mon and Manaw." In the competition for brass bands, the principal prize was taken by the Nantlle Band, composed of quarrymen. In prose, Mr Walter Eaton, of Penygroes, won a prize of £20, given by the Good Templars of the district, for a treatise on "The Physiological Aspect of Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Drinks." A prize essay on "Criticism" was written by Mr Owen Owen, of Jesus College, Oxford. In solo singing for men, Mr David Williams, of Liverpool, and Mr John Williams, of Stockton-on-Tees, were best. In solo singing for women, the successful competitors were Miss Griffith, Llanberis, and Miss Sydney Roberts, of London. The principal competition of the festival was that which was held on Wednesday in rendering the double chorus, "The people shall hear and be afraid," from Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. Prize £50, and a *bâton* for the conductor of the successful choir. Two choirs, each containing not less than sixty voices, competed—the Dinorwic Choral Union (Waenfawr and Llanberis) and Carnarvon Philharmonic Society. The singing was very fine. For refinement and delicacy of phrasing, the prize was awarded to the Waenfawr Choir, entirely composed of the working class, the members of which were specially taught the English words of the piece by a village schoolmaster. The next most important choral competition was that on Mendelssohn's "How great is the depth." Prize, 40 guineas and a gold medal. Four choirs competed—Bangor Choral Union, Eryri Choral Union (Waenfawr Choir), Machynlleth Choir, and Wrexham and Rhos United Choir. The contest was close, and the prize went to the Eryri Choral Union, which was identically the same choir as that which won the 50-guinea prize. The judges praised the singing of the Bangor Choir, and said that if there had been a second prize it would have been given to this choir. The Wrexham and Rhos Choir alone sang in the motet, "Ave verum Jesu," and was said to be deserving of the prize. The Portmadoc Choir secured all the four prizes offered for Welsh anthems and glees, although several other choirs competed, and the intonation of this choir was the purest throughout the Eisteddfod. Each evening there was a grand concert. The principal artists were Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs Kate Winne Matthison, Mrs Maggie Jones Williams, Miss Mary Davies, and Miss Marian Williams, of the Royal Academy ; Professor Parry, Owain Alaw, Mr T. J. Hughes, Mr Robert Rees, Mr Ap Herbet, Mr Richard Davies, and Mr James Sauvage. The harpist was Mr John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia). The festival proved successful, and it is intended to devote the surplus of the proceeds in aid of the endowment fund of the University College of Wales, Aberystwith.

FREDERIC SULLIVAN IN THE PROVINCES.

"Mr Frederic Sullivan, as the Viceroy, was very amusing. The progress of this useful artist was noticed on his previous visit to Manchester ; but even those, who were most hopeful of his future then, must have been surprised by the finish and judicious restraint of his acting in *La Périchole* and *Trial by Jury*. . . . . In *Trial by Jury*, also, the singing and acting were both generally excellent, and we intend no slight to the rest of the performers when we say that Mr Sullivan's impersonation of the Judge was pre-eminently successful. The make-up of this clever actor ; his perfect bye-play, always telling, but never extravagant ; his amusing contrasts ; and, above all, the characteristic blandness and courtesy with which he delivered his most absurd speeches, were altogether irresistible ; and it is long since we have seen a more entertaining and artistic piece of character acting."—*Manchester Examiner and Times*. "Amongst the performers in *Trial by Jury*, not the least humorous is our old friend, Mr Frederic Sullivan, who, as the learned Judge, is equal to the best of his former efforts."—*Manchester Guardian*. "Mr Sullivan, as the learned Judge, is inimitably funny."—*Manchester Courier*. "First amongst the performers is Mr F. Sullivan, as the Judge. His get up ; his comic song, descriptive of his rise in the profession ; his outrageously-emphatic love-making to any girl in the court who strikes his fancy ; and his final flirtation with the fair plaintiff on the bench, are conceived in the richest spirit of comic exaggeration, and salted with a realism that makes them more telling."—*Liverpool Daily Post*. "The learned Judge could not have a better representative than in the person of our old friend Mr Frederic Sullivan."—*Liverpool Mercury*. "Mr F. Sullivan's *buffo* powers are considerable. His Viceroy in *Périchole* is full of honest fun, and his Judge in *Trial by Jury* is a really rare piece of rich comedy."—*Liverpool Journal*. "Mr Fred. Sullivan is, as usual, both clever and amusing with his delineation of the Viceroy. . . . As the learned Judge, he is simply side-splitting with his mock gravity." —*Sheffield Independent*. "Mr Frederic Sullivan, as the Viceroy, was very amusing. He looked and acted the character to perfection. His impersonation of the learned and impressionable Judge deserves a special word of praise for its quiet and natural humour."—*Sheffield Telegraph*. "The gem of this piece is the Judge. Mr Frederic Sullivan must have spent some time in the superior Law Courts, so minute and so accurate—although so excessively funny—is his rendering of the part."—*North of England Advertiser*. "The personification of the Judge by Mr Frederic Sullivan is simply inimitable, and his rendering of the Judge's song will not readily be forgotten."—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

HAPPY LARK.

Happy lark, away thou soarest,
In thy joyous flight
Watch with pleasure, while thou pourest
Strains of such delight.
Upward mounting, upward springing,
Now the clouds among,
I would ask thee, while thou'rt singing,
Where thou learn'st thy song?

Little favourite, trill thy measure,
All untaught by art ;
Child of nature, child of pleasure,
How thou sooth'st the heart!
We on learning place reliance,
Thy melodious strains
Bid thy rivals all defiance—
Mock us for our pains.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WILLIAM TUTT.—You will find a letter left for you at the Office of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SPINNET.—There were several Clarks, organists. The Clark to whom you refer was Dr John Clarke, born at Gloucester, in 1770. He subsequently assumed the surname of Whitfield, from his uncle, Henry Fotherley Whitfield, of Rickmansworth Park, Herts, in 1814. He was successively organist of St Lawrence's, Ludlow; of the Cathedral, Armagh; of St John's College, Cambridge; and of the Cathedral, Hereford. He composed and edited numerous works, one of the principal of which was an oratorio in two parts, the first part treating of the *Crucifixion*, and the second, the *Resurrection*.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1875.

Audi Alteram Partem.

UNDER the heading of "A few Words about Wagner," a contributor to *Le Guide Musical* supplies an article which, if only because its arguments run counter to those on several occasions not merely quoted but sustained by us, lays fair claim to reproduction in our columns. The writer is evidently a firm believer in Wagner, if not a partisan in the most furious acceptation of the word. Let him, however, speak for himself:—

"It is the characteristic of creative and innovating geniuses to be invariably misunderstood by the greater part of their contemporaries. Mozart was unappreciated; Haydn was unappreciated; and, what would strike us as incredible, did we not know such was the case, Beethoven was unappreciated, and treated even worse than his predecessors. '*Die verrückten Quartetten*,' 'The mad Quartets,' such was the title irreverently bestowed by the majority of German musicians on the master's latest works of this kind. We know the opinion expressed by Reissiger on the Ninth Symphony. He declared it to be 'nonsense' ('*Unsinn*'). Berlioz informs us that Rudolph Kreutzer, the violinist, to whom Beethoven dedicated his most celebrated Violin Concerto, ran away when he heard for the first time the Symphony in D (the simplest of all the Symphonies), stopping up his ears as he did so, and that he had need of all his courage to listen, at subsequent rehearsals, to as much of the Symphony as had not been suppressed before it was submitted to the public. It was, according to him, eccentric, incoherent, diffuse, bristling with harsh modulations and savage harmony, deficient in melody, exaggerated in expression, too noisy, and horribly difficult. Kreutzer's opinion, it must not be forgotten, was that of ninety-nine out of every hundred musicians in Paris about 1830.

"Richard Wagner shares with the coryphæi of modern music the honour of having long been misunderstood and oppressed. The opposition with which his music met at first, and still meets, is distinguished, however, by a certain vivacity and bitterness, which did not mark even the most systematic opposition in the case of Mozart, of Haydn, and of Beethoven. Wagner's adversaries are not contented with pronouncing his music detestable. If we are to believe them, he is the very worst of innovators, a mar-all, and an overbearing, arrogant personage, full of irreverence towards the most admired masters, while neither his theories on opera or modern music, nor he himself, are worth a straw. It is against him personally that the attacks are directed. Not being able to deny the profound effect produced by his music, powerful and poetic in turns, his opponents fall upon him individually. How, after all, could the admirers of Mozart, of Haydn, and of Beethoven, see any beauties in the works of one who criticized the system followed by those masters; has dared to write and publish *Art and Politics*, and *Judaism in Music;* has overwhelmed with sarcasm Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer; and, lastly, has set about decrying, with the exception of a favoured few, each and all of his contemporaries? Nothing, however, can be more false than the accusations accumulated against Wagner. It would not even be so bad if his adversaries simply made accusations, but, with admirable logic, they look upon the author and his works as one and the same. Mixing up and confounding what they pretend he is with what he does—his life with his works, his works with his theories, and his theories with his polemics, they pitch them all into one basket, heedless of the consequences. Yet, if people would call to mind under what circumstances Wagner's genius has been developed, how he has had to struggle against poverty, envy, failure, and his own talent, how, alone, without master, without guide save his destiny, and without any fortune but his works, opposed the more he progressed, derided, scoffed at, spat upon, vilified, just when he thought to reach his goal, he has created an original style, renewed the forms of art, opening up a limitless horizon to the musical drama, and, in the midst of all his difficulties, succeeded in preserving the force, self-possession, and intensity of inspiration necessary to produce such gigantic living works as *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, *Der fliegende Holländer*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Rheingold*, and *Die Nibelungen-Trilogie*, the animosity with which he is pursued would give place to sympathetic interest and sincere admiration for real genius, upheld by firm and unshakeable convictions.

"The *Cologne Gazette* published, some time since, a summary of a lecture on Wagner, delivered at the Gürzenich, by Dr Guckeisen, a musical critic attached to that paper, which, as most people know, cannot be charged with Wagnerism. The Doctor exerted himself to give a faithful and impartial account of what Wagner has done, and this account partly answers the extravagantly unjust criticisms hurled againt the 'agitator.' It will not be uninteresting to our readers to peruse a report of what he said, as it is summarized in the above journal, the more especially since, both on account of those who stand at the head of musical matters, and of the tastes of the inhabitants, the chief seat of the Rhenish Festivals has hitherto been considered in Germany one of the last citadels of musical classicality:—

"Dr Guckeisen began by striving to correct the false and erroneous opinion generally entertained concerning the ideas and tendencies peculiar to Wagner. Wagner is acrimoniously accused of entertaining contempt for the masters who have preceded him, without excepting Mozart and Beethoven. This reproach is utterly undeserved. To convince one's self of the fact, it is sufficient to go through his *Gesammelte Schriften*. Wagner attacks the framework of old opera, but never fails to acknowledge the musical grandeur of the above-named masters. True, he falls foul very hotly of several composers, more especially Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, but not for the purpose of denying their unquestionable talent; he does so because they have devoted their talent to forwarding a tendency which he considers fatal.* "As for the idea to which Wagner has sacrificed his whole life, it is not so much a reform of opera as a renewal of the drama in general. After all, Wagner is not the only one who has entertained this idea. He endeavours to carry out what Schiller dreamed of without being able to realize. In a letter addressed to Göthe, Schiller says:—

"'*I have always had a certain predilection for opera, and have never ceased to believe that some day modern tragedy of an elevated kind will spring from our present opera, just as antique tragedy was born of the choruses in honour of Bacchus. Opera discards the rampant and servile imitation of nature. It is by means of opera that we might transport the Ideal on the stage, though under veiled forms.*'

"Wagner, however, is not a fortuitous accident in dramatic literature. There is a whole series of masters who prepare the way for and announce him. But he is the first who has followed, from conviction, clear and definite principles. What he has created in

* Fatal to Wagner?—ED.

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pursuing these principles, must not be included under the head of opera, in the old meaning of the word, being really a new kind of theatrical spectacle, to which we must take care not to apply the ordinarily accepted rules. Wagner, however, lays no claim to be the creator of this new style. He has simply assisted in bringing forward the German drama of which Schiller dreamed, and in which poet and musician unite all that is loftiest in their aspirations towards the Ideal. Musicians can devote themselves to the new method, or go on cultivating the old. The latter requires far less than the former the complete development of poetic and lyrical faculties, the harmonious equilibrium of intellectual forces, which, by the way, the one-sided education given at present to musicians is unable to produce. It is one thing to invent pretty melodies, another to interpret musically a dramatic poem. Lastly, to judge Wagner's works, we must distinguish between the principles and the form in which they are clothed by the composer's personality. Artistic form is always affected by the idiosyncracy of its creator; and why should Wagner be more exempt from imperfections than other mortals? It is natural that we should object to many things in his works; but his principles are unshakeable. To condemn these principles *à priori* is to display very little judgment. Every epoch, every age, brings to the manifestation of the Beautiful new formulas, but the aspirations towards this idea are always, at bottom, the same. In Wagner, the leading object is truth of dramatic expression in music."

"This lecture, says the *Cologne Gazette*, was listened to with uninterrupted attention by a numerous and intelligent audience. We can," it adds, "readily believe that more than one amateur was partly reconciled with the Music of the Future. So be it, say we, after this sketch, however incomplete, of the words, distinguished for their good sense and moderate criticism, pronounced by Dr Guckeisen."

We wish we could conscientiously arrive at the same conclusion as the editor of the *Cologne Gazette*, partake of the enthusiasm of the writer in the *Guide Musical*, and understand the arguments of the learned and venerable Dr Guckeisen; but at present we are unable. "*La porte laissée ouverte*" (according to Wagner—1855), still gapes wide its imponderous and wooden jaws; and Jews yet live and thrive among us. Let this door but be closed; let Wagner but cry "Shut, sesame!" (he knows how, as he himself insinuates), and the London *Aristarchi* will understand their duty. There is plenty of time, after the Vienna autumn model-rehearsals, for London spring model-rehearsals to follow, in 1876. The musicians sufficiently initiated to conduct the rehearsals of such music are not scarce among us; and if the Composer for the Future would not object to some Jews, at least (say our bankers), remaining in London during the period, he might come himself to superintend the proceedings, and would be assured of a hearty welcome. Otto Beard.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Les anecdotes de la Révolution redeviennent également de l'actualité. On raconte que se trouvant à Paris en 1793, le violoniste Poppo fut appelé au Comité de Salut Public comme suspect, et on lui fit subir l'interrogatoire suivant:—"Votre nom?—Poppo. Votre profession?—*Je joue du violon.* Que faisiez-vous du temps du tyran? *Je jouais du violon.* Que faites-vous maintenant? *Je joue du violon.* Que ferez-vous pour la nation?—*Je jouerai du violon.*" Et, chose extraordinaire, Poppo fut acquitté.

Thomas Moore, in his Diary, tells an amusing story of an English nobleman who wished to surprise his guests by invisible music. His plan was so original and ingenious that he felt certain no one could discover the secret. He designed to place "seven and twenty fiddlers in an apartment underground, from which music might be communicated by tubes to any part of the house." The project was never fully carried out, and the estate was sold. But Lord Lansdowne, who purchased it, confirmed the truth of the story, with the single exception of substituting an organ in place of the fiddlers. He said that, in making some repairs in the house, the pipes were discovered, which had been laid by the former proprietor, to carry out the musical scheme. It is possible that the nobleman borrowed his idea from a project published by an inveterate joker. When the water-works were established at Chelsea, this joker, in a serio-comic article, suggested that a huge organ might easily be built underground, with connecting pipes, so that families could be supplied with sacred music by turning a cock.

Nous trouvons dans un livre de M. Couailhac, intitulé la *Vie au Théâtre*, à propos de la claque en général, le tarif suivant, qui aurait autrefois été en usage dans un théâtre du boulevard du Crime:—

Salve ordinaire—5 fr.; Tirade enlevée—15 fr.; Salve redoublée—20 fr.; Trois salves—25 fr.; Rappel simple—25 fr.; Rappels illimités—50 fr.; Effets d'horreur—5 fr.; Murmures d'effroi, exécutés comme si la force manquait pour applaudir—15 fr.; Applaudissements contrariés d'abord, puis enlevés, comme dans le cas où la partie saine du public l'emporte sur une cabale—32 fr.; Long gémissement suivi d'applaudissements à la fin d'une scène de meurtre—12fr. 50c.; Ricanements—5 fr.; Rires—8 fr.; Rires francs—10 fr.; Exclamations: *Ah! qu'il est drôle! Ah! qu'il est amusant!*—15 fr.; Exclamations superlatives: *Ah! qu'il est donc drôle! Ah! qu'il est donc amusant!*—20 fr.; etc., etc. Quant aux phrases qu'on entend parfois à la sortie d'un théâtre: "*Ah! quelle bonne troupe! Quelle troupe d'ensemble! C'est mieux qu'au Théâtre-Français! Quel directeur que M***!*" M. Couailhac assure que ces exclamations forment l'objet d'une des clauses d'un traité passé entre le directeur et le chef de claque. Parisis.

A statistical return, says the *Mondo Artistico*, of the nationality of singers would be a curiosity. The vocal art is invaded by foreigners. Young aspirants from Spain, Germany, England, France, and even far off America, come to Milan for the purpose of learning Italian and singing. The greatest number hail from Germany, France, and Spain, but the vocal registers of these countries appear to differ from each other. At first sight, it would seem that the Spaniards are principally tenors; that the basses are generally supplied by France; and that most of the sopranos are natives of the beer-loving Fatherland. Thus the following tenors are all Spanish:—Gayarre, Marin, Arrambur, Abrugnedo, De Azula, the two Carrions, Vidal, Frappoli, Villena, Camero, Saberter Jago, Marrimon, Reynes, Roic, Tintorer, Ferrer, Gazul, Garibay, and Ria. The French basses are Artry, Castelmary, Junca, David, Vidal, Jamet, Augier, Brémond, Louis and Silvian Merly, Petit, Génibrel, Feitlinger, Belval, Romani, and Zemelli. Among the fair Teutonic sopranos, whose name is legion, the principal are Mesdes Fricci, Stolz, Destin, Wilda, Singer, Ostava Torriani, Krauss, Waldmann, D'Angeri, Smerowski, Vogri, Proch, Blume, Link, Sawerthal, Meyer, and Kottas.

Sir Walter Scott had no genius for music. He could neither sing nor play, and his ear could scarcely distinguish one piece from another. Being once engaged as an advocate for a client who had been imposed on in buying a fiddle, Scott read up all the literature on fiddle-making, and astonished the Court by his learning on the subject, and his intimate knowledge of makers and instruments. Delighted with his success in Court, he determined to air his learning in society. He dined, soon after, with the Duke of Hamilton, who talked only on two subjects, hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting, Scott struck boldly into music, and discoursed eloquently about the merits of various eminent fiddle-makers. The Duke's face lighted with pleasure, and, whispering to his butler, a half dozen tall servants soon came in, each bringing a fiddle. The Duke was eminently practical, and wished to subject Scott's knowledge to a severe test, by requiring him to name the maker of each instrument by its peculiar tone. Scott was in despair, and was half inclined to own the truth. But his love of fun and adventure was too strong, and, by dint of shrewd guessing, he managed to get on very well, till, coffee coming in, the subject was changed, and he escaped further embarrassment.

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LULLI AS A PROFESSOR OF THE VIOLIN.*

Everyone knows that Lulli was born at Florence, that he was loaded with marks of Royal favour, and that, in a certain measure, he may be considered the creator of French music. I say in a certain measure, so as not to be unjust to Cambert and Perrin, who were first in point of time, if not in point of merit. Lulli was a favourite with Fate, and chance or providence, no less than his own genius, played an important part in his adventurous life. This is the lot of such privileged beings; side by side with men of laborious and patient dispositions, who owe everything to their own exertions, we behold the favourites of fortune, for whom auspicious circumstances perform the greater portion of the work in all they undertake. Destiny assumes a thousand shapes, in order to take part in their affairs, and a puff of wind, affecting no one else, suffices to urge forward the bark of their success.

This image brings us to the fortuitous incidents which threw Lulli in the way of honours—incidents in which Destiny took a somewhat unusual form, and somewhat difficult, therefore, to describe. I am really embarrassed to tell you how it came to pass that Mademoiselle de Montpensier turned out of doors the indiscreet scullion who scraped his saucepans and his violins in the kitchens of the Luxembourg. One thing is certain—this is a fact which has entered the domain of history—Mademoiselle, cousin of the King, was deficient in self-control. Not that by any means her spirit was inferior to her high estate, or that her heart overpowered her reason. No! the misfortune sprang from a lower source, and it was with a suppressed though well articulated groan that the concession made by her to weak humanity was betrayed. But so it was, and the report of the adventure made more noise than it ought. I leave the reader to imagine the despair of the court and of the city, especially when it was known that the King had been highly amused at the expense of Mademoiselle, of whom he was very fond. Evil-minded persons wrote a canzonet. What do I say? Twenty canzonets. There was, however, a particular canzonet which Battista, the scullion and Florentine fiddler, set to music and sang in the kitchen. Mademoiselle, indignant at what he had done, turned the indiscreet youth with ignominy out of doors, and he was reduced to beggary. But the canzonet was popular and Lulli was no fool. He sang it to great noblemen who were exceedingly amused with it, and sometimes made the roguish Italian musician a present. Encouraged by such aristocratic patronage, Battista waited on the Director of the King's Violins, and begged he might be allowed to join the company. But, as the number of performers was limited, and, moreover, as each of them had paid very dearly for the right of torturing the Royal ears, whenever his Majesty went to bed or got up; whenever he was present at a banquet or a festivity, no one, as a matter of course, would resign his post to the young virtuoso. Lulli was not discouraged, and, as what he wanted was to obtain a footing at Court, he accepted from the performers the situation of orchestra-servant. It was he who laid the music upon the desks; gathered it up again after the performance; and snuffed the candles. It would be a mistake to suppose that the mind of Louis XIV. was always busied with plans of administration and of war. He was passionately fond of a joke, and his familiars did not neglect to serve up for him every day his favourite dish. As I have said, Mademoiselle's adventure had amused him extremely.

Having heard that the author of the fashionable canzonet was the orchestra servant, he expressed a wish to know him. The astute Florentine managed matters so well as to become indispensible to the King, who often suffered from dulness. So, as the members of the band continued very well, and would not relinquish their posts, either by dying or otherwise, Louis XIV. formed another band, expressly for Lulli, who was empowered to manage it as he chose. *Les Petits Violons*, as they were called, soon surpassed, under the instruction of their conductor, the others, and the really admirable style in which they played contributed, in no small degree, to rehabilitate their instrument, on which some grand noblemen condescended to take lessons.

We must recollect that, if the art of music was held in only slight consideration, that of playing the violin had fallen into utter dicredit. To bestow the epithet of a "violin" on any one was a gross insult, and the title of "violinist" was synonymous with that of "drunkard." Let the reader judge, by the following statement, which I found in the *Variétés historiques*, under the date of 1752, (!!), of the opinion that the contemporaries of the Grand Monarch held on the subject:—"Though I do not deem it unworthy of honest people to apply themselves to music generally, or to any one instrument in particular, they should do so only in moderation. . . . It is a mistake, in my opinion, to believe, as some pretend, that the violin has been ennobled by the mere fact that certain great noblemen studied it; such tastes are, I make bold to say, inopportune, and, without aiding to honour the instrument, damage the noblemen in question."

Lulli may be considered as one of the best violinists, if not the best one, of his time. He learned the instrument while he was in the service of Mademoiselle, and afterwards perfected himself by his own exertions. When he came from his own country with the Chevalier de Guise, who took him to his niece, in order that, by talking with him, she might improve her Italian, he played only the guitar. His grand airs for the violin, according to the opinion of his contemporaries, defied all competition.

As his talent was singularly fettered by the ignorance distinguishing the singers and the instrumentalists of those days, most of whom did not know what it meant to play from notes, Lulli set about forming them himself, in order not to be under the necessity of adapting his works to the weakness of the *executants*, as people then said.*

He had, therefore, to instruct musicians of all kinds, and especially violinists. We must consider as pupils of his, Verdier, Baptiste, Senr, Joubert, *fournisseur du Roi*; Rebel, Senr, and Lalande, who all performed his symphonies, and what was called "French music," better than the Italian violinists had been able to play them. Some of these virtuosos even practised composition, and succeeded tolerably well.

In the same proportion that his orchestra grew more skilful did Lulli give greater scope to his thought. It is very easy to perceive that his later works are more complicated than the earlier ones.

We may mention, also, among his pupils, Marais, the viola player, who enjoyed, both in France and abroad, an immense reputation. The viola was the same in form as the violin, only much larger. It had six strings and six keys, and was played with a bow. Marais added a seventh string, the *bourdon*, and a seventh key. From a boy, this great artist had been in the choir at the Sainte-Chapelle, and attended on Chaperon, who was at the head of the school there. Lulli displayed great interest in him. It was by Lulli's means that Marais carried to its utmost limits the art of playing the viola. The first person who gave him lessons was Sainte-Colombe. Marais composed a great deal for his instrument, but his compositions were so difficult that only he and his son could execute them. In his capacity as a dramatic composer, he has left us *Alcyon*, the tempest in which was deemed a master-piece. The viola was dethroned by the violoncello.

We feel bound to add that, in this matter, we must make due allowance for enthusiasm in receiving the accounts of writers of the period. With a few exceptions, the most renowned virtuosos were simply servile imitators of their teacher. They learned to play by copying him, and not one of them was really a master of his instrument.

Such was the part, an absolutely initiative and pedagogical part, which Lulli took in the formation of his orchestra. By forming violinists, he created the quartet, the almost exclusive basis, in those days, of the symphony. He would, without doubt, have done still more for his art, had he not died so soon.

Thus it was that, thanks to a weakness on the part of Mademoiselle, the Scullion Battista became composer to his Majesty, Superintendent of the Royal Chamber Music, and Director of the Opera.

P. LACOME.

BRUNSWICK.—The Ducal Theatre was recently injured during a severe thunderstorm. About 1500 square feet of zinc plates were stripped off the roof of the middle part of the building and hurled through the air a considerable distance. Luckily the metal fell in an adjoining open space without injuring anyone.

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* From the *Gazetta Musicale di Milano*.

* And as people say now, in English.—TRANSLATOR.

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PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

M. Halanzier does not appear to suffer at all from that managerial bugbear, the hot weather. On the contrary, it may be truthfully asserted that the usual law governing theatrical matters has been reversed in his case, for, of a certainty, the receipts this year at the Grand Opera have gone up with the mercury in the thermometer. The works offered, since I last wrote, by the fortunate *impresario* to his patrons have been *Guillaume Tell*, *La Juive*, and *Hamlet*.

Faust is being got ready for the re-appearance of Mad. Carvalho, which is to take place in a few days. After that we are promised *Don Juan*, with M. Faure as the unscrupulous hero, and the lady just mentioned in the character of Zerlina. These productions are to be followed by *Robert le Diable*, and *L'Africaine*, Mdlle de Reszké being Selika, and M. Lassalle, Nelusko. The list, we are told, will be completed by *Jeanne d'Arc*, towards the end of September, and *Sylvia*, about the commencement of February.

At the Opéra-Comique, M. Du Locle is as busy as a bee preparing for the revival of the *Val d'Andorre*. The following is the definitive cast: Rose de Mai, Mdlle Chapuy; Georgette, Mdlle Ducasse; Thérésa, Mdlle Vidal; Jacques Sincère, M. Obin; Stéphan, M. Stéphan ("strange coincide-ence," as Mr Buckstone would say, between the name of the part and that of the artist); Saturnin, M. Caisso; Le Joyeux, M. Barré; L'Endormi, M. Teste; and the Syndie, M. Dufriche. Two or three of the artists in the above list are not yet known to fame. I may, as well, state, therefore, that Mdlle Vidal is a young lady distinguished for what I heard termed the other day: opulence of form, and who appeared last year in *Les Amours du Diable*; that M. Stéphan comes from Troyes, where he sang second tenor in grand opera; and that M. Caisso gained one of the prizes for singing at the late examinations of the Conservatory.

To use a sporting expression, M. Du Locle has "scratched" two of the promised operas from his winter programme. These are M. Victor Massé's *Paul et Virginie*, rendered an impossibility by the high demands of Mdlle Heilbron, and *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, words by Jules Barbier, music by Offenbach, which cannot be given in consequence of a misunderstanding, as to the cast, between the manager, on the one hand, and the author and composer on the other.

M. Deloffre is still ill. M. Charles Constantin is acting temporarily as conductor in his absence.

M. Campocasso has not yet succeeded in finding a home for the Théâtre-Lyrique, but it is believed he will obtain the Théâtre de l'Ambigu. Nothing certain is known concerning his company.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Mad. Wagner-Ueberhorst, from the Theatre, Nuremberg, who has been engaged in place of Mdlle Hofmeister (who goes to the Royal Operahouse, Berlin), made a successful *debut* as Valentine in *Les Huguenots*.

HALLE.—The Friedericiana, a Student's Vocal Association, has, after being in existence for some years, been dissolved by order of the Senate. In its statutes there was a stipulation that the Director of the Association must meet with the approbation of the University Singing Master. The last Director chosen by the Association, though one of the most able men in the town, did not please the Singing Master. This gave rise to a conflict with the University Authorities, the result being the breaking-up of the Association.

DRESDEN.—While the management of the Theatre Royal are still negotiating with Herr R. Wagner the terms for representing *Tristan und Isolde*, steps have already been taken for producing it. Herr Schuch, *Hofcapellmeister* is charged with the task of getting up the work generally, while Herr Riccius, *Hof-Musikdirector* will drill the chorus in the difficult music assigned to it. The characters are cast thus: Tristan, Herr Riese; Isolde, Madlle Malten; King Marke, Herr Köhler; Kurnewal, Herr Degele; and Brangäne, Mad. Kainz Prause.

DÜSSELDORF.—The new Stadttheater is so far advanced, that hopes are entertained of opening it on the 1st December. Up to that date, the performances will continue to be given in the old building, which re-opened on the 1st inst. The manager, Herr Scherbath, intends starting a paper to be sold in the Theatre. It will be edited by Dr Emil Kneschke, a well-known writer, who is also the manager's secretary. It will not, however, be an exclusively theatrical publication, but treat of general matters as well as of those connected with the stage.

Lohengrin.

(From the "Dublin Evening Mail.")

A correspondent of high repute as a musical critic says of this opera:—"Those who say *Lohengrin* is not music at all remind me of a story told by the facetious Terry Magrath. In his (Terry's) youthful days, Bath was a place of much resort, and there was an old singing master, Rauzzini by name, who was invited to the best houses in the city. At an evening party, amongst other notabilities was Tom Moore, who sang some of his own melodies as I believe nobody else could sing them. This excited the jealousy of some professional vocalists present, who said to Rauzzini, 'This is not singing at all.' 'Not singing at all!' rejoined the old master. 'Then if it is not singing, by gar, it is what singing ought to be.' Such is *Lohengrin*—if it is not music, it is mighty like what music ought to be—that is dramatic music, conveying the sentiments of the actors, illustrating the scenes and groupings requisite to the development of the story. Ay, and that story is a legend of the olden time, woven into a libretto of much interest. Wagner writes his own books, so he is both poet and musician. Now, viewing *Lohengrin* as a musical drama, it is incomparable and unique. It is completely unlike any other operatic work. It avoids all those *morceaux* so loved by vocalists who desire to display their individual abilities at the expense of the symmetry of the action and the consecutiveness of the incidents represented. Hence singers will not as a class like it; although there is great room for fine acting and fine declamatory singing throughout. Then it is doubtful if it will ever become popular with the multitude. It constrains the attention too severely; it appeals to the intellect, and does not tickle the fancy. Yet, I would not be surprised at it making its way from the head to the heart. It is amazingly solid, appearing to have the weight of maturity, and at the same time it is gorgeously picturesque in orchestration and choral pomp, while its processional music is curiously appropriate. As a whole, it is a splendid work. But it demands large stage appointments, and these it has at the Royal Italian Opera, where it is mounted with almost unparalleled magnificence. One drawback it has. It is too continuous. From the time the curtain rises till it falls at the end of each act, the action progresses and the music flows on, without cessation, or the slightest break or pause. Hence, attention is demanded to the verge of fatigue, and, when the curtain comes down, one draws a long breath and closes one's eyes for repose. Then another drawback—if we look at opera as a species of elegant amusement—that it allows no leisure for snatches of conversation. It commands the audience to silence, and even occupies the mind in pondering upon its ponderosity between the acts. Altogether it is an extraordinary work, and one cannot wonder at the *furore* it has created, nor at the amount of discussion bestowed upon it in public journals and private parties."

PRESENTATION TO AN ORGANIST.—After having gratuitously discharged for some years the duties of organist and choir-master at St Paul's Church, High Elswick, near Newcastle, Mr C. H. Shepherd, A.R.A., recently resigned his double post. On this, it was determined to present him with a testimonial in acknowledgement of his services. Upwards of £100 was subscribed, and a handsome time-piece, purchased with a portion of it, the remainder being put in a purse for presentation in that shape. The presentation took place on the 27th August, in St Paul's School, Victoria Street. In reply to a highly complimentary address, beautifully illuminated on parchment, and read by the Rev. E. Humble, Mr Shepherd returned thanks in an excellent speech, in the course of which he took occasion to dwell on the great value of music in connection with public worship.

NAPLES.—*La Figlia di Domenico*, a two-act comic opera, words by Sig. Domenico Bolognesi, and music by Sig. Carlo Alberti, has been successfully produced at the Teatro Nuovo.

MUNICH.—The Theatre Royal re-opened with the *Der fliegende Holländer*, in which Mesdlles Redecke, Schefzky, and Herr Reichmann ably sustained the three principal parts. The season will be marked by four novelties: *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*, by Herr Götz; *Die Folkunger*, by Herr Kretschmer; *Aida*, by Verdi; and *Des Bergkönig's Braut*, by Herr Hallström. The last work has never yet been performed on any stage.

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SCRIPSIT RICARDUS.

The following communication has been addressed to the *Bayreuther Tageblatt*, by Herr Richard Wagner, with reference to the reports current about dissensions between Mad. Cosima and certain artists:

"As if to wind up the preparatory rehearsals, which have just terminated with such unparalleled success, for the Festival-Stage-Play-Performances of next year, reports have appeared in the newspaper press about internal dissensions, which, it is said, render it doubtful whether the enterprise will ever really be carried into execution. As in these reports, allusion is made to dissensions with the tailor of the Theatre Royal, Munich, whose assistance, it is well-known, was never in any way sought for at Bayreuth, it was easy to guess the source and motives of these demonstrations, intended to injure the undertaking, even if their characteristic feature, shameless personal invective, had not long caused their source to be well-known.

"Since all the press, including the leading papers, reproduce these calumnious reports, it is hereby simply declared from the place itself, that everything contained in them is a *lying fabrication*, which cannot be treated even as an exaggeration, because this would be attaching importance to the instances of misunderstanding which really did occur, but which were speedily arranged.

"RICHARD WAGNER."

It is now stated that it was not owing to any difference with Mad. Cosima, but on account of the sudden indisposition of his wife, that Herr Niemann quitted Bayreuth so suddenly. What, then, is the meaning of the last part of the above letter? In his anxiety to refute the reports of which he complains, it might strike some persons that Herr Wagner proves by his own words that there was good foundation for those reports.

The following is the cast, as at present settled, of the Tetralogical Trilogy:—Brunhilde, Mad. Friedrich Materna, of Vienna; Loge, Herr Vogl, of Munich; Siegfried, Herr Georg Unger, of Mannheim; Wotan, Herr Carl Betz, of Berlin; Siegmund, Herr Albert Niemann, of Berlin; Alberich, Herr Carl Hill, of Schwerin; Günther, Herr Eugen Gura, of Leipsic; Mime, Herr Carl Schlosser, of Munich; Tafner, Herr Franz von Reichenberg, of Mannheim; Hagen, Herr Emil Scaria, of Vienna; Fasolt, Herr Alb. Eilers, of Coburg; Hunding and Donner, Herr Niering, of Darmstadt; Erda and Waltrante, Mad. Jaide, of Darmstadt; Sieglinde, Mad. Vogl, of Munich; Gutrune, Mdlle Weckerlin, of Munich; Fricka, Norne, Mad. von Grün-Sadler, of Coburg; Norne, Mdlle Preiss, of Brunswick; Freia, Mdlle Haupt, of Cassel; Three Rhine-Daughters, Mdlle Lilli Lehmann, of Berlin; Mdlle Marie Lehmann, of Berlin; Mdlle Lammert, of Berlin; Walkyres, Mdlle von Müller, of Mannheim; and Mdlle Ehrenfest, of Vienna. Furthermore, Herr Weiss, of Breslau; Herr Bürger, of Coburg; Herr Herrlich, of Berlin; Herr Evers and Haag, of Berlin; and Herr Koch, of Breslau, will figure as lieges (*Mannen*) in *Götterdämmerung*.

BEAUTIFUL ZEPHYR.

Beautiful zephyr, sweet evening breeze,
Softly whispering through the green trees,
Bearing aloft the odour of flowers,
Passing so swiftly through fragrant bowers;
Catching each scent and sound at thy gay will,
Carrying afar the sweet Nightingale's trill,
Drawing bright laughter from rippling waves,
Like mirth of fair Lurlei in deep coral caves.

Beautiful zephyr, how lovely art thou,
Gently kissing the night's star-crowned brow;
Rapidly passing o'er hill and o'er dale,
Gaily dispersing the mist's gauzy veil;
Onwards, still onwards, through infinite space,
In thy progress refreshing the earth's heated face—
Beautiful zephyr, how lovely thou art,
As thou scatterest the dew-drops and swiftly depart.

WESTON S. JACKSON.

BARCELONA.—Verdi's *Requiem* will shortly be performed at the Licoe.

WIESBADEN.—Herr Theodor Wachtel and Mad. Trebelli sang at the last Curhaus Concert. Madlle O. Lichterfeld, of Berlin, was the pianist. She played, among other pieces, Beethoven's concerto in G major.

MUSIC AT OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

As regards Music, the story of her connection with either University can only be described as one of shame and pain. In the old Catholic days, founders left funds to provide for a musical staff in their college chapels. Hence, as the art progressed, a set of resident musicians was congregated; and, music seeming to flourish on academic soil, King James I. granted faculties in that art, constituting the Universities, in effect, public examining boards. Alas, however, for poor St Cecilia! The governing bodies of the colleges filched away in large lumps the stipends assigned by pious founders for the support of musicians. The artists themselves were not only robbed, but trampled upon—consigned to social ostracism, insulted. At Oxford—and this too, in the reign of Queen Victoria—the doctors of music were ignominiously turned out of their seats in the theatre at Commemoration, while the very degrees were tampered with by ignorant, unsympathetic, and reckless Jacks-in-office. These are assertions. Out of the multiplicity of proofs ready to hand, it will not be difficult to justify them. Some two centuries back, in the bonny days of the merry monarch, when beauty was beginning to emerge rom the black veil of Puritanism which for the nonce had stifled her, one Dr Benjamin Rogers was organist of Magdalen College, Oxford. The man was not merely an executant, but also a composer of rare merit for the age in which he lived. He may rank fairly between Orlando Gibbons and Dr Aldrich. His strains still resound in our cathedrals, from Exeter to Carlisle, from Norwich to Bangor. His history may be easily summarized—as concisely in effect, as that of many another injured soul. He was illegally ejected from his small preferment, because—and the cause itself is significant of the small esteem in which music was then held—his pretty daughter had the hardihood to flirt with a gentleman commoner of the college. Having thus been deprived of subsistence, the poor artist left Oxford, and shortly afterwards died in extreme indigence. Than a history so sad as this nothing can read simpler, and it would seem but righteous to condemn the high-handed oppression and cold heartlessness which could thus harry an artist of eminence to starvation. The Universities, however, remain unchanged. A similar spirit to that which animated the fellows of Magdalen in the days of Charles II. prevails generally up to the present hour. Enough to state that Sterndale Bennett, the friend of Mendelssohn, the one English composer who has succeeded in enrapturing, by the force of a splendid genius, nations more æsthetically appreciative than ourselves, received from the great and niggardly University of Cambridge, for shedding lustre on her not very brilliant professoriate, the pitiful stipend of £100 per annum—a sum which would not have been offered without a blush to a college under-butler or an assistant cook. Nor does Cambridge lack a rival in supreme parsimony. The same stipend was the price at which the professional services of Sir Henry Bishop were assessed by Oxford. The same stipend is all, out of an endowment of £400,000 per annum, she can spare to Sir Henry's successor, Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, whose zeal and self-sacrifice for art are only paralleled by his profound knowledge and unquestionable talent.—*Belgravia*.

ROME.—Sig. Albertini's new opera, *Don Saverio*, is in rehearsal at the Politeama.

MADRID.—It is reported that R. Wagner's *Rienzi* will be produced next season at the Teatro Nacional.

ODESSA.—Glinka's *Life for the Czaar*, with Sig. Merly in the principal part, has made a hit here.

BRUSSELS.—The Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie opens very shortly under the dual management of MM. Calabresi and Stoumon.

DESSAU.—The season will commence on the 1st October next. Among the novelties will be *Golo*, by Herr B. Scholz, and *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*, by Herr Götz.

DARMSTADT.—The United Men's Vocal Associations of Baden have awarded this year's prize of 1000 marks to Herr C. A. Mangold, of this place, for his composition entitled "Die Lieder des Mirza Schaffy."

PESTH.—Great surprise is felt in musical circles that the Academy of Music still remains a project, and has not become a reality. The Reichstag have voted thrice the sum needed to erect the building, and all the plans have long been ready, down to the most trifling detail, yet nothing is done. It is said that the Abbate Franz Liszt, the president of the institution, is tired of waiting, but that he hesitates coming here lest he should be accused of impatience and importunity.

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WAIFS.

The Cavalier J. Pasquale Goldberg has arrived in London, from Paris.

The estimated washing bill of London is upwards of £5,000,000 per annum.

Mdlle Anna de Belocca has been singing at Hombourg, with great success.

M. Alexander Batta has just been named a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

A marriage is talked of between Mr John Clayton, the actor, and Miss Victoria Vokes.

Mdlle Tietjens will make her first appearance in New York at a concert on the 4th of October.

No fewer than 367 competitors forwarded photographs of sketches for the new French postage stamp.

Mr W. H. Montgomery has been appointed Musical Director at Covent Garden for the ensuing Christmas season.

M. Massenet has just finished a three-act opera, entitled *Le Roi de Lahore*, the words of which are by M. L. Gallet.

It is reported that Mr Tennyson is to write some new scenes for the acting version of his *Queen Mary* at the Lyceum.

The Paris *Temps* is publishing a story signed by "Charles Dickens," called "The History of Simon Heavysides."

A romantic young man says that a woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but always has a man in it.

Molière's "Tartuffe" has been revived at the Théâtre-Français to introduce a new actress, Mdlle Samary, to public notice.

Sir Julius Benedict lately passed through Paris on his return from Switzerland to England, arriving in London on Monday last.

At the recent book-trade dinner in New York, the bill of fare was copyrighted, for fear some of the Guild might steal it. Force of habit.

The Prince of Wales is to be invited to become the patron and one of the presidents of the Great National Eisteddfod at Wrexham next year.

Seven members of the orchestra of the Sacred Harmonic Society have been superseded, and their situations filled up by other professors.

Antonio Marchisio, composer, pianist, and professor, died lately, aged fifty-eight, at Turin. He was a brother of Carlotta and Barbara Marchisio.

The Palais Royal Theatre has again produced the *Roi Candaule* for the reappearance of Geoffroy, and the *Sensitive* of MM. Labiche and Delacour.

The Théâtre-Français is about to reproduce the *Philosophe sans le Savoir*, of Sédaine, and has resolved on a happy innovation—to return to the true text of the author.

The annual meeting of the Academy of Fine Arts, Paris, is fixed for the 9th October next, when the Perpetual Secretary, Viscount Delasborde, will read a eulogy on Auber.

The Zouave regiments, which up to the present time have had only clarions and drums, will in future have regular military bands, like the other regiments of the French army.

The principal literary prize of the Welsh National Eisteddfod, £30 and a carved oak chair, was awarded to Mr Tudno Jones, of Bangor. Other prizes for music, poetry, and prose, were distributed.

The Winchester (Tenn.) *Journal* says that it has seen some shoes made out of rattlesnake hide. We have heard of treading on the worm; this new method of making shoes is only an extension of the same principle.

To find a policeman, look down every area in the street. If you do not by accident happen to see one, ring the bell and inquire if the policeman is in the kitchen. Repeat this at every door, and you cannot fail eventually to find one.

An Old Count paid his addresses to one of the richest heiresses of Paris. On asking her hand in marriage, he frankly said to her, "Miss B——, I am very old, and you are very young; will you do me the honour to become my widow?"

The direction of the Museums of the Louvre have sent, through the Italian Legation, to the president of the committee for organising the *fête* to celebrate the fourth centenary of Michael Angelo's birthday, a case containing sketches by the great artist.

The essays and poems for which prizes were awarded at the Gordovic Eisteddfod, held at Christmas last in Liverpool, have just been issued by Mr Isaac Ffoulkes, local publisher. A feature in the record is a collection of Welsh epigrams and epitaphs.

A library, containing 30,000 volumes of foreign works, has been established at Yeddo by the Japanese Educational Department.

The reading of the first two acts of the new fairy opera, *Le Voyage dans la Lune*, by MM. Leterrier, Vanloo, and A. Mortier, has produced at the Gaîté, at Paris, a most favourable impression on the artists. Offenbach has already sent the music for the first act.

The *Obituary* is now issued fortnightly, instead of weekly. The editor, in an address, says, with curious felicity, "In certain quarters the liveliest interest in our undertaking is manifested. The paper proposes to reproduce the more important obituary announcements commencing half a century back."

Mrs Ellen Pike has purchased the Grand Opera House, New York, for one hundred and five thousand dollars. The building was erected by the late Sam Pike, and sold by him to Fisk for seven or eight hundred thousand dollars. This last sale was made under a mortgage held by Mrs Pike, for thirty thousand dollars.

Mad. Garcia has been singing, during the week, with great success at the Aquarium, Brighton. Among the compositions selected by her were "Ave, Maria," and the "Jewel Song" from *Faust*, by Gounod; "Nobil Signor," from *Les Huguenots*, and the "Serenade," by Braga. To these were added several English ballads, such as "Auld Robin Gray," "Come back to Erin," and "She wore a Wreath of Roses," in all of which she was much applauded.

A colossal piece of sculpture representing the Crucifixion is to be set up this Autumn in the village of Oberammergau. It has been executed by Prof. Halbig, of Munich, as a commission from His Majesty, the King of Bavaria, and is said to be a grand and impressive work. A difficulty has arisen as to its transport from Munich to Oberammergau, for its mass is so great (it weighs 25,000 kilogrammes) that ordinary means are insufficient for its safe conveyance.

M. Alexandre Dumas is at work on a new comedy for the Théâtre Français, which, having had so decided a success with his *Demi-Monde*, is now about to introduce into its repertory *La Dame aux Camélias*. Of the comedy on which the author of the *Demi-Monde* is now engaged, a well-informed correspondent writes in *Le Temps*: "C'est une espèce de contrepartie de ce même *Demi-Monde*, dont Alexandre Dumas roule le projet depuis trois ou quatre ans dans sa tête. Il veut peindre le travail souterrain des femmes de cette sorte dans notre société moderne, les montrer tenant les fils de la politique, de la Bourse, se répandant par mille infiltrations secrètes dans la vie bourgeoise contemporaine. Voilà qui est curieux, et le type de femme que Dumas a rêvé de mettre à la scène est fort connu: il n'est pas un Parisien que ne puisse lui donner un nom."

We regret to announce the death of Dr William Marshall (Mus. Doc. Oxon.), which took place on the 24th August, at Handsworth, Birmingham, in the 70th year of his age. Dr Marshall was in his youth a chorister at the Chapel Royal, St James's, and afterwards held for twenty-one years the position of organist of Christ Church and St John's Colleges, Oxford, where he made the acquaintance of the then Professor of Poetry and present Bishop of Rochester, who afterwards induced him to settle at Kidderminster, of which parish Dr Claughton was for a long period vicar. Here for more than twenty years Dr Marshall was organist and choirmaster of the parish church of St Mary. His reputation as a performer on the organ stood high, but it was as a teacher of music that he was especially well-known, his professional circuit extending over hundreds of miles. In the language of one of his musical disciples, he had the "rare quality of making study interesting, and even the drudgery of exercises pleasurable." His teaching was no mere affair of routine, but instinct with artistic feeling and sensibility. He never spared himself or his pupils; his fidelity to art would not allow him to abate aught of her claims, or to temporise with the indolence or the whims of those he undertook to teach. His conscientiousness was as great as his taste was true and pure. By the outside public Dr Marshall was seen to the greatest advantage when directing one of the rehearsals of the Philharmonic Society. The skill, the energy, the ready tact he displayed, united to a singularly pleasing urbanity of manner which nothing could quite upset, made an impression not easily forgotten on the most casual observer. The members of the Philharmonic Society under his skilful, indefatigable, yet autocratic training, acquired a finish and precision which earned for the Society a reputation far and near. The large number of persons who, in the course of his long and active professional career, enjoyed the privilege of his instruction or his friendship will need no words of ours to remind them of the many excellent qualities of the true artist and true gentleman who has just passed away. He died "in harness" in accordance with his oft-expressed wish; having been professionally engaged in Liverpool only three weeks before his death.—*Abridged from the "Kidderminster Shuttle."*

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The Queen and the Prince of Wales have accepted copies of the "Ordinaunce of Revel," printed in Chaucerian English and in the ancient manner, by Messrs Field and Tuer, on the recent completion of the firm's new Leadenhall works; and, by their direction, complimentary letters have been written to the firm, expressing the interest and pleasure "Ye Ordinaunce" afforded to Her Majesty and His Royal Highness. The paper used in the production of this remarkable quarto broadside was manufactured expressly for it—the appearance of age being obtained by two stainings with chemicals.

"ARMA VIRUMQUE."—Several powder-begrimed veterans gathered in a certain police-station the other evening—says the Louisville *Courier Journal*—to keep out the rain for a few minutes, and, while there, discussed the late war. "I remember," said one, "that a bullet passed clear through George Gay's body, and never killed him." "I recollect," said another, "that a ball lodged in Bill Payson's lung, and never was taken out, but he lived." "I," said a third, "know well when the doctors thought Henry Hill's life was gone up, as a 'minie' lodged within an inch of his heart, but he lived." "Jake Johnson's head was pierced by a ball, and he lived," exclaimed the last man but one. These remarks produced considerable surprise, and excited speech from all save a tall, slim, and sleepy individual, who waited till his companions concluded, and then drawled, in piping accents, "Those fellows was a little tough, I allow; but Jim Jones, who fit aside of me, was shot in the neck so that his head jist hung by the skin." "Good heavens!" ejaculated all; "you don't mean to say he lived, do you?" "Oh, no; *he* died," drawled slim and sleepy.—*New York Arcadian.*

Heredity shows itself more markedly, it would seem, in the arts than in the sciences. Taking music, we find some remarkable instances. The Bach family, which took its rise in 1550 and became extinct in 1800, presents an unbroken series of musicians for nearly two centuries of that interval. The head of the family was Veit Bach, a baker of Presburg, and his two sons were the first of the family who were musicians by profession. The descendants literally "overran Thuringia, Saxony, and Franconia," says Papillon. "They were all organists, church singers, or what is called in Germany, 'city musicians.' When they became too numerous to live all together, and were scattered abroad, they met once a year, on a stated day, to keep up a sort of patriarchal bond of union. This custom was observed until nearly the middle of the eighteenth century, and oftentimes more than 100 persons bearing the name of Bach, men, women, and children, were to be seen assembled. In the family are reckoned twenty-nine eminent musicians, and twenty-eight of a lower grade." Rossini's family played music at fairs; Beethoven's father and grandfather were musicians; Mozart's father was second *Capellmeister* to the Prince-Bishop of Salzburg. We are prepared then to find, in the theory of transmitted habits, the explanation of the wonderful musical powers of Mozart, with some account of which (from his life by Holmes) we must close this note, already drawn far beyond the limits proposed when we began:—"When Mozart's sister, then seven years old, was learning to play on the clavier (the early form of the piano), Mozart, then three years old, was a constant attendant on her lessons; and already showed by his fondness for striking thirds, and pleasing his ear by the discovery of other harmonious intervals, a lively interest in music. At four, he could always retain in memory the brilliant solos in the concertos which he heard; and now his father began, half in sport, to give him lessons. The musical faculty seems to have been intuitive in him; for, in learning to play, he learned to compose at the same time; his own nature discovering to him some important secrets in melody, rhythm, and the art of setting a bass. To learn a minuet he required half-an-hour; for a longer piece, an hour; and, having once mastered them, he played them with perfect neatness and in exact time. His progress was so great that at four years of age, or earlier, he composed little pieces, which his father wrote down for him. Later, in music he astonished his teacher, not so much by an avidity for information, as by the impossibility of telling him anything that he did not know before. At the age of six, Mozart knew the effect of sounds as represented by notes, and had overcome the difficulty of composing unaided by an instrument. Having commenced composition with recourse to the clavier, his powers in mental music constantly increased, and he soon imagined effects of which the original type existed only in his brain." But in some respects perhaps the most remarkable circumstance related in this life of Mozart is the following:—When he was only seven years old, his father took him to see an organ with pedals. "To amuse ourselves," says the father, in a letter to a friend, "I explained the pedals to Wolfgang. He began immediately, stante pede, to try them, pushed the stool back, and preluded standing and treading the bass, and really as if he had practised many months. Every one was astonished; this is a new gift of God, which many only attain after much labour."—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A curious manuscript, says the *Journal Officiel*, has just been brought to Paris by an Italian Monk, Father Matteoli. It shows that Guttenberg, the inventor of printing, was tried at Mayence in 1422, for the murder of one of his uncles, but was acquitted after a somewhat prolonged detention. None of the biographies of Guttenberg mention the circumstance.

The German papers announce the death, at the Monastery of Beocsin, near Carlowitz, of Gritschits Milenko, the most accomplished and successful of Servian lyrists. Among the personal friends who helped to bear his coffin to the burying-ground of the monastery was the well-known Servian poet, Zmaj-Jovan Jovanovits, who has recently celebrated his twenty-fifth year's jubilee of authorship.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—Notwithstanding the unprecedentedly wet weather, which has interfered with the success of many of the principal fêtes, the number of visitors to the Alexandra Palace since the opening, on the 1st of May, has considerably exceeded one million. On Monday next there will be another balloon ascent, if the wind be moderate; on Tuesday, Mr John Clarke and Miss Furtado will perform in *One Touch of Nature* and the musical piece, *Anything for a Change;* on Wednesday, Mr F. Maccabe will repeat his entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care;" on Thursday, the Moore and Burgess Minstrels will again give their new programme, and in the evening the largest display of fireworks of the season will take place. On Saturday there will be a Volunteer fête; in the afternoon, Robertson's comedy, *Progress*, will be performed; and in the evening there will be an illumination of the grounds, and the bands of the Volunteers will play. The Russian gymnasts will appear throughout the week.

MR CARL ROSA has issued the prospectus of his approaching operatic campaign at the Princess's Theatre. His season begins on the 11th of the present month, and terminates on the 30th October. Miss Rose Hersee heads the list of ladies engaged, while last, though decidedly not least, in the list of gentlemen, is Mr Santley, whose return to the operatic stage will be hailed with delight by his friends and admirers, whose name is Legion. Between the names of the two artists mentioned figure those of several other public favourites, including Mr Charles Lyall. Miss Cora Stuart, Miss Josephine Yorke, Mr D. H. Bates, and Mr Fred. C. Packard are new to the English stage. The orchestra, conducted by Mr. Carl Rosa, comprises many well-known performers. The repertory includes operas by Mozart, Balfe, Gounod, Hérold, Wallace, Cherubini, Flotow, and Cagnani.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIRST of the Series of SATURDAY CONCERTS, October 2nd. The Programme will include: Overture, "Parisina" (Benrett.); Symphony, No. 1 (Beethoven); Concerto for violin and orchestra (Hégar)—first time; Overture, *Der fliegende Hollander* (Wagner)—first time. Vocalists—Idle Cristino and Mr Edward Lloyd. Solo violin—Herr Wilhelmj. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Transferable stalls for the Series (26 Concerts), Two Guineas and a Half; stall for a Single Concert, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.

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MDME NOUVER is especially appointed by Sir MICHAEL COSTA to sing the Soprano Solos in his Oratorio, "ELI," during the ensuing season.—24, Dover Street, Manchester.

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MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT will make her Second Appearance at the Aquarium Concerts, at Brighton, This Day, when she will play MENDELSSOHN'S FUGUE in F minor and CHOPIN'S BALLADE in G minor, in the Morning: and in the Evening, TALEXY'S "OUJUS ANIMAM," and (by desire) ASCHER'S popular Transcription of his Romance, "ALICE."—Address, 38, Oakley Square, London, N.W.

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"MAY."

MISS MARY DAVIES and Miss LIZZIE EVANS will sing HENRY SMART'S popular Duettino, "MAY," at Mrs John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, Oct. 18, at Bow.

HERR SCHUBERTH (Founder and Director of the Schubert Societies, Vice-President of the Mozart and Beethoven Society, &c.) begs to announce that he has Returned to Town. All letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS, or particulars with regard to the Concerts of the Societies, to be addressed, care of Messrs D. DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

SIGNOR GUSTAV GARCIA will Return to Town on the 25th September, and can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 54, Portsdown Road, Maida Hill, W.

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MR R. HILTON (Bass) will be at liberty for Oratorio and Concert ENGAGEMENTS after his Tour with Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, ending Oct. 22nd.—30, Fentiman Road, S.W.

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NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Sep. 20.

The 18th Triennial Festival of the capital of East Anglia begins to-night, with a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—a work which, like the *Messiah*, seems now to be inseparable from every provincial music meeting, and as popular in the country as it has long been in London. This performance, in accordance with a custom of recent date, is to be given at reduced charges of admission, in order to allow the less endowed classes of the city and its surrounding districts an opportunity of hearing and appreciating that for which their superiors in wealth and station have, during the remainder of the week, to submit to a higher tariff. No oratorio could have been better chosen for such an occasion than *Elijah*. Richard Wagner, in his bitter essay, *Judaism in Music*, attributes the admiration happily existing among us for Mendelssohn to the fact that our nation has a more profound reverence for the Old Testament than for the New—forgetting, or not caring to remember, that Mendelssohn's first great sacred composition was *St Paul*, and that the *Messiah* of Handel has been our most cherished oratorio for upwards of a century and a quarter. This apart, however, the idea—which originated with Norwich—of commencing its Festival with the performance of a great work to which all classes might without difficulty find admission, is one that cannot too highly be commended. All the concerts, sacred and miscellaneous, are to be held, as of old, in St Andrew's Hall. There is no difference here between clergymen and laymen, the oratorios having long since been excluded from the Cathedral. Happily, magnificent edifice as that is, St Andrew's Hall is better suited for the purpose; and, as all acquainted with its history, (see Norwich Guide-book) are aware, tradition attaches to it a certain odour of sanctity.

The President of the Festival is the Earl of Leicester, Lord-Lieutenant of the County, with whom are associated, as Vice-Presidents, the High Sheriff of Norfolk, the Mayor and Sheriff of Norwich, the Dean of Norwich, the Dukes of Norfolk and Wellington, the Marquis of Bristol, Earls Albemarle, Cadogan, and Kimberley, Viscounts Ranelagh and Mahon, M.P., Lords Claud Hamilton, M.P., Hastings, Stafford, Walsingham, Rendlesham, M.P., Sondes, and Suffield, the Mayor of Linn, and some twenty other gentlemen of note—clergymen, Honourables, Baronets, and Members of Parliament. Lord Suffield is Chairman, and Colonel F. Custance Vice-Chairman, of the General Committee. The Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Sub-Committee are, respectively, Messrs Edward Copeman, M.D., and F. Hay Gurney. To the Sub-Committee, we believe, the preliminary details for the Festival proceedings are chiefly intrusted; and it is but just to state the names of the members in addition to those already mentioned. These are Messrs F. J. Blake (Treasurer), Zachariah Buck (Mus. Doc.), C. S. Gilman, C. R. Gilman, P. E. Hansell (Hon. Sec.), W. Howlett, A. Master, J. B. Morgan, F. Noverre, D. Steward, G. Brittain, C. E. Tuck, the Rev. H. Symonds and the Rev. W. Vincent. It is hardly requisite to add that the profits of the Festival go to the principal charities of the county of Norfolk and the City of Norwich, or that it is honoured as usual by the special patronage of Her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, &c.

All the musical arrangements are of course submitted to the approval of Sir Julius Benedict, who has been director and conductor from 1845 till now, and therefore has undertaken the onerous and responsible duty for the 11th time. Every amateur must be pleased to welcome the honoured master once more at the post which he has so long occupied with credit to himself and advantage to the Festivals. After his tried and laborious servitude (for such a duty as he undertakes, however allied to dignity, has also something of slavery about it), he could not easily be replaced at Norwich, where his name, as it behoves that it should be, is a household word. Sir Julius has made his arrangements with the judgment for which he is noted, although we miss from the list of principal singers some names that the large majority of connoisseurs would gladly have seen there. Into such questions, however, it is not our business to enter in detail. Enough that, while recognizing the inevitable absence of Mr Santley—like Miss Rose Hersee, now busily engaged at Mr Carl Rosa's admirable performances of English opera—we may fairly ask, where is Mr Sims Reeves, where Miss Edith Wynne, where Messrs Vernon Rigby, W. H. Cummings, and Lewis Thomas—the first, acknowledged chief, the others among the best and most experienced of our singers in oratorio? These exceptions allowed for, there is no reason whatever to complain of the phalanx of solo vocal talent Sir Julius Benedict, possibly under the requisition of the Committee, has secured. Mdlle Emma Albani, one of Mr Gye's most favoured *prima donnas*, is to take part both in the morning and the evening concerts; and so is Mdlle Anna de Belocca, a recent and valuable acquisition of Mr Mapleson's, at the other house—the one a soprano, the other a mezzo-soprano, against whom nothing can be urged. Then we find our own accomplished English soprano, Madame Lemmens, as well versed in sacred as in secular music; then Mdlle Mathilda Enequist, a brilliant vocalist in another school; then Miss D'Alton, a rising singer well known to London concert-rooms; and last, not least, our greatest existing contralto, Madame Patey—the Sainton-Dolby of her day. At the head of the tenors stands Mr Edward Lloyd, who is rapidly winning golden opinions; by his side being Mr Henry Guy, of the Royal Academy of Music, and Mr Henry J. Minns, as yet unknown to fame. The basses are Mr J. L. Wadmore (also from the Royal Academy of Music), and Signor Foli, upon whose qualifications it is needless to dwell. We have in this catalogue some young and promising talent; let us hope that in each instance promise may lead to fulfilment. There are good reasons to believe that it may. Sir Julius Benedict's orchestra and chorus are equal to all requirements. The band comprises eleven first violins, twelve second violins, ten violas, ten violoncellos, and ten double basses, with Messrs Sainton, A. Reynolds, H. Blagrove, G. Paque, and White respectively as principals, and the ordinary complement of wood, brass, and percussion, headed by such professors as Messrs Radcliffe and Card (flutes), Barret and Horton (oboes), Lazarus and Maycock (clarinets), Hutchins and Anderson (bassoons), C. Harper, Mann, Standen, and Catchpole (horns), T. Harper—*facile princeps*—and Scotts (trumpets), Hawkes, Antoine, and Phasey the elder (trombones), Phasey the younger (ophicleide), Lockwood (harp), Pheasant (drums), and Seymour (long drums and cymbals)—all thorough adepts on their several instruments, as, indeed, are those of the stringed orchestra, whose names it would occupy too much space to enumerate. The organist is Dr E. Bunnett, one of the most valued pupils of the happily still flourishing Dr Buck. The chorus consists of upwards of 280 singers—73 sopranos, 38 contraltos, 27 altos, 70 tenors, and 76 basses—selected from various parts, not only from London, but from Lowestoft, Beccles, Frostenden, Bradford, Carlisle, Rochester, Canterbury, Winchester, Elmham, &c., the largest number belonging, of course, to Norwich and its environs. We all know, and few so well as Sir Julius Benedict, of what a carefully picked Norwich Festival chorus is capable, and about this point there need be no apprehension. Such singers, and such genuine amateurs of music, are tolerably certain to fulfil their duties efficiently, more especially inasmuch as the nucleus of the chorus has for some time been submitted to the careful and zealous training of Mr W. Harcourt, local chorus-master.

And now a word or two about the programme of the week. We have said that an evening performance of *Elijah*, at reduced prices, will usher in the Festival this evening. To-morrow morning there is no performance; but in the evening we are promised a miscellaneous concert of enormous proportions, in which all the chief singers are to take part, and for which the most influential of them have, there can be little doubt, themselves selected pieces for the exceptional display of their abilities. These we shall not attempt to particularise; nor is it requisite to say more than that the first part is to open with Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, to include an orchestral and vocal selection from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, and to finish up with the Serenade and Triumphal March from a cantata, *Joan of Arc*, the composition of Sir Julius Benedict's favourite pupil, Mr F. H. Cowen. The second part of the programme is composed exclusively of ballads and national songs, followed up, as climax, by

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the *Jubilee* overture of Weber, which terminates, as we all know, with a brilliant adaptation of our National Anthem, accepted, by the way, in Germany precisely as here.* The Wednesday morning's selection begins with Mendelssohn's superb *Lobgesang*, or "Hymn of Praise," which occupies the entire first part. The second part includes an "Ave Maria" of Cherubini's, to be sung by Mdlle Belocca, for whose voice and means it is exactly fitted; a selection from the late Henry Hugh Pierson's oratorio, *Jerusalem*, first produced at the Norwich Festival some quarter of a century ago (when it was presented in its entirety); and Haydn's "Imperial Mass." With all deference to Mendelssohn, Cherubini (*pace* Emma Albani), and Haydn, the interest of Wednesday's performance will, we think, be concentrated in the selection from *Jerusalem*. Mr Pierson's talent—some call it genius—was highly regarded at Norwich, to which town, though residing chiefly in Germany, he was a frequent visitor. Haydn's Mass will be pleasant to hear; but surely the *Lobgesang* of Mendelssohn might be allowed a short respite. The finest compositions—and the *Lobgesang* is probably one of the finest the musical art can boast—ought not to be made too common by repeated performances (we allude naturally to the peculiar phase of art-work to which Mendelssohn's grand hymn belongs). The interest of Wednesday evening's concert will chiefly attach to certain works by Sir Julius Benedict, occupying conspicuous places in the programme. The first of these is the beautiful cantata, *The Legend of St Cecilia*, written originally for the Festival of 1866, and of which the Norwich people are justly proud. The next comprises the *andante* and *finale* from a second symphony, the earlier movements of which have already been introduced with remarkable success at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere. If the *andante* and *finale* equal the introduction, *allegro* and *scherzo*, we can only say that the author will have given to art a masterpiece worthy a place side by side with his Symphony in G minor (No. 1). This concert will be opened by the overture composed by Professor G. A. Macfarren for the Liverpool Festival of 1873, and brought to an end with Wagner's romantic, impetuous, and much-discussed prelude to his opera, *Tannhäuser*—which, it may be presumed, we shall be allowed to judge next year at one or other (perhaps both) of our Italian Operahouses. The programme also contains excerpts from an operetta called *The Science of Love*, by Mr J. A. Harcourt, well-known to, and greatly prized by, Norwich amateurs and musicians, and further noticeable as the gentleman who renders valuable service in preparing the chorus for the Festival. Thursday morning's performance had been looked forward to as likely to prove the most attractive of the week—not only because the programme comprised the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's, in its way, incomparable *Woman of Samaria*, but because a new short oratorio (*David and Jonathan*), from the pen of Mr Arthur Sullivan, our great musician's most distinguished pupil, was to form part of it. Indisposition, however, prevented Mr Sullivan from completing his work in time; and so the well-worn, though always heartily greeted, *Stabat Mater* of Rossini had to be substituted. The disappointment will be great; but, under the circumstances there is no help, and we question whether Sir Julius Benedict could have acted more wisely than to introduce to us once more the sacred *chef-d'œuvre* of the most gifted of Italian masters. Spohr's cantata, "God, Thou art great," which begins the concert, is hardly the sort of thing to represent the man who once, at Norwich, stood pre-eminent among contemporary musicians. On Friday evening we are to have Signor Randegger's *Fridolin*, which, with Signor Schira's *Lord of Burleigh*—a work too seldom heard—was so successful at the last Birmingham Festival. This takes up the whole of Part I., the noticeable feature in Part II. being a new "Festival Overture" composed by Mr W. T. Best, the famous organist of St George's Hall, Liverpool. The miscellaneous selections are generally well made out; but it cannot be denied that they are too lengthy. The Festival ends, as it should always end, with the *Messiah;* and thus the insinuation of Richard Wagner receives an appropriate contradiction at Norwich as elsewhere. There is to be the accustomed Festival Ball on Friday evening. Norfolk and Norwich are loth to abandon this for any consideration. Let us hope that all may conduce to the professed object of the triennial meeting—the benefit of some of the most excellent charities maintained in this country.

* For this, at the eleventh hour, however, the overture to Mozart's *Figaro* was substituted.

THE THREE CHOIRS' FESTIVAL.

(From the "Times," Sept. 21.)

The 152nd Festival of the Three Choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester is held this year, under unprecedented conditions, in the first-named city. Its general arrangements differ entirely from those to which we have been accustomed. The Cathedral is no longer submitted to the process of preliminary scaffolding, &c., found necessary for the holding of the triennial meeting, almost time out of mind. No longer is a grand orchestra to take part in the performances—or, as we should now properly term them, "services." No longer are the strains of Handel and Mendelssohn, as developed in the grandest of their artistic inspirations, to follow at mid-day the matins which, of late years, have been a *sine quâ non*, or the full Cathedral service—a recent and praiseworthy innovation looked for, on the first day, as indispensable. The Dean and Chapter have come to an almost unanimous determination to forbid any solemnity, no matter under what pretext, which shall open the Cathedral doors for other purposes than those of the received form of Divine worship. They have carried their point, and succeeded in turning what the world has been used to call a "Musical Festival" into a succession of Church services, with sermons, instead of oratorios, to render them more impressive. They have, in fact, gone back to the form of service to which, in early times, the united members of the choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester were wont to contribute. These, at their commencement, brought but little outside notice. They were simply attractive to those who resided in the three dioceses and their immediate vicinities. No widely-circulated journals, in London or elsewhere, would have sent accredited reporters to furnish accounts of the proceedings. It was only when oratorios were introduced in the churches, and competent singers and players engaged to perform in them, that the attention of the general public was excited, and visitors assembled from all parts. Bearing in mind that the acknowledged purpose of the annual meeting of the Three Choirs was to aid the inestimable charity on behalf of widows and orphans of clergymen whose means were too restricted to enable them to leave their survivors well provided for, or, indeed, provided for at all, we confidently point to oratorio as the chief and most powerful medium through which this laudable object was attained. An oratorio in the church was looked upon—and justly so, to our belief—as an oratorio in the right place, and, thus recommended, sufficed to multiply tenfold the influence of the then so-called Festivals ("so-called," because they were really not Festivals at all). From the introduction of oratorio dates their first prosperity; and this (think only of the *Messiah*) has increased year by year, with occasional interruptions, to be explained by special and unforeseen circumstances. The sermon of Canon Barry, however, which created so grave an impression at Gloucester, when, last year, he preached on behalf of the widows and orphans, but in disparagement of the Festival as hitherto conducted, did away with past traditions, and encouraged the new ecclesiastical authorities in suggesting and, in short, insisting upon a diametrically opposite course. About the new policy of the Dean and Chapter, and their way of defending it, so much has been written and published that we are spared the task of recapitulating the arguments *pro* and *con*. Enough that the Church party (without the countenance, be it said, of the Bishop) has prevailed; and that a large majority of the inhabitants of Worcester and its surroundings are beyond measure exasperated. The Press, for the greater part, has violently (perhaps too violently) given vent to disapproval; while some of the most influential personages of the three counties have, by means of verbal and printed protests, emphatically expressed their dissent. Thus we find one part of Worcester separated in opinion from the other.

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The programme made out by the actual directors requires no long description. We are to have services to-day, to-morrow, and Thursday. The members of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester are to take part in them, strengthened by delegates from Oxford, Windsor, &c. The Cathedral organists from Gloucester and Hereford—Dr S. S. Wesley and Mr Townshend Smith—will, as occasion demands, accompany and play Offertory music, besides Voluntaries before and after service. The purpose of the Offertory, it need scarcely be added, is that on behalf of which the plateholders at the conclusion of oratorios in by gone Festivals were so zealously concerned—viz., to enrich the fund for the widows and orphans, to which, it may here be said, the upholders of the new state of things have already, in a liberal spirit, contributed. To-day's services, morning and evening—the morning being "full choral, the evening non-choral—are intended (be it said with reverence) as "rehearsals" for to-morrow and Thursday, which last, without pomp or ceremony, are to bring the Festival to a close. The sermons on Wednesday and Thursday are to be delivered, respectively, by the Rev. W. D. Maclagan, vicar of Kensington, and the Rev. A. E. Bickersteth, Dean of Lichfield.

About the musical part of the newly-ordered "Festival" there is little to add to what has already been said. The compositions selected are, indeed, simply adjuncts to an ordinary Church service. The anthem on Wednesday morning is by Mr Townshend Smith, organist of Hereford; the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate," on Wednesday forenoon, are by Dr Wesley, of Gloucester; Mendelssohn's cantata. "Not unto us," preceding, and an anthem by Orlando Gibbons following the sermon. In the afternoon of the same day—with full choral service—the "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" are by the late Dr Walmisley, the anthem by Dr Wesley; and, after prayers, Spohr's cantata, "God, Thou art great," is to be sung. On Thursday, in the forenoon and afternoon (we cannot enter into further details) there are to be pieces by Mendelssohn, Wesley, Attwood, Handel, Spohr, &c.

Admissions on Wednesday and Thursday are announced as altogether free, though "a portion of the tickets will be reserved for holders, obtainable by application to," &c.—a reservation we have no pretention to interpret.

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THE MOZART-INSTITUTION.

Mr Sigmund Menkes, the representative of the International Mozart-Institution in Salzburg, has made arrangements with the "entrepreneurs" of the Promenade Concerts for a grand concert, to take place at Covent Garden Theatre, for the benefit of the Institution, on Wednesday, the 29th inst. Mdme Marie Roze (just returned in "blooming" condition from the waters of Mont D'Or), Mdlle Heilbron, Mr Edward Lloyd, Herr Wilhelmj, Mr Lazarus, Mr Wotton, and Mr Edward Dannreuther are the principal artists announced. The programme is to comprise the symphony in G minor, the quartet with clarionet in A, the concerto in B flat, for bassoon—to be played by Mr Wotton—a detached "Agnus Dei," for soprano (Mdme Roze), the "Trio of Masks" (*Don Giovanni*), and several other compositions of Mozart, seldom heard in the concert-room. Signor Arditi is to be the conductor. The Mozart-Institution's objects are: to give pensions to aged and infirm musicians *of all nations;* to support their widows and orphans; and to give a thorough artistic instruction to young musicians of talent, free of charge, in the Institution's own academy of music, which is now being established in Salzburg, and which is patronized by the Emperor of Austria, and other European sovereigns.—(*Communicated.*)

HAMBURGH.—Sig. Pollini, the manager of the Stadttheater, has generously freed the tenor, Herr Anton Erl, from the engagement the latter so inconsiderately signed with him (Sig. Pollini), having also signed one with the management of the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

MAZOLATI.—A grand festival was celebrated in this little village on the 6th inst., in honour of Luigi Gasparo Pacifico Spontini, who was born here on the 14th November, 1774. A memorial tablet, let into the house where he first saw the light, was unveiled on the occasion.

MUSIC AT BERLIN.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Madlle Reinemann, a fair beginner, has appeared at the Royal Operahouse as Margarethe in Gounod's *Faust.* I was not present, but I hear on all sides that neither as an actress nor as a vocalist was she equal to the task she had undertaken. So unsatisfactory was her performance that one can only wonder it was ever allowed to take place. Herr Ferdinand Gumbert, the well-known critic of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, is especially outspoken about it. After animadverting on its numerous defects and shortcomings he observes:

"It is with sincere regret that I publish the above opinion, so severe upon a young singer, but I think it is the *duty* of our paper to raise, from time to time, a warning voice of admonition against the degeneration of vocal art. Yet music-schools shoot up in Berlin like mushrooms from the ground, and all of them profess to teach high vocal art. It almost seems to me that people here understand singing only where Mozart, Weber, and Wagner are concerned, while they ignore everything that Italian and French musicians have produced, despite the fact that our theatres could not exist without such productions. This is, it is true, convenient, but wholly unjustifiable as regards learners. May the instance on which I have descanted above not prove useless; Mdlle Reinemann was placed in a truly deplorable position, being called upon to perform a task without in the slightest degree possessing the indispensable preliminary acquirements for so doing. In the musical portion of the character she was so little sure of herself, that the conductor, Herr Eckert, had to exert all his attention and care in order to preserve the correct time, after it had been disturbed by the young lady's frequently beginning too soon or too late. At any rate, it is better to acknowledge this than to pass it over in total silence, like many critics, despite the fact that they usually notice events of less importance."

This does not say much for the singing masters and singing mistresses of Berlin, in whom the unfortunate young *débutante* had the ill-luck to confide.

Herr Nestler, a young tenor from Hamburgh, and a pupil of Sig. Norini, a teacher of singing there, has been engaged for three years at the Royal Operahouse.

Herr Taglioni intends celebrating his fiftieth professional anniversary by the production of a new ballet of his own composition. The music will be contributed by Herr P. Hertel, who, in two years' time, will celebrate *his* twenty-fifth anniversary as the artistic partner of Herr Taglioni.

Herr von Hülsen, the Intendant-General, received an invitation from the Mayor and Donizetti Committee at Bergamo to be present at the ceremony of transporting the *Maestro's* remains to the Cathedral. He was prevented from accepting it, however, by his duties at the Royal Operahouse, and by the long leave he took during the summer.

Herr Adolph Neundorff, at present manager of the Germania Theatre, New York, has taken a long lease of the Wilhelmstädtisches Theater here, but will not enter on possession before August 1st, 1876.

No. 47 and No. 48 of the *Musikalisches Conversations Lexicon* (*Musical Encyclopædia*), edited by Herr H. Mendel, have just appeared. They begin with "Hypate," and end with "Intervallenlehre" ("Doctrine" or "Theory of Intervals"). Among the more important and more interesting general articles may be mentioned "Janissary Music," "Japan" and "Java" (C. Billert); "Ideal" and "Illusion" (the Editor); "Yea" and "Imitation" (O. Tiersch); "Improvising" and "Indian Music" (C. Billert); "Institut" (the Editor); "Instrument" (C. Vanderome); "Instrumental Music" (the Editor); "Instrumentation" (H. Dorn); "Intervall" and "Intervallenlehre" (O. Tiersch). The leading biographical articles are on Herren "Jähns," "Jaell," "O. Jahn," "Jansa," and "Jensen."

Herr B. Bilse is every day expected to return with his orchestra from Russia. He will resume his series of concerts at the Concerthaus on the 1st of October.

WEIMAR.—It is said that Franz Liszt intends leaving this place for Rome, for the purpose of passing the first half of the winter there. In January, he will go to Pesth, where the National School of Music, long since sanctioned by the Emperor and the House of Representatives, is at length to be opened. Herr R. Volkmann has just been appointed a professor in it.

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THE KENNEDYS IN AMERICA.

(*Continued from page* 636.)

We went across the ferry to Oakland, where all the *élite* of the city live—a fine place, with the railway, as in nearly all American towns, running through the streets. The locomotives look massive and not adapted for speed, what with their cone-shaped funnels and the grated cow-catchers in front of them. The cars are bright yellow, and look for all the world like menagerie-caravans. But you travel comfortably, and can ride on the end-platform if you have a mind to do so. The Americans seem to act on the principle that every man is able to take care of himself. They don't fence in their railways, and they think that the locomotive bell is sufficient warning when passing through settled regions. Oh! that bell! We can't understand how the Yankees can put up with it. The English can endure the dulcet whistle—but the bell! Every engine was like a church in motion, and Oakland seemed to be blest with a perpetual Sabbath. The railway train is not an object of alarm or dread here. The vehicles drive calmly across the track of an advancing engine, and boys skip playfully almost under the shadow of its large funnel. The locomotive is a civilized monster here. The American has metaphorically taken it to the bosom of his family. The irksomeness of railway-travel is taken away by the ministrations of the news-boy, who comes round with the day's papers, and perambulates the "cars" from one end to the other. Then he comes in with grapes; then disappears and comes again with fans; then with peaches; then with books; then with time-tables, till he has satisfied all demands.

We are getting rapidly into American ways now, and can manage to appreciate life at the *ho*-tel (not any sort of "tel," mind you, but a *ho*-tel). The *table d'hôte* is amusing. The waiters don't understand us as a family, so they address us individually, and receive our orders. Then they return with a host of small articles of crockery. Dish of beans, another of "stood" tomatoes, another of green corn, &c., &c.;—a constellation of small dishes revolving round your meat-plate as a central sun. You are supplied with iced water, iced milk, ice cream. In the mornings you have "mush," which the Scottish mind can never grasp as porridge till the well-known dish is produced. In San Jose we had Mexican waiters, who spoke in broken English, flew round as if in prosecution of a vendetta, and threatened us with long strings of viands. This latter place was a perfectly enchanting spot; seemed built in the midst of botanical gardens; trees shading the houses, and foliage relieving the staring appearance of the streets. Emerald lawns, gardens, orchards, met the eye at every turn. The odour of fruits, flowers, and rich clover grass, filled the air. The sky was of the deepest blue, with not the fleck of a cloud, and fading off to a white transparency around the horizon. Mexicans, with their mustangs, rode through the streets, and many semi-tropical faces were to be met with. Here we heard a political speech from a wooden rostrum erected on the side-walk. It was the crisis of the State elections, from senator down to schoolmaster; and the orator was the leader of the Republican party, who gave us information as to the "causes that led to the American war," and other interesting subjects. The proceedings were wound up by an old man, Judge Somebody, who did the allegorical business,—"flag trailing in the dust;" "rally round the watch-fires;" "the old fight," &c. The proceedings were ushered in by huge bonfires at the street-corners, fireworks, and the ever present brass band. We heard speeches at different places in California, but they were all alike—no enunciation of principles of any sort, but any amount of abuse heaped upon the opposite party, in the most unparliamentary language.

In San Jose we were invited by a clergyman to sing a few "songs" to his Sunday school. Everything is a "song" in America, whether it be glee, ballad, chorus, or hymn. So we went, sang the children two hymns, and the "Cloud-capt towers," which we thought sacred enough for the occasion. During the service the clergyman said that he hoped the congregation would not leave, but remain and hear the Sunday school, as Mr Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, who was now making canvas of this country, was to give them a piece; and they were also to sing in this town for three nights; and they were excellent, for he had heard them in San Francisco, and he hoped everybody would go and hear his "Scotch brother." It looked so unblushing an advertisement that we "new arrivals" were dumfoundered. But, as I said before, we are gradually getting into the ways of this original country! The Sunday school is a great institution here, and is on an elaborately managed system, though it does not seem so holily conducted as in the old country. The tendency of the Americans is to secularize. In this same church the services were aided by a cornet and flute. The choir performed several pieces, but the congregation did not join in so heartily as we would have liked. And why?—because the music was florid, disjointed; the hymns being treated as anthems, and broken up into duet, trio, and quartet. The amount of colourless music, feeble and unprofitable, that obtains in America, is woful—quartets for the "hired choirs," and anthems without end. Some churches have a regular platform in front of the organ, and "stands" for the solo worshippers. As a set-off to this pretentious church music, without any ideas, we have the lively airs of the Sunday school—cheerful subjects adapted to Christy Minstrel melodies, and militant hymns sung to "Scots wha hae," which, if they do nothing else, make the children more interested and attentive than in our Sunday schools. There are some good things we might pick up from the Americans. Nearly every church has an organ, and all of them, we might say, have excellent choirs. Great attention is paid to the musical portion of the service; and if a large percentage of the inane books, such as "Silver Lutes," "Golden Lyres," "Angel Harps," "Melodeonists," &c., were banished, and solid, intelligent psalmody cultivated more, the congregational singing of America would be something grand. All the material is here ready—large bodies of worshippers and powerful choirs.

(To be continued.)

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MUSIC AT MELBOURNE.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

G. B. Allen's Royal English Opera Company are still here, and doing excellent business. In consequence of the breaking up of the Italian company, Mr Allen has been able to engage the best of them, and now alternates Italian with English opera, thus giving Miss Alice May some rest. On Monday, *Il Trovatore* was given, with immense effect, by the combined forces, and Miss May took the part of Azucena. Her versatility is so great, that all parts come apparently the same to her, and her Italian pronunciation is extremely pure. The cast included Mdme Coy, Signor Rosnati, Signor Trapani Bono (the new arrival from Calcutta), and Miss Alice May. To-night *Faust* is to be repeated, with Miss May (again) as Marguerite (pronounced by Signor Rosnati, and many others, to be the finest performance on the present lyric stage), Miss Maggie Lidde, a very promising mezzo whom Mr Allen has brought forward, as Siebel; Signor Coy, Faust; Signor Bono, Valentine; and Signor Susini, Mefisto. Last week *Dinorah* was produced for the first time in Melbourne, and was excellently given. Mdme Coy was a charming Dinorah, while Signor Coy and Signor Baldassare were capital in their respective parts. The band, considering its strength, did wonders with the music. The last days of opera, both Italian and English, are at hand here; for it is not at all likely that either will be attempted again for a long time. Italian opera has lately proved a great failure; and, when Miss May leaves, there is no one to take her place. Mr Lyster now turns all his attention to opera bouffe, which alone would be accepted with the artists he possesses at present. All arrangements now being completed, Mr Allen's company go to India by the August mail, and will appear at the Viceroy's theatre (the Corinthian), which is to be taken especially under the patronage of the Prince of Wales during his visit there, after which they will go to Bombay, China, Japan, and California, where the company is anxiously expected at M'Guire's Operahouse. Thence Miss May will proceed to the States, and home, where it is to be hoped her success will be as great as predicted by the poet whose lines you gave in your number of May 1st, concluding:—

"To win fresh laurels at the Shrine of Song,
Where she, High Priestess, shall hold sovereign sway,
Till even Britain boasts of Alice May."

July 13th, 1875.

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CONSTITUTION OF THE MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.*

CHAPTER 168.

An Act to Incorporate "The Musical Mutual Protective Union."

PASSED APRIL 11th, 1864.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECT. 1. Henry Daniel Beissenherz, David Lorenzo Downing, John George Schneider, Francis Xavier Diller, Henry Goertelmeyer, Jacob Rebhum, George Schneider, Claudio Salomon Grafulla, David Graham, Ernst Grill, John Senia, George Gipner, Henry Wannemacher, David Schaad, Harvey Bradley Dodworth, Carl Bergmann, Carl Anschutz, George Henry Wallace, Theodor Eisfeld, Emil Muzzio, Thomas Baker, John Parker Cooke, Eduard Mollenhauer, Louis Schreiber, and all other persons now associated, and all such persons as shall be hereafter associated, with them, or with their successors, are hereby constituted, created and declared to be a corporation and body politic, by the name, style and title of "The Musical Mutual Protective Union," the objects of which are hereby declared to be the cultivation of the art of music in all its branches, the promotion of good feeling and friendly intercourse among the members of the profession, and the relief of such of their members as shall be unfortunate, so far as their means, in their opinion, will permit.

SECT. 2. The said corporation, by their name, style and title, aforesaid, shall have succession, and shall be capable of suing and being sued, complaining and being complained against, pleading and being impleaded, answering and being answered unto, defending and being defended, in all courts and places whatever, and may make, have, and use a common seal, and the same again at pleasure break, change, and alter; and shall be capable, in law, to purchase, take, receive, and hold, to them and their successors, any estate, real, personal, or mixed, by devise, gift, grant, or otherwise, subject, however, to all the limitations and restrictions imposed by law upon bequests and devises by last will and testament, and the same or any part thereof to lease, grant, bargain, sell, alien, convey, mortgage, or otherwise dispose of, for such estate and estates, and upon such terms, restrictions, limitations and conditions as to them shall seem most advantageous to promote the objects of their incorporation; provided, however, that the yearly income of such real and personal estate shall not at any time exceed the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars.

SECT. 3. The officers of said corporation shall consist of a President, a Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, three Trustees, and an Executive Committee of seven Directors, all of which said officers together shall constitute a Board of Directors, and of such subordinate officers, agents, and assistants as the said corporation by their by-laws, rules, and regulations shall direct, which officers shall be elected annually to their respective offices by such of the members of the corporation as are or may be entitled by its rules to vote at such election. Such election shall be held annually in the City of New York, on the second Thursday in October, but shall be first duly advertised by the Secretary in two daily newspapers printed and circulated in the City of New York, for at least three weeks previously thereto, at least once in each week. The present officers of the said "Musical Mutual Protective Union" shall continue to hold their offices and to perform all the duties relating to the same, until the coming into office of the officers first to be elected under this act, and the terms of office of the officers to be elected under this act shall commence on the second Thursday in January next ensuing their election, and shall continue for one year thereafter, and until others are elected to fill their places.

SECT. 4. The said corporation shall have power to purchase, take, and hold real estate in the City of New York, to the value of not exceeding three hundred thousand dollars, for the sole purpose of erecting and occupying a building such as next hereinafter stated, and shall have power to erect thereon a building containing a hall suitable for concerts and public entertainments, and rooms suitable for the meetings and for the transaction of the business and accommodation of the members of the said corporation, and stores, offices, or other apartments suitable for letting to parties engaged in business, and shall have power to use and occupy said building, when erected, for the purpose aforesaid, and to let, rent, or lease any part thereof not used or occupied by the said corporation, and to collect, receive, and give good and valid acquittances for the rent or revenue arising from the same.

(To be continued.)

* Founded April 23, 1863; organized and adopted June 26, 1864; amended and revised September 13, 1867, March 25th, 1869, and March 14, 1872.

ANNA DE BELOCCA AT BADEN-BADEN.*

Cette semaine s'est produite une *étoile*, bien gracieuse et charmante, qui promet de devenir sous peu un astre de première grandeur: je parle de Mdlle Anna de Belocca, première cantatrice du Théâtre-Italien de Paris et du théâtre *Her Majesty's* de Londres, qui a donné jeudi 2 septembre, dans les nouveaux salons, un concert fort beau et fort couru. La nature a merveilleusement préparé chez cette jeune chanteuse, qui n'a que 21 ans, le terrain que l'art n'a eu que peu de peine à couvrir de ses fleurs les plus parfumées, les plus précoces. Mdlle de Belocca compte parmi les plus belles personnes de notre époque et détient par cela seul un sceptre aimanté devant lequel tout s'incline; à cette royauté elle joint encore celle d'un talent qui a déjà soulevé des orages d'enthousiasme dans les salles de théâtre les plus imposantes du monde artistique, les Italiens de Paris et les Italiens de Londres.

Soprane et contralto à la fois, la jeune chanteuse possède une étendue de voix extraordinaire qui lui a permis d'aborder à la fois et avec un égal bonheur le rôle de Rosine du *Barbier*, qui lui a valu pour ses débuts cent ovations consécutives, et des rôles profonds, tels qu'Arsace de *Sémiramide*, Orsino de *Lucrezia Borgia*, dont le "Brindisi" lui attira les éloges enthousiastes de l'Alboni elle-même.

On croirait difficilement, en voyant Mdlle de Belocca, qu'elle est d'origine moscovite. Cette brune chevelure, ces grands yeux noirs ombragés de longs cils, ce teint mat, rappellent plutôt le type romain ou espagnol que le type russe.

Le concert donné jeudi par Mdlle de Belocca dans le magnifique Salon Renaissance de la Conversation de Bade avait attiré un public fort nombreux, qui n'a pas voulu demeurer en reste avec celui de Hombourg à l'égard de la délicieuse cantatrice. La société russe, qui primait dans les rangs de l'auditoire, a fêté sa compatriote avec une chaleur marquée, et c'est par des bravos sans fin qu'ont été salués l'expressif air russe d'Alabieff "Solove" (le rossignol) et la chanson polonaise, non inscrite au programme. Les autres morceaux chantés par l'émule de la Patti, que M. Strakosch, son révélateur, accompagnait au piano avec un talent parfait, étaient l'air d'Arsace, qu'elle a rendu avec un accent dramatique et une fidélité de style remarquables; les strophes de Mignon, et, certes, Ambroise Thomas se fût réjoui de voir sa poétique inspiration si profondément comprise et exhalée d'un accent si touchant; deux romances délicates; puis, comme finale triomphante, ce célèbre "Brindisi," où résonnèrent pures et puissantes des notes de contralto qu'on aurait pu croire incompatibles avec un larynx aussi gracieux.

Mdlle de Belocca, je le répète, s'est vue, dans cette soirée, comblée de marques d'admiration, et c'est à peine si sa jolie main pouvait tenir, à tour de rôle, les deux énormes et magnifiques bouquets que venaient de lui offrir la société russe et M. le représentant de France, le marquis de Tanlay.

Il est à peu près certain que Mdlle Anna de Belocca donnera un concert en cette ville dans la dernière quinzaine du mois d'octobre.

* Correspondance spéciale du *Journal d'Alsace*.

MISS ENRIQUEZ AND THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR,—It having been announced by the committee of the Norwich Musical Festival that the pieces previously allotted to me (Miss Enriquez) would be taken by another singer, *various* interpretations have been placed upon that announcement. I shall feel greatly obliged if you will allow me to state, through your columns, that the reason of my non-appearance at the Festival, according to my engagement, is that the committee were not able to carry out the contract as first arranged with me, and which was, therefore, cancelled by mutual consent.—I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

September 22, 1875. E. ENRIQUEZ.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SCEPTIC.—"*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.*"

INDAGATOR.—Dr Serpent is wrong. Mdlle Bianchi (of the Royal Italian Opera) *did* sing the part of Filina in the *Mignon* of M. Ambroise Thomas, at Moscow, in December, 1874, when the part of the heroine was played by the adorable Christine Nilsson. Dr Serpent is also in error about Ronconi, who is *not* dead, and, moreover, has *only one child*—a married daughter. "Indagator" should beware of trusting too implicitly to the information given him by Dr Serpent.

DEATH.

On September 16, at No. 148, Hampstead Road, JAMES DICKSON, in his 83rd year—many years with Messrs Broadwood and Sons.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1875.

Episodes on Change.

DR SHIPPING. Well—what do you think of the *Trilogy?*
DR QUINCE. Why—I thought it was a tetralogy.
DR SHIPPING. Well—how do you like the *Tetralogy?*
DR QUINCE. Why—I wished it was a trilogy. (*Exeunt severally.*)
Bayreuth, Aug. 12.

IN another page will be found a photograph *fac simile* letter from the late Dr Dionysius Lardner, *àpropos* of Madame Guarducci, who will be remembered, by frequenters of the Italian Opera in London, some sixteen years ago.

AMONG the musical worthies whose comparatively recent loss Germany deplores must be reckoned, as we learn from the Berlin *Echo*, Johann Peter, or, as he was generally and more curtly called, Peter Pixis, a pianist of the old school, highly esteemed as a performer and exceedingly popular as a composer. He retired long since from the public sight, and lived in retirement at Baden. But to the last he retained his love of music, and evinced his sympathy for his younger colleagues in art, few of whom left Baden without paying the old gentleman their respects. In this devotion to his art, as well as in many other particulars, he resembled another veteran, Friedrich Wieck, who passed away at Loschwitz, near Dresden, a year before him, and whose name, like his own, will long be held in honour.

With Peter Pixis there died the last of a family of artists who had been famous during three generations. His father, Friedrich Wilhelm Pixis, was organist at the Reformed Church, Mannheim, in which capacity, as well as in that of a composer for the organ and the piano, he was favourably known. But he was far surpassed in talent by his two sons. Of these, the elder, Friedrich Wilhelm, born in 1786, was a distinguished violinist, and died, in 1842, as Professor of the Violin at the Prague Conservatory. Johann Peter, the younger son, was born at Mannheim, in 1788, and, like his elder brother, created a sensation while still a child. As far back as 1796, the two brothers, then aged respectively ten and eight, appeared as infant prodigies at Mannheim, subsequently visiting Carlsruhe and Stuttgart. At all these places they excited great and unanimous enthusiasm. After 1797, they made long professional tours through Germany, and continued to do so till 1804, invariably meeting with applause and other marks of hearty approbation. On their return, Friedrich Wilhelm entered the orchestra at Mannheim. Johann Peter devoted himself to the earnest study of composition, publishing now-and-then a few small pieces. In 1810, he went to reside, as a music master, at Munich, and afterwards at Frankfort. In the year 1816, he had, by two new professional tours, made his name known as a piano-virtuoso half-over Europe. In Germany he was considered to occupy one of the first places in this branch of art. His playing was very brilliant and elegant. He was a thorough drawing-room performer, inventing and overcoming difficulties which, at that epoch, were regarded as well nigh insurmountable. The period of his greatest celebrity lay between 1820 and 1830. In the former year he settled at Vienna, where he was the rival of Hummel and Moscheles for popular favour. Among his acquaintances was Beethoven. In 1826, he went to Paris. There, too, he was accounted one of the first pianists of the day, and competed with Kalkbrenner and Herz as he had previously competed with Hummel and Moscheles.

He had now reached, however, the highest point of his fame as a virtuoso. When Thalberg, Chopin, and Liszt appeared, his performances were thrown into the background, and he was sensible enough to retire in time. But he composed with redoubled zeal. He wrote some 150 works, including Concertos, Trios, and Fantasias, besides numerous Variations and Rondos, which in his day were much played. He composed, also, an opera: *Bibiana, oder die Kapelle im Walde*, but it was not successful. At present, his compositions are not generally known.

He was once more induced to come before the public, and make an artistic tour through the principal cities of Europe, by the talent of Francilla Pixis, who, as a singer, added fresh lustre to his family name. The young lady's own name was originally Göhringer, and she was born at Baden in 1816. Pixis was struck, when she was still a child, with her undoubted talent and magnificent voice. With the consent of her parents, he adopted her, and, taking her with him to Paris, had her taught singing. She achieved, as a vocalist, under the name of Pixis, a high reputation, first in the French capital and then in Italy, subsequently confirming it in Germany also. Pixis exerted himself to the utmost to advance Francilla in her profession, but she retired into private life on marrying, in Italy, the Marquis Minofrio.

Meanwhile, Theodor Pixis, a son of Pixis' brother, Friedrich Wilhelm, in Prague, had grown up, and worthily followed his father's footsteps in art. Peter Pixis took his nephew with him to Paris, and developed his talent as a violinist. On his return to Germany, Theodor, though still very young, obtained an honourable post in Cologne, but was prematurely snatched away in the summer of 1856.

Thus was Peter Pixis once more alone. In 1840, he fixed his head quarters in Baden, where he remained till his death, at first giving lessons and occasionally playing in public, until the increasing debility of age compelled him gradually to seek entire repose. He suffered for years from defective hearing, which at last culminated in total deafness. Up till

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then, however, though nearly seventy, he eagerly attended every concert and operatic performance, judging everything with the utmost freedom from aught like prejudice, and doing full justice to the art of a period which was not his own.

In the latter years of his life, he profited by his solitude to commit to paper his reminiscences, rich in descriptions of persons and events. These reminiscences will probably be published by a nephew of his resident in Prague.

Peter Pixis reached an age seldom attained by an artist. He witnessed the entire artistic career of Beethoven, Weber, Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini, Auber, Meyerbeer, and many others, all of whom preceded him to the grave. More than this, he was a contemporary of Mozart; and, till within a few short months, formed a living link between the present generation and the immortal composer of *Don Juan*.

R. K.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN AT MILAN.

LAST year Mr Arthur Sullivan received a flattering letter from Cav. Mazzucato, director of the Royal Conservatory in Milan, containing a pressing invitation to visit that city, and produce there some of his compositions. Mr Sullivan was unable to accept this invitation at the time; but last month he went to Milan, and was received in the most cordial and flattering manner. We extract the following account, written by the justly celebrated critic of the *Perseveranza*:—

"Colle due esercitazioni di lunedì e di ieri sera il Conservatorio ha compito l'esposizione finale dei profitti fatti dagli allievi ed allieve nei singoli rami dell'esecuzione e della composizione. Nella prossima Appendice faremo qualche osservazione su questi risultati. Per oggi constatiamo l'esito pienissimo anche delle due ultime Accademie, e specialmente del violinista De Angelis, che ha suonato il difficile concerto di Mendelssohn con bella larghezza di stile e sicurezza inappuntabile d'intonazione. Sempre applaudita la *Falce* del Catalani ed il *Perdono* del Maggi. Il robusto lavoro del Catalani fu molto lodato ed ammirato da una grande autorità musicale, Arturo Sullivan, il primo dei compositori inglesi viventi. Quantunque giovanissimo, il Sullivan percorse di già una carriera brillantissima. Studiò a Lipsia, ed è ora in Inghilterra il fortunato continuatore delle splendide tradizioni di Handel e di Mendelssohn. Il Sullivan compose oratorii, opere, sinfonie, musica da camera in quantità, e celebratissime illustrazioni orchestrali della *Tempesta* e del *Mercante di Venezia* di Shakespeare. Il suo oratorio *The Light of the World* ottenne un immenso successo nel grande *Festival* di Birmingham nell'agosto del 1873. Prima di lasciare Milano, il compositore inglese fece i suoi rallegramenti al direttore del Conservatorio per l'ordinamento e pei frutti dell'educazione artistica. Fece poi dono all' Instituto di alcune sue composizioni, le quali verranno eseguite nelle esercitazioni degli allievi; e la Commissione artistica della nostra Società del Quartetto speriamo vorrà ammetterne qualcheduna nei suoi programmi sinfonici. Ieri fu diramata la seguente circolare, che riproduciamo colla massima soddisfazione:—

"'*Signore*,—Gli allievi e le allieve del R. Conservatorio di Musica hanno l'onore d' invitare la S. V. e famiglia alla Mattinata musicale del giorno 25 corrente agosto, ch' essi intendono di offrire all' illustrissimo signor Presidente ed al chiarissimo signor Direttore dello stesso Istituto in attestato di profunda stima e di affetto riconoscente. La Mattinata avrà principio alle ore 12 e la sala sarà aperta alle 11.

"'*Milano 24 agosto*, 1875.'"

"Questa piccola festa artistica è non solo un omaggio meritato allo zelo solerte del Presidente del Consiglio Accademico ed alle cure indefesse del Direttore, ma è anche una prova degli ottimi rapporti esistenti fra gli allievi e il capo dell' Instituto, che con tanto amore sorveglia la loro educazione. Sappiamo che fra i pezzi componenti il Programma della Mattinata vi saranno frammenti di sinfonie di Beethoven, il bellissimo Notturno del *Sogno di una Notte d' Estate* di Mendelssohn, e una *ouverture* scelta fra le opere liriche del Mazzucato." F.

Thus do country and country brothers in art. This should be no Utopia, but a direct way to the Millenium.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

We hear that Madame Arabella Goddard has accepted the offer of Messrs Strakosch to join the Tietjens concert-tour in the United States of America. Mdlle Tietjens has already started for New York. Let us wish her health, success, and a happy return to the country of her adoption.

It is said that Sir Michael Costa has taken with him to Florence the score of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, to study it intently. Sir Michael is a wonderfully clever man; but, if he can abridge *Tristan* without hurting it, he is little short of a miracle.

At one of the small capitals of Germany, the Prima Donna of the Hoftheater and the critic of the local paper were on very friendly terms. The critic, who was also a composer, one day paid the lady a visit, and smilingly said to her: "I am writing something for you, my dear Madame." "Not music, I hope," exclaimed the lady, taken off her guard.

When Richard Wagner visited the Prussian capital in 1871, he was asked his opinion of the three Royal *Capellmeister* resident there. He replied: "The first is naturally not unmusical, but he is too phlegmatic; the second is naturally not phlegmatic, but he is too unmusical; the third might have learned how to conduct—for he saw *me* conduct in Riga, thirty years ago—but he never has done so."

Messrs Potter, Odger, and others, may not be aware that the first strike on record dates very far back indeed, as far back as the times of ancient Rome. Such, however, is the case, on no less an authority than Livy himself. The immortal Paduan informs us that the Town-Pipers, or Town-Fifers, whose office it was to furnish the music at religious ceremonies, had enjoyed from time immemorial the right of banqueting in the temples, at the conclusion of the sacred rites. The Censors made an attempt to put down the custom. Hereupon, the indignant musicians resolved that they would all leave Rome. They instantly carried out their resolution by proceeding to the pleasant town of which Horace says—

"Tibur Argeo positum colono
Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ."

The priests found themselves in an embarrassing position. The Senate despatched messengers to Tibur, begging that the inhabitants would prevail on the recalcitrant musicians to return to their professional duties. But all attempts at persuasion proved useless, so the Tiburtini had recourse to stratagem. Profiting by the known partiality of their visitors for good liquor, the Tiburtini plied the fifers so well that the latter got gloriously fuddled, and in this state were sent back in carts to Rome. The Priests were so glad to recover the fugitives, that the latter were henceforth allowed to hold their banquets in the temples, and thus the strike was ended. This happened in the year 309 B.C.

With regard to *Don Sebastiano*, the following interesting and previously-unpublished letter, written by Donizetti, at Vienna, on the 8th February, 1845, recently appeared in the *Gazetta di Bergamo*:—

"My dear Friends,—I cannot yet give you any long details concerning the execution of *Don Sebastiano*, which was performed the other evening, but I may inform you that the opera was received more warmly than in Paris. Three numbers were repeated; the applause is still resounding in my ears. I was dragged upon the stage; I was obliged to show myself I do not know how many times, a circumstance with which I was not pleased. Believe me, my friends, they will alter their opinion in Paris about *Don Sebastiano*, for it is a work with which I took great pains, and which I consider a masterpiece. I do not like talking of myself, but I assure you I felt greatly grieved at the way in which your papers treated my opera, and which caused me to pass more than one sleepless night. I am, also, not pleased with the manager; he made me

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consent to some unhappy alterations; and M. Scribe might have helped me more than he did. But I will indulge in no more recriminations; in due time people will do justice to everything passably good in *Don Sebastiano*. The climate of Vienna does not agree with me; my head is no better, and, if things go on in this fashion, I shall be obliged to go and spend a few months at Bergamo, to recruit.

"Farewell, my dear friends. Do not despair about *Don Sebastiano*. If you were here you would be enchanted. Time avenges all injustice. I give you each a shake of the hand.

"DONIZETTI."

ADRIEN BOIELDIEU, whom the celebrated composer of *Jean de Paris* bequeathed to the world with his other creations, holds an opinion concerning his talents as a musician which differs greatly from that entertained on the same subject by the majority of his fellow-men. About the period of the recent Boïeldieu Centenary at Rouen, he called upon the manager of the Opéra-Comique, Paris, and, after a few preliminary observations, addressed him thus:—

"Monsieur Du Locle, do you not feel that the moment has arrived to honour worthily in the capital the memory of my illustrious father?"

"Certainly, Monsieur. I am already planning a magnificent performance, to be given some time in December next, in honour of his centenary."

"That is splendid; but do you not believe the best way to celebrate this glorious anniversary of a father, so justly celebrated, would be to play an opera of his son?"

"Eh?" said M. Du Locle, starting up from his arm chair.

"I say that certainly nothing would be more worthy of you, nor more agreeable to his spirit."

"But, my dear Monsieur," commenced M. Du Locle, quite embarrassed.

"I know what you are going to tell me!" cried Adrien. "I did not write the *Dame Blanche!*"

"Just so, but——however——your talent——your merit"——

"Ah!" continued Adrien, with tearful voice, "you cannot imagine how much wrong my poor father has done me!"

PROVINCIAL.

GLASGOW.—The Glasgow Choral Union have issued their prospectus. A series of nine concerts are to be given, fewer in number than last season, but intended to be equal in excellence. The *Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt* (conducted by Mr Lambeth), and Sir Michael Costa's *Eli* (to be conducted by the composer) are promised. Mr Arthur Sullivan is engaged to conduct the orchestral concerts, which are to be six in number, and are to commence on the 10th of November.

BRIGHTON.—At the Royal Aquarium concerts Miss Fanny Heywood has been singing, and Madame Pool, a charming vocalist, has appeared, and sang with great success Henry Smart's "The Lady of the Lea." The young sisters Agnes and Violet Molyneux were the pianists. Amongst the pieces they played were Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata (Mdlle Violet Molyneux) and Benedict's "The Flowers of Ireland," (Mdlle Agnes Molyneux). The other vocalist was Miss Palmer. At a special concert the *Brighton Gazette* informs us, the celebrated pianist, Miss Lillie Albrecht, played several solos to the delight of the large audience assembled. "Miss Albrecht's performances caused much astonishment, and were greatly applauded. Her style links her with the first *artistes* of the day, and is characterized by a sympathy with her melodies and expressive powers that must advance her to even greater popularity."

DUBLIN.—Never before has the large Concert Hall in the Exhibition Palace been so crowded as it was to greet the renowned cantatrice, Mdlle Tietjens, for the last time prior to her departure for America. She was warmly applauded after singing "Placida notte" and "Nella dolce trepidanza" (Balfe). In "Sull' aria," which she rendered with Mdlle Bauermeister, Mdlle Tietjens sang magnificently; nothing could have been finer. In the second part, Mdlle Tietjens gave "Kathleen Mavourneen" charmingly; and "The Last Rose of Summer" was, as it always is, unique. "As the last notes died away"—writes a Dublin admirer of the great artist—"we asked ourselves, how long shall we have to wait to hear this unrivalled songstress again?" After repeated and enthusiastic demands for an "encore," "Home, Sweet Home," was touchingly sung by the fair Teuton. "We wish Mdlle Tietjens a safe journey, every happiness on her way, and, above all, a speedy return to her old Dublin friends." Signor Brignoli is a superb tenor; his "Good bye, sweetheart" and the serenade in *Don Pasquale* were capitally sung. We do not think Signor Brignoli has ever appeared to so great advantage upon his former visits. The quality of his voice always reminds us of that prince of tenors, Mario; his style and the whole management of his voice bespeak Signor Brignoli one of the most finished singers of his school. Signor Foli sang "The Shadow of the Cross" and "The Diver," and, for an encore, gave "The Stirrup Cup." Upon the whole, it was a grand concert; three great artists (Tietjens, Foli, and Brignoli) all in good form, and Mdlle Tietjens as fine as ever.

BRISTOL.—A correspondent writes as follows:—

"The concert given at Bristol by Mdme Patti, on the 15th inst., was a great and brilliant success—so crowded was the hall, that the seats usually allotted to the choir had to be given up to the public. The opening piece, the well-known duet in *Belisario*, was splendidly rendered by Signor Urio (tenor) and Signor Caravoglia (baritone). The latter also sang a ballad by Louisa Grey, "Thee and I," with great taste. Mdme Castellan then followed with a brilliant execution of 'Une fantaisie de *Faust*,' for the violin, and Mdme Patti sang the air, 'Una voce,' from *Il Barbiere*, receiving an enthusiastic encore. A solo for the pianoforte was played by the composer, Mr Kuhe, with his accustomed taste and brilliancy; after which, Handel's *aria*, 'Rend il sereno,' was sung by Signor Urio, with great purity and tenderness of feeling; indeed, it is long since we have listened to a tenor with a voice of such compass and, at the same time, so rich and powerful, tender and sympathetic. Mr Kuhe opened the second part of the concert with one of his popular pieces, and, being encored, substituted another of equal merit. Signor Urio next sang Balfe's serenade, 'Good night, beloved,' as finely as we ever remember to have heard it, and in response to a vociferous encore, gave, to the delight of the audience, 'La Donna è Mobile.' An attempt was made to encore this, but Signor Urio simply bowed his acknowledgments. Mdme Patti sang the Shadow Air from *Dinorah*, 'Ombre leggiera,' which was encored, the fair artist substituting 'The Last Rose of Summer'; Signor Caravoglia gave, with great dash and humour, Rossini's 'Tarantella,' and, on being called upon to repeat it, gave 'Largo al factotum,' in which he was equally successful. Mdme Patti terminated the concert with the ballad, 'Kathleen Mavourneen'; and the incomparable '*Diva*' made her final exit amidst a round of English cheers. "M. B."

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—I send you a copy of a law passed by the State of New York, at the suggestion of the Mutual Musical Protection Society, together with the by-laws of the society—the members of which consist of every grade of musician, both vocal and instrumental, numbering several hundreds, all over the Union. As many of our musicians are continually leaving the United Kingdom, it is well they should see how matters stand in America as to musical affairs.—I am, &c.

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

[The commencement of the paper forwarded to us with the above letter, from our esteemed contributor, appears in another column. The paper will be continued weekly.—J. V. B. (ED.)]

DRESDEN.—The operas performed at the Theatre Royal during the month of August were: *Der Freischütz*, once; *Die Meistersinger*, twice; *La Muette*, once; *Czaar und Zimmermann*, once; *Robert le Diable*, twice; *Die Folkunger*, once; *Amelia*, by Verdi, once; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, once; *Le Prophète*, once; *La Dame Blanche*, once; *Preciosa*, once; *Il Trovatore*, once; *Das Glöckchen des Eremiten*, three times; *Der König hat's gesagt*, once; and *Templer und Jüdin*, once. As we see, there was no want of variety.

VIENNA.—A short time since, *Robert le Diable* was performed at the Imperial Operahouse, the principal characters being sustained by Mesdes Wilt, Dillner, Herren Rokitansky, Labatt, and Schlittenheim. Everything went off very well up to the scene in the churchyard. At the commencement of this scene, a general movement was visible on the stage, and the ranks of the Terpsichorean ghosts were thrown into disorder. Herr Rokitansky hurried to the right-hand side of the stage, and a cry of: "Oh! my foot! my foot!" was distinctly audible. The audience, excited by this unusual state of things, rose from their places, and gazed anxiously at the stage. Suddenly the curtain fell, but it was raised again almost immediately, and the performance proceeded in the ordinary manner. Not till afterwards did the public learn the cause of all the commotion, which latter was due to the fact that a member of the *corps de ballet*, owing to her own carelessness, got her foot caught in the trap down which the grave-clothes of the unearthly dancers disappear. This accounted for the cry: "Oh! my foot! my foot!"

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Palazzo Valli - Naples -
16 April '59 -

Dear Sir

Altho I have not had the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance you will perhaps consider our occasional relations of collaborateurs in the prep a sufficient excuse for the liberty I take in addressing this letter to you especially when its purport is regarded -

My wish is to introduce to your notice and acquaintance an accomplished and amiable artist, Madame Guadagni, the celebrated Contralto of the San Carlo who is, as you know, engaged for the season at the N. I. Opera and as she will arrive in our overgrown Metropolis an absolute stranger she has requested me to put her in rapport with some persons who are more especially interested in her Art - I know none so capable of appreciating her talents as yourself nor any more likely to enjoy the exercise of them and it is for that reason that I feel the less scruple in taking the liberty of addressing this letter to you -

I remain, Dear Sir,
Yours very truly
Jno. Sullivan

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MATTERS OPERATIC IN ITALY.*

Immediately a German opera comes to be performed in Italy (by the way, it is almost exclusively *Der Freischütz* which has hitherto been selected to represent German art there on the stage), the event is followed by complaints of the ill treatment to which the work has been subjected, which complaints are forthwith carried to Germany and find admission into all the papers. This was the case with a partial performance of *Der Freischütz*, some months since, at the Teatro Nuovo, Florence. German indignation and bile flowed in torrents on the occasion. But we should first look at home, and attack that class of singers, who, for a series of years have made it their business to pluck to pieces with the greatest indifference every separate part in this flower of C. M. von Weber's, or even, as though satiated and disgusted, to get through it as quickly as possible. Things, indeed, have reached such a pitch that this magnificent and thoroughly original work, which has achieved a really universal reputation, is regarded in the country of its birth, by managers, conductors, and sometimes by the public, also, as a stop-gap; as a standard for measuring the capacity of beginners; or, in extreme cases, as especially well suited to be suddenly put up on an evening when the manager is unable to give anything else. But, to return to our starting point, the unlucky performance of *Der Freischütz* at the Teatro Nuovo, Florence. Unfortunately, there is no law to protect the works of the great Dead from performances which are a profanation, and thus a theatre of thoroughly undeterminable rank, like this Teatro Nuovo—at which, by the way, every opera is turned, more or less, into a caricature—could not be prevented from laying hands on Weber's masterpiece.

Such unsatisfactory performances are, it is true, lamentable, but we must not take them too seriously, and, most especially, not treat them as a standard of the artistic capabilities of an entire country. The performances, for instance, of *Der Freischütz*, in Milan, in Rome, and in other towns of Italy, were perfect model performances. The principal parts were confided to eminent and first-class artists; the recitatives, composed by sterling masters, replaced most agreeably the prose, so fearfully ill-treated, as a rule, by German singers; and, lastly, the way the piece was placed on the stage was as intelligent as it was brilliant. In a word, *Der Freischütz*, which we in Germany, as already remarked, treat as belonging to the "Reserve," and which is never honoured by a place in the bills, except where "sudden indisposition" has rendered the piece previously announced an impossibility, was, in all the great theatres of Italy, prepared for representation with an amount of care and attention expended only on interesting novelties. It would have been more especially the duty of the Pergola, with its liberal subvention, to produce Weber's opera. The fact of its not fulfilling its duty is a sin of omission, but we cannot, and must not, make the whole of musical Italy responsible for it. To accuse the Italians of bestowing less attention on art-works of German origin than on those of other nations, would be utterly unjustifiable. Any one who has ever attended the admirable performances of the works of Beethoven, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and others, in the large concert-rooms of Italy—any one who remembers the care with which the attempt to introduce Richard Wagner's operas was made—any one, finally, who witnessed, a few weeks since, the performance of Heine's *Ratcliff*, at the Teatro Manzoni, Milan, would certainly never make such a charge. What a splendid combination was demanded by, and resulted from, this interesting event! Andrea Maffei gave us, in his translation, a real masterpiece; Belotti-Bon, the manager, ventured time and money in this dramatic essay; the celebrated Pia Marchi selected *Ratcliff* for her benefit; and Achille Torelli, the popular author of *I Mariti*, worked, with zeal and love, for weeks together, as though a child of his own muse were concerned, at the difficult task of putting this "Romanza drammatica" on the stage. In the course of one week, *Ratcliff* was performed four times, amid enthusiastic marks of approbation from numerous and select audiences. It was reserved for this freely-calumniated Italian public to demonstrate what has always been doubted, namely: the suitability of a great German poem for the stage, and, at the same time, to furnish a proof that works of art need not come direct from Mount Cenis in order to find a good reception in Italy, and that educated Italians, without prejudice or partiality, manifest the warmest interest in the intellectual achievements of all nations.

It will not, perhaps, be here uninteresting if, with a few strokes, we sketch a general picture of the thoroughly peculiar system in force at those moss-covered landmarks among the similar institutions of Europe, the Theatres of Italy, and, at the same time, give a glance at the tremendous demands made upon every one professionally connected with them.

The theatres in Italy are opened, as we know, by seasons. The season lasting from the end of December to Palm Sunday is the most important one. The autumn season and the *Stagioni delle Fiere*, as they are called, occupy a secondary position. Previously to one of the above-named seasons, the Committee, consisting of the proprietors, of the municipality, or of the occupants of the boxes, put the theatre up to public competition, knocking it down to that competitor (*impresario*, "a person undertaking any enterprise") who offers the best guarantees for carrying out the agreement between him and the Committee. He is assured a certain subvention, and binds himself to give a stipulated number of operatic and ballet performances. The caution money deposited by him is destined to meet any claims of the chorus and orchestra which may happen to remain unsatisfied; but the Directing Committee does not make itself in any way responsible for the punctual payment of the salaries due to the leading artists. The Impresario now enters on possession of the theatre. The little world of planks is desolate and bare. It has to be populated and fitted up. From the *prima donna* down to the last figurante, from the complicated ship in *L'Africaine* down to the pen with which Lucia di Lammermoor signs the marriage contract, the manager has to supply and to think of everything. Engagements are concluded with scene-painters, with stage-carpenters, and with one of the establishments, conducted in Italy on so large a scale, for theatrical costumes; recruits are beat up for the chorus and the band (few theatres have permanent bands); and lastly, steps are then taken for the engagement of the principal artists. The Impresario is frequently bound to secure certain artists especially designated by the Directing Committee; as a rule, however, he is left unfettered, the Committee simply reserving the right to revise the list of the proposed engagements.

Every one now sets to work. The silent region of the stage begins to grow animated. Each nook and corner teems with busy life. People are painting, carpentering, and hammering; the members of the chorus are studying their music; the supernumeraries are being trained; and the *corps de ballet* instructed, till, finally, a fortnight before the commencement of the season, the principal artists arrive. The *prima donna* comes from St. Petersburgh; the tenor from Buenos Ayres; the barytone from Cairo; and the bass from Spain. They do not know each other; they have never sung together, and they frequently are totally unacquainted with the music of the opera which is to inaugurate the season; yet, on the evening stipulated, the first performance must take place, if the manager would not incur by the delay losses which would jeopardize the entire season. Every one studies, therefore, with unlimited horse-power; rehearsals lasting from 12 to 3 in the afternoon, and from 8 in the evening to 2 o'clock the next morning, keep the entire company hard at it for a fortnight. At last, the opening night arrives. Eight o'clock strikes. The curtain goes up; a tempest of applause rolls through the house; the performance is successful down to the smallest detail; the Impresario rubs his hands for delight, while the singers are no less pleased at the successful result, which not only satisfies the artistic ambition of different individuals, but assures the financial prosperity of the whole season. Scarcely has the opening opera been performed two or three times, before a second is put in rehearsal. Again does every one work all day and on free evenings. It is true that there are not many of the latter, for the *prima donna* and the tenor are bound by their engagement to sing sixteen, and the barytone and bass, twenty or four-and-twenty times a month, the two latter artists having to take part in the performances given by what is called the second company. At length, the bills announce the last evening, the farewell performance. The artists shake hands, and wish each other "a prosperous journey." The season is over, and in a twinkling everything falls to pieces again. The scenery

* From the *Berlin Echo*.

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is quickly taken away; the "set pieces" are packed up; the fleshings and costumes find their way back to the magazines of their owner; and the stage, where, only a few hours previously, an opera by Meyerbeer, or a ballet by Taglioni, displayed all its splendours, remains till the next year the undisputed preserve of the theatre-cat on the look-out for rats. Immediately after the last performance, however, the steam-horse has conveyed the singers in all directions, and the same process re-commences for them in other theatres.

It may be, perhaps, remarked that this gigantic activity commands pecuniary remuneration far exceeding the salaries paid in Germany. Quite right. The pay of an Italian singer is, it is true, unusually high. The artist engaged at one theatre for several years can live on a regular, and, if he so chooses, an economical plan; his Italian colleague cannot do this, for the constant change of place renders his expenses all the year exceedingly heavy. "But what compels an artist to such wearing exertion, and why does he not allow himself more repose?" the reader may enquire. The answer is: Necessity. If anyone who had embraced the theatrical profession in Italy were to discharge his obligations with the nonchalance which has established its quarters in most of the Court Theatres of Germany, though he were to unite in himself all the qualities of a Rubini and of a Poggi, he would remain without an engagement, for an impresario expects from his performers not merely talent, but endurance and industry as well. Italian operatic singers who have acted in Germany have frequently told us that they had remarked with astonishment how little people in that country were acquainted with the proper way of employing the time and the resources at their command. They said, for instance, that an institution boasting of so numerous a company as the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, might easily produce a dozen novelties in different styles every year, only the artists would have to devote more than two fleeting hours of a morning to rehearsals, and, while getting up new operas, to cease paying homage to the maxim: *Chi va piano, va sano.*

Some time since, the *Echo*, attaching probably credence to some statement in the Italian papers, announced that Verdi was working at a "Funeral Symphony," to be performed on the occasion of Donizetti's earthly remains being removed to the basilica of Bergamo. Such is not the case. The *Maestro* was, it is true, requested to supply the musical portion of the ceremony, but he could not give a definite reply, as he was about to set out on the long journey, recently concluded, which took up all his time for some months. As we know, Verdi went to Paris and London, in order personally to conduct (in Paris for the second time) his Manzoni *Requiem*. How comes it that no one has thought of introducing a work of such acknowledged importance to Berlin, which is inundated during the winter season with such a flood of musical creations? S. E.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

At the weekly meeting of the council of the Royal Irish Academy of Music, held on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., Mr Henry E. Doyle in the chair, the following members being present:—Mr Thomas Maxwell Hutton, Mr T. A. Jones, P.R.H.A.; Dr Nedley, Mr R. Exham; and Sir F. Brady, Bart., and Mr H. Macdonnell, hon. secretaries—M. Alexandre Billet was appointed to the vacant professorship of the senior pianoforte class. M. Billet formerly held the appointment of professor of the pianoforte at the Conservatoire of Geneva, and is well known in London and Paris as a composer and pianist of distinguished merit. The council believe that the appointment of so eminent a professor will tend to the efficiency of the Academy, and will serve the interests of musical education in Dublin.

LEIPSIC.—Herr Förster, from the Burgtheater, Vienna, has been selected by the Municipality, from a large number of candidates, as Manager of the Stadttheater. He will enter on his functions next Easter—provided, by the way, that he can free himself from an engagement at present binding him to the Burgtheater, and it is not likely that the management of that institution will raise any objections.

WAIFS.

Mr Mapleson is *not* to accompany Mdlle Tietjens, as was generally reported.

Mr G. A. Osborne has returned from his *tour* in Italy.

Herr Schuberth has returned to town from his tour in Belgium and Germany.

Victor Hugo is writing a poem bearing the title of the *Art of being a Grandfather.*

On leaving Venice, after singing in Verdi's *Requiem*, Mad. Stolz gave 600f. to a local charity.

M. Doré's latest contribution to the gallery in Bond Street bearing his name is the picture exhibited in Paris this year, "The Hell of Liars."

Dr Bambridge, principal professor of music at Marlborough School, has appointed Mr Charles Davieson one of his assistant masters.

Basil Kouroskine, a Russian writer of some celebrity, who established the *Spark*, a satirical journal very similar to *Punch*, has just died.

On the conclusion of Mr J. S. Clarke's engagement at the Haymarket, a new and original comedy by Mr H. J. Byron will be produced.

The death is announced, within four days of his 90th birthday, of Mr George Johann Paul Fischer, Court painter to his late Majesty George IV.

Among the novelties to be produced at Mr Kuhe's Brighton Festival is an overture, composed expressly for the occasion by Mr G. A. Osborne.

It is stated that Mr Davenport, the American tragedian, will play *Hamlet* at the Grand Opera House, New York, in opposition to Mr Barry Sullivan.

Mr Benjamin Ginning some time since presented the poor of the city of Liverpool with £200. A good B. Ginning; let him continue in the same path.

The London Opera Comique will, on the 16th proximo, pass into the hands of Mr F. C. Burnand, who, it is said, will produce a new three-act comedy written by himself.

Messrs Lyon and Hall, of Warwick Mansion, Brighton, have made arrangements with the well-known "Illusionist," Dr Lynn, to give a series of his entertainments at the Pavilion.

The season at the Court Theatre will commence the first week in November, when the performance of Mr Hamilton Aidé's romantic drama of *A Nine Days' Wonder* will be resumed.

The King of the Belgians has conferred upon M. Le Chevalier Van Elewyck the cross of his Royal Order, as an acknowledgment of the Chevalier's services to musical art in Belgium.

Madame Vanzini leaves Liverpool for New York this day, in the Baltic, to fulfil her engagement with the Kellogg Opera Troupe. Madame Vanzini returns to England next spring.

A simple-minded specimen of the *materfamilias* class, having read in a poem about a simoom that "swept the plains," urged her husband to get one of them "new-fangled things," for her to use in her kitchen.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales honoured with their presence, on Wednesday evening, the performance of *The Marriage of Figaro*, by the Carl Rosa Opera Company, at the Princess's Theatre.

Wagner has obtained for his Bayreuth Tetralogical Trilogy the assistance of the greatest machinist of Berlin, to produce uncommon automatic effects, as several wild animals, including a dragon, are to appear moving on the stage.

In consequence of continued indisposition, Mrs Rousby will not return to America before next year. It is probable that on her recovery she will make her reappearance on the London stage in a new drama by Mr Dion Boucicault.

It is announced that Mr Isidor de Lara, of London, has been awarded the gold medal for composition, &c., at the Royal Conservatory, Milan. Mr de Lara is only seventeen years of age, and is the youngest candidate to whom the gold medal has yet fallen.

Among the artists already engaged for the Winter Concerts at the Crystal Palace are Mad. Lemmens, Mad. Sinico, Miss E. Wynne, Mad. Blanche Cole, Miss Rose Hersee, Mad. Patey, Mad. Neruda, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Vernon Rigby, Signor Foli, and Mr Patey.

The death is recorded by the German papers of Henri Rückert, at the age of 52, son of the celebrated poet and orientalist, F. Rückert. Amongst the works published by the deceased historian may be mentioned *Annals of German History*, and *History of the Middle Ages.*

Sambo astonished a Kentucky postmaster a short time since by inquiring for "stamped antelopes."

Mr G. H. Betjeman's action against the Messrs Gatti (of the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts) has been settled by arbitration. Mr Betjeman has been awarded the whole of his claim and expenses.

Mr Tennyson's *Queen Mary* is to be produced on the stage in America immediately, in advance of London. It is announced to be played in Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, this week. A few additional scenes are to be introduced, and Cranmer is to be burnt on the stage.

The Philharmonic Theatre will re-open for the season on Saturday, October 2nd, under the direction of Mr Richard Temple, with *Les Georgiennes* (an opera-bouffe), by Offenbach, and a revival of *The Zoo*, by Arthur Sullivan. Miss Rose Bell is engaged for leading lady in *Les Georgiennes*.

In consequence of untoward accidents and delays in the completion of the scenery, which is understood to be of an elaborate character, Mrs Bateman was obliged to postpone the production of *Macbeth* till this evening. The event is anticipated with much eagerness by play-goers of all classes.

Signor Li Calsi has—according to *La Gazetta Musicale di Milano*, and other Italian journals—met with great success at Faenza, where he has been conducting Verdi's *Forza del destino*, and other grand operas. After each performance the accomplished maestro "è sempre fatto segno di ovazioni splendidissime."

Mdlle Albani, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr Patey, Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Radcliff, and M. Paque, are the artists engaged by Mr Kuhe (who will be the solo pianist on the occasion), for the second of his three "Dome" Subscription Concerts at Brighton. The concert is to take place on Monday. Messrs R. Potts and Co. have the "seating" arrangements.

Three brothers, natives of Cuba, who have been studying at Leipsic, where they are known as the "Coloured Trio," are about to visit England. Their names are Timénez, and they play the pianoforte, violin, and violoncello respectively. The "Cuban Brothers" appear to have astonished all who have heard them by their performances of classical music. They intend visiting England next month, in conjunction with a barytone singer of repute, Herr Schrauff, for the purpose of giving classical concerts in London and the provinces.

His Excellency Iwakura Tomomi, chief of the Japanese Embassy which visited England a few years ago, has just presented the library of the India Office with a set of the Chinese version of the Buddhist Scriptures, which weighs 3½ tons, and will require a room to itself. The India Library possesses already, besides many other Chinese works on Buddhism, a set of the Tibetan version of the Buddhist canon, in 334 large volumes, presented by Mr B. H. Hodgson, and a set of the Pali Tipitaka, written on palm leaves in the Burmese character, in 50 boxes, presented by Sir A. Phayre.

HOTEL DE RUSSIE.
DREXEL FRERES.

MENU.
1 heure.

Potage Parmentier.
Soles au vin blanc.
Filet de Boeuf napolitaine.
Poulet au riz Sce suprême.
Choux fleurs au gratin.
Perdreaux flanqués de cailles.
Salade.
Glaces aux amandes.
Pâtisseries.
Dessert.

FRANCFORT s/M. 2 *Septembre*, 1875.

COLOGNE.—The season at the Stadttheater was inaugurated by a very successful performance of *Fidelio*, under the conductorship of Herr Preumayr, late of Kroll's Theatre, Berlin.

CREMONA.—*L'Africaine* has been performed with great success at the Teatro della Concordia. Signora Fricci was Selika; Signora Galli, Ines; Sig. Cottone, Nelusko; and Sig. Vanzan, Vasco di Gama.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—Miss Minnie Hauck has been fulfilling a short engagement here, appearing as Senta in *Der Fliegende Holländer* and as Rose Friquet in *Das Glöckchen des Eremiten*. She has been very successful.

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"'The Maiden's Tear,' by Lillie Albrecht, Second Rêverie for the pianoforte, is a good and useful teaching piece, calculated only to justify its title in the case of the union of two such elements as incompetency in the pupil and irritation on the part of the master."—*Morning Post, February 3rd*, 1875.
"'The Maiden's Tear,' Second Rêverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. Brilliant and full of feeling, this Rêverie may take its rank with the best of Mr Sidney Smith's compositions."—*Young Englishwoman, May*, 1875.
"'The Maiden's Tear,' Second Rêverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. A carefully conceived and well studied composition; the composer is evidently a zealous student, and she has apparently much natural ability."—*Hornet, April 28*, 1875.
"'The Maiden's Tear,' by Lillie Albrecht. After the style of Brinley Richards, this drawing-room piece is brilliant without being difficult, and shows both talent and knowledge of the laws of musical composition on the part of the composer, who is, we believe, a very young lady."—*The Drawing Room Gazette, June 19th*, 1875.
"'The Maiden's Tear,' Second Rêverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. This charming piece evinces in its style throughout no small share of original talent, as well as sparkling and artistic cultivation, it being full of delicate and plaintive feeling. We have no doubt that it will be very popular, both in the concert-room and saloon."—*Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, May*, 1875.
"'The Maiden's Sigh' and 'The Maiden's Tear,' two reveries for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. These are both from the pen of a highly talented and proficient pianiste, and are of considerable merit. The first is a pretty little exercise, and the fingering is excellent; the second is far prettier, and as a *morceau de salon* has exceptional merit, whilst at the same time it is unconventional."—*Public Opinion.*

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CONTENTS.

1	1st Sunday in Advent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
2	2nd Sunday in Advent	Deus tu convertens	Qrtt. or Chorus	Henry Smart
3	3rd Sunday in Advent	Juste et pie vivamus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
4	4th Sunday in Advent	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
5	Any Sunday during Advent	Rorate	Chorus & Solo	Webbe
6	Christmas Day	Adeste Fideles	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
7	Sunday within Octave of Christmas	Attolite	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
8	Circumcision	Tui sunt coeli	Ten. So. & Chor.	A. Sullivan
9	Epiphany	Reges Tharsis	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
10	Sunday within Octave	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
11	Holy Name	Jesu dulcis	Qrtt. & Chorus	Beethoven
12	3rd Sunday after Epiphany	Dextera Domini	Chorus	Schumann
13	Septuagesima Sunday	Bonum est	Solo & Chorus	Benedict
14	Sexagesima Sunday	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
15	Quinquagesima Sunday	Super flumina	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
16	1st Sunday in Lent	Ecce nunc tempus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
17	2nd Sunday in Lent	Preces populi	Chorus	Webbe
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1	4th Sunday in Lent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
19	Passion Sunday	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Webbe
20	Palm Sunday	Improperium	Chorus	André
21	Easter Sunday (Gradual)	Hæc dies	Chorus or Trio. T.T. & B.	Webbe
22	,, ,, (Offertory)	Victimæ	Chorus	Webbe
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25	3rd Sunday after Easter	Laudæ animæ	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
10	4th Sunday after Easter	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
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27	Ascension Day	Ascendit Deus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
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33	Corpus Christi (Gradual)	Lauda Sion	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
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36	3rd Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
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46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavero	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
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4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
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62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
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APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Coeli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Sept. 23.

Although circumstances have been in some measure adverse to this, the 18th Triennial Festival of Norfolk and Norwich, it may, on the whole, be pronounced a fair success. The weather, as a rule, has certainly not been propitious. Nevertheless, at the first evening concert, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given, at considerably reduced charges for admission, St Andrew's Hall was literally crowded by an eager and appreciative audience, the miscellaneous entertainment on the evening after being equally well attended.

Notwithstanding the disappointment caused by the withdrawal at the last moment of Mr Arthur Sullivan's anxiously expected *David and Jonathan*, and, consequently, the entire absence of novelty, the performances of sacred music have afforded a satisfaction easy to understand. The pieces were selected with unerring judgment; and their execution, in the majority of instances, was very nigh irreproachable. The members of the Norfolk and Norwich chorus fully maintained its repute, and Sir Julius Benedict has good reason to be pleased with the result of their endeavours, no insignificant share in which, by the way, must in fairness be attributed to Mr J. Harcourt, the indefatigable chorus-master, whose trained skill, not for the first time, has served him to excellent purpose. Particulars of the week's programme were set forth at length in a recent impression, and very few of its absolute promises remained unfulfilled. What was predicted of the orchestra has been thoroughly carried out; and this was apparent in the C minor symphony of Beethoven (which merely required an occasional touch of delicacy to silence criticism), at one concert, and the superb instrumental movements preceding, after the manner of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the choral portions of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, at the next. But there were further examples of spirited orchestral playing to which attention may be called hereafter. Let us first speak especially about the morning performances of sacred music. These, without reservation, were interesting in themselves, besides being noteworthy displays on the part of the executants. In the *Lobgesang* the vocal parts were no less remarkable than the instrumental. Rarely has this grand work of the most richly endowed composer since Beethoven created a deeper impression. To single out but one chorus from the rest, we may specify "The night is departing," perhaps, after "Thanks be to God," from *Elijah*, Mendelssohn's noblest and most elaborately wrought-out effort of the kind. The delivery of this was all that could be wished, and alone would have secured Wednesday's performance a marked place in the records of Norwich Festivals. The solo vocal parts were no less fortunate, Mdlle Emma Albani, who has been earning golden opinions this week, and whose successful *début* at the festival of 1872 is not yet forgotten, Mdlle Mathilda Enequist, and Mr Edward Lloyd were the chief singers, all distinguishing themselves and materially aiding the general effect. The tuneful duet, "I waited for the Lord," (Mdlles Albani and Enequist), was, at the instigation of the Mayor of Norwich, who in his choice showed taste and judgment not to be impeached, was repeated. At the beginning of the second part a similar compliment was paid to Mdlle Anna de Belocca, whose pure and unobtrusive rendering of Cherubini's well-known "Ave Maria" merited all praise. The graceful accompaniment for the solo clarionet was intrusted to Mr Lazarus, whose mellow tone and artistically-finished phrasing have seldom been displayed to more advantage—notwithstanding that the air, written, as amateurs need hardly be informed, for a soprano, was transposed a third lower, to suit the voice of Mdlle de Belocca, which is a contralto. The remainder of the programme was devoted partly to a group of pieces from the late Henry Hugh Pierson's oratorio, *Jerusalem*, composed expressly, as we have already stated, for the Norwich Festival of 1852, where it was first presented in its entirety. The selection, otherwise interesting, being somewhat deficient in variety, a certain sense of monotony resulted. Had Mr Pierson, once conspicuously prominent at the Norwich Festival, been living, he might have suggested one more effective, although, keenly sensitive to artistic symmetry, he would have preferred hearing his work as originally framed, instead of in fragments, the immediate relation of which one to another is not immediately apparent. The composer of *Jerusalem*, *Hezekiah*, and the music to the second part of Goethe's *Faust*, was of an uncompromising nature. He never wrote for gain, never for mere popularity. About what may have happened to him in reference to the first, knowing nothing, we are unable to speak; the last he never won. True, there are serious thought and serious purport in his music. Moreover, he was original, drawing from no other source than his own imagination, such as that was; but, unhappily, the source was arid, and though he evidently worked with the ardour and sincerity of one persuaded that he was by nature an artist who had a mission intrusted to him, he could only succeed in enlisting the sympathies of a certain zealous, even enthusiastic, coterie, failing to convince the outside world that he was endowed with gifts and qualities out of the common way. Nor are we at all surprised at this; on the contrary, we should have felt surprised had things taken another course. At the same time, Mr Pierson wrote with a firm belief that what he wrote was for the best, and that that for which he had striven was absolutely attained. This earnest sincerity has won consideration from many whose sympathies by his simple natural gifts and scholarly acquirements he could hardly have enlisted. Among the excerpts from his oratorio were the air, "Of the Rock that begat thee thou art mindful," which, expressive in itself, was expressively given by Mdme Sherrington; the air, "For a small moment have I forsaken Thee," one of the best-imagined and most carefully constructed solos in the work, extremely well sung by Mr Lloyd; the overture, a laboured, ambitious, and by no means unimpressive piece of workmanship; the trio, "Enter the Rock," for two sopranos and tenor, assigned to Mdme Sherrington, Mdlle Enequist, and Mr Guy; the air, with chorus, "And God shall wipe away all tears," solo by Mdme Sherrington; and the grand chorus, "The eternal God is thy refuge." Mdme Sherrington, who never sang with more feeling and refinement, was called upon to repeat the air above mentioned. The overture was admirably executed, and full justice was rendered to the choral portions; so that nothing was left undone by Sir Julius Benedict or by the singers and players under his watchful guidance to impart force and significance to that which the composer had endeavoured to convey by his music. The sensation produced, it must be confessed, was not a fair equivalent for the pains expended on getting up the performance. The whole, however, was a respectful and welcome tribute to the memory of an artist who once stood so high in the esteem of Norwich amateurs, and who is still so well remembered by Norwich people. After *Jerusalem*, music again seemed to move about with vigour unrestricted. What followed next, and brought the concert to an end, was Haydn's Third Mass, generally known as the "Imperial," the solo parts in which were allotted to Mdlle Enequist, Mdme Patey, Mr H. Guy, and Mr J. L. Wadmore. The performance of this work was excellent from first to last, and Mr Wadmore, a young baritone, who is rapidly making progress, won general approval by his singing in the "Qui tollis peccata mundi." The Mass was a spirited climax to a concert too long by at least a third of the music comprised in the programme.

Sept. 24.

It is to be regretted that the financial results of the 18th Norfolk and Norwich Festival are not very likely to realize the expectations of its well-wishers, or (unless donations come freely in) to leave any considerable surplus for the charities it is intended to aid. That the holding of the "Royal Commission" has acted prejudicially to its interests can hardly be denied. Moreover, the weather has been anything but propitious, and, under similar circumstances, Norwich has, perhaps, never been less buoyant and lively. Some persons go even so far as to predict that this will have been the last triennial meeting. Let us hope the contrary, for the sake of art and charity alike. The history of the Norwich Festivals reflects credit both on the city and county, and every amateur would regret to learn that they were to be abandoned. Nevertheless, with such a numerous and distinguished list of patrons ("vice-presidents," &c.), it is a pity

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that more of them were not actually present. This time, with a few marked exceptions, the Mayor and Corporation seem to have done the greatest part of the necessary work; and to them hearty thanks are due.

The programmes, for the most part, though attractive in their kind, have been lengthy almost beyond endurance. But this has long been a crying sin at Festival meetings, not only in Norwich, but in Birmingham and elsewhere. Every singer of note is expected to sing, not only once, but twice—frequently, indeed, thrice—more especially at the evening "miscellaneous" concerts, when the vocal music counts for almost everything. Take, for example, the first of the week—which began, by the way, with an orchestral symphony, produced in its integrity—the C minor of Beethoven. This grand work may be said to have "inaugurated" the occasion with a prophetic trumpet-flourish of success; and how much time is consumed in its performance no amateur need be told. It was welcome, nevertheless, as never fails to be the case if executed with spirit, force, and precision—as now, when Sir Julius Benedict and his band of instrumentalists seemed inspired. But, then, the polyphonic selection that followed was gathered, with unsparing hand, from all conceivable sources. Its undue length, at the same time, was its most censurable feature. Mdlle Albani and Mdlle Anna de Belocca took part in it, and both gave unmistakable pleasure to their hearers. The enthusiasm with which the young Canadian had been greeted at the Festival three years since still dwelt in the memory of the greater number present, and her reception was all she could have desired. Hearty, too, was the welcome accorded to the still younger Russian lady, who, but some months ago, was for the first time introduced among us. Mdlle de Belocca chose the familiar cavatina, "Di tanti palpiti," from *Tancredi;* Mdlle Albani selected "Qui la voce," from the *Puritani*, and "With verdure clad," from the *Creation*. Each, however, sang another piece, or other pieces later in the evening. We cannot describe this programme in detail; but we may mention that the Serenade and Triumphal March, for orchestra, from Mr F. H. Cowen's *Joan of Arc*, a cantata composed about three years past, for Mr W. Kuhe's well-known Brighton Festivals, brought the opening part of the entertainment to a close. The second part began with the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, and ended with that to the *Nozze di Figaro;* the former being encored, and the spirited final movement repeated. The remainder consisted exclusively of ballads and national airs, an enumeration of which, number by number, would be tedious and superfluous. Our own accomplished soprano, Mdme Lemmens Sherrington, and our own accomplished contralto, Mdme Patey, joined their Canadian and Russian sisters in these exhibitions of primeval art; Mdlle Enequist, the admired Swedish songstress, contributing two of the ballads of her country. Four nationalities were thus represented by the ladies alone. Signor Foli, Messrs E. Lloyd, H. Guy, and Wadmore were the other singers. We cannot but think that a concert of this character, made up of shreds and patches, is out of keeping with a great festival. Then, at the second morning concert, there was another long—much too long—selection. Spohr's cantata, "God, Thou art great," Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* were all comprised in the scheme.

The greatest impression at any morning performance during the week was created by the sacred masterpiece of our lamented English musician. The solo parts were entrusted to Mdlle Enequist, Mdme Patey, Messrs Lloyd and Wadmore—all of whom acquitted themselves admirably. Three pieces were encored and repeated—the air, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me out," the unaccompanied quartet, "God is a spirit," so conspicuous a feature at the funeral in Westminster Abbey, and "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him." The first was sung in perfection by Madame Patey; the second was undertaken by the four leading vocalists already named; the last by Mr Edward Lloyd. Each of these displays would have more than satisfied the composer. So, indeed, would the entire performance, which Sir Julius Benedict directed as carefully as if the cantata had been his own. The oftener the *Woman of Samaria* is heard, the deeper sympathy does it create. A work more symmetrical in form, more purely and chastely devotional, does not exist. It confers lasting honour upon our English school of music.

About Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, to say more than that its execution, despite flaws here and there, was generally effective, and that the solo parts were in the competent hands of Madame Sherrington, Mdlle de Belocca, Signor Foli, Messrs E. Lloyd and H. Guy, would be supererogatory. The duet for the two ladies was encored. Spohr's cantata, as has been already suggested, is not by any means one of the happiest "representative" works of its author. While strongly exhibiting his peculiar mannerisms, it reveals but few of those happy thoughts which have gained for him so high a place among composers of the actual century. Had "God, Thou art great" been omitted, it would have reduced the proportions and thereby increased the enjoyability of a selection already ample enough without it—a selection, by the way, which further included "Let the bright Seraphim," sung by Mdlle Albani, accompanied on the trumpet by Mr T. Harper, and encored. Of Sir Julius Benedict's *St Cecilia*—which at the evening performance was the counterpart of Sir Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* at those in the morning, and had Mdlle Albani, Mdme Patey, Signor Foli, and Mr Edward Lloyd for solo vocalists—as also of Signor Randegger's *Fridolin*, the conspicuous feature of the last miscellaneous concert, we have a few words to say that must be deferred till another and a final letter. These cannot be dismissed with a bare reference to the circumstance of their having been given; nor can Mdlle Albani's expressive reading and perfect execution of the music of *St Cecilia* be passed over without some words explanatory of the unanimous approval she obtained. Meanwhile, it will suffice to add that the *Messiah*, the great sacred oratorio—oratorio of oratorios, indeed—brought the musical part of the Festival to a close. The chief artists, Mdlles Albani and De Belocca excepted, took part in the performance, which made the never-failing impression. The attendance was the largest of the week—that to *Elijah* on Monday night, when the prices were reduced, alone excepted.

The ball in St Andrew's hall, though attended by many personages of note, was, from a financial point of view, hardly so successful as on former occasions.—*Times.*

Sept. 25.

Whether Sir Julius Benedict took nine years to reconsider and perfect his cantata, *The Legend of St Cecilia*, before giving it to the world at the Festival of 1866, we cannot say, but that it has for "nine years" now braved public scrutiny, and come forth successfully from the ordeal, may be asserted with little fear of contradiction. *St Cecilia* is not only admired at Norwich, but in London and elsewhere. It is, in fact, while clear and simple in plan, one of the most finished and poetical things of its kind in conception and development, form and manner, that belong to contemporary art. In fashioning the legend for musical purposes the late Mr Henry Fothergill Chorley was more than usually careful; and Sir Julius Benedict has known how to appreciate the pains bestowed upon the work by his literary associate. It is unnecessary to describe once more in detail either the poem or the music. Enough that the triumph of 1866 found its counterpart at the Festival of 1875, and that *St Cecilia* again won unequivocal acceptance. From the opening prelude and "Wedding Chorus" to the canticle sung by Cecilia, alternately responded to and accompanied by the cheerful and consoling strains of her angelic deliverers, there was hardly a single passage that failed to make more or less sensible impression—the climax being, as a matter of course, the martyrdom of Cecilia and her converted lover Valerianus. Here the sympathies of the audience were expressed in enthusiastic plaudits, so unanimous and long persisted in, that it became indispensable to repeat it—a somewhat heavy tax upon the physical strength of Mdlle Albani, who, nevertheless, went through it vigorously. No wonder that, while a second demonstration as genuine as the first was going on, the composer warmly shook hands with his Cecilia; for never was task entered upon more heartily than that which had been accomplished by the young and fair Canadian, whose performance none present can readily forget. Sir Julius, indeed,

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was supported with equal talent and goodwill by all his interpreters, orchestra, chorus, and soloists—Mr Edward Lloyd (Valerianus), Signor Foli (the Prefect), and Madame Patey ("a Believer"), each rendering valuable service. Madame Patey gave the beautiful prayer of the Christian woman with such pure and touching sentiment that we felt no surprise at her being called upon to repeat it. The execution of *St Cecilia*, in short, was from first to last in the highest degree satisfactory.

At this miscellaneous concert was also heard Professor Macfarren's Liverpool "Festival Overture," and two movements from Sir Julius Benedict's new orchestral symphony. The overture, which improves on every hearing, and is really a fine work, was scarcely played in such a manner as to bring out its most characteristic passages with advantage. One of the movements from the symphony has already been made known—we mean the admirable *scherzo*. The other was a graceful *andante*. The final movement, which, it is believed, will be very elaborate, remains to be put on paper, and it would be unfair to pass judgment on a composition of such importance until its author has given it out complete. Both overture and symphony were cordially received. As if there had not been serious music enough in a programme so constituted, a dramatic *scena* by Signor Randegger, entitled *Saffo*, was introduced by Madame Sherrington, the composer himself conducting. The *scena* and the singing were worthy each other, but the lateness of the hour deprived them in a great measure of the consideration to which they were entitled. And then, how much more was to come! Mdlle de Belocca, who has been in high favour during the Festival, was set down for a romance from *Mignon* and an air from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, both of which she was invited by the audience (who at the secular performances use their own privilege as regards encores) to sing twice. There was also—besides other vocal pieces, solo and concerted, too many to specify—a promised selection from Mr J. Harcourt's operetta, *The Science of Love* (in which Mdlles Enequist and Helen d'Alton, Messrs Lloyd and Wadmore took the solo parts). Mr Harcourt's music, if not strikingly original, is so unassuming and so agreeably instrumented that, apart from its composer's immediate local position in regard to the Festival, it had a fair right to a place. Mr Harcourt himself directed the performance. Pity that it should have come on at so late an hour. The march from Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was the final number in a programme nearly one-third of which might have been omitted with advantage.

The entire first part of the last evening programme was, fortunately, devoted to Signor Randegger. Nothing preceded, nothing followed the dramatic cantata of *Fridolin*, originally produced under the composer's own direction at the Birmingham Festival of 1873. At Birmingham it was greeted with the warmth seldom denied to a new work of dramatic spirit and interest. This is precisely what *Fridolin* aimed at being, and certainly it has hit the mark. The cantata before all is dramatic, and points to the stage as its author's legitimate field of action. He might easily fit it for that arena with the help of certain modifications, the contrivance of which would not cost him much trouble. The incidents of Schiller's legend are tolerably familiar, and Mdme Rudersdorff has adhered to them with commendable fidelity in her adaptation of the poem. But we need not say over again in newly turned phrase what has already been written and published in relation to Signor Randegger's work. It suffices to add that at Norwich it pleased no less than it had pleased at Birmingham, and that the difference between the two performances was in no instance so palpable as might have been anticipated. This was admitted by not a few who had enjoyed the privilege of listening to both. All the numbers applauded at Birmingham were equally appreciated in St Andrew's Hall, none more so than the strikingly melodramatic scene at the forge. The lively chorus of "Hunters" and the chorus of "Handmaidens," which is as graceful as its predecessor is lively, were both encored and repeated. Signor Randegger was again fortunate with his solo singers—Madame Sherrington being the Countess Eglantine of Saverne, Mr Wadmore the Count, upon Signor Foli devolving the part of the wicked and designing Hubert, and upon Mr E. Lloyd that of the innocent Fridolin, which the composer, although Fridolin is a "page," has had the courage to assign to a man's voice instead of to a woman's, as so frequently happens under similar conditions. All did their best for the music, and succeeded accordingly. Not less zealous were the members of the chorus and orchestra; so that Signor Randegger had reason to be gratified. He was loudly cheered at the conclusion.

The promised Festival overture by Mr W. T. Best, of Liverpool, which opened the second part, is a spirited composition made up of an introduction and *allegro*, both carefully wrought out, but containing in the latter instance passages for stringed instruments not always very easy to execute with the effect contemplated. It is the work, however, of a genuine musician, and by amateurs will be esteemed as such. Not so well played as might have been wished, and evidently standing in need of more careful rehearsal than could have been allotted to it at so busy a time with so much else of importance to prepare, the overture will, doubtless, be heard again before long. It was favourably received. The remainder of the programme comprised a miscellaneous selection in which the principal singers took part, as on previous occasions, but which, though excellent in its way (and lengthy in proportion), demands no special comment. We must, nevertheless, suggest that some more important task should have been assigned to such an artist as M. Sainton than the accompaniment to an air from *Le Pré aux Clercs*, well as it was sure to be played by that eminent violinist, and brilliantly as the voice part was sure to be sung by Mdlle Enequist. Italian airs were given by Mdlles Albani and Belocca, and the whole came to an end with Auber's melodious prelude to *La Sirène*, shorn, by the way, of its opening movement. Thus terminated the Norfolk and Norwich Festival of 1875, not the last, it is hoped, to be held under the superintendence of Sir Julius Benedict; not the last, it is to be hoped, indeed, under any circumstances.

Miss Enriquez has requested us to state that the cause of her not appearing at the Norwich Festival, as announced, was simply "that the Committee were unable to carry out the contract as first arranged." The vacant place left by Miss Enriquez was filled up by the young and promising singer Miss Helen D'Alton, who did good service as second contralto in *Elijah*, &c.—*Times*.

The local papers furnish their readers with the subjoined estimate of the attendances at this Festival compared with those at the Festival of 1872:—

	1872.				1875.			
	Guineas.	Half Guineas.	Five Shillings.	Total.	Guineas.	Half Guineas.	Five Shillings.	Total.
Monday evening	—	396	1,073	1,469	—	459	799	1,258
Tuesday evening	114	1,124	—	1,238	138	977	—	1,115
Wednesday morning ...	263	1,053	—	1,316	170	695	—	865
Wednesday evening ...	22	580	—	602	42	650	—	692
Thursday morning	76	485	—	561	150	798	—	948
Thursday evening	119	822	—	941	59	496	—	555
Friday morning	243	1,345	—	1,588	238	962	—	1,200
Total	837	5,805	1,073	7,715	797	5,037	799	6,633

TURIN.—The Teatro Regio will open for the winter season under the management of Signor Daniele Borioli, who proposes giving *L'Africaine*, *Mignon*, and Sig. Lauro Rossi's new opera of *Cleopatra*.

BRUSSELS.—MM. Stoumon and Calabrési, the new managers of the Théâtre-Royal de la Monnaie, have been lucky at the commencement of their campaign, and, up to the present moment, have gained golden opinions from the operatic public, by whom their efforts, more especially as they affect comic opera, are favourably appreciated. Gounod's *Mireille* was a success, which is now followed by another, namely, *Il Barbiere*. The cast is, for this capital, very good. Mdlle Derivis, as Rosine, more than fulfills the expectations she excited as Mireille. Almaviva finds a worthy representative in M. Bertin. M. Morlet is an excellent Figaro; M. Neveu, a thoroughly artistic Don Basilio; and M. Chapuis, an exceptional Bartholo, vocally and histrionically. *Il Trovatore*, also, has been produced with success.

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THE KENNEDYS IN AMERICA.

(*Concluded from page* 648.)

Now you must excuse all this long prosing, but my apology must be that I know you to be interested in all matters musical. To return to our travels. We had a nice drive from San Jose, in a street-car, down to Santa Clara, through a continuous avenue of densest shade-trees—one of the most unique trips we have had. The whole road was lined on both sides by the most delightful villas, half concealed by rich foliage, and the track stretched away in front through a delicious sylvan vista, broken here and there by patches of sunlight. Santa Clara is an old Spanish settlement. One hundred years ago, the fat monks used to sit in the "plazza" and watch the interesting sports of "bear-baiting" and bull-fighting. Now, the practical Jonathan has flooded the place with his saloons and groceries, and replaced the old memories and old sports by as near an approach to a verdant Paradise as it is possible to get in a town of any size. From here we went to Stockton, where we gave our concerts in the "Mozart Hall" (composers' names are much in vogue as titles for halls). Next door to it, however, was the "Mozart Liquor Saloon," an appellation which seems somewhat irreverent. At Sacramento we had our "Twa Hours at Hame" in the Congregational church, which might sound as an act of sacrilege to not a few decent people in the "old land;" but it is used constantly as a public hall for respectable entertainments, lectures, and meetings. The Americans have not, like us, the same hallowing respect for mere buildings. There is not the same line sharply marking the difference between things sacred and secular; they are blended more; there is no great gulf between Sunday and Monday. This is symbolized by the clergyman discarding gown and bands, and appearing in ordinary mortal suit, with neat black or coloured tie, and, may-hap, a white waistcoat. This jarred against our old notions at first, but the absence of stiffness and formality is very grateful now. Sacramento is the capital of California, though nothing to be compared, as a town, with San Francisco, and has a very imposing capitol, like the same building at Washington, though smaller.

From here we started on our long overland railway journey on the great Pacific line. We were two days and two nights on the way to Salt Lake, and enjoyed the luxury of "sleeping-cars." The grand scenery of the Sierra Nevada mountains was passed over in the night, so we lost the chance of seeing the noble landscapes in the full light of day; but the moon rose and lighted up the pine-clad valleys in a way that probably intensified their grandeur and gloom. What height, what depth, what unfathomable darkness away down in some of the great cañons, and then what a vast expanse of wide mountain-slopes when the train rushed round on the edge of a precipice, at an elevation of 5,000, 6,000, and, at the "summit," 7,000 feet. When we got in to the snow-sheds, those long wooden tunnels, all prospect was lost, and in the morning we awoke upon the great alkali desert, a plain covered with dusty-looking sage-brush, and bounded by distant mountain ranges. Every seven or eight miles we came to a little wayside station, where every poor soul about the place came out to see the long train—a strange group of human beings, composed of rough diggers, saloon loafers, "niggers," Chinamen, and red men. The noble Indian, with his long black hair, and face something like a Chinaman's, was dressed in European clothes and round hat, while the little boys and girls scampered about in whatever rags were handy. The women looked lazy, and sat on the platform on their hunkers, looking up for any stray crust the passengers might throw out during their lunch. Some of the females had their "papooses," or babies, swaddled on boards, tied behind their backs. So on we went through weary plains till we came to Humboldt Station, where we passed through the "Palisades," the first bit of scenery we had seen for hours—a long winding defile, with huge, rugged cliffs running along on either side, as if you were travelling through the Queen's Park, Edinburgh, with the Salisbury Crags frowning down upon you on both hands. Shortly afterwards we were rattling down towards the Mormon capital, past Mormon farms and Mormon homesteads, and in view of the great Salt Lake. At length we beheld the city lying at the foot of the snow-capped Wasatch range, the houses all cosily sheltered by plantations, and above the trees rising the egg-shaped roof of the Tabernacle. A large building this, with the decorations of the "Jubilee" still remaining, and a cool fountain playing in the centre. On Sunday we heard the Mormon service. There was a large attendance of strangers. The organ is a noble instrument, and there is a capital choir. In front of them sat a large ecclesiastical orchestra of elders; and one of the "heads" of the church delivered a most virulent address. It is a dry, brutal religion, not only in itself, but in the stand it takes against all civilization and improvement. A day or two ago the Indians, under the instigation of the Mormons, attacked a small place called Corinne, but were repulsed. The inhabitants patrol their little township all night now. The followers of Brigham will have to shift soon, for the failure of the Mountain Meadows trial (because of a Mormon jury) is a great blow to the Latter-Day Saints.

In Sacramento we received copies of the *Musical World;* likewise, Mr Henderson, the slip-proofs of your article on the "Cedars," and the eloquent poem that accompanies it; also, "Jeanie Morrison," with your own music, and "My own loved land" (how we long to be there!), in which you are not only "author," but, we are delighted to add, "composer." The budget also contained further copies of your song on Dr Livingstone. Father will be happy to sing it. I was greatly pleased to see the programme of the "annual dinner" of your office, for not only did I see several familiar names, but it reminded me of a certain "wayzgoose" in Meopham (Kent), where I had the honour of being present, as the oldest apprentice in the office. Lastly, I was thunderstruck to see my last epistle to you printed in full in the columns of the *Musical World*—a shock from which my modesty is only slowly recovering.

From here we go to Chicago, Detroit, and Toronto, and down through Canada in the winter. My brother Robert has left our ranks for a little, and has gone "east" to make arrangements for our tour. He is imitating General Sherman in the successful rapidity of his march. Excuse this verbose letter, and the "nonpariel type" in which it is written. Now I must close, hoping that you are all in good health and that business is still as prosperous as ever. Will write again when we get into Canada, and hope to hear from you sometime or other. Kindest regards from us all to you all. I remain yours, very truly,

DAVID KENNEDY, JUN.

Too Late.

Sir,—While their is yet time to do some good, I should like with your permission to say a word about the Norwich Festival. I would principally address those that think the Festival a valuable institution, and urge them to take tickets at once, and not be satisfied that their neighbours and friends have taken theirs. I would then wish to touch the hearts of the Norfolk and Norwich public generally. The Festival helps to support noble charities; gives proof that the city has not lost its old vigour, but able to take a place amongst the cities of Europe; affords occasion for East Anglian hospitality; unites in stronger bonds county and city (desirable for both); engages citizens all the year round in studying the choruses of the great masters of musical art; and circulates large sums of money in our midst. Let every one consider that the future of the Festivals depends upon himself, and that by giving to wife and family an opportunity of hearing beautiful music, is doing more good than in sending direct to those institutions for the benefit of which the Festivals were instituted. Let Lynn, Yarmouth, and Norwich contribute liberally, lest the Festivals, which have done credit to Norwich for fifty years, be discontinued. All who enjoy a dance, and are happy in witnessing the happiness of others, should come to the ball and support those noble ladies who have given it their patronage. The ball has not been attended of late as it should be; and I fear if that to be given on Friday be not crowned with success, it may be the last in what has been happily termed by the press, *the handsomest ball-room in the United Kingdom.* There is more to be said in favour of Norwich Festivals. I may add that donations will be received from those unable to attend. By this means a large portion of the receipts of the Birmingham and other festivals are obtained.

Thorpe Hamlet, September 19th, 1875. J. B. M.

FLORENCE.—The Teatro Pagliano opened for the season with Auber's *Fils Prodigue,* the principal parts being sustained by Signora Lorrini, Signori Vizzani, Brogi, and Silvestri. Verdi's *Requiem* was performed, under the direction of Sig. Faccio, on the occasion of the Michael Angelo Centenary.

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CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

The *Bohemian Girl* belongs, as a matter of course, to the repertory of every English opera season. Its music may be hackneyed, and the time, labour, and money spent upon its production, may bring none of the reward which is higher and nobler than pecuniary success; but the public insist upon the work, and will take no denial. Mr Carl Rosa, therefore, had no choice when drawing up the scheme of his season but to include Balfe's familiar opera. It is easy to believe that, as a musician, he looked longingly upon things better adapted to strengthen the artistic repute of his enterprise, but, as a manager, he dared not neglect the *Bohemian Girl*. So the work was brought forward on Saturday night, in presence of a crowd every individual member of which, judging by appearances, had hungered and thirsted for the well-known tunes this many a day, and, having them, could not restrain enthusiasm. The theatre was crowded in every part, the cheaper seats especially being filled with a closely-packed and demonstrative throng. And yet there are people who tell us that English opera is played out, with nothing in its repertory but dead or exhausted music, and no public who care for it. Nonsense. Its repertory may not be strong, but that is a state of things which, unless the genius of music has entirely deserted our nation, can be remedied; while the aspect of the Princess's on Saturday night proved clearly enough that a public taste for English opera exists, and is ready to show itself whenever appealed to by a genuine attraction. The *Bohemian Girl*, true to a *rôle* it has often played, will be one of the chief supports of Mr Rosa's season, and materially help him to continue an effort on behalf of our national lyric stage such as every amateur regards with admiration for its spirit and best wishes for its success. But, even had Mr Rosa been under no sort of obligation to produce Balfe's work, he would have found an adequate excuse in his ability to give it with the additional music written for the version which had so favourable a "run" in Paris six years ago. English amateurs who lay claim to any sort of "higher development" in matters of taste are apt to speak sneeringly of the *Bohemian Girl*, and it may be well to remind them, by way of caution against a bad form of musical Philistinism, that this opera is something more than a favourite with our own mixed public. It is a cosmopolitan opera, and has found acceptance in many lands. It has been played at Hamburg, under the title of *La Gitana;* and at Vienna, under that of *Die Zigeunerin*. The Parisians know it as *La Bohemienne;* while all over the United States its original title is as familiar as among ourselves. Facts like these have a significance; and it was with no little interest that amateurs gathered to make acquaintance with the Parisian appendix. We are unable to say whether Mr Rosa played all the extra numbers. If so, their importance is less than, perhaps, was generally anticipated. The first act, for example, appeared strictly in its old form; while the second presented its first interpolation at the scene of the betrothal. Here the recitative and chorus, "Listen while I relate," is cut out, as far as the allegretto, "Happy and light of heart," to make room for an important *ensemble*, with solos, written in Balfe's most grandiloquent style: The new number, while effective *per se*, is a great improvement upon that displaced, because it gives adequate musical recognition to an episode which, dramatically, is of high significance. Its solos are chiefly for the Queen, and afford the representative of that character an excellent opportunity, of which, on Saturday, Miss Yorke took full advantage. Between the short chorus, "In the gipsy's life you read," and the duet, "This is my deed," a song for the Queen now appears, and is given in lieu of the latter. Having for its subject that musing upon the vanity of life which composers and poets so dearly love, and being written as much as possible like a dozen other ballads from the same hand, this interpolation requires no more than passing note; but the next, and last, addition is exceedingly pretty. We refer to a duet for the Queen and Arline, which comes before the gipsy march, and agreeably varies the flow of the music at that point. Balfe has seldom written, we will not say more fluently, because he is always fluent, but with more *esprit* than in this instance. The third act, like the first, has undergone no change, for the sufficient reason, perhaps, that, unlike the second, it invited none.

In various respects the performance deserved high praise. The orchestra especially carried off honours by its admirable execution, under Mr Rosa's *bâton*, and it is hardly too much to declare that Balfe's familiar music seemed another thing altogether thus rendered, than as it is too frequently heard. Rounds of applause followed the clarionet solo introducing "The heart bowed down," and that for violin at the beginning of Act 3. The principal characters were sustained, for the most part, in a manner too familiar for detail. Miss Rose Hersee, bright and fluent as ever, made Arline specially attractive; the fine voice of Miss Yorke did justice to the requirements of the Queen's music; Mr Nordblom sustained his repute as Thaddeus; Mr Lyall and Mr Aynsley Cook were amusing respectively as Devilshoof and Florestine, the one with refined, the other with broad humour; while Mr Celli, as the Count, obtained, in the instance of "The heart bowed down," a full recognition of his merits. The encores would take too long to enumerate, and he will not be far wrong who assumes that every favourite piece was redemanded. Mr Rosa has put the opera on his stage in liberal style. All the appointments are good, and it is long since our often dilapidated *Bohemian Girl* has made so brave a show.—*Daily Telegraph.*

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Professor Macfarren delivered on Saturday an inaugural address at the Royal Academy of Music, of which he is the President. Among those present were Messrs G. Benson, F. R. Cox, T. A. Walworth, W. H. Holmes, A. O'Leary, F. Ralph, and W. Lacy. Professor Macfarren said that many memorable events had occurred since 1822, when the Academy was established at a meeting in the Thatched House in St. James's Street. The changes which had been made in the Academy had tended to increase the extent, and, he hoped, the usefulness of the institution in disseminating musical knowledge. The number of students on the list showed that it would soon be necessary to remove to other premises, but as yet the locality to which they might migrate had not been decided upon. Go where they might, however, the present site of the institution would for ever be notable in the history of music as having been the scene of many occurrences which had tended to the advancement of musicians. Referring to some of the musicians connected with the Academy, Prof. Macfarren spoke of the establishment, by Sir John Goss, of a scholarship in his honour, and bearing his name. Then there was Mrs Anderson, who had instructed the Queen; Thomas Attwood, whose talents had attracted the notice of the Prince Regent; Sir Henry Bishop, who had frequently given lessons in the Academy; Cooke or "Tom Cooke;" John Cramer, a representative man in the history of the pianoforte; Dr Crotch, the first member of the Academy, and famous as an infant prodigy; and Rivière. Pupils who had become famous were Sir Sterndale Bennett, William Harrison, Mrs Alfred Shaw, Charlotte Dolby, Henry Blagrove, and Charles Lucas. The relations between professors and pupils were most important and most sacred; it was the duty of the former to form not only the technical, but also the moral character of their pupils. Nothing in the teaching of the Academy would bear the name of perfunctory, although assertions to the contrary had been made. Pupils did not go there for amusement, but to be trained for a particular course in life. He hoped they were all actuated by seriousness of purpose. They were not to regard the study of music as for personal display. Like all other branches of art, music was holy, and should not be studied for the sake of eliciting admiration and momentary applause. Professor Macfarren then spoke of the principles of instruction adopted at the Academy, and insisted upon the imperative necessity of technical exercises. In sketching the course to be pursued during the session 1875-6, he referred to the various scholarships and prizes which were awarded by the Academy. Among them were the Westmorland Scholarship, the Potter Exhibition, the Sterndale Bennett Scholarship, the Parepa-Rosa Scholarship, and the Goldsmidt Scholarship. Professor W. H. Holmes proposed a vote of thanks to the Principal for his address. The vote was carried by acclamation.—*Times.*

MANNHEIM.—Herr Richard Wüerst's comic opera, *A-ing-fo-hi*, has been produced here very successfully.

CAPE TOWN.—An Italian operatic company, under the management of Sig. Caglio, will shortly visit this place.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STANLEY BLIGHT.—The subject has been discussed over and over again in our columns. We really must decline to revive it.

ENQUIRER.—You would probably obtain all the information you want by writing to M. Victor C. Mahillon, the obliging and accomplished head of the well-known firm for musical instruments, Chaussée d'Anvers, No. 21, Brussels.

F. F.—Yes and No. "*Glück*" is decidedly German, and in so far you are right. But it signifies "good fortune, happiness." It is not the patronymic of the celebrated composer of *Iphigenia in Aulis*, who was named GLUCK—and in so far you are wrong.

ADUMBRATOR.—Our correspondent has clearly been bamboozled—just as another correspondent ("Indagator") was, but recently, by Dr Serpent, who appears bent upon wide-casting the apple of discord among inquirers. Gluck's *Don Juan* was a ballet, not an opera.

IMPOUNDER.—No. The sentence ran as follows:—"*But upon this, and other matters connected with a festival which, for reasons unnecessary to impound, has not been so financially prosperous as many of its predecessors, we must speak in a general* * * *.*" "Impounder" has been grievously misinstructed.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1875.

Episodes on Change.

DR SHIPPING. Well—which was your festival?
DR QUINCE. Why—I went to Worcester.
DR SHIPPING. Well—what did you think of Worcester?
DR QUINCE. Why—I'd rather it had been Norwich.
(*Exeunt severally.*)

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE concert season is again upon us, and Mr Manns, as usual, is first in the field. If other engagements have prevented us from noticing the Prospectus put forth a week or two since from the well-known Crystal Dome which crowns Sydenham Hill, it is not for want of the will so to do. For the Prospectus is emphatically a good Prospectus; good in quantity, good in quality; good in what it gives, and good in what it withholds. It is both curious and pleasant to look back—as the readers of the *Musical World* may, and, doubtless, will do—to the announcements which emanated from Sydenham in former years, and see what the progress has been in recent times. In those more ancient days the old Cantor of Leipsic was a *rara avis* at the Crystal Palace, but the name of John Sebastian Bach now regularly takes its place there, and this year is represented not only by a novelty at Sydenham—the sacred cantata, *God's time is the best*—but by an absolute novelty to English concert-rooms, which few but Mr Walter Broadwood, staunchest of flute players, can have heard (though he has, doubtless, not only heard, but played it)—the Suite in B minor, for orchestra and solo flute. HANDEL belongs of old to the Crystal Olympus; but he, too, comes forward with a new thunderbolt in his hand—the Chandos Te Deum, which has probably not been played or sung since its first performance in the chapel at Cannons. HAYDN, at once so great and so cheerful, has two appearances allotted him, and of these, again, one is a real novelty—a Symphony in E flat, known both as "Op. 59, No. 3," and as "No. 13," but seldom or never heard in the orchestra. Of MOZART, we are to have a welcome revival—the Requiem; also the Hafner Symphony, and the Concertante—which is as good as a symphony—for violin and viola, in E flat. Of BEETHOVEN Mr Manns may well say, "I give thee all—I can no more," when that "all" is the whole of the immortal nine Symphonies in their due succession. But he gives us more than "all"—"The Mount of Olives," a selection from the Ottet for wind, out of which the great composer afterwards made his stringed Quintet in E flat, and a selection from the Serenade for flute, violin, and viola, which, for more than one reason, might perhaps have been spared. Of SCHUBERT, the special household god of Sydenham, we are promised the "little" B flat Symphony (No. 5), which so charmed all hearers on its first performance on February 1st, 1873, and the "Grand Duo" for pianoforte, orchestrated by Joachim, doubtless, on Schumann's hint, who insisted on talking of it "as an orchestral work," and said, "take it in this light, and we are the richer by a symphony." So we are; and we are thankful for it, both to Joachim and Schumann—but most of all to Schubert. From Schubert the step is not far to MENDELSSOHN, and here we find only one Symphony—the beautiful youthful "No. XIII," miscalled "No. 1," which its author might have written to show how wide a gap there could be between it, beautiful and clever as it is, and his next, the Italian; also the *Lobgesang*; the *Walpurgis Night*; and the 95th Psalm, with the final MS. chorus of which we heard when the Psalm was done at Sydenham before. Of SCHUMANN, besides the Symphony in E flat (with Cologne Cathedral in the background), and the Overture, Scherzo, and Finale (or Symphony without an Andante), we are promised the "Rheinweinlied"—an overture containing a chorus,—and the "Introduction and Allegro for piano and orchestra" (Op. 134), neither of which has yet been heard by English concert-goers. Of WEBER, we welcome the overture to *Peter Schmoll*, and the "Rondo all' Ongarese," for bassoon, in which we shall be delighted to welcome Mr WOTTON too, as we shall welcome his *confrère* Mr CLINTON, in Spohr's 2nd Concerto for clarionet; and Mr WELLS, Mr DUBRUCQ, and Mr WENDLANDDT, each in something worthy of their talent, though not yet put down. And, for the sake of these truly admirable artists, we promise not to be wroth with Mr Manns for perpetuating the mistake of *Power* of Sound for *Consecration* of Sound in the title of SPOHR'S most favourite symphony (if not his best).

And now, before we leave the departed Immortals, and turn to their brethren still among us, let us speak of our dear, bright STERNDALE BENNETT. Knowing that he had left more than one symphony behind him in MS., we looked forward anxiously to the appearance in Mr Manns's announcement of some companion to the G minor, which has found its home at Sydenham. That hope has been disappointed (knowing the loyalty to Bennett which animates those who direct these concerts, we trust we may say "deferred"); but why do we see no mention of the "music to Ajax," the master's last work? *That* is surely accessible, and we hope and believe that means may yet be taken to remedy the omission, and

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give the public another opportunity of hearing a composition which will infallibly be more loved the more it is known. And, as we are talking of a great Englishman, let us go on to talk of his countrymen. We are truly glad to see Professor MACFARREN's noble oratorio down, and should like to see his Festival Overture down also. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT—Englishman in everything but the accident of his birth—is represented by the Andante and Finale of his second Symphony (in C), of which the *allegro* and *scherzo* were finely played at Sydenham last season. Let us have the whole work, Mr Manns. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is booked for a "Symphony in E." Is that our old friend, Arthur, or a new one in the same key?—it was so good that we should dearly like a second. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT comes forward with a new Concerto for piano and orchestra, in which we hope to hear his clever sister, Emma Barnett. HENRY HOLMES promises a new Concerto for violin, played surely by no less inspired a bow than his own. EBENEZER PROUT, who might fairly write himself *Proteus* for the number of forms he can take, and whose Organ Concerto and Symphony won him golden opinions in previous years, has now written a Magnificat which is to make its first appeal to us here. WILLIAM CUSINS has reserved his overture to *Love's Labour's Lost* for the Sydenham orchestra, where, at any rate, *his* labour will not be lost; while Henry Hugo PIERSON's *Macbeth*, a "symphonic poem for orchestra," and new works by ALFRED HOLMES, HENRY GADSBY, and other English composers, wind up a goodly catalogue of English music, enough to furnish Mr Manns with, at least, one English number for each of his programmes, according to the excellent method which has now become his regular rule.

Hopes are held out that Messrs BRAHMS and RUBINSTEIN may be induced to come over and conduct or play some of their own works in person at Sydenham. Be it so; we shall be heartily glad to see them. But, meantime, whether they come or not, we are promised important works by each. By RUBINSTEIN, the Concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, No. 8, and a Scena for soprano, also with orchestra; and by BRAHMS, a cantata, entitled *Rinaldo*, to Goethe's words, for solo tenor, male chorus, and orchestra—this a novelty—and repetitions of the Grosse Serenade, in D, and of the "Schicksalslied, or Song of Destiny," a remarkable work, for chorus and orchestra, which our readers will remember hearing last year. From BRAHMS to RAFF and VOLKMANN may seem to some a descent; but, nevertheless, both are strongly represented—RAFF by a "Mazurka, Polonaise, and Russich, for orchestra," and by his Symphony in G minor, not yet played in this country (Mr Manns apparently declining to follow the lead of the Philharmonic Society with the "Wald Sinfonie," in which, while we like his courage, we are not sure that he is wise), and VOLKMANN by an overture to *Richard III.* Of WAGNER we are to hear the Overtures to the *Fliegende Holländer* and *Tannhäuser*, and some extracts from *Tristan und Isolde*, which, if they please the audience as much as the introduction to the second act of *Lohengrin*, will please them very much indeed; while LISZT contributes a very characteristic composition, his "Mephisto Waltz," from Lenau's *Faust* (not Goethe's; though that would, probably, make no difference to the Abbé). In addition to the above, a "padding" is promised of new works by GOUNOD, VERDI, and AMBROISE THOMAS, and the old favourites (long may they remain so!) of ROSSINI, AUBER, CHERUBINI, &c., &c.

Such is the ample and appetizing bill of fare provided for our entertainment at Sydenham, in the seven months from October to April; and we will terminate this lengthened exposition of its contents by again expressing our satisfaction, and by further informing our readers that the programme of the opening concert, *to-day*, contains the Overtures to *The Naiads* (Bennett) and the *Fliegende Holländer* (Wagner); Beethoven's Symphony, No. 1; and Hégar's clever Concerto for violin and orchestra, played by Herr Wilhelmj, who first introduced it at the Albert Hall last season. The vocalists are Mdlle Cristino and Mr Edward Lloyd.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WHO now ever hears any of the music of Herz or Pixis? And both are named in Mendelssohn's letters from Paris. Heinrich Heine, in the *Augsberg Gazette*, expresses a doubt whether Pixis really existed, or was anything more than an idea.

IN looking over the papers of a deceased client in a town of Pomerania, a lawyer is said to have discovered twenty-three manuscripts of the author of *Don Giovanni*, namely: several Symphonies, composed at Salzburg, Vienna, and Olmutz, and including one with the date: 1767, for two Violins, two Violas "d'amore," two Oboes, two Horns, and three Double Basses; a Concerto for Orchestra and Pianoforte (1774); and the instrumental accompaniments for the interludes (13th May, 1766) in a Latin comedy, entitled, *Apollo et Hyacintha*. We are afraid that the report is too good to be true.

SHORTLY after the conclusion of the Franco-German war, a Grenadier of the Prussian Guard visited, on his return to Berlin, one of the theatres. The play was *The Merchant of Venice*. The Grenadier listened with silent admiration until the point in the Trial Scene where Portia says:—

"And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh."

On his hearing these words, his mind, full of the campaign of which he had so recently taken a part, involuntarily wandered back to that important item, his daily rations—for in German the word "*Fleisch*" means "meat" as well as "flesh." Still absorbed in the play, but thinking of the rations aforesaid, he exclaimed unconsciously: "And five cigars."

PROVINCIAL.

MALVERN.—The first of the series of fortnightly entertainments, to be held in the Lyttelton School Room during the coming winter, took place last week, when the room was well filled with a very respectable audience. Miss Whitnale and Mr A. M. Shepherd were the solo vocalists. Readings and recitations were given by Mr Melvin, Mr Corder, Mr Bettson, and Mr J. Jones, an address by Mr Jenkins, and glees and choruses were sung by Messrs Burston and Brown, and the members of the Templars' Lodge. Miss H. Jones presided at the pianoforte. The chair was occupied by Mr J. Bray.

HERNE BAY (KENT).—An evening concert was given in the Town Hall here, on Thursday, the 23rd ult., for the benefit of the Promenade Band, when there was a large attendance. The amateurs who assisted were Mdmes Safford and Guest, Miss Falkenberg, and Messrs Plant, Moulding, and Rhodes, of Canterbury Cathedral. A single professional artist—Mr Stedman—announced as coming from the "principal London concerts," assisted, and created an immense sensation by his lovely tenor voice and perfect style. The Promenade Band supplied the instrumental portion of the entertainment, which was perfectly successful.—S. W. J.

HASTINGS.—Miss Ada Lester, the youthful pianist, who so greatly delighted the audiences at the Pier Concerts by her charming performances during the past week, took her farewell of us on Saturday evening, the 25th ult., when she played Willie Pape's "Irish Diamonds" and Thalberg's "Dal tuo stellato," both of which she was unanimously called upon to repeat; but, as the fashion now is to disobey, not to obey, the young artist played Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home," after the "Irish Diamonds," and Ascher's romance, "Alice," after "Dal tuo stellato." As young ladies *must* be in the fashion, we will not scold Miss Lester for following "l'ordre du jour," especially as she gave us two such charming pieces in place of the others, and, moreover, played them in perfection.

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DUBLIN.—In our notice of Mdlle Tietjens' farewell concert in Dublin, want of space did not allow us to do justice to the singing of Mdlle Bauermeister, who gave the cavatina from *I Puritani* so well that she was recalled, when she favoured the audience with "'Twas within a mile of Edinboro' town." Signor Monari Rocca also quite satisfied his audience by his capital voice and good method of singing, especially in "Viva il matrimonio," and in the duet with Signor Foli, "Se flato in corpe anite," which was enthusiastically encored.—At the Gaiety Theatre Miss Emily Soldene has been performing in *Geneviève de Brabant* and in *La Jolie Parfumeuse*.

BRIGHTON.—Mr Kuhe's "Albani Concert" (the second of the three subscription concerts) took place, on Monday evening, in the Dome. Mdlle Albani was warmly received on her appearance on the platform, and, after her artistic singing of the *scena* from *Lucia*, the fair Albanian was twice "called" by her delighted audience, Mr Radcliff (who so finely played the flute *obbligato* part to the *aria*) being brought on to receive his well-merited share of applause. Mdlle Albani's second display was in the polacca from *I Puritani*, and, after being twice recalled, she gave "Robin Adair." Her other piece was "O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" and, on being encored, she gave "The Last Rose of Summer." Miss Edith Wynne and Mdme Patey were the other lady vocalists. Both being great favourites in Brighton, they were warmly received, and highly applauded after each of their performances. Mr W. H. Cummings and Mr J. G. Patey also "assisted." M. Paque was the violoncellist, and played, in his well-known artistic style, a "Transcription" of one of Schubert's songs, and a Gavotte. Mr Radcliff, besides accompanying Mdlle Albani, played a flute solo, introducing some well-known and popular melody in his most perfect manner. Mr Kuhe's contributions were, besides joining in some concerted pieces, a piece by Gottschalk, and, as an encore, his well-known and admired "Etude de Concert."—Miss Lillie Albrecht has being playing at the Aquarium Concerts with great success; among her most successful pieces being Mendelssohn's Fugue in F minor (Op. 5), Chopin's Ballade in G minor, and Ascher's popular romance, "Alice." After each performance Miss Albrecht was warmly applauded and recalled. Mdlle Cristino has been the vocalist.

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Pouxy-Pouxy.

(*To the Editor of the "Trovatore."*)

DEAR SIR,—The difficulty in these latter times of being able to find a tenor who shall realise the ideal of the *habitués* of my theatre has induced me to adopt the idea of attempting to obtain the object of our desires by offering a competition with prizes. I shall be immensely grateful if, by means of your valuable journal, you will have the goodness to call attention to the fact that, on my return from America, which will probably be in the month of October (?), I intend to visit Milan, Bologna, and Florence, and in each of these cities, which are artistic centres, I will, assisted by competent musical authorities, hold, on a date to be hereafter fixed, an examination and hearing of as many tenors as may wish to present themselves, furnished with the following qualifications:—1. They must have intelligence and musical knowledge. 2. In addition to their own dialect they must be able to speak and read the Italian language. 3. They must have a good personal appearance, free from bodily deformity, and, if possible, genial and sympathetic faces. 4. They must have the manners of gentlemen, must not be addicted to bad habits nor eccentricities, they must not wear wigs nor false teeth, they must be in the habit of invariably walking abroad in suitable attire with clean shirts, their hands well washed, and without the usual mourning rim beneath the tips of their finger nails. 5. They must have agreeable voices, free from tremolo, of a plaintive and elastic character, and must be able to sing with ease from piano to forte, and *vice versâ*. 6. They must have had good experience of the stage, and also have a sufficiently extensive repertory, for instance, *Faust, the Sonnambula, Lucia, the Puritani, Don Giovanni, Marta, Lucrezia Borgia, the Favorita, Traviata, Un Ballo in Maschera, Anna Bolena, &c.* 7. A stature about five and a half feet (English measure). A choice will be made of two tenors. To the agent who shall have presented the first one in order of merit who shall be chosen by me, or to the artist himself if he have no agent, I shall present a prize of 6000 lire, Italian money (about £240 sterling), and to the second in order of merit or his agent, a prize of 1,000 lire (about £40). An agent who presents an artist must produce a special authorisation of being commissioned to do so by him. Every communication during my absence must be directed to me, at the office of her Majesty's Opera, 1, Pall Mall. London.—Yours truly,

J. H. MAPLESON.

September, 6.

[Excellent!—D. P.]

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

BY GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, ESQ.

No. 15.

Johann Mattheson, a native of Hamburg, was born in 1681. In the seventh year of his age he was instructed by different masters in the rudiments of learning and the principles of music; at the age of nine he was able to sing, to the organ at Hamburg, compositions of his own. At the age of eighteen he composed an opera, and performed the principal part. Mattheson was well acquainted with Handel. Before the latter came to settle in England they were in some degree rivals, and solicited with equal ardour the favour of the public. Mattheson relates that he had often vied with Handel on the organ, both at Hamburg and Lubeck. The terms upon which these two great men lived, when they were together, must appear very strange. Handel approved so highly of the compositions of Mattheson, particularly his lessons, that he used to play them for his private amusement; and Mattheson had so great a regard for Handel, that he at one time entertained thoughts of writing his life. Yet these two men were in one moment of their lives at so great an enmity, that each had the other opposed to the point of his sword; in short, upon a dispute about the seat of the harpsichord at the performances of one of Mattheson's operas, they fought a duel in the market-place of Hamburg, which a mere accident prevented from being mortal to one or both of them. Mattheson died at Hamburg in the year 1764.

Phil. Meyer, Sen., was born at Strassburg, in Alsatia, in the year 1737. When about twenty years of age, meeting by accident with an old German harp without pedals, he took so much pleasure in playing on it, as to confirm his strong musical inclination so decidedly, that he left college with a resolution to devote himself to the musical profession, and for that purpose he went to Paris. He here met with early encouragement, but found the harp very little known, and very incomplete. The occasional semitones were then produced by means of hooks turned with the left hand, which operation, during the continuance of performance, rendered the resources of modulation extremely confined. Meyer now applied himself, with the assistance of an instrument-maker, to improve the harp. Two and three pedals were at first added, and after progressive additions, Meyer and Naderman brought the seven pedals to perfection. By this time the harp was very much cultivated at Paris, and Meyer published the first principles of the instrument, entitled *Méthode de la Harpe*, which was long esteemed by the first professors as a sure guide to that instrument. Some sonatas also established his claim as a composer. He then went to Strassburg, married, and returned to Paris, where, after a few years, he was tempted to visit London. He here found the pedal harp hardly known; and soon met with so much encouragement among the first nobility, that he made London his principal abode for several years, till, the American war breaking out, he was induced again to go to Paris. He returned to London with his family about the year 1784. He died in 1819, aged eighty-two.

Dr Edward Miller was for fifty years organist at Doncaster. He composed new tunes for the Psalms of David, which were patronized by the King, and a list of nearly five thousand subscribers. His principal work, however, was *The Elements of Thorough-bass and Composition*, a book highly esteemed. Dr Miller played the flute in Handel's first oratorios. He died at Doncaster, in 1807, aged seventy-six.

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MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

We are just at the beginning of our local musical season; and the first concert—given last week—had the advantage of the presence of the peerless Adelina Patti. Surely it is sufficient to tell you that she sang nine times, that she was in splendid voice, and that everything she sang was received with enthusiastic applause. Signor Urio and Signor Campobello were the only other singers; but the performances of Mdlle Castellan and Mr Kuhe, the impresario of the evening, gave variety to the concert.

The following pleasant programme ushered in the new season of the Gentlemen's Concerts:

Symphony, in B flat, No. 4 (Beethoven); Aria, "Bel raggio," *Semiramide* (Rossini)—Mdme Sinico-Campobello; Solo Violin, Concerto in A minor, No. 5 (Vieuxtemps)—M. Wieniawski; Aria, "Deh vieni," *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Mozart)—Mdme Sinico-Campobello; Overture, *Oberon* (Weber); Overture, *Love's Labour Lost* (first time) (W. G. Cusins); Song, "First Rose of Summer" (Campana)—Mdme Sinico-Campobello; Solo Violin, Romanza in F major (Beethoven)—M. Wieniawski; Song, "L'Estasi" (Arditi)—Mdme Sinico-Campobello; Solo Violin, "Russian Airs" (Wieniawski)—M. Wieniawski; Overture, "Impresario" (Mozart).

The symphony and overtures were admirably played. Mdme Sinico was as artistic as ever; and though M. Wieniawski, in consequence of delay in the arrival of the orchestral parts, had been unable to rehearse Vieuxtemp's concerto, he played it superbly. Three times during the evening he was interrupted by the breaking of a string in his own Russian Airs. Indeed, this happened twice on two different violins; but on each occasion he borrowed an instrument from the nearest member of the orchestra, and played valiantly to the end. In noticing this concert, the local newspapers refer to the illness of an artist, whose retirement from the profession would be lamented, not here only, but in many parts of the kingdom. The *Guardian* says:—

"In the absence of Mr Hallé, Mr Hecht proved an excellent substitute, no lack of vigour or intelligence being noticeable during the evening. Another face, however, was missing which, during the recollection of most of us, has scarcely ever been absent from an orchestral performance of any importance anywhere in this neighbourhood; while, at the Concert Hall, but one performance has been given since he first undertook the post of leader, in 1837, without his presence. We allude, of course, to the absence of Mr C. A. Seymour, who for some time past has suffered from serious illness, and who, with the conscientiousness that characterized his every action, has felt it necessary, for the present at least, to give up his engagements for the coming season. All of our readers will, we are sure, regret the necessity for this. In the ranks of the musical profession, none, we believe, has a higher claim to the respect—nay, we are sure we may say, the affection—of all who have enjoyed the privilege of his friendship, than Mr Seymour. We could not allow the notice of this concert to conclude without reference to a circumstance which, to those who were aware of it, detracted much from the enjoyment of the evening. But, while we hope that Mr Seymour may be restored to his post in health and strength again, we feel that his long career deserves a fuller recognition than we are able to give it in these hastily-written lines.

The *Examiner and Times* also notices Mr Seymour's illness:—

In the absence of Mr Hallé Mr Hecht conducted the orchestra with—as it is needless to say—unfailing discrimination and judgment, and Mr Hallé, doubtless extends his holiday without hesitation so far as the first of these concerts is concerned, remembering that his place can be so efficiently filled. Another absence, however, and one scarcely less conspicuous, was the source of deep and general regret. For the first time within our recollection Mr C. A. Seymour, the leader of the orchestra, was unable to be at his post, and we are sorry to hear that he is suffering from indisposition, sufficiently serious to prevent the hope of his appearance in the orchestra, for at least a long time. Mr Seymour's genial disposition and his unfailing courtesy have made him universally popular, and not even his accomplishments as a musician, have been more heartily appreciated then his private virtues. The dignity of his profession has always been maintained by Mr Seymour; and, though we sincerely hope his retirement may be only for a short time, we may add that few living artists can look back to a longer unblemished and useful career, or can claim a larger circle of devoted friends.

The season promises to be unusually interesting. A new opera, by Mr Alfred Cellier, will be produced at the Prince's Theatre on Monday next.

Sept. 25, 1875. ——o——

FROM FLORENCE.

Speaking of Sig. Biletta's opera recently produced at the Teatro Principe Umberto, the *Nazione* says:—

"The opera, *La Rosa di Firenze*, written by the Cavaliere Biletta, and represented on the 22nd September, achieved a success as satisfactory as it was genuine and merited. Various members were lustily applauded, some being encored, and the composer had to appear on the stage time after time. The music of *La Rosa di Firenze* is all of the brightest; it is essentially melodious; it is treated lovingly and learnedly; it is simple and elegant simultaneously; and, though written some ten years, it is most lively and fresh. We congratulate the Chevalier Biletta on it. The singers and the orchestra vied with each other in zeal. The tenor, Sig. Armandi-Villa, and the young barytone, Sig. Carpi, experienced no lack of applause, but the largest portion fell to the share of Signora Bennati, who possesses an agreeable and well-trained voice. In the canzonetta: "Il Tramonto cadea placido e vago" (a perfect gem), she evoked a storm of applause which seemed interminable, and she had to repeat the number."

Le Touriste, a French local paper, is equally flattering, it says:

"Yesterday evening the first performance of *La Rosa di Firenze* by the *maestro*, Chevalier Biletta was produced. The work was perfectly successful, and every one present was delighted. M. Jefte Sbolci, who has just added to his reputation, already so firmly established, by the brilliant manner in which he directed the execution of Verdi's *Requiem*, acted as conductor. Mad. Bennati, a young and excellent artist, whom we had occasion to applaud in *Guillaume Tell*, was recalled several times, and had to recommence her characteristic song in the third act. She was presented with a magnificent basket of flowers. The tenor, Armandi, and the barytone, Carpi, had also their share of applause, as they deserved to have. The Chevalier Biletta, the happy author of the opera, was called on more than twenty times, and must have been very much fatigued at the end of the evening. We wish him, and ourselves as well, many similar evenings. His music is melodious, artistically treated, and full of movement. In a word, the Chevelier Biletta is a *maestro* worthy of the name, and has fully justified the reputation which preceded his arrival in this city. We mean to go and witness this opera again, when we shall speak of it at greater length; for one cannot really appreciate beautiful things without seeing and hearing them repeatedly."

A MME RATTAZZI.

NÉE MARIE BUONAPARTE.

La gloire a deux courants, ainsi que les héros.
En France, ô Rattazzi, nous aimons les Saphos.
Maria Buonaparte est une autre Corinne;
Sa grâce et son esprit disent son origine.
Quand, s'échappant en feu de ses trésors ouverts,
Son âme dans les cœurs se répand en beaux vers,
Elle a sa cour d'honneur, où de brillants poëtes
Tiennent à ses accents leurs extases muettes.
Elle est reine ou déesse de l'âme en action,
Elle est le feu sacré de l'inspiration.
Une grâce enivrante à sa beauté se mêle;
On ne s'appartient plus dès qu'on est auprès d'elle;
Mais, quand de sa raison s'allume le flambleau,
On se croit transporté dans un monde plus beau.
Tour à tour, en parlant, ou sublime ou touchante,
Sa pensée, éblouit et sa parole enchante.
Rivaux de la prêtresse, et dans l'Olympe admis,
Nous tous l'environnant de nos lauriers amis,
Nous lui portons les chants de nos lyres confuses
Et là nous l'invoquons: on invoque les muses!

Aix-les-Bains, 15 *Août*. BELMONTET.

LEIPSIC.—"At the unanimous request of the University," writes the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, "Dr Ludwig Nohl has been appointed by the Ministry to a professorship at Heidelberg, and a yearly honorary salary assigned him, out of the University funds, for lecturing on musico-historical subjects. During the next six months, he will lecture on the history of opera, from Gluck down to Wagner! This is assuredly the first time that the latter name was ever found in an official University list." The editor of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* remarks on the above: "This statement, from what we know of Nohl's writings, strikes us as scarcely credible, and we reproduce it simply because we meet with it in a well conducted and respectable artistic organ."

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CONSTITUTION OF THE MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.*

(*Continued from page* 649.)

SECT. 5. The said corporation may from time to time borrow such sum or sums of money as may be necessary to build, finish, furnish, equip, repair or alter said building, or for the payment of any of its indebtedness then existing, or for any other purposes authorized by this act and the objects of their incorporation, and may issue and dispose of their bonds for any amount so borrowed; and they are hereby authorized to mortgage the whole or any part of their real estate to secure the payment of such bonds. And they shall have power to issue certificates of stock to their members or others, for moneys contributed to any of the purposes aforesaid, and representing the moneys invested in the said buildings, its appurtenances and contents, or any portion thereof; and with the consent of the holder of such bonds as aforesaid, to convert such bonds or any of them into certificates of stock as aforesaid, and for that purpose to issue such certificates of stock as may be necessary.

SECT. 6. The said corporation shall have power from time to time to make and establish such by-laws, rules and regulations not inconsistent with any existing law, as they shall judge proper, for the election of their officers and agents, for prescribing their respective functions, and the mode of performing the same, for allowing them or any of them a suitable compensation, for the admission of members, for imposing and collecting admission fees, fines and contributions from members, for defraying the erection of the building hereinbefore authorized, for regulating the times and places of meeting, for suspending or expelling such members as shall refuse or neglect to comply with the said by-laws and regulations, and generally for the management of their property, the regulation of their affairs and the transfer of their stock.

SECT. 7. The said officers of the said corporation may demand and take security from their Treasurer or Trustees, from time to time, for the faithful performance of any trust reposed in them, in such manner and form as to them shall deem fit, and all contracts and obligations for that purpose made and entered into, shall be valid and effectual in the law.

SECT. 8. In case of the death, resignation, misconduct, neglect, or refusal to act of any of the said officers or Trustees, the members of the said corporation may, at any regular meeting, elect by ballot, any other officer or officers, Trustee or Trustees, in the place or stead of the officer or Trustee dying, resigning, misbehaving, neglecting, or refusal, and the persons so elected shall hold their offices until the coming into office in their place of officers elected at the next ensuing annual election.

SECT. 9. If an election of the said officers or Trustees shall not be held in any year at the time appointed for that purpose by this act, the said corporation shall not, for that cause, be dissolved, but the said officers or Trustees, for the time being, shall remain in their respective offices until an election shall be held and such other time or place in said city as to them shall appear proper, they having first given the like due notice thereof, as is hereinbefore required, in the case of regular annual election.

SECT. 10. This act is hereby declared to be a public act, and shall be favourably construed in all courts and places for the purposes thereby intended; and no misnomer of the said corporation in any deed, grant, gift, devise, bequest, or other instrument, contract or conveyance, shall defeat or vitiate the same, if the corporation be sufficiently described, to show or ascertain the intention of the parties.

SECT. 11. The provisions contained in Title 3 of Chapter XVIII of the first part of the Revised Statutes, shall be deemed and taken as part of this act, except where they are herein altered, modified or changed.

SECT. 12. The Legislature reserve the right of repealing, altering or modifying this act, an any time hereafter.

SECT. 13. This act shall take effect immediately.

State of New York, Office of the Secretary of State.

I have compared the preceding with the original law on file, and do hereby certify that the same is a correct transcript therefrom and of the whole of the act.

Given under my hand and seal of office, at the City of Albany, this fourteenth day of April, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,
Secretary of State.

* Founded April 23, 1863; organized and adopted June 26, 1864; amended and revised September 13, 1867, March 25th, 1869, and March 14, 1872.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT AND THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.

At a meeting of the Norwich Corporation, Mr Sheriff Youngs, in the name of the Council, asked that thanks be given to the managers of the Festival for the excellent arrangements they had made for them on Monday evening. On former occasions he had not hesitated to criticise the Festival committee if he felt it to be necessary in the public interest; but, on Monday evening, the Mayor, a large body of the magistrates and members of the Town Council, with their ladies and friends, who had the honour and pleasure of accompanying him, were received and arrangements made for their reception in every way suitable to the dignity of the Council and the credit of the city; and he trusted that the brilliant commencement and the excellent attendance last evening would be an augury of the success of the coming concerts. It would be gratifying for all to know that never at any previous Festival had there been in the city a larger attendance of those who might fairly be called strangers, lovers of music, who had come from a considerable distance. He trusted that there might arise, if there had not already arisen, a desire amongst the citizens and their friends in the county to show, by their attendance, that they appreciated the company and the support of the strangers. Nor could he forget that the promoters of the Festival were receiving for the eleventh time the services of that venerable professor and master of music, Sir Julius Benedict, as conductor. Though laden with honours, knighted by the Crown, and showered with testimonials by the musical profession, Sir Julius was still devoted to the Norwich Musical Festival, and bestowed upon it an amount of attention which could hardly be expected from him; in fact, it might almost be thought he had recovered his youthful days, for in one of the performances, which he was glad to know would be numerously supported, would be introduced a special composition of his own. In conclusion, the Sheriff expressed a hope that the Festival might be a success. Mr Patteson concurred entirely in what had fallen from the Sheriff, adding that he never saw at the opening of any previous Festival so large an attendance as on Monday evening. He seconded the vote of thanks to the Festival Committee. The Mayor agreed to the proposed resolution, and concurred with what the Sheriff had said respecting Sir Julius Benedict, his guest, of whose enthusiasm in his work he spoke in warm terms. The vote was carried unanimously.—*Norwich Mercury.*

CAIRO.—Drahnet Bey, Superintendent of the Vice-Regal Theatres, has engaged for the winter season Signore Fricci, Smeroschi, Cristofani, Waldmann, Braccialini, Grassi; Signori Fancelli, Masini, Piazza, Stile, Pandolfini, N. Vergar, Visai, Medini, Milesi, Calcaterra, and L. Fioravanti. Conductor: Sig. Bottesini.

COPENHAGEN.—Mad. Deméric-Lablache gave a concert, on the 14th September, in the Folk's Theatre. She sang, among other things, Meyerbeer's "Ah! mon Fils!" Siebel's Romance from Gounod's *Faust*, and the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*. M. Albert, a French violoncellist, who accompanies her on her tour, played a "Cradle Song" by Seligmann, and an original Fantasia on Swedish melodies. —During the summer season, B. Dahl gave, at Tivoli, various orchestral works by Heinrich Hofmann and Judassohn, which were well received.—M. Ramsöe has resigned his post of conductor at Klampenborg (a summer resort like Tivoli), and at the Folk's Theatre, to accept the direction of Blanche's Concerts at Stockholm. —Mad. Trebelli was expected about the end of September, with a concert company comprising Herren C. Behrens (basso), Henneberg (pianist), and Oberthür (harp). Ole Bull has announced a series of concerts for the middle of October.—An opera by Hallström is in rehearsal at the Theatre Royal. *Tannhäuser* has been performed with a partly new cast, but it is not more successful now than it was previously.

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WAIFS.

Mdlle Tietjens arrived safely at New York on Saturday morning (September 25), *per* White Star steamer, "*Adriatic*," having performed the journey in 7 days 23 hours.

M. J. Lehbach, the pianist and composer, it at present in Paris.

Mdlle Kellogg is stated to be engaged in translating a scientific work from the French.

Married in Haste is the title of the new comedy by Mr H. J. Byron, at the Haymarket Theatre.

Mr Armijo, of Mexico, owns 2,000,000 sheep. Counting them morning and evening is getting monotonous.

A marked success was achieved, at the recent Norwich Festival, by the young and rising barytone, Mr Wadmore.

Mr Sims Reeves' annual concert tour commenced at Glasgow on Monday last, and will continue until November 23rd.

Mr William Dorrell has returned to town from his lengthened visit to his charming "retreat" in the county of Sussex.

A new drama called *Les Muscadins* in five acts, by M. Jules Claretie, has been produced at the Paris Théâtre Historique.

The *Gazzetta d'Italia* states that the French painter Meissonier has been robbed at Florence of a pocket-book containing about 3,000fr.

The Brooklyn *Argus* is of opinion that: "Olive Logan is the best dressed lady at Long Branch—after the other ladies have gone to bed."

It is said that pressing offers have been made to Mr Henry Irving to appear in New York, but that he has declined to accept them.

Mr T. C. King, the tragedian, after a successful stay in America, extending over two years, returns to England during the ensuing month.

Mr Maccabe concluded last Saturday his performances at the Philharmonic Theatre. His next public appearance will be at Scarborough.

Lucy C. Hooper announces the overwhelming discovery that Dumas *fils* had a mother. It takes a live woman to ferret out a family secret.

It is stated that Miss Lydia Thompson is slowly recovering from her late severe indisposition, and will shortly be enabled to resume her professional duties.

The grand drama of the *Fils du Diable* by MM. Paul Fèval and Saint-Yvon, has been revived at the Ambigu-Comique, and the *Closerie des Genêts* at the Châtelet.

The Minister of Public Instruction has ordered two marble busts, one of Auber and one of Halévy, for the two large chimney-pieces in the saloon of the Opéra-Comique, Paris.

A meeting was held at the London Tavern on Monday, for the purpose of promoting the establishment of a club to be called "The Byron Club," for which Philhellenes and Hellenes should be eligible.

Herr Ernest Stoeger, the accomplished pianist and composer, has returned to London from his tour in Germany. Herr Stoeger was among the few artists who "assisted" at the Wagner rehearsals at Bayreuth.

Tom Thumb is a pocket edition of Bennett of the *New York Herald*. His yacht, Maggie B., is winning prizes in New England. His last trophy is a silver punch-bowl in which the whole family can be drowned.

The death, at St Petersburg, is recorded of M. Théodore Bruni, in the 74th year of his age. The deceased was one of the most celebrated painters in Russia, and a member of the Academy of Fine Arts of that country.

The concert intended to be given at Covent Garden Theatre on Wednesday, by Mr Sigismund Menkes, in aid of the "International Mozart Institution," did not take place. It is unavoidably postponed for a fortnight.

Mr W. F. Taylor played the Andante and Allegro from his Capriccio for piano and orchestra, for the second time, at the Alexandra Palace, on Wednesday last, and it is announced to be played again next Wednesday.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Tuesday, Miss Rose Hersee will make her first appearance in Bellini's opera, *La Sonnambula*, and a special display of fireworks, with appropriate set pieces for harvest celebration, will be given. On Thursday, a performance of a favourite comedy in the theatre will take place. On Saturday, an opera, with the eminent artists of the Carl Rosa Company, will again be performed, and the picturesque illumination of the grove, by general request, repeated.

The winter season of the Aldermanbury Musical Society, an association composed principally of gentlemen from large city houses of business, will commence on Monday, the 11th inst.

The Musical Association commence their second season (1875-6) on the first Monday in November. The association has still the valuable assistance of Mr Charles K. Salaman, as hon. sec.

The Folies-Marigny Theatre has produced *Un Voyage aux Champs Elysées*, by MM. Bernard and Ordonneau. Mdlle Gabrielle Rose, who played at the Gaîté, some years back, in *Le Roi Carotte*, was charming in the part of Trichotte.

The proof-reader of an American contemporary will, the editor informs us, never condescend to note the difference between the words affect and effect. When told of his errors he never effects a change for the better, only affects it.

Mdlle Ilma di Murska has arrived in Melbourne (Australia), and is to make her *début* at a concert in the Town Hall. Sir Julius Benedict's variations on the "Carnaval de Venice" have been selected by Mdlle di Murska as one of her "display" pieces.

Mr Swinburne is said to have nearly completed a new dramatic poem of about the same length as *Atlanta in Calydon*, and, like it, founded upon a subject from Greek mythology. It will be published by Messrs Chatto and Windus about Christmas.

Haydn's Imperial Mass was given, for the first time, in an Anglican service at the "Harvest Festival" held in St Paul's, Bunhill Row, on Sunday last. The English words were adapted by Mr Lewis Marcus, who conducted the orchestra. The church was crowded, and the performance unexceptionably good.

The prize winners at the National Music Meetings, Crystal Palace, with Signor Rendano as pianist, gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms, Canterbury, on Wednesday, and were received with immense applause, Miss Agnes Larkcom and Miss Annie Butterworth, the soprano and contralto, being especially successful.

Miss Florence Sanders, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes, played the first movement of Sterndale Bennett's Fourth Concerto, and her accomplished master's charming romance, "Sighing Wind," at the Alexandra Palace concert, last week. Miss Sanders had the honour of being recalled after her clever performance.

The Delegates of the Institut Orphéonique Français lately went to the Elysée to state the result of the concert given on the 29th August, in the Gardens of the Tuileries, for the benefit of the victims of the inundations in the South of France. The sum handed over to Mad. Mac-Mahon amounted to 12,120 francs, 80 centimes.

Miss Emma Howson, who has recently made a successful *début* in Italian opera at Malta, and who, before coming to Italy, sang in English opera in America, is engaged to sing the part of Dinorah, in Meyerbeer's admired opera, at the Teatro Rossini, Leghorn, in the month of November. Miss Howson will be the first Australian *prima donna* who has made her appearance in Italy.

Dr Hanslick devotes his entire article in the Vienna *Neue freie Presse*, of the 11th inst., to musical matters in France. He sums up thus: "All these facts prove that the young French Republic pays no less attention to art and artists than the old monarchy; they demonstrate clearly that the French are still devoted to music, and justly consider it as one of the most solid supports of their national glory."

Mr and Mrs German Reed's Entertainment reopens on Monday, October 4th, at St George's Hall, with the very successful production, by Mr W. S. Gilbert, *Eyes and no Eyes*. Mr Corney Grain will give a musical sketch, and Mr Burnand's lively *Tale of Old China* will be included in the programme. Mrs German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Mr Corney Grain, Mr Bishop, and Mr Alfred Reed will appear.

"ST ANN'S TUNE."—A DISCOVERY.—This well known church hymn tune, which has been treated by Bach, Macfarren, and other less noted musicians, as a fugal subject, is almost invariably attributed to Dr Croft. In the Leeds Exhibition, however, there may now be seen an octavo book, in which the tune is called "Leeds Tune," by Mr Denby. This book belongs to Mr Thomas T. Turner, master of St Philip's Schools, Leeds. It was "licensed Feb. 14th, 1687-8," and printed by John White, sen., of York, for Abraham Barber, bookseller, of Wakefield, who also revised and corrected it. The music notes are of the old lozenge shape, with the canto fermo (or air) in the tenor. This discovery (for so we conceive it to be), is most interesting to musical people generally, and to this district in particular, as the probability is that "Mr Denby," the composer of a hymn tune admittedly one of the finest we possess, was a West Riding if not a Leeds man. Dr Croft was born in 1667.—*Leeds Express.*

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Mrs Rousby makes her first appearance in England since her return from America, at the Queen's Theatre, this evening, as Lady Elizabeth, in *'Twixt Axe and Crown*, for the benefit of Mr Morris Jacobs.

Another Turkish comic opera, composed by M. Tchohadjian, and entitled, *Leblebidji Khorkor*, the *Vendor of Chick-peas, Khorkor*, will be performed during the approaching Ramazan at the Guedik Pasha Theatre in Stamboul.

"How's politics?" asked a Yankee politician of a newspaper man. "Well," was the reply, "politics and newspapers are somewhat alike just now. As the newsboy said, 'there's a good deal of news, but nothing to holler.'"

THE NORWICH FESTIVAL.—"H. S." writes:—"A misapprehension appears to be entertained with regard to the circumstance that the oratorios are performed in St Andrew's Hall rather than in the Cathedral of Norwich. The facts are these. Previous to fifty years ago, oratorios used to be performed in the Cathedral. When Festivals began to be established on a larger scale the performances of oratorios were transferred to St Andrew's Hall, which before the Reformation was the nave of the church of the Dominican Convent. It was deemed, and, as experienced has proved, deemed wisely, that this Hall was better suited to the performance of oratorios than the nave of the Cathedral, with its massive Norman architecture, which, though it might give a certain advantage to the effect of a sacred composition, offered much hindrance in the way of sound, of hearing, and of facility for a large audience. Neither at the time I speak of, fifty years ago, nor more recently, have the Dean and Chapter been asked to grant the use of the Cathedral for the performance of oratorios, and therefore they have not had the opportunity of refusing, even if they had the inclination to do so."

ANTWERP.—The operatic season was inaugurated by *Les Huguenots*.

NUREMBERG.—*Rienzi*, by Herr R. Wagner, and *Die Maccabäer*, by Anton Rubinstein, will be among the novelties produced during the present season at the Stadttheater.

MADRID.—The following are the artists engaged for the approaching Italian opera season at the Teatro Real: Signore Cortes, Fossa, Ferrari, Lucchini, Pozzoni-Anastasi; Signori Anastasi, Stagno, Tamberlik, Amodio, Boccolini, Rondil, Cruz, David, Ordinas, and Fiorini. M. Skoczdopole will officiate as Conductor.

ROME.—It is probable that the Teatro Apollo will remain closed this year. The Teatro Argentina, on the contrary, was to open in the early part of the present month with a new opera, *Diana*, by Sig. Sangiorgi. A vaudeville, entitled *I Corsari nelle Coste d'Otranto*, has been produced at the Teatro Quirino. It is, however, only *Giroflé-Girofla*, re-baptised and altered, to spare the manager the necessity of paying authors' rights.

MAJOLATI.—The following is the inscription on the tablet let into the front of the Ospizio dei Cronaci:—"Gaspare Spontini—Born at Majolati of humble parents—The 14th November, 1774—Master of sublime and unrivalled melodies—Deservedly honoured all over Europe—Gave for the benefit of his native place—the great riches he had acquired. The Commune—on the hundreth celebration of their great citizen's birthday—Placed here this memorial."

PARIS.—At the Exhibition building in the Champs-Elysées, a day or two ago, a young lady was asked to try one of Herz's pianos. After playing for a short time, a large audience assembled around her, when the delicacy and firmness of her touch, her taste, and brilliant execution, drew down repeated rounds of applause. When she rose from the piano, several of the audience were desirous of knowing who she was, and where she came from, when they were informed that she was Miss Marianne Rock, from London, well known and admired at the Covent Garden and Royal Albert Hall Concerts. Miss Rock was passing through Paris, on her return from her summer vacation, to her home at Greenwich, when this pleasant episode, so flattering to her, occurred.

BERGAMO.—The festival in honour of Mayr and Donizetti proved very successful. It began by the transfer of the mortal remains of the two masters from their temporary resting place in the Cemetery to the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. Then came a concert, at which nothing but works of the two masters were performed. In the evening, there was a representation of *Don Sebastiano*, with Mad. Destin, Signori Abrugnedo, Pandolfini, and Povoleri. The next day, a *Requiem* by Mayr was performed, several pieces by Donizetti and Nini being interpolated in it. The festival wound up with a grand concert, the principal feature of which was a cantata written expressly for the occasion by Sig. Ponchielli, and entitled: *Omaggio a Donizetti*. The singers were Signore Peralta, Ponchielli-Brambilla, Signori Campanini, Capponi, and Pandolfini.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SECOND SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Trumpet Overture (Mendelssohn); Symphony in E flat (Haydn), first time at these Concerts; Pianoforte Concerto in E minor (Chopin); Overture, "Love's Labour's Lost" (W. G. Cusins), first time of performance. Vocalists—Mdme Sinico and Mr Vernon Rigby. Pianiste—Mdlle Anna Mehlig. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Transferable stalls for the Series (26 Concerts), Two Guineas and a Half; stall for a Single Concert, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—SECOND SESSION, 1875-6. FIRST MONTHLY MEETING, MONDAY, November 1st. At 5 p.m. punctually a Paper will be read by Mr CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Mem. Acad. St Cecilia, Rome, on "Musical Criticism."
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MISS JESSIE JONES will sing (when on her Tour with Mdme LEMMENS-SHERRINGTON) RANDEGGER'S admired Song, "BENEATH THE BLUE TRANSPARENT SKY," at Clifton, Oct. 9th; Trowbridge, 11th; Bath 12th; Stroud, 13th; Cheltenham, 14th; Cirencester, 15th; Basingstoke, 16th; Leamington, 18th; Rugby and Coventry, 19th; Northampton, 20th; Cambridge, 21st; Bury St Edmunds, 22nd.

"MAY."

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MR BRINLEY RICHARDS has the honour to announce his Return to London. Letters concerning LESSONS and other ENGAGEMENTS to be addressed to his Residence, No. 6, St Mary Abbott's Terrace, Kensington, W.

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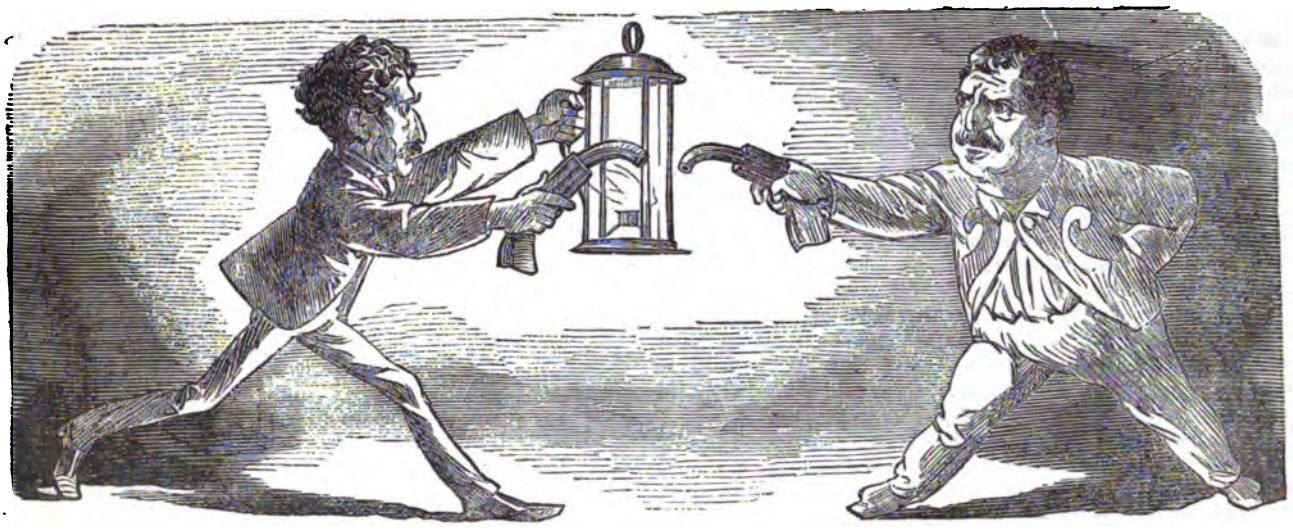

Which did not come off—Hector being shy of Achilles, and Achilles shy of Hector. Had it been Ajax Cassagnac, and Ulysses Rochefort, the case might have been indifferently the same.—Klawderadatsch.

MACBETH AT THE LYCEUM.

(*From the "Times."*)

A week has passed since the revival of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum, and the peculiarities of that revival form the chief topic of discourse in theatrical circles—the manner in which the principal personages are represented, and the novel style in which the piece is put upon the stage as a consistent work of art, being alike subjects of comment. The deep and enduring impression made by Mr Irving's first Shaksperian impersonation, and that in a part which had frequently been repeated without leaving any impression at all, naturally made all London curious as to the success of his second venture in the same direction. Be it added that, whether his Macbeth proved more or less fortunate than his Hamlet, it was certain to be an original and meritorious performance. He is sure to think through every part that he undertakes; he is certain not to trouble himself about the points that may have been made by his histrionic predecessors, but to consider what sort of character is intended by the text, and by what details that character must be revealed. If he deviates from a beaten track we may be sure that he has some reason for his deviation.

Now, there is no doubt that his Macbeth differs widely from the person present to the mind of ordinary playgoers. The popular Macbeth was not only a brave soldier, with all the physical qualities proper to his vocation, but likewise an apparently well-disposed man, who might have gone on safely to the end of his days had he not unluckily met three evil old women on a heath, who put wicked thoughts into his head, and had he not, moreover, been cursed with an unscrupulous wife, who did her best, or rather her worst, to mature these thoughts into action. That he is irresolute, that he does not at once plunge into an abyss of crime, is the more to his credit. But there is one peculiarity in Macbeth's nature which is commonly overlooked, and which seems to have been carefully noted by Mr Irving. The evil agencies by which he is influenced are universally recognized; not so the extreme facility with which he yields to them. In his very first scene, when he has not been on the stage two minutes, no sooner has he been successively greeted by the witches as Glamis, Cawdor, and "King hereafter," than his manner suggests to Banquo, in whom the witches cause no terror whatever, the question,—

> "Good Sir, why do you start and seem to fear
> Things that do sound so fair?"

The information a few minutes afterwards that the first prediction has been fulfilled leads immediately to a self-confession of murderous devices, conveyed in a speech too familiar to need citation. There is no nobility of nature about Macbeth; he is totally impotent to resist the very earliest allurements to crime, and is utterly without the fortitude to endure its consequences. After she has read his letter, and before she has seen him, his lady sums him up as one who would not play false, and yet would *wrongly* win. There is not a common thief who would not rather find a gold watch on the pavement than pick it from a pocket, and who is not therefore entitled to analogous praise. Lady Macbeth does not look upon her husband as her superior in virtue, but as her inferior in courage, and she is perfectly confident that when she exerts her influence she will have all her own way; and have her own way she does, as the weird sisters have already had theirs. The conjugal discussion relative to the murder of Duncan leaves from the first no doubt on which side victory will ultimately lie.

It is this inability to resist all inducements to crime, coupled with the depressing anguish which follows its perpetration, that constitutes the peculiarity of Mr Irving's Macbeth; and those who expect a conflict between the good and bad elements in the composition of a brave man will, probably, find his interpretation somewhat monotonous. But Mr Irving is precisely what his Macbeth is not; he has a will of his own, and when he has formed a conception he is determined to carry it out. His Macbeth is from beginning to end consistent. He is scared by the witches, he is scared by the project of murder, he is scared by the progress of its execution. When thoroughly convinced that resistance is useless, he can rush into the murder of Banquo; but when the ghost appears he is scared as never man was scared before, and wraps his cloak over his face that he may not behold the horrible spectre. He is only brave when there is clearly nothing to be lost or won—namely, in the final combat;—that is to say, he can "die game." Accept Mr Irving's primary idea and you cannot hesitate to adopt his conclusion.

Miss Bateman's Lady is, as it ought to be, the exact reverse of Mr Irving's Macbeth. The grand manner in which she evokes the spirits of evil before the entrance of the Thane, that she may brace herself for the coming conflict, will remind many readers of the incantation in Légouvé's *Medea*. From the preternatural to the natural she bounds in the hearty greeting with which she welcomes her husband. Then begins the long debate, carried virtually through two acts, in which the victory of the stronger over the more feeble

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nature is distinctly shown at every point in the battle—a battle which, we repeat, is not the struggle of wickedness with goodness, but of courage with the feeble resistance of cowardice. The mental superiority of the lady is also made singularly conspicuous in the ghost scene, where her unfailing presence of mind is strongly contrasted with the abject terror of Macbeth. Macduff is represented with true manly pathos by Mr T. Swinbourne, and the combat is in the best spirit.

While ample justice is done to the representation of the human personages, the greatest pains have been taken to give full importance to the supernatural agencies, who are so essential to the story. On the first ascent of the curtain the witches are seen through a gap in a mass of clouds, lighted, only at intervals, by flashes. We are on a border-land between two worlds; and, when they are afterwards seen on the actual boards, the witches preserve their weird appearance. Represented to the life, if the expression may be used, by Messrs Mead and Archer and Mrs Huntley, they dance and gesticulate as they were never seen to dance or gesticulate before, and their home is a Cave of Acheron—with clouds in the background, whence songs proceed—such as was never before seen. They illustrate the spirit of the play; they do not crush it as they sometimes did when they headed the very earthly body of vocalists who sang the now omitted music interpolated by Davenant. To the spiritual character given to Banquo's ghost we have already referred.

Nothing, in short, has been left undone that could render the performance in every respect complete. The Scotch scenery, by Messrs Hawes and Cuthbert, is beautiful, and the effect, produced by masses, is effective in the extreme. The revival itself, and the interest taken in it by a very large portion of the public, confirm the opinion formed last year, that a taste for intellectual and poetical drama is once more among us. The work begun by the late Mr H. L. Bateman is worthily continued by his widow.

—o—

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Dear Sir,—The following arrangements, which will be announced to members as soon as printed, have already been made. I shall have the pleasure of commencing the session with a paper on "Musical Criticism." Papers will be read during the session by Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Dr W. Pole, F.R.S., Prof. Monk, of King's College, and William Spottiswoode, Esq., F.R.S. Further arrangements are in progress. The subjects of the papers will be announced at each meeting, and advertised a few days before.—Yours faithfully,

CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

Musical Association, 36, *Baker Street*,
Portman Square, W, October 5, 1875.

WEIMAR.—The Committee of the Shakspere Society have memorialised the Minister of Public Instruction, Dr Falk, begging him to establish an Academic High School for Dramatic Art.

HAMBURGH.—Mdlle Pappenheim sailed a short time since for New York, where she has been engaged by Herr Neundorff for the Stadttheater. Previously to starting she addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Fremdenblatt*:—"The magnificent offer I have received to accompany Wachtel to America, an offer which, both artistically and pecuniarily is so highly advantageous, induced me repeatedly to request my manager, Herr Pollini, to free me from my obligations. Not being able to prevail on him to do so, I had no alternative but to adopt the sad course of breaking my engagement. May I beg you to consider this step as only the result of artistic ambition, for it is with a heavy heart that I leave Hamburgh where I have been so well treated. Have the goodness, I beg of you, to insert these few words in my justification, and preserve a friendly recollection of me till I return. Begging you to make the same request for me to the gentleman who is your musical critic, I remain, etc., Eugenie Pappenheim." What the young lady says about the offer being so advantageous both "artistically and pecuniarily" does not seem to square exactly with her subsequent assertion, that the step she has taken is only the "result of artistic ambition."—The Stadttheater, under the energetic management of Sig. Pollini, is rapidly recovering its lost popularity. The classical repertory is gradually replacing music of a less elevated character in its programmes. Thus, in one week lately, Sig. Pollini gave *Don Juan*, *Le Nozze*, *Der Freischütz* (twice), and *The Huguenots*. On each occasion the theatre was full.

BAD CREUZNACH (PRUSSIA).

An esteemed Correspondent writes us that it, perhaps, may be interesting to give a condensed survey of the musical performances at this very frequented watering-place, which is a favoured resort of a great many English visitors, to whom the excellent music provided is one of its chief attractions. The writer of these lines, who spent the whole of last spring and summer at this charming place, retains the most pleasing reminiscences, for which the musical performances here furnished the principal part. The musical season opened with two concerts, in the style of the *Rhenish Music festivals*; and the warmest thanks are due to Music-Director Herr Enzian, through whose exertions the concerts were arranged and conducted. On the first day Mendelssohn's *Paulus* was performed; the second day was miscellaneous—Herr Richard Wagner's overture to *Tannhäuser* and the march from Raff's *Leonore*, variations from a string quartet, by Beethoven, besides choruses and part-songs from *Paulus* and *Lohengrin*, were given. The artists were—Fraülein Moss, from Düsseldorf (soprano); Fraülein Schreiber (alto), Herr J. Wolff, from Cologne (tenor); and Herr G. Henschel, from Berlin (bass). The choral societies of Creuznach and Bingen contributed to the success of these concerts; and too much praise cannot be awarded to the members of the orchestra. The gem of the second concert was Schumann's Piano Concerto in A minor, played by Music Director Herr W. de Haan (from Bingen). In the second concert the orchestra was conducted by Capellmeister Herr Mannsfeldt. The concerts of Fraülein Horson, Herr J. Wolff, and Herr H. Mannsfeldt, have already been mentioned in the *Musical World*. Among other interesting concerts we have yet to record the one given by Mdme Peschka-Leutner, assisted by Music Director Herr Enzian and the orchestra of the Kurhaus. Mdme Peschka-Leutner sang the grand *aria* from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, besides several effective songs, and, on being enthusiastically recalled, she gave Proch's Variations in splendid style. Music Director Herr Enzian played, in a highly artistic manner, Chopin's Concerto in E minor, and Liszt's "Ricordanza;" and the orchestra, under the direction of Herr Mannsfeldt, performed Mendelssohn's overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the prelude to *Lohengrin*. Another concert that was projected had, to the regret of many, to be given up. In this concert it was expected to hear the renowned London harpist, Charles Oberthür, who has already established in Creuznach his reputation as one of the greatest artists on the instrument of his choice; but it appears that Herr Oberthür could not visit Germany during last summer. Of particular interest have been also the Symphonie Concerts, which took place every Thursday, at the Kursaal, at which the *élite* of the public was present, and where the symphonies of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Raff, Schubert, as also other orchestral works by Wagner, Gade, Sterndale Bennett, &c., were excellently performed. On such satisfactory achievements one may look back with pardonable pride, and, in grateful acknowledgment of so many musical treats, we depart from the scene of them, with our most sincere wishes for the future success of Creuznach's musical endeavours. H. W.

Paris.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)*

At the Italian Opera this week we have had *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Grisi and Mario, both of whom were more successful in this opera than in any other which has been produced for them during the present season. Report says that, in consequence of the destruction of Covent Garden, it is not unlikely an arrangement may be made to continue the Italian season in Paris some time longer, with the addition of Mdme Bosio and other distinguished artists engaged by Mr Gye.

Paris, March 26th, 1855.

* Delayed in transmission.—ED.

FLORENCE.—Verdi's *Requiem* has been given with success.

VIENNA.—Sig. Merelli's Italian Opera company, comprising Mesdes Patti, Lucca, MM. Capoul, Nicolini, and Faure, besides a goodly sprinkling of lesser celebrities, will shortly commence a two months' engagement at the Imperial Operahouse. During this time there will be no performance by the German company. By the terms of his agreement Sig. Merelli is bound to give at least one novelty.—The unfortunate Komische Oper has at last found a manager in Herr Rosenthal, who has taken the theatre for three years, at a rental of 45,000, 50,000, and 55,000 florins, the first, second, and third years, respectively. He had to pay a deposit of 30,000 florins, as guarantee for the wages of the persons holding subordinate situations.

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A DREAM OF THE NEAR PAST.

. . . . Commenced the sale of "the valuable private library of the late eminent publisher, Richard Bentley, Esquire," at the rooms of Messrs Sotheby and Wilkinson, in Wellington Street, Strand. . . . . The remaining portions of the same library will be sold, and . . . the engravings, drawings, and oil paintings . . . disposed of at the same place and in the same way. There s a whole world of literary memories environing the name of Bentley. The novels we read and enjoyed so much in youth; the serial whic h seemed to our schoolboy judgment the wittiest, the wisest, and the most chamingly illustrated in the world; the delicious, hot-pressed, broad margined books of travel or of auto-biography which gave rise to such hot competition at the Book Club or lending library; the charming uniform edition of novels which were the forerunners of the still cheaper reprints which crowd the railway bookstalls now;—all come to mind when the name of Bentley is pronounced. Mr Foster has revived the story concerning the relations between Mr Charles Dickens and the famous publisher, but to most people who care for literature it was a familiar fact that the author of "*Pickwick*" once edited *Bentley's Miscellany*, and that he retired from this post at his own desire. The remonstrance addressed to the publisher when the periodical was first spoken of, and it was designed to call it the *Wits' Miscellany*, on the ground that this title was too pretentious; and afterwards, when it was decided to give it the name by which it became famous, *Bentley's Miscellany*, the joke against him, that "he need not have gone to the opposite extreme," seemed to gain new life yesterday, when the thirty volumes, with illustrations by George Cruikshank and Alfred Crowquill, "Very early impressions," were put up, and, after a brisk competition, sold for £6 17s. 6d.

The lots which are to be offered to-day and to-morrow speak most strongly of the busy active life of the successful publisher, and of his personal relations with the men of genius of his time. Among these, Dickens, of course, stands pre-eminent. "The first etter I had from him," continues Mr Foster in another chapter, "was at the close of 1836, from Furnival's Inn, when he sent me the book of his opera, *Village Coquettes*, which had been published by Mr Bentley." The "remainders" of this publication were to be seen on Messrs Sotheby's shelves yesterday, with many another book of special interest. Three quarto volumes, handsomely bound in Russia leather, and inscribed "Harold," were the original manuscript of Lord Lytton's historical romance of that name; and the fair Edith and the gallant, wise-headed, ill-fated Harold, the feeble Edward, and the arrogant Norman were all conned over in the very guise in which they fell from the author's hand and brain. The voluminous letters of Hayley, the poet, to the Rev. Dr John Johnson, the editor of Cowper's "Homer," dated in the early part of this century, and already yellow with age, are bound together, and were undergoing rigorous scrutiny from a grey-haired gentlemanly bookworm, who succeeded in convicting Hayley of several undue abbreviations, and of other epistolary liberties with the English tongue. One of the things which makes a sale like that in progress interesting is the fact that men with special hobbies, or with special knowledge crowd to it, and exercise them upon what is offered. The elderly ex-publisher, who was a contemporary of Mr Bentley for many years, reminded one a little of the picture of Cromwell studying Charles I. in his coffin, by the inquiring energy with which he ferreted out and examined the relics which have the strongest bearing upon the late publisher's individual taste. There were other people waiting their turn for a peep into the original of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's Memoirs, and strangely cramped and formal the handwriting appeared in which all the gossip and scandal were recorded. The Log-book of Prince Rupert attracted another knot of curious students; and half-a-dozen of Fenimore Cooper's novels, including *The Pathfinder* and *The Deerslayer*, all interleaved and with emendations in the author's hand, were studied closely by men to whom Leather-stocking was the beloved hero of their youth.

In truth, the whole collection is pregnant with suggestiveness. The stranger opens a copy of a work illustrated by Alfred Crowquill, and, presto! a faded note drops out which has, perhaps, never before seen light since it was written by the artist. It is to "Dear Miss Bentley," and is a simple request that "you will ask your pa to have the book noticed in the next number of the 'mag.'" Mrs Inchbald's sprawling handwriting, and her play, *A Case of Conscience*, set one thinking of that brave woman's working life; and then, in rapid succession, a jovial figure with a bushy beard and a laughing eye is smoothing the one with a shapely hand, and giving point to a comic saying by expressive glances from the other. You hear once more the engineer's story, and hear the sound from his wonderful wooden pipe; the diligence is again crammed with tiny dolls to illustrate how closely the vehicles of which it is a model can be packed; there is laughter on all sides in the Egyptian Hall, and Albert Smith is delighting young and old with the ever-so-many-hundredth exhibition of Mont Blanc. For Mr Ledbury, the hero of the Islington bath, is here in his original pen-and-ink dress, side by side with the "Adventures of the Scattergood Family," and many a stray story and descriptive essay written for the *Miscellany* in the old days. "We are all dead now!" once wrote Sydney Smith, and the bound volumes of pamphlets, with their titles, take one again to different interests and another world. Mr Bentley appears to have interested himself greatly in the collection of miscellaneous literary odds and ends. "*North American Indians who have visited London*" is the title of one book of newspaper cuttings and portraits; and this is only one out of many scrap-books and bound volumes of a character strangely mixed. Here are a series of thick, handsome books, with "Pamphlets" inscribed on their stout calf, and a list of sub-titles, the gold lettering of which covers their sides. Take up the first of them, and what can be more heterogeneous than the list of contents given on its back? Reports from the International Commission appointed to report upon the navigability of the Upper Nile, dated Assouan, 1855; a form of prayer recommended for use during a period of national affliction; answers from Mr Ferdinand de Lesseps to an Edinburgh reviewer who seems to have explained that the Suez Canal was an impossibility; and "Correspondence between Thackeray and Yates." There has been surely a touch of eccentricity in the phase of "collecting;" or is it that his possession of the pamphlets collected by Evelyn, the antiquary, gave Mr Bentley his taste for out-of-the-way specimens of nineteenth century publications? The Evelyn series is as heterogeneous as anything preserved by the modern London publisher, as the very title of the works composing it show. They are all well bound in drab calf, and range from the *Brief and perfect Journal of the late Proceedings and Successes of the English Army in the West Indies* (1655), to *Room for the Cobler of Gloucester and his Wife; with several Cartloads of Abominable, Irregular, Pitiful, Stinking Priests.* There are, too, *A Tongue Combat betweene two English Souldiers;* Stubbes' *Cristal Looking-glasse for Christian Woman;* *His Majestie's (Charles First's) Message concerning Sir John Hotham's Refusall to give His Majestie entrance into his Towne of Hull;* *Mr Goodwin whipt with his own Rod;* a *True Account of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, and many others equally quaint and equally varied or opposed in spirit and substance.

But it is past one p.m., and the auctioneer, who is a quarter of an hour late, mounts the rostrum, and the bidding goes on smartly. Mr Bentley's oil paintings look on doggedly from the opposite wall, as their late master's cherished effects are rapidly distributed at good prices; and one thinks how different are scenes they have witnessed from that now taking place at the bare and narrow mahogany tables below them. The brilliant staff of *Bentley's Miscellany*, as it was in the old days, and many another writer of genius, have shared their publisher's hospitality, depend upon it, and have made merry under the canvass presentments which look into vacancy with such persistency now. Mr Bentley's walking-sticks, again, in two lots, speak of friendly strolls, during which terms were being settled between author and publisher; and whether we turn from the books to the autographs, or from the pamphlets to the portfolios, the story is the same—that of a long and active life spent amid the best literary talent of its time.

WEISBADEN.—Herr Grammau's three-act romantic opera of *Melusine* is in rehearsal.

TURIN.—Sig. Bonili has succeeded Sig. Corti in the management of the Teatro Regio. He will produce Lauro Rossi's new opera of *Cleopatra*, in which Signora Giovannoni, Signori Patierno, Pantaleoni, and Nannetti sustain the principal parts. Spontini's *Vestale* is announced at the Vittorio Emmanuele.

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PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

At the Grand Opera M. Faure was to have made his re-appearance, already retarded by indisposition, on Wednesday, the 22nd September, the part chosen by him being that of Hamlet, in M. Ambroise Thomas's opera of the same name. Mdlle de Reszké was to have been the Ophelia. But, instead of getting better, the patient grew worse, and on Sunday, the 19th, he was suffering from a severe attack of *angina pectoris*, so severe, indeed, as to fill his family and friends with grave apprehensions for his safety. Luckily, he has escaped, and is now on the high road to convalescence, but how long it will be ere he is able to resume his professional duties is a question which only time can answer. An other invalid is Mad. Carvalho, who has been obliged to take a short sick leave in consequence of hoarseness. There is nothing serious, however, about the attack, and she will shortly, it is hoped, be in a condition once more to take her place among her artistic colleagues.—[She has already taken it.—ED.]

Mdlle Krauss re-appeared, for the first time this season, in *La Juive*. On the Friday following she sang in *Les Huguenots*. Among the audience were Mad. Cornélie Richter, Meyerbeer's daughter, and her husband, Herr Richter, the celebrated painter.

Le Philtre is to be performed, in conjunction with the new ballet of *Sylvia*, by M. Delibes, but not, probably, before next year, as it is to be preceded by M. Mermet's *Jeanne d'Arc*, and no one is ever in a hurry at the Grand Opera. Another revival, as I have already announced, will be that of *Le Comte Ory*. *Le Philtre* will be thus cast: Fontanarose, M. Gailhard; Guillaume, M. Vergnet; Sergeant, M. Lassalle; and Thérésine, Mad. Carvalho. The cast of M. Mermet's opera will include M. Faure, Charles VII.; M. Gailhard, Richard; M. Salomon, Gaston; Mdlle Krauss, Jeanne; and Mad. Carvalho, Agnès Sorel. The other characters will be sustained by MM. Battaille, Menu, Mermant, Sapin, and Auguez. The character of Isabella de Bavière has been cut out.

M. Couturier will make his *début*, in *Guillaume Tell*, in the early part of October. He belongs to the military contingent of the present year, but has obtained twelve months' grace from the Minister of War.

It was M. Halanzier's intention to give, this winter, a series of masked balls, which were to have surpassed in magnificence and splendour anything of the sort ever known, but the whole scheme has fallen through. The Managing Board of the Assistance Publique required, for the *droits des pauvres*, 25 per cent., not only on the profits, but also on the expenses, and M. Halanzier, considering the claim exorbitant, resolved to give no balls. But, if M. Halanzier cannot agree with the gentlemen of that respectable but grasping body, the Assistance Publique, he is on excellent terms with the members of his Chorus, who, in consideration of his having recently raised their salaries a fifth, invited him, the other day, to a grand banquet, characterised by good feeling, spirited speeches, and, to use a forcible, though rather vulgar expression, no end of champagne.

At length it seems we are really to have a real novelty at the Grand Opera. The new opera of *Dimitri*, by M. V. Joncières, has got beyond the point of mere acceptance, and has been tried, no one being present save the manager and his leading officials. For this reason I can tell you nothing from my personal knowledge. I will fall back, therefore, on the subjoined extract from the *Ménestrel*, whose contributor, by the way, was not more lucky, as regards obtaining admission, than myself:—

"The choral portion of *Dimitri* is said to have produced the best possible impression. An oriental kind of march is especially mentioned as highly successful; the managerial areopagus, who alone were present at the hearing, appeared charmed, also, with a melodious melopœia for Dimitri on his arrival before Moscow. This tenor song, wafted on the continuous sound of bells, produced all the greater effect, because there is revealed beneath the rhythm of the bells a most happily conceived, although most studiedly refined, accompaniment. There is nothing of the Wagner school. Several other pieces, likewise, gave evidence, we have heard, of melodic and dramatic qualities of the first order. As for the ballet airs, performed four-handed by the composer and M. Croharé, we have been told they are ravishingly beautiful. Such are the impressions of those behind the scenes. We simply repeat them, for neither we nor anyone else formed part of the areopagus in question, which, we repeat, consisted exclusively of the manager and the heads of the different departments under him."

Mdlle Chapuy has appeared at the Opéra-Comique, with undoubted success, as Isabelle in *Le Pré aux Clercs*. Another interesting fact at the same theatre was the re-appearance of Mad. Galli-Marié in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*.

M. Léon Escudier will conduct his venture under the title of the Opera Ventadour, by which means he will be able to represent French Opera with as much propriety as the works of an Italian master. Meanwhile, it is reported that the theatre has been taken for a short term by M. Duprat. That gentleman is said to intend introducing to the Parisian public his *Pétrarque*, which has made such a hit at Marseilles, Avignon, and Toulouse. Should the work be produced here, the principal parts will be sustained by Mdlle Marimon, Mad Arnaud, and M. Morère.

M. Victor Massé's *Paul at Virginie* has been withdrawn from the Opéra-Comique, and will be produced, on the 25th October, at the Gaîté. M. Capoul will still be Paul, and Mdlle Heilbron, Virginie.

It is possible that a posthumous, four-act opera, *Riquet à la Houppe*, music by Grisar and words by M. Thomas Sauvage, will shortly be played in Brussels. There is the following note written by the composer himself, in 1869, very shortly before his death: "Wanted by M. Perrin for the Opera." ("*Demandé par M. Perrin pour l'Opéra.*") Among the numerous unpublished scores left by Grisar there are two more which were destined for particular theatres: *L'Oncle Simon*, a three-act comic opera, with words by M. Emile de Najac, for the Paris Opéra-Comique, and *Le Parapluie enchanté*, a three-act buffo fairy opera, words by MM. Emile de Najac and Charles Deulin, which was to have been brought out at the Bouffes-Parisiens.

[Omitted last week for want of space.—ED. *M. W.*]

October 7, 1875.

The same titles: *Les Huguenots*, *Faust*, and *La Juive*, still figure in the bills of the Grand Opera. In the last-named work, Mdlle Krauss, who is again ill, has again been under the necessity of ceding the part of Rachel to Mdlle Mauduit. Faure is still on the sick-list, that is to say: he is better than he was, but no one can fix any date for the resumption of his professional duties.

M. Campo-Casso has at length followed the example set him by M. Arsène Houssaye, and, not being able to find a home for the Théâtre-Lyrique, has resigned what I may be allowed to call his managership *in partibus*. He thus announces the fact in a letter, addressed to M. Prével, and published in that omnium-gatherum, the *Figaro*:—

"MY DEAR MONSIEUR PREVEL,—Honoured by the confidence of the Minister, who was kind enough to bestow on me the management of the Théâtre-Lyrique, I considered it a duty not to resign that management till I had done all that was humanly possible to find a theatre. I have not been able to succeed, despite of all my efforts. I cannot pursue an enterprise leading to no practical result, and I now write to inform you that I have sent in to the Minister my resignation as manager of the Théâtre-Lyrique. Allow me, my dear Monsieur Prével, to avail myself of the hospitality of the *Figaro* for the purpose of thanking those who, in this matter, have honoured me with their good-will. Among them I include M. Halanzier, from whom I experienced the most loyal sympathy. I remain, etc. "CAMPO-CASSO."

So much for Buckingham-Campo-Casso. Who is to succeed him? Who is to be the next aspirant to the shadowy managerial throne? Rumour asserts that the coming man is M. Albert Vizentini, and the *Entr'acte*, acting as Rumour's mouthpiece, says:—

"Thus, the thing is settled. We must not reckon upon a Théâtre-Lyrique this year. Yet, despite M. Campo-Casso's resignation, composers do not appear greatly discouraged. Now that it is certain that M. Campo-Casso has retired, we may state the course to which those interested have agreed. It is simply to invest M. Vizentini, the manager of the Gaîté, with the rights that M. Campo-Casso has renounced. M. Vizentini is perfectly willing to accept the mission. Anyone might easily have surmised this, on seeing him appropriate M. Victor Massé's opera of *Paul et Virginie*, engage Capoul, Madlle Heilbron, Devoyod, etc. M. Vizentini possesses an orchestra, a chorus, and a theatre situate in the centre of Paris. He will not

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have much to do to be in a position to work the patent of the Théâtre-Lyrique, as soon as he shall have fulfilled his engagements with the authors of the fairy pieces in preparation. Let him persist in this project, and, as we said a few days since, without then choosing to give any further explanation, the Théâtre-Lyrique will at length become a reality."

How far the above is based upon fact, and how much it is indebted to the imagination of its writer I cannot take upon me to decide.

La Fille du Régiment was played on Wednesday, the 29th September, at the Opéra-Comique for the six hundredth time, having been first produced there on the 11th February, 1840, when the principal parts were "created" by Mesdes Borghèse, Boulanger, Blanchard, MM. Marié, Henri, and Ricquier.

Le Val d'Andorre is definitely announced for the 10th inst., but managerial announcements are not always strictly carried out; like promises generally, they appear to be leavened by a good deal of the proverbial pie-crust element. Then will come the turn of *Le Piccolino*, by MM. Sardou and Guiraud, which is already being studied. Report speaks well of the music.

La Filleule du Roi, first produced by M. Humbert at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, Brussels, is to be brought out shortly at the Renaissance. The day fixed is the 12th inst., but the same remarks I have just made in reference to the *Val d'Audorre* apply here. The composer, M. A. Vogel, has written, also, the three-act opera, *La Moissonneuse*, represented with tolerable success at old Théâtre-Lyrique, the *Nid de Cigogne* for Baden, and, at the express desire of the King of Holland, an heroic opera entitled *Le Siège de Leyde*, for the Theatre Royal at the Hague.

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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Herr Simon, from the Stadttheater, Stettin, has appeared at the Royal Operahouse as Lyonel in Herr von Flotow's opera of *Martha*. He possesses an agreeable voice, but it is no more calculated to fill so large a building than a thin slice of bread and butter is capable of filling the stomach of a healthy ploughman after a hard morning's work in the furrows. In a concert room—a small concert room—Herr Simon may be a desideratum; at the Royal Berlin Operahouse he is a mistake. The remaining characters were in the hands of Mdlles Grossi, Lammert, Herren Krolop, and Barth.

Another failure has been that of Herr Kannberg as Arnold in *Guillaume Tell*. Like Herr Simon, Herr Kannberg may be all very well in a concert room, but he does not figure to advantage on the stage. Commenting upon his performance, the Berlin *Echo* seizes the occasion to make incidentally a few observations which agree so completely with what I have said, over and over again, concerning the system of allowing novices and beginners to air their immature powers on the boards of large theatres, that I cannot refrain from quoting what it says:

"Herr Kannberg sings correctly and with musical intelligence, but he does so without high training, and, more or less, naturalistically. If the Royal Operahouse must be assigned him as the arena to test his powers—a course of which it is impossible to approve—he ought to have appeared in parts such as Tamino, Ottavio, and Pylades, not as Florestan, Arnold, and, as we have reason to dread, Masaniello. We hope, however, that after this Arnold the Management of the Royal Operahouse will have had enough of the cruel experiment. Herr Kannberg has yet to learn how to walk and stand, gesticulate and act, and, first and foremost, sing. Even when he shall have done all this, we shall not be justified in expecting anything great from him. But to teach these things is not the mission of a first-class theatre."

Herr Kannberg was supported—and he needed all the support he could get—by Mdlle Lehmann, as Mathilde; Mdlle Horina, as Gemmy; Mdlle Lammert, as Gertrud; Herr Krolop, as Melcthal; and Herr Fricke, as Walther Fürst.

Herr Niemann has been suffering from total extinction of the voice, consequent on hoarseness. The fact has given rise to all kinds of reports unfavourable to the singer, and they seemed to be corroborated by the fact that Herr R. Wagner has been endeavouring to find another representative of Siegfried in the Nibelungen-Tetralogical-Trilogy, a fact, however, which simply proves that there was more truth than Herr R. Wagner chose to admit in the reports of misunderstandings at Bayreuth between Mad. Cosima and various artists, including, perhaps, the costumier of the Theatre Royal, Munich. The part has been offered to Herr Müller, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, who, with strange want of appreciation, has declined the honour. Under the circumstances, it is probable that Herr Vogl, of Munich, will be the stopgap.

Cagliostro, announced as "an operetta in three acts, by F. Zell and Rich. Genée, with music by Johann Strauss," has been produced at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater. For "operetta," read comic, or rather buffo, opera. At the first few performances the new work did not prove particularly attractive, but it has since filled the theatre night after night. The music is sparkling and agreeable without being anything extraordinary. The most taking piece on the first night was a "Waltz-Duet" in the second act. The cast included Mesdlles Dossi, Schirmer, E. Schmidt, Herren Swoboda, Brandt, and Bollmann. The *mise-en-scène* generally was good.

Professor Stern intends celebrating, on the first November, the 25th anniversary of the existence of the "Conservatorium der Musik" under his direction. From a pamphlet recently published in anticipation of the event we learn that:

"The Conservatory was founded on the 1st November, 1850, conjointly by Dr A. B. Marx, Herr Theodor Kullak, Pianist to the Court, and Herr J. Stern, Royal Music-Director. Kullak seceded in 1855, and A. B. Marx two years later, leaving the institution under the sole direction of Herr Stern, who, in 1860, was created a Royal Professor. Leaving out of consideration a present of 1,000 thalers from his Majesty the Emperor, for building repairs, the institution has had to be self supporting, though stipends from generous benefactors have repeatedly been granted to needy pupils of unusual talent. According to the testamentary directions of the late Herr Meyerbeer, Music-Director-General, Stern's Conservatory is one of the Prussian Musical Schools of which the pupils are entitled to compete for the Meyerbeer Travelling-Studentship of 1,000 or 1,500 thalers. Of the three stipendiaries, whom the trustees have selected up to the present time, two belonged to this institute, which, from the 1st November, 1850, to the 1st September, 1875, has been attended by 3,146 students. Among the teachers during the above period were the following artists, some of whom bear highly celebrated names: De Ahna (violin), H. v. Bülow (piano), Berndal (elocution), Louis Brassin (piano), L. Ehlert (piano), H. Ehrlich (piano), Dr Ed. Frank (piano), Moritz Ganz (violoncello), Flod. Geyer (counterpoint), F. Kroll (piano), Friedr. Kiel (composition), Kahle (elocution), Kullak (piano), Löschhorn (piano), Laub (violin), Lührss (composition), A. B. Marx (composition), Jenny Meyer (singing), Otto (singing), Reissmann (musical history), Rust (composition), J. Stern (singing), Schnackenburg (Italian), Schubert (clarinet), Bernhard Scholz (score-playing), Hugo Ulrich (composition), Jean Vogt (piano), Ch. Wehle (piano), W. Wieprecht (orchestral conducting), R. Wüerst (theory), Weitzmann (composition), Willmers (piano), and Zimmermann (violin)."

Several complaints were recently made concerning the state of neglect into which Aug. Conradi's grave had been allowed to fall. These complaints have had a satisfactory result, for the managing boards of the "Asylverein" and of the "Verein gegen Verarmung und Bettelei" have caused the grave to be put in proper order. In acting thus, they have done no more than their duty, which they ought to have done long since, for Conradi left behind him a by no means inconsiderable sum, which has gone—though why or how I am unable to say—to the institutions in question.

St Petersburgh.—The Association for Chamber Music have just issued their annual report for 1874-5. They gave 14 regular, and 2 extra concerts. They performed 60 works, by thirty different composers, 8 of these works being by composers resident in Russia. The association numbers 196 members. Two (Louis Maurer and Anton Rubinstein) are honorary members; 90 effective; 104 non-effective.—Herr Johann Strauss's *Reine Indigo*, is about to be performed with Mdlle Nordet, of the Opéra-Comique, as Fantasca.

Gratz.—A grand concert was given in the Stadttheater during the meeting of the Natural Science Congress. It began with Weber's "Jubel Ouvertüre." To this succeeded Beethoven's violin Concerto, played by Herr Johann Lauterbach. Dr Em. Krauss, from Vienna, sang songs by Brahms, Franz, and Schumann. Then Herr Lauterbach played Spohr's "Adagio" and Schumann's "Abendlied." The other numbers were Engelsberg's chorus for male voices, "Waldesweise" (by the Gratz Männergesangverein and Akademische Liedertafel), and Schumann's Symphony in D minor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hic Hæc.—Hock.

Théophile Victor Gautier Vivier Hugo Grotius.—"Assurement."

Bullfinch.—Our correspondent confounds the Nightingale with the Mavis. *Fi donc!*

Dilettante.—Tasca De Capellio and Sparapani. "Dilettante" has been misinstructed.

Dr Grub.—The "Demon" of Socrates was his own conscience. Socrates never composed a fugue.

Jonathan Duckworth.—There are only two honorary members of the "Société de Musique de Chambre" at St Petersburgh—Louis Maurer and Anton Rubinstein.

Dr Bridge.—The question had better be addressed to the Princess Dolgourouky, who, though she could not vie with Samson in the "carrying of gates," would excel him in the throwing of bouquets.

J. L. C.—Inquire of Messrs Ashdown and Parry, Hanover Square. The "Bibliothèque Classique" was originated at their house, in 1842. The pianoforte arrangements, for four hands, of Spohr's Symphony in D minor, and G. A. Macfarren's Symphony in C sharp minor, are in the catalogue.

Dr Jury.—Certainly not. Auber wrote another opera after the *Premier Jour de Bonheur*. On every other point Dr Jury is wrong. The quartet of Auber, left unfinished, was never played in public. Dr Jury is thinking of the pianoforte trio, "Op. 1," originally published at Lyons, which Auber himself had forgotten.

Floff-and-Fluss.—The definition of our correspondent would seem to apply rather to the imitators of Mendelssohn than to the imitators of Weber—Marschner. We shall, nevertheless, be glad of his promised letter. "Floff-and-Fluss" is wrong about Zumsteeg; he confounds that composer, who wrote the *Geisterinsel*, with another composer who did *not* write the *Geisterinsel*.

Abel Quick.—Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* is a charming opera; but Auber's *Philtre* is worth two of it. Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* is a charming opera; but Auber's *Gustave III.* is worth two of it. In each instance—Auber and Donizetti, and Auber and Verdi—the same plot was treated; and it must be confessed, looking at the results, that the Frenchman was more than a match for the two Italians rolled into one. Mr Quick is wrong in supposing that the Italians preceded the Frenchman. On the contrary, the Frenchman was the original in both cases.

A Young and Anxious Conductor.—We have repeatedly warned correspondents to pay no attention either to the theories or the æsthetics of Dr Serpent. It is impossible for a composer to indicate *exactly*, by any words or signs, the time in which he wishes a piece to be executed. The music must always, to a certain extent, speak for itself, and much should be left to the feeling and judgment of the conductor, whose business it is to study the score, even to the minutest details, and imbue himself thoroughly with its spirit. If Dr Serpent asserts the contrary, he does so in ignorance.

Dr Smooth.—Yes. Socrates *was* wise, and Aristides *was* just; and to these undisputed axioms might be superadded a third axiom in favour of the directors of the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace. These directors are both wise and just—wise because they stick to their colours; just because they are not simply eclectic by temperament, having a large receptivity for all artistic productivity, but because they sympathise with "oppressed nationalities." Dr Smooth is wrong about Berlioz, whose overture, *Waverley*, was written before, not after, *Les Francs Juges* and *Le Roi Lear*.

NOTICE.

To Advertisers.—*The Office of the* Musical World *is at Messrs* Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

ARABELLA GODDARD.

When thou didst play, it seemed to me
I never heard such strains before;
The music spoke unto my soul
Like tales of lofty classic lore.

Now plaintive, mournful, sad, and low,
Now grand, majestic, joyous, gay;
These thrilling notes move every heart—
O happy is who hears thee play!

London, 186—. Clara Molique (aged ten).

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1875.

Episodes on Change.

Dr Shipping. Well—what did you think of Macbeth?
Dr Quince. Why—I thought it was H. Irving.
Dr Shipping. Well—how did you like H. Irving?
Dr Quince. Why—I wished he had been Macbeth.*

—o— (*Exeunt severally.*)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *MUSICAL WORLD*.

SIR,—Anyone with only half an eye—scant allowance even for a Cyclops—must, at some period or other of his existence have noticed, in the streets of London, the sudden appearance of a number of persons differing in many distinctive characteristics from the ordinary passengers around them. They generally crop up about six o'clock p.m., or a little before that hour, and stream singly, in couples, or in threes and fours, through the usual metropolitan crowd till half-past six or so, when the supply seems all at once cut off from the main. They do not belong exclusively to any one class, though they rarely are members of the lowest. Still more rarely, or, in fact, I might venture to say, never, have they aught in common with those darlings of fortune whose residences are in Belgravia or some equally aristocratic quarter, and whose doings are duly chronicled in the *Morning Post* or *Court Journal*, for the reverential perusal of Baker Street, Clapham Common, and other respectable and genteel localities. The persons to whom I allude invariably strike one as being in a hurry. They do not stop to look at performing birds; they pass, without heeding them, monkeys firing off guns and executing other martial evolutions; Punch himself, even when engaged in the reprehensible but amusing pastime of hitting his wife on the head severely and repeatedly with a thick stick, fails to arrest their progress; and not one of the usually attractive shops on either side of the thoroughfares they traverse can induce them to stand still and gaze for a single moment at the rich stores within. They are evidently bent on some errand too important to allow them to waste time. Yet, though there is a business-like energy and determination about their movements, it cannot be business which urges them on. They have faces far too smiling for that. The said faces, moreover, are in many instances very shining, as if recently subjected to vigorous friction supervening upon a liberal allowance of yellow soap. Some of the individuals to whom I am referring have, according to sex, a top-coat or a shawl hanging over one arm. Where can they all be going to? On what object have they set their hearts? They cannot be hurrying to get married? No! In the first place, the time of day is beyond the canonical hours; in the second, they bear no traces of misgivings in their features; and, in the third, the large preponderance among them of young members of the community, male and female, under nubile age, puts all ideas of orange blossoms and plain gold rings out of the question. Another fact con-

* Dr Quince is a noodle.—D. P.

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nected with these exceptional pedestrians is that, in the neighbourhood of Parliament Street, besides resembling in other particulars their fellows elsewhere, they all converge towards Westminster Bridge, and boast of a striking proportion of groomy men, and a numerous contingent of heroes with abnormally elongated limbs, from Her Majesty's Regiments of Household Cavalry. "Ah!" says the reader, "I see! They are——"

Yes! They *are*. The persons whom I have been endeavouring to describe are all speeding upon one errand. They are all "going to the play!" Their destination may be the Haymarket, or Drury Lane, or the Lyceum, or the Gaiety, or, in the case of our friends from the stables and the barracks, Astley's—I beg pardon: Sanger's—but the theatre does not matter; they are not going, so to speak, to any theatre; they are "going to the play!"

People may, no doubt, be enthusiastic, but, of course, politely and fashionably enthusiastic—enthusiastic as becomes kid gloves and white chokers, and long trains and gorgeous opera cloaks—when they hear Adelina Patti, or listen to her fair colleague in art, Christine Nilsson; they may, just as assuredly, be enthusiastic with the proper moderation required by the *nil admirari* principle of good society, when they witness the performance of Mr. Irving as Macbeth or Mr J. S. Clarke as Major Wellington de Boots, but, for real downright enjoyment, commend us to the persons who "go to the play."

"Going to the play!" What recollections does that short phrase revive. Among our own contemporaries, "going to the play" was a great event, not prized for its rarity alone, like a cracked specimen of Henri II. china, or a unique copy, with only the frontispiece and a few intermediate pages wanting, of some *editio princeps* from the presses of Caxton, Jenson, or the Elzevirs, typographical worthies so dear to that eminent bibliopolist, Mr Bernard Quaritch, and his customers, but an event greeted with delight because as productive of downright bliss as an egg is proverbially reputed to be full of meat. It is true that with a few beings of a more than ordinarily susceptible disposition the very intensity of the enjoyment makes it closely resemble pain, just as extreme cold seems sometimes nearly allied to heat. I was acquainted with a youth whose transports were so great at the idea of "going to the play" that, for a considerable time previously, he could think of nothing else. He ate and drank, it is true, but he treated his food merely as a means of subsistence and not as a source of satisfaction as well. On the happy day itself, he began early in the morning paying periodical visits to an old-fashioned clock on the staircase to see how many hours, minutes, seconds, must elapse before the eventful moment of his departure. Until that moment arrived, benches, stools, chairs, and all such contrivances, were useless superfluities. How could he sit down? As well expect that prematurely shortened entity, a Cherub, to do so. Was not he "going to the play?" But, when he had attained the height of his ambition; when he occupied the much coveted seat in the pit; when he feasted his eyes upon that object of his adoration, the green curtain, his ecstacy still pursued the same suicidal course. He was so pleased with everything around him, so delighted at the treat in store, as to be utterly incapable of enjoying it. All he could do was to regret its fleeting nature. Though he heard the overture, his admiration of its beauties was drowned in the consciousness that it was over. He gazed at act after act of the play, but only to mourn its too speedy termination. As he was not contented till the curtain rose, he was wretched directly it had done so; he could think of nothing but the rapidity with which his pleasure kept drawing to its end. Luckily such cases as his are rare.

"Going to the play!" But, *Valgame Dios*, as Don Spaniard says, my recollections of the Past have rendered me forgetful of the Present. I have taken up so much space in introducing a few remarks which I desired to make, in addition to those I submitted to your approbation a few weeks since, concerning our London theatres, that unless you allow me to make them in some future issue of your paper, they must remain for ever in the chaos of the Unmade and the Unknown. N.V.N.

—o—

The Sultan.

WE read the following in the last issue of our excellent contemporary, *The Graphic* of the 2nd inst:—

"Mr J. L. Hatton, one of the most experienced and genial of our composers, to whom we owe 'Anthea,' the 'Hesperus,' and many other fine English songs, is going abroad for a lengthened period, with the view of completing, in unmolested quietude, an oratorio upon which he has been for some time engaged."

Here he is—bounding with life and vigour—ready to start upon his journey:—

Bon voyage!—J. L. Czapek Hatton;—and a speedy return—oratorio in hand! (This last is a *sine quâ non*).

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TO DR FERDINAND HILLER.

REVERED ALTMEISTER,—I do not belong to the race of ontosophists; nor do I belong to the race of ontologists simple. Nevertheless (as you, Ferdinand Hiller, will bear me out), I am not a mere onocratalus, fed exclusively upon onobrychis. That is no reason why, because Wagnerism is to me Wagnerism, and nothing more, I should withhold from you a paper. Those who have missed perusing the books of the late Henry Fothergill Chorley cannot enter into their spirit, or propound their significance. Sain-D'Arod, however, to judge by the estimate of a great composer which but now, as one deeply versed in neurology (I may add neurotomy), he has given to the world, must have studied them intently.

A writer may be paracentrical, and yet escape scouting as a mock-moon with a paraplegia—because paraplegia does *not* immediately affect the brain. But admit all this; and what can the man of Bayreuth say to the sarmentous sarp-cloth of those who maintain that he is, at the best, a paranomasia? I leave it to the conjoint decision of Mr George Grove, Mr A. S. Sullivan, Mr E. Dannreuther, Mr Brinley Richards, and Mr Handel Gear. Let Sain-D'Arod, however, speak for himself, through the language of "J. V. B.," a still more eloquent though (unhappily) seldshown ruminator:—

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

If this be not an operant upon the Wagner theory, Mr Dannreuther will no doubt explain. I am firmly of belief that onomancy is one thing, and onomatopeia another, and that an indefinite quantity of ooze cast into an oost will never bring forth an ooroo. Let the tanners settle that question. It is not because the onycha is aromatic that it should be parent of the onyx, which is pellucid. "Rig" is the summit of a mountain. Let Herr Wagner, with the aid of his disciples, reach the summit of the mountain Jacob Meyer Beer (Ben Meyerbeer!) He failed to ascend Ben Berlioz; and in attempting the ascent of Ben Mendelssohn he hurt his patella grievously. The rifts were too much for him. "A frosty void" (Mendelssohn)—Ha! ha!—"Spectral bones and ribs" (Berlioz), &c.—What does it all mean? Lola Montez I can understand, inasmuch as she ridged the Jesuists; but the overture to Tannhauser, with nine billion trombones, would sikerly be too much by eight and a half billions. Meyerbeer was a starlin!—then Wagner must be a phenicopter. I have no patience with silver-beaters. There is not a vestige of robust strengthiness in them. What, after all, is a "palaver"?—Ask the King of Ashantee, or Captain Burton. A prophet may be streperous without stress, and a straw-worm is not of necessity a stray, be he never so streaky. I, for my own part, am tired of all this unbraced hissing. I would sooner eat a tareira, uncooked, than hold parley with a tareiboia. In the consideration of such questions, however, it is better not to assume the air of a tantling, and move (as if forefated) tardigradously. The tapera, best esteemed among Brazilian swallows, flies swiftly and feeds its young, a hundred gnats the second. Why, then, such abundance of slow talk and lecturing?—The Druids called Jupiter, not Jupiter, nor even Zeus, nor even Jove—but Taranis. John Oxenford, Esq. can vouch for that. Targovisco, nevertheless, was at one period a Turkish town of some importance. What boots it if a certain fish be called sea-tench (*turdus*, wrasse, or *Tinca Marina?*) Mr Lloyd, of the Crystal Palace, or Mr Leopold Lewis, of the Savage Club and the Brighton Aquarium, will answer—"It boots nothing." Richard Wagner would scarcely affect to be hailed as a tit, or *fermellette*;—then wherefore endless tittering and twittering?—Jupiter was also entitled Tamarins, and the great Tityus (once caught titubating) was Jupiter's son by Eleara; but although Tityus composed operas he did not build and populate a city, with streets, houses, and bantlings. After all, the Tlanquatzin is not to be found elsewhere than in the United States. All hail opossum! Tivy—Tivy! Mr Burnand could tell us something from his room at the Horse and Stamps—but he wont. A human being (like C. A. B., or W. B.) may unbuckle and yet not be unbenummed. Meyerbeer lacked the good fortune to be "set to music by Verdi," as a great Moravian critic says of Nebuchadnezzar-Wagner.

THEOPHILUS QUEER (M.D.)

To Dr. Hanslick, of Vienna.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WRITING to the *Guide Musical*, M. Arthur Pougin, the well-known musical critic, announces that M. Hervé is working on a grand three-act piece, of which he will furnish both the words and the music. M. Arthur Pougin makes this announcement under the heading of "Unpleasant News" (*nouvelles facheuses*). M. Arthur Pougin is evidently a mad wag.

THE late Dr Härtel of Leipsic has bequeathed to the Pauliner Library attached to the University a portrait in oil colours of Lessing, the father of German literature, and a valuable manuscript book containing Goethe's first twenty pieces of poetry, written in 1767, and published in 1768. The manuscript, in Goethe's hand, contains, also, the music composed to the poems by Bernhard Theodor Breitkopf, son of Cristopher Breitkopf, originator of the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel, and bears date: 1770.

MDLLE CAMILLO URSO, the violinist, was at one time giving concerts with Tom Karl, at South End, U.S. Why, in the name of Heliogabalus, don't Tom Karl invade our shores? Tom not being a pianist, there is little chance that "J. W. D." will wind his horn on Dover Cliff—as Herr Mustard, of the Leipsic *Signale*, once historiographed. It is very hard upon us Insularians to be deprived so long of Tom Karl. "Karley is my darling" might be sung on the much desired, though mucher expected, occasion. Come then, Tom—don't be a self-denying Karl.—A. S. S.

OUR revered contemporary, *Le Saison de* Boulogne-sur-Mer, in a recent issue kindly points out to English visitors at the "Etablissement" how they can see an unusually fine collection of pictures. We subjoin the friendly paragraph, *verbatim et literatim*:—

"We feel much obliged to give notice to the amators of this town, that a splendid collection of old and modern paintings will be exhibited in the gallery Pelletier, no 17, rue-Neuve-Chaussée, Saturday and Sunday 11th and 12th September from noon till five o'clock, in which place the action sale of that serious collection will be held on Monday 13th of same month at 2 o'clock afternoon by Mr Le Roy, auction-saler.

We may suggest that the literal rendering into English of "*Commissaire-priseur*" is not "auction-saler," but snuff-taking commissary. A. S. S.

Subjoined is an account, preserved in the Archives at Weimar, of the expenses of the *Capelle*, or Musical Establishment of the Saxon Electoral Court at Torgau, in 1524.

STATEMENT OF THE MAINTENANCE OF THE SINGERS FOR A WHOLE YEAR.

Keep for One Year.

297	florins, 3 gr.	Keep of seven great Singers.
173	,, 7 ,,	Keep of ten Singing Boys.
14	,, 8 ,,	To the same Boys for Vesper Drink.
17	,, 20 ,,	To the same for "Necessities."
22	,, 6 ,,	To the two Organists (Dyart and Zuckenranfft).
19	,, 7 ,,	To the Organ Blower.

Apparel for One Year.

168 florins,	Twelve great Singers for Apparel, each 14 florins.
96 ,,	Twelve Singing Boys, each 8 florins.
2 ,,	To the Boys for Slippers.
5 ,,	To the Boys for Pirettes (Berettas, Caps).

Pay of the Singers for One Year.

32 florins.	Herr Cunrad (Rüpff).
24 ,,	Benedikt (Zuckenranfft).
24 ,,	Johann, Organist (Hans Dyart).
144 ,,	Nine great Singers, each 16 florins.
10 ,,	At New Year, to the great Singers.

THE pecuniary results of the late Church Festival at Worcester Cathedral have been fully as satisfactory as had been anticipated. The following returns are furnished by Mr J. H. Hooper, honorary secretary:—The collections at the Cathedral (including about £120 from the interest of invested funds at Gloucester and Worcester) amount to £724 12s. 2d. The Supplemental Fund reaches £667 15s. 6d., including donations received since the Festival, making a total of £1,392 7s. 8d., to which it is possible some further additions may be made. There is also interest from Hereford to be received. Mr Hooper adds that the offertories

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at the Cathedral included £50 in notes (none exceeding £10) and £71 in cheques, none exceeding £25. All the rest was in gold and silver, except £2 4s. 9d. in copper. Lady Emily Foley, who has always been a most liberal patron and supporter of the Festivals of the Three Choirs, has sent a contribution of £50, to be added to the Cathedral collections, accompanying the gift with a letter, in which she expresses regret at the change made this year—"*thus depriving the public of hearing and enjoying the grand compositions of the greatest masters in music to the utmost advantage—viz., in a cathedral, where the solemnity and grandeur of the building add so materially to the religious effect, the feeling of those who listen to the sublime music raising their thoughts to heaven and to the God who made them and redeemed them, when at the same time their ears and minds were instructed in the best manner for the enjoyment of the highest kind of music.*"

MUSIC IN AUSTRALIA.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

It is rather curious that the same month should witness the exodus of Miss Alice May with her English Opera Company, and the advent of perhaps the other most gifted operatic singer that has ever visited the colonies—Mdlle Ilma de Murska. Miss May and company leave by the mail which will bring this, on Tuesday next, for Bombay, Calcutta, China, and Japan, *en route* for California, where her company are expected. The journals are expressing great regret at losing this most popular cantatrice, and one whom Melbourne claims as its own, as it was here she made her operatic *début*. They say, "Such is the fortune, or rather misfortune, of the colony. Directly an artist arrives at a high position, and has gained our esteem and thorough appreciation, away he or she goes." To make an original remark, "Such is life!" But it is very natural to regret the loss of such an artist as Miss Alice May. Her appearance in India is looked forward to with much interest.

To-morrow night Mdlle Ilma de Murska will make her first appearance at a concert in the Town Hall, and there is but little doubt of her success vocally, but whether she will make a commercial success is another thing. People here care little for concerts, and as Ristori has the Operahouse for September, and the Williamsons have it till then, there is no possibility of Mdlle Murska appearing in opera for a considerable time. The wonderful success of the Williamsons is almost something to be ashamed of, and certainly does not redound to the taste of the people. Mr Williamson has some talent as an actor, but Mrs Williamson is simply a nigger minstrel or music hall singer, with some ability, but much more vulgarity. These good people were in receipt of some fifteen pounds a week in California, and were nobodies; they come here, and clear, in a few months, much more than any artist who ever visited us. Will Ristori do as well? I trow not! In Sydney she has had empty houses; but then the Williamsons were there!

Melbourne, August 9th, 1875.

BELLS AND BELL-RINGING.

MESSRS DUNCAN DAVISON AND CO.

GENTLEMEN,—You speak, in the issue of your *Musical World*, dated September 11, page 620, of a pamphlet called, "Practical Remarks on Belfries and Ringers," by Mr Bell. I should greatly like to see the pamphlet; and if you will put me in the way of getting it—I cannot find it here—I shall be greatly obliged.

Geneva, Sept. 22nd, 1875. M. M. E. L.

[Enquire of Bell and Daldy.—ED.]

THE NEW OPERAHOUSE.—Great progress during the last three weeks has been made with the new Operahouse on the Thames Embankment. Mr Francis Fowler, the architect, has lately visited the great theatres, with the intention of introducing any new feature which might add to the safety, convenience, or excellence of the new Operahouse. He has visited St Petersburgh, Moscow, Berlin, Vienna, Trieste, Milan, Venice, Bologna, Naples, and Paris. In all these cities his plans for the new London Operahouse were inspected with interest. The architect and contractor (Mr Webster) assert that the new National Operahouse can be ready on the 2nd of May—the day originally named.

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph," September 24.*)

Mdlle Albani having sung "Let the bright seraphim," to the trumpet *obbligato* of Mr T. Harper, and obtained for the favourite piece a unanimous encore, *The Woman of Samaria* made its *début* before a Norwich audience, with Mdlle Enequist, Madame Patey, Mr Lloyd, and Mr Wadmore as soloists. Taking into consideration the fact that three numbers of Bennett's work were encored, and that the amateurs present heard it to the end with avidity, there can be no question as to the full acknowledgment of its merits. May we interpret this as a sign that one of the most beautiful compositions of recent years is about to receive the treatment some of us demanded for it at the outset of its career. But whether we may or may not signifies little. Continued neglect means much to the man of genius who dies, perhaps, without a consciousness of reward; but so far his works are superior to himself. They can wait, for all the future is theirs, and because their day, which is sure to come, cannot come too late for its reward to be enjoyed. There are few examples of sacred music which better exemplify the reciprocal influence of art and religion than *The Woman of Samaria*. This cantata is like one of the temples reared by pious hands in the days when men built "to the glory of God" first, and to their own honour and profit next. It is uncompromising in its severe dignity and abstract purity, yielding nowhere to a desire for mere applause, and disdaining to cater for the greed of personal vanity. In all this it is beautifully characteristic of the composer, to whom art was a sacred thing, having claims upon him he dared not fail to meet. Had Bennett chosen, he could have secured for his sacred cantata instant popularity; but this was not to him the highest reward, and he disdained to seek it. Well for us and for art that such men live to witness that even in this respect "life is more than meat." I need not enter upon a fresh discussion of the particular merits exhibited by Bennett's work. The task has been done often enough, and there only remains now to acknowledge certain very marked excellencies in the performance. The rendering by Madame Patey of the recitatives and the lovely air, "Lord, Thou hast searched me out," fell nothing short of perfection. The song had to be repeated; and in this case, at all events, the decree of the Mayor expressed a unanimous wish. Mr Lloyd obtained and deserved a like honour by singing "His salvation is nigh them," the third encore being given to "God is a spirit," the chaste and beautiful music of which recalled to some present the sad triumph of the day when its composer was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Sir Julius Benedict could not have laboured more zealously for the success of the work had it been his own.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Sir,—Your last number of *The Musical World* contains a report from Copenhagen, in which my name is mentioned as belonging to Madame Trebelli's Concert Company, on a tour in Denmark. Permit me to say that since last March, when I was invited to play at the fourth grand orchestral concert at the Conservatoire, in Prague, I have never quitted England.—I beg to remain, Sir, yours truly,

CHARLES OBERTHÜR.

London, 14, *Talbot Road*,
Westbourne Park, W., October 4, 1875.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

(*Gestorben den* 4. *August*, 1875.)

"Der Mann, der uns ins Leben rief
Zu Tausenden, seht, er entschlief;
Und der von uns so hold erzählt,
Da liegt er bleich jetzt und entseelt!"—
So sprachen Elf und Engelein,
Und Nix' und Kobold stimmten ein:
"Auf! Lasst uns tragen ihn zugleich
Empor ins ew'ge Märchenreich!"

MAYENCE.—The season opened with Gounod's *Faust*.

MUNICH.—Lord Byron's *Manfred*, with Robert Schumann's music, has been peformed at the Theatre Royal.

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PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—The private choir of Mr James J. Monk, organist of St Saviour's Church, Falkener Square, gave a performance in the schoolroom, on Thursday evening, Sept. 30th, to a large audience. The programme comprised Schubert's Mass in G, Mr Henry Hiles' cantata, *The Crusaders*. Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, and Mr Arthur Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*. The performance was organised on a somewhat high level, but the success that attended it quite warranted the attempt. The performance of the concerted music, under the *bâton* of Mr Monk, showed careful training, the chorus being particularly good. The tenors however were rather weak in the upper notes, but the soprano voices were pretty good, and the solo in the "Crusaders" well deserved the hearty applause that followed. Mrs Connell presided at the pianoforte, and Mr W. D. Roberts at the organ. The acoustic properties of the building were not very favourable.—*Liverpool Paper.*

A BRIGHT FUTURE FOR ENGLISH OPERA.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—From time to time you have kindly published letters of mine, pointing out the advantage of a theatre attached to the Royal Academy of Music, so that those pupils who have an aptitude for acting should have the earliest opportunity of learning stage-business, combined with singing. By this means, Sir, we shall raise the standard of operatic actors—those who will know how to give force and power to their voice by their action; not, as too many of our English singers do now, stand like lay-figures, just moving a leg or an arm, and bringing out their notes as if they were singing in a concert-room, instead of representing a character full of energy and individual expression. It is said the New National Opera will have a school of this kind attached to it. Let us hope there will be no favouritism shown, and no experiments tried, by bringing out the young students before they are up to their work, which should be of a high standard. We know how much *good* aids the singer on in his work, and how much more he impresses his audience when able to express himself with his *notes* by suitable action. This ought to be learned when the pupil is *young*—when he is full of enthusiasm, and the mind susceptible of deep feeling, and can be trained in the right direction, which can be only done by constant study, and combining the two—acting and singing. I send you the engraving of the "opening of the Ballarat Academy of Music." What a reflection this casts upon us, to think, while our learned professors and princely patrons, with the rich amateurs, who talk so much and so learnedly upon the fine quality, and perfect intonation, &c., &c., of the great Italian and German singers, and foreign composers, have never attempted to raise their own countrymen and women to the highest standard as singers and composers, by careful and judicious *early* training. We have no end of money spent in prizes for "machine singing," but let us have a little of it spent for "operatic singing" and *original* English opera. We have plenty of talent, Sir, now, crushed down for want of encouragement, that would rise up, and let the world see that England has a soul for the divine art of music, as she has shown she has for painting, sculpture, and poetry. The students should be thoroughly impressed with the necessity of constant study, so many hours a day, as all the great foreign singers do. Unfortunately, our young singers think, as soon as they can sing Italian piece of music, and gain applause, that they are at the top of the tree, instead of just beginning to climb it. How many promising young artists have failed to realize the position that Joachim has predicted for them, in consequence of this morbid vanity, which has had a great deal to do with the decline of "English opera." But now she is again started into life, with energy and success, by that indefatigable of all musical directors, Mr Carl Rosa, who has the greatest desire, I hear, to encourage young English singers and *original* English opera, and to raise it to the position this great nation should take. Let author, musician, and singer set to work with the same energy that Mr Carl Rosa has done, and aid him in his good work, and depend upon it the public will not again let our national opera fall so low as to become a national disgrace.—Yours, &c., R. C.

PARMA.—It is said that a new opera, *La Stella delle Alpi*, by Sig. Bolzoni, will be produced here this autumn.

MASTER HENRI LOUIS BERGSON, son of Professor Michael Bergson, the pianist composer well known in London, gained "*Le Grand Prix d'Honneur*" for Rhetoric, at the completion of the *Sorbonne* (France), and, in consequence, had the honour of being invited to dine with the President of the Republic. It is twenty years since one so young (Master Bergson is only 15) obtained so important a prize. Mr Edmond About, the well-known author, gained it when about the same age.

WAIFS.

Mdme Arabella Goddard a accepté la proposition de MM Strakosch, de se joindre à la tournée de concerts qu'ils organisent pour Mdlle Tietjens; elle terminera ainsi en société le tour du monde artistique, qu'elle s'était proposé de faire seule. Mdlle Tietjens est attendue dans très-peu de jours. De son côté Hans de Bülow donnera aussi des concerts dans les principales villes de l'Union. Il débutera par Boston et se fera entendre à New York en Novembre.—*Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris.*

An amusing little circular has just been issued by Wagner to the artists engaged for the four-day performance at Bayreuth next autumn. One short extract will explain its purport:—

"Will you, by a binding assent on your part, put it in my power to consider your co-operation as gained for the performance of my Stage-Festival-Play, and, at the same time, notify *whether you require any remuneration*, and, if so, to what amount. From the statement I have given you of the position taken by me towards the patrons of the enterprise, you will see that *in the case of every one engaged, all thought of gain is excluded*; nay, more, that self-sacrifice must invariably be pre-supposed."

In order properly to understand the sort of "self-sacrifice" referred to by Wagner, it is necessary to know that the artists are required to bind themselves down to work gratis, "in a truly companionlike association," throughout June and July for the rehearsals, and throughout August for the performances, that is to say, for three whole months. The new opera house has, we know, been built and furnished by voluntary subscription. On two or three occasions the faithful have grumbled at the expense, but all difficulties have invariably been overcome, and by hook or by crook the money has been forthcoming. We are told that the theatre holds nearly two thousand people, and we know that tickets for each of the four sets of performances cost £45. Now, if the chief artists are not to get a picking out of the proceeds, we should like very much to know who will.—CHERUBINO.

Richard Wagner, in his pamphlet, *Ueber das Dirigiren*, speaks of the late Cipriani Potter as a "genial old contrapuntist." Whether Potter was one of the "hungry contrapuntists" who seize on the "folks' melodies," as provender for the exercise of their sterile art, he does not say. It is a blessing for the "folk" that Wagner himself cares not greatly for counterpoint in the abstract.

The death of Marie Cico, the original heroine of Auber's *Fiancée du Roi de Garbe*, which occurred recently in Paris, will be heard of with regret by many who had the pleasure to know her, not only upon the stage, but "at home." "Marie Cico" was only her assumed name as a public singer. Her friends, and they are not a few, will remember her under another.

Mr J. Russell, of Covent Garden, has gone to Dublin to join the Albani-Zaré Thalberg provincial tour of Mr Gye and Sir Julius Benedict.

Miss Sophie and Miss Jessie Ferrari have returned to town from their visit to Balmoral.

The commemoration of the centenary of Spontini's birth, at Jesi, has been a great success.

Mdlle Albani has been singing at Brighton, where she was received with the accustomed fervour.

What is to be expected of the youth of America when a Boston paper speaks of "Mike Angelo"?

The organ appointment to St Peter's Church, Carmarthen, is vacant. The stipend is £70 per annum.

The police of Philadelphia have taken a Chew—David Chew; David took tobacco—stole a chew.

Madame Annie Essipoff has been engaged by Mr Arthur Chappell to play at the Monday Popular concerts.

Herr Jauner, manager of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, has been nominated an officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

La Mandragone, a new comic opera in three acts, by Henri Litolff, is about to be produced at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, Brussels.

A telegram has reached London, reporting the brilliant success of Mdlle Tietjens at her first concert in Steinway Hall, New York.

Mr Josiah Pittman has gone to Dublin to join the Albani-Belocca tour. This said Josiah is welcome (thrice welcome) to all companies even where shawms are in request.

M. Bessel, founder of a Russian musical paper, is now in Paris, for the purpose of coming to an agreement with the music-publishers as to the right of French composers in Russia.

N. J. Countz, of Farmington, Mo., has raised a cucumber weighing twenty pounds. From all accounts it was a pretty big one, but he probably could have raised it if it weighed twenty pounds more, couldn't he?

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Signor Tito Mattei has been specially engaged to play his new work for pianoforte and orchestra at the Alexandra Palace next month.

Mdlle Eugénie Coulon has returned from her continental *tour*. The Pyrenees, Biarritz, and Paris, were the principal places visited by the accomplished pianist.

Mad. Adelina Patti is at present in Paris, where she proposes remaining till the middle of next month. There is some talk of her singing at the Grand Opera for the benefit of the victims of the inundations in the South of France.

M. J. B. Singelée, violinist and composer (father of Mdlle Louise Singelli, the favourite operatic singer), died lately at Ostend. M. Singelée was born at Brussels in 1812. As *chef d'orchestre* he was well-known at Brussels, Ghent and Antwerp.

At a grand banquet given to the Duke of Edinburgh, during his recent visit to Russia, his hosts drank Queen Victoria's health by telegraph—"that is to say, in electric fluid, the nearest approach," remarks a New York editor, "they could get to Jersey lightning."

Mr Herbert Johnson and Mr W. C. Horsley are the two artists selected to represent the *Graphic* in India during the visit of the Prince of Wales. Mr Sydney Hall, one of the artists on the staff of the *Graphic* since its commencement, will accompany the Prince by invitation.

The Conservatory of Music at Buenos Ayres was solemnly inaugurated on the 17th June, 1875. M. Nicolas Bassi is the director. The course of instruction includes composition, the history of music, the piano, organ, violin, viola, violoncello, double-bass, wood wind-instruments, and solfeggio.

T. S. Mathis, of Ste. Genevieve, Mo., was milking a cow. The animal became restless and suddenly dropped dead. Mr Mathis took a rope from her horns and dropped dead also. He might have taken some better example than a cow to follow in such a serious matter as life and death.

Miss Emma Barnett has been making quite an impression in the provinces, where the youthful pianist has been "touring" with Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. Her clever brother's fantasia on subjects from his *cantata*, "The Ancient Mariner," has been her *Cheval de Bataille*, and has proved eminently successful.

"He is as dead as a door-nail," coincided three Kentucky doctors, earnestly looking at Jack Thomas. "The blank he is," said Jack Thomas, as he rose in his shroud and put those doctors to flight. Doctors differ and patients die; when they agree patients come to life again, doubtless thinking the millennium has arrived.

M. Victor de Mirecki, who gained the first prize for the violoncello at the Paris Conservatory in 1868, and was a pupil of M. Franchomme, has been appointed solo violoncellist of the Royal Chapel, Madrid, and decorated with the Commander's Cross of the Order of Charles III. He was already a Professor in the Madrid Conservatory.

"Alexis," observes the *Chicago Tribune*, referring to the Russian Grand-Duke of the above name, "was thought to be something of a man when he visited this country. His entertainers were evidently mistaken in their estimate of him. He has consented to a divorce from the charming little lady he married in secret, and is now enjoying himself at home."

Mr Brinley Richards has returned from a visit to Lord and Lady Clarence Paget, at Plasllanfair, Anglesea. The new "Royal Albert Hall," at Newport (Monmouthshire), for oratorios and concerts, is to be formally opened on the 20th inst. Among the list of patrons are the Rev. Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Sir Robert Stewart, Professor Macfarren, and Mr Brinley Richards.

Two instances of mistaken cause and effect: James Taylor, of Argyle, N. Y., has an eight-day clock 45 years old, which keeps good time although it has never been taken apart. Of course; if it had been it would not keep time. There is a pair of Tennessee lovers who have loved for twenty-five years, and are not married yet. Of course, again; were they married they would not be lovers.

The project of erecting a statue at Dijon in honour of Rameau, has been revived after having long remained in abeyance. Some years ago M. Guillaume, a member of the Institute, prepared a model of the statue, the Municipality of the town assigned a site, and there the matter ended. The notion has now been taken up again, and it is possible that the statue may at length be completed and unveiled next year at a commemorative festival, similar to that recently celebrated at Rouen in honour of Boïeldieu.

Through the intervention of M. Oscar Comettant, it is said, M. Gounod has regained possession of the MSS. of several works of importance, which, through circumstances of strictly private character, had been detained in London; among them being *Polyeucte*, a grand opera in five acts, the first part of a *Missa Solennis*, and part of the score of an opera entitled *Georges Dandin*, founded on the comedy of Molière whose *Medecin malgré lui* M. Gounod had already used to excellent purpose.—*Graphic.*

Signor H. L. Bellini, sub-stage manager of the Royal Italian Opera, has accepted an engagement to sing the buffo part in a new opera about to be given at the St Carlo, Lisbon. Signor Bellini is well-known as a successful vocalist in London concert rooms; he possesses a good voice and a full knowledge of stage business. We read in the *Commissioner's Journal* that Signor Bellini has taken out a patent for a new method of constructing ceilings for theatres and halls, combining new principles of acoustics, ventilation, and lighting.

Dr Wiljalba Frikell has been astonishing the good people of Magdeburg. The *Magdeburger Zeitung* says of him: "Dr Wiljalba Frikell once more did everything that we can expect from a travelled artist. Novelty, originality, elegance, and finish, together with a witty and ready tongue, all combine to make the evening pass most agreeably. We look on with wonder, as everything is done so easily without tables or any other apparatus, and we are at a loss which to admire most, the performer's intellectual cleverness, his science, or his extraordinary dexterity."

"Our young folks who talk and write so serenely on the subject of matrimony do not touch upon the violent side of it. There is something worth studying in a list of matrimonial crimes. One man throws his wife out of the window; another starves his into obedience; half-a-dozen run away; a hundred dozen would if they could afford to; a wife poisons three husbands; a batch of wives skedaddle; in Danbury and Detroit they wield flat-iron and rolling-pin with equal skill and destructiveness; all the world over there is divorcing and being divorced. Start here, and then talk." Thus moralises a Transatlantic journalist—himself, doubtless, a married man.

Inspired by the almost unprecedented success of the *Voyage autour du Monde*, at the Porte St Martin, M. Vizentini is preparing, for the Gaîté, a *Voyage dans la Lune*. After a *Voyage dans le soleil*, which is not unlikely to be the next absurdity, we may probably (descending from big things to small) be treated to a *Voyage autour de ma chambre*, for which Xavier le Maïstre has left a suitable text; unless, soaring higher and higher, the adventurous travellers previously go to the fixed stars, Aldeboran, Arcturus, and Sirius, finishing up with Ursa Major.—*Graphic.*

The Richmond and Twickenham Times recently came across a catch of Dr Callcott's, the title of which ran, "Have you Sir John Hawkins's history?" The music is admirably set and full of humour, and the point of the "catch" consisted in the constant re-iteration of the words (sung by the third voice), "Burney's history," which were intended to convey the complimentary opinion that Sir John Hawkins's book might be consigned to the flames. We should like to hear of Mr Henry Leslie reviving this comical "catch"—it is short, it discusses quaintly and briefly the merits of the two histories which excited our forefathers' controversial spleen.

In the days of the late Monsieur Jullien there were uncharitable persons who did not hesitate to sneer at his talents as a conductor, to insinuate that that delicate ivory baton which still lives in the memory of the middle-aged playgoer was flourished in mere empty show, and had in fact no relation whatever to the actual business in hand in his magnificent orchestra. For them there was nothing imposing in that elaborate shirt-front of dazzling whiteness, that dress-coat with flowered lapels, flung wide with a show of negligence which was only art concealed; or even in that lofty brow and mingled air of severity and consciousness of power with which he would occasionally rebuke a lagging violin or an inopportune note from an absent-minded clarionet. Indeed, there is no denying that the harsh word "Charlatan" was occasionally applied to that enterprising Frenchman who contrived to become so prominent in the public eye some quarter of a century ago. Poor M. Jullien's right hand has now long ceased to wield the baton; but it is in no spirit of mere tenderness towards the departed that musical people who can remember those times have come to regard that pioneer in the field of musical entertainments for the many with anything but an unkindly feeling. There had been, it is true, promenade concerts before his day, but in comparatively small theatres, and in a feeble way. It was he who first exhibited faith in the power of good music at a low price to attract multitudes, at a time when the fashionable frequenters of the Opera had departed, and the ordinary theatrical entertainments were declining under the influence of fine weather and excursion trains. That there was some amount of trickery in his system must be admitted; but it should be remembered that he had to attract a public among whom musical taste was rare; and it was at least to his credit that he always ventured, and sometimes even further than was prudent, to mingle with his popular tunes and dances music of a far higher kind. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any man of his day did as much as Jullien to create, among those whose habit is to part with a shilling only for money's worth, a real love of musical entertainments.

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Mdlle Zaré Thalberg has made a "hit" in Dublin. The critics express themselves delighted with her performance of Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*. Particulars next week.

M. and Madame Marchesi, the celebrated professors of the art of singing, have returned from Venice to Vienna, after paying a short visit to Verdi and his amiable lady at Busseto.

The Theatre hitherto known as the Alexandra, Park Street, Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, is now undergoing the process of re-decoration, and will re-open on the 16th inst. under the title of the Royal Park Theatre. The Managers will be Messrs Parravicini and Corbyn, and the initiatory programme will consist of Offenbach's *Geneviève de Brabant*, with Miss Emily Soldene, supported by many members of the original cast.

The annual general meeting of the Aldermanbury Musical Society was held on Monday evening, prior to the commencement of its second season, in the Society's rooms, Oriental Buildings, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars; John Maxwell, Esq., in the chair. Nearly all last season's officers were re-elected, and upwards of 100 new members enrolled during the evening. The proceedings terminated with a selection of vocal and instrumental music by the members of the Society, ably assisted by Herr Lehmeyer.

When the Messrs Gatti announced a "Welsh Festival" at that popular autumn *rendezvous* Covent Garden, they probably did not anticipate the fierce heat of our new autumn weather or an evening faint with a tropical glow. It naturally occurred to these spirited entertainers that an evening in the Welsh mountains, the softening influence of the harp, the recollection of "The Bells of Aberdovy" and the presence of the Bride of Neath Valley would console the melancholy Welshmen in London for the loss of their beloved hills and vales. But, as it turned out, the inhabitants of Wales had not yet left their mountains, and the encouragement of the festival was left to a few benighted Englishmen who could not spell and would not dare to pronounce the titles of the songs or the names of the singers presented to their notice. When "Eos Morlais" and "Ap Herbert" came forward to delight their countrymen with queer barbaric ditties, the applause was not so enthusiastic as might have been expected; and even Miss Edith Wynne and her harp-tuned melodies scarcely succeeded in securing a patriotic glow for the music of Wales. Mr John Thomas, with his harp solos, his accompaniments, and his innumerable selections, never wearied in his attention to Welsh melody; but it was not until Signor Arditi, hitherto prostrated by the abnormal weather, and listening to the concert from his gilded chair, brought the full orchestra and brass band to bear upon "God bless the Prince of Wales," that patriotism came to the front. Then all the audience stood up and cheered. But there were other pleasures in store for the visitors who knew not Wales, and were puzzled with the mysterious language. * * * The abnormal atmosphere, weighted with a curious heat, naturally prevented any extraordinary demonstration in favour of the music of a romantic country; but supposing that it happens that another festival is given before the Welshmen have returned to town, it may be as well to consider if the melodies might not be given in English and the singers presented with names intelligible to popular audiences. Scotch songs are not presented in Gaelic. Irish melodies are translated so as to become intelligible to Saxon ears. Is it too much to hope that, at some future time, Miss Edith Wynne, "Eos Morlais," and the rest, will condescend to a language understood by the public for whom the concerts are designed? Failing this, a translation will be required for the programme, to say nothing of the songs, whose sentiment is denied to all but inhabitants of Wales.—THADDEUS EGG.

FRÜHLINGSNACHT.

(*From the German of Eichendorf.*)

O'er the garden, hear the voices!
Birds of passage on their flight!
Spring is coming, earth rejoices,
Grass is springing all the night.

Shouting now, and now nigh weeping,
Feel I that it cannot be!
Wonders of the Past come creeping
With the moonlight in to me.

And the moon, the stars, they tell it,
Dreamy forests lisp the sign,
Nightingales in sweet notes swell it:
"She is thine, is only thine!"

J. S. D(WIGHT?)

[*Salut!*—old friend. J. W. D.]

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CONTENTS.

1	1st Sunday in Advent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
2	2nd Sunday in Advent	Deus tu converteus	Qrtt. or Chorus	Henry Smart
3	3rd Sunday in Advent	Juste et pie vivamus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
4	4th Sunday in Advent	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
5	Any Sunday during Advent	Rorate	Chorus & Solo	Webbe
6	Christmas Day	Adeste Fideles	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
7	Sunday within Octave of Christmas	Attolite	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
8	Circumcision	Tui sunt coeli	Ten. So. & Chor.	A. Sullivan
9	Epiphany	Reges Tharsis	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
10	Sunday within Octave	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
11	Holy Name	Jesu dulcis	Qrtt. & Chorus	Beethoven
12	3rd Sunday after Epiphany	Dextera Domini	Chorus	Schumann
13	Septuagesima Sunday	Bonum est	Solo & Chorus	Benedict
14	Sexagesima Sunday	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
15	Quinquagesima Sunday	Super flumina	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
16	1st Sunday in Lent	Ecce nunc tempus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
17	2nd Sunday in Lent	Preces populi	Chorus	Webbe
18	3rd Sunday in Lent	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	4th Sunday in Lent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
19	Passion Sunday	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Webbe
20	Palm Sunday	Improperium	Chorus	André
21	Easter Sunday (Gradual)	Hæc dies	Chorus or Trio. T.T. & B.	Webbe
22	,, ,, (Offertory)	Victimæ	Chorus	Webbe
23	Low Sunday	Angelus Domini	Chorus	André
24	2nd Sunday after Easter	Deus misereatur	Chorus & Soli.	Webbe
25	3rd Sunday after Easter	Lauda anima	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
10	4th Sunday after Easter	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
26	5th Sunday after Easter	Benedictmus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
27	Ascension Day	Ascendit Deus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
28	Sunday within Octave of Ascension Day	Rex Gloriæ	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
29	Whit Sunday (Gradual)	Emitte / Veni sancte spiritus	Trio or Chorus / Duet or Chorus	Webbe / Webbe
30	,, ,, (Offertory)	Confirma hoc Deus	Soli or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
31	Trinity Sunday	Benedictus est	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
32	1st Sunday after Pentecost	Intende voci	Chorus	André
33	Corpus Christi (Gradual)	Lauda Sion	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
34	,, ,, (Offertory)	O sacrum convivium	Solo	Webbe
35	2nd Sunday after Pentecost	Domine convertere	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
36	3rd Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
37	4th Sunday after Pentecost	Illumina	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
38	St Peter and St Paul	Roma felix	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
39	5th Sunday after Pentecost	Audi hymnum	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
14	6th Sunday after Pentecost	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
40	7th Sunday after Pentecost	Sicut in holocaustis	Qrtt. or Chorus	Mozart
41	8th Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria	Bass Solo	Webbe
18	9th Sunday after Pentecost	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	10th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett	Webbe
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exurgat Deus	Chorus	Webbe
43	Assumption	Assumpta est	Chorus	Nenkom
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Chorus	Eybler
45	13th Sunday after Pentecost	In te speravi	T. So. (& Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
36	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
13	15th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum est	Solo or Chorus	Benedict
46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavere	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
55	Nativity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
56	Holy Name	Ave Maria	Solo	Cherubini
57	Seven Dolors	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Gregorian
4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
58	Purity	Succurre miseris	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
4	Patronage	Ave Maris	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
59	Confessor	Ecce sacerdos	Duet	Webbe
60	Martyrs	Qui seminant	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
61	One Martyr	Justus ut palma	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
63	Virgins and Holy Women	Diffusa	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
64		Asperges	Chorus	Gregorian
65	In Paschal time	Vidi aquam	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
66	Prayer for the Queen	Domine salvum fac	Chorus	Martini

APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Cœli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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7	Webbe's Mass	(4 voices)	in G.
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10	Missa in Dominicis diebus per annum	,,	in D minor.
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VOL. 53—No. 42. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1875. PRICE {4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIRD SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture to the Second Part of *The Light of the World;* Sacred Cantata, "God's time is the best" (J. S. Bach), first time at these Concerts; Overture, Scherzo, and Finale (Schumann); the "First Walpurgis Night" (Mendelssohn). Vocalists—Mdme Sinico-Campobello, Miss Gill (her first appearance), Mr Henry Guy, Mr Whitney, and the Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Transferable stalls for the Series (24 Concerts), Two Guineas and a Half; stall for a Single Concert, Three Shillings and Sixpence and Half-a-Crown. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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BRIGHTON.—MR KUHE'S FIRST PIANOFORTE RECITAL (Annual Series of Three), WEDNESDAY, October 20. Mr Kuhe will play Mozart's Sonata, pianoforte and violin, No. 9; Beethoven's Sonata, pianoforte and violin, in F (Violin—Mr Carrodus); Mendelssohn's Variations in E flat; Schumann's Grillen; Chopin's Polonaise in C sharp minor; Tanbert's Campanella; Schulhoff's Chant du Berger; and Thalberg's Tarantella.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—SECOND SESSION, 1875-6. FIRST MONTHLY MEETING, MONDAY, November 1st. At 5 p.m. punctually a Paper will be read by Mr CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Mem. Acad. St Cecilia, Rome, on "Musical Criticism."
CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

HERR HERMANN FRANKE (Concertmeister, from Dresden) will play MENDELSSOHN'S CONCERTO for Violin, at Manchester, October 23rd. All applications for ENGAGEMENTS as Soloist, and for Lessons, in London and elsewhere, to be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

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MR HENRY GUY has removed to 6, Kellett Road, Brixton, S.W.

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Concerto for violin (first movement) ...	Paganini.
Symphony in C (No. 1)	Beethoven.
Notturno (violin)	Chopin.
Overture, "Der fliegende Holländer"	Wagner.

The welcome that greeted Mr Manns on taking his place at the conductor's desk was very cordial. There was no mistaking it for anything else than a sincere recognition of many years' arduous and conscientious labour in a praiseworthy direction. The performance of Sterndale Bennett's happily familiar overture made a commencement the promise of which was fully borne out by what came subsequently. The predilection of Mr Manns for the music of our gifted countryman has been repeatedly shown. That the first concert would open with one of Bennett's compositions might, under circumstances not requisite to explain, have been taken for granted. The concert last spring, devoted wholly to selections from works by the English composer, dwells still in the remembrance of his many admirers. Due honour was paid on that occasion to one whose fame has been legitimately earned. The overture called the *Naiads*—second of a trilogy, the first and third of which are *Parisina* and *Die Waldnymphe*—may compare with anything in its way for which we are indebted to modern art. The *Naiads* has always been a special favourite with connoisseurs; and this, bearing in mind the symmetry of its structure, the charm and spontaneity of its melodies, and the perfect style of their development, is not surprising. What Robert Schumann thought of it may be read in his published *Gesammelte Schriften*; what Mendelssohn thought of it no amateur need be told. We have seldom listened to a performance of the *Naiads* more evenly balanced than that of Saturday. Conductor and orchestra alike seemed resolved to make the audience understand and appreciate it; and the result was proportionate to the endeavour. With such scrupulously finished interpretation there can be nothing to prevent Bennett's concert overtures from occupying, by general assent, their appropriate place—side by side with the concert overtures of Mendelssohn.

Among other noticeable features of the 20th series of Crystal Palace concerts, we find the nine symphonies of Beethoven,—to be produced in chronological order. The symphony in C major ("No. 1"), as fresh and vigorous as when it first sprang from the brain of the "Jupiter of the Orchestra," was admirably played and created its never-failing impression. To the members of the Crystal Palace band this bright and sunny work, the inspiration of Beethoven's early period,—a prophecy, as it were, of the renown that awaited him in the Austrian capital,—is a book so freely open that they are scarcely called upon to turn over the leaves. They know every bar of it by rote. Each of the four movements, the Andante in F especially, instinct with primeval simplicity, and the "minuet"—so-called though virtually forerunner of the Beethovian orchestral "scherzo"—excited the audience in the liveliest manner. The applause was unanimous and long-continued. That the remaining eight symphonies will afford equal satisfaction there can be little doubt.

Herr Wilhelmj, by his execution of a movement from one of the concertos of Paganini, created a marked sensation. The characteristic qualities of this eminent violinist are familiar to amateurs. A tone more full and penetrating has seldom been obtained from the instrument; and this, accompanied by a phrasing broad and measured, a method well-nigh irreproachable, and a mechanical facility before which difficulties vanish, accounts for the estimation in which he is held by competent judges. Paganini's music, indeed, is of itself enormously difficult; but Herr Wilhelmj makes it still more difficult—so much so (witness his "*cadenza*") that ordinary players, however advanced, would scarcely make bold to attempt what in his hands appears child's play. The imperturbable calmness with which he masters feats seemingly impracticable, while exciting more or less astonishment among initiated hearers, leaves on the minds of the uninitiated merely a conviction that he who achieves thus much with no sensible effort might, if so inclined, achieve as much again with just the same facility. In his own adaptation of one of Chopin's *Nocturnes* for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment, Herr Wilhelmj—with whom it is evidently a favourite—interpolates traits and embellishments which, however perfectly rendered, are hardly in strict keeping with music of so tunefully pensive a character—music which, like much that came from Chopin, conjures up dreams of the Æolian harp. At the same time, whatever is done absolutely well is tolerably sure to please; and Wilhelmj's Chopin was not less heartily applauded than Wilhelmj's Paganini. The *quasi*-inventor of these at one time undreamt-of complications would himself have been perplexed by many of the mechanical *tours de force* over which Herr Wilhelmj possesses unrestricted command.

The vocal pieces at this concert comprised an air from Mozart's *Seraglio*, sung, in English, by Mr Edward Lloyd; and another from *Cosi fan Tutte*, by Mdlle Cristino, a pupil of Signor Arditi's, who also introduced her professor's lively *Tarantella*, "Vispa son gentile;" Mr Lloyd contributing also M. Gounod's graceful ballad, "The Maid of Athens." The concert ended as stormily, as it had begun peacefully, with that orchestral prelude in which Wagner depicts the restless wanderings of the fate-struck Dutch navigator, against whom the elements are always raging, and the goal of whose aspiration is never reached until he meets with the woman of his dreams in the person of the mysteriously devoted Senta. A fine performance of this strange but extraordinarily impressive overture brought the whole to an effective climax.

—o—

NOBILITAS SOLA EST ATQUE UNICA VIRTUS.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

Sir,—I was scarcely justified, perhaps, in attaching a special significance to the revival, last summer, of *Semiramide* shortly after the production of *Lohengrin*. The chances are that the two events were not connected, either by manager or public, in the smallest degree. *Semiramide* has always been a popular work. Still, the conjunction of Rossini's opera and that of Wagner is suggestive, and supplied a text upon which a by no means tedious sermon might have been preached. I waived the sermon, and merely pointed out that the Rossinian revival was another proof—and a very practical one—of the fact that a long time must elapse before the Wagnerian *cultus* will exercise much direct influence upon the lyric stage in this country. Indirect influence it must necessarily have while modern composers (witness Gounod, in *Roméo et Juliette*) accept the teaching and, in part, copy the example of the author of *Lohengrin;* but the public, whose taste wields despotic power, cannot easily be seduced into new paths. That *Lohengrin* made a sensation is unquestionable; but I see no reason to believe that amateurs were affected by it to any appreciable extent. The old operas, against which *Lohengrin* is a protest, attract as much as ever; and if a disposition has been shown to put down certain absurd practices, such, for instance, as making a fuss over artists at the expense of the art they serve, the significant fact remains that the very works which offend most against Wagnerian theories are those most applauded when brought forward, "with new scenery, costumes, and appointments." This, however, will not discourage those who believe that Wagner, with all his extravagant exaggeration, is destined to make the lyric drama a nobler thing than it ever yet has been. *Lohengrin*, at any rate, has struck a doughty blow, and all that remains to do, as the late Mr Lincoln observed, is to "keep pegging away."—Yours in obedience,

Chidley Pidding.

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CARL ROSA'S ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.

The revival of Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle* is likely to prove of material benefit to Mr Carl Rosa's new and spirited undertaking. The work is carefully put on the stage and has evidently been well rehearsed, while the cast of the *dramatis personæ* is about as strong a one as could now be easily obtained. The *Siege of Rochelle*, apart from its intrinsic merits, will always possess a certain interest, as the first opera which introduced its composer to an English audience. Forty years, within a few weeks, have passed since then, in the course of which the whole of a more than ordinarily successful career was accomplished. Not until ten years later did Vincent Wallace, another Irish musician destined to attain wide popularity among us, make himself know through his *Maritana*—Balfe, meantime, having with sure and steady steps, advanced to the first rank of national dramatic composers. What he produced during the period that elapsed between his first opera, the *Siege of Rochelle*, and his last, the *Talisman*, which, though we are only acquainted with the Italian version at Her Majesty's Opera, was also originally intended for the English stage, is too familiar to need recounting; and, in short, we are spared the task of further preamble.

The *Siege of Rochelle* was first performed at Drury Lane Theatre on Thursday, October 29, 1835, when the late Mr Alfred Bunn was lessee of that establishment. The author himself, then a young man between 20 and 30, who had completed his studies in Italy and France, sat at the conductor's desk, and his compatriot, the once renowned "Tom Cooke," played the leading violin in the orchestra. The characters were thus distributed:—Clara, Miss Shirreff; Princess Euphemia, Mrs Vining; Cynthia, Mrs Newcombe; Marcella, Miss Fanny Healy; Count de Rosemberg, Mr W. Seguin; Marquis de Valmour, Mr J. Wilson; Montalban, Mr Giubelei; Corporal Schwartz, Mr Henry; Azino, the monk, Mr Paul Bedford; Michel, Mr H. Phillips. The performance, as there are many who can still remember, was highly successful, and the young musician, whose name had been previously unknown to the majority of amateurs, even in special musical circles, may be said to have won fame at a bound. It is unnecessary to enter into particulars about the opera itself which has survived long enough to be by this time exempt from criticism. The book, professedly built upon one of the novels of Madame de Genlis, though more directly adapted, we believe, from the libretto of an Italian opera derived from the same source, is neither better nor worse than subsequent ordinary concoctions of the sort, when Alfred Bunn and Edward Fitzball were the *lucida sidera* of the musical drama—the weakest of the traditional "three acts" being, as so often was the case, the last, wherein the *denoûement* is somewhat clumsily brought about, and the intrigue unwound in a not clearly intelligible manner.

The music which Balfe invented for this drama retains much of its primeval freshness, though here and there it may sound more or less antiquated. Lively and tuneful throughout, it rarely tires, while it often pleases by force of genuine spontaneity. That the greater part of it should be strongly marked with the Irish musician's own familiar individuality by no means weakens, but, on the contrary, rather enhances its charm—a composer being never more attractive than when drawing more or less exclusively upon his own resources; and this Balfe very frequently does, conglomerate as may be his general style, the result of many combined influences gathered from foreign travel and experience. The concerted music, always stirring and animated, has equally the merit of being strictly in keeping with the immediate business of the scene. That the shorter pieces, the ballads more especially, are pure Balfe, from the Balfeian spring, will be easily credited. The finales, constructed after the usual form, are varied enough in expression, and wrought out in such a manner as to insure dramatic no less than musical effect. Here the inevitable feeling induced in the mind of our composer by his exotic studies is, as in all his works, most emphatically exhibited; but for the rest he is indebted to no previous models. This brief summary will suffice for a work that obtained general acceptance so long ago, and much of which is destined in all likelihood to a further lease of popularity.

The performance of the *Siege of Rochelle* at the Princess's Theatre offers very few points for adverse criticism. The cast is in most parts highly efficient; and even those who remember the opera in earlier days can have found little cause for grumbling. Mdlle Ostavo Torriani is graceful and interesting in the part of Clara; while Miss Julia Gaylord, young, good-looking, and a real acquisition in the line of soubrettes, is a pleasant and lively Marcella, wife of Michel; in fact, these two characters could hardly be represented in a way more consonant with the manner of their conception. In the hands of Mr C. Lyall, Schwartz, the inebriate corporal, though a subordinate personage, becomes, as usual with that clever comedian, an original and amusing sketch. Mr Santley, as Michel, seems versed in all the traditions of the part. Nevertheless, when he made his *début* before a London public in 1857—at Mr John Hullah's not-to-be-forgotten concerts held in the late St Martin's Hall—two and twenty years had elapsed since the *Siege of Rochelle* first saw the light. Mr D. H. Bates, intrusted with the part of the Marquis de Valmour, has a voice of agreeable quality, but is as yet inexperienced. New tenors, however, are just now by no means a glut in the market—dramatic tenors in particular; and it is to be hoped that with experience Mr Bates may make sensible progress. Mrs Aynsley Cook as Euphemia, Miss Laura Hyde as Cynthia, Messrs Aynsley Cook, Ludwig, and Snazelle, as Rosemberg, Montalban, and Azino, all did their best to aid the general effect of the representation.

The musical numbers that created the liveliest impression on Friday night were those wont to excite the sympathies of audiences in former days. The overture, one of Balfe's most spirited preludes, was encored, and the *allegro* played again; the once famous patter-song, "Travellers all of every station," in which Michel, after the Munchausen vein, relates his adventures, was rattled through (and *sung*, too, be it observed) by Mr Santley, with resistless volubility, despite words almost impossible to utter musically at so rapid a pace; the at one time well-worn chorus, "Vive le Roi," though not encored, still made an undoubted impression; as did Clara's song, "Mid the earlier scenes of youth," to which Mdlle Torriani imparted earnest sentiment; while the duet for Marcella and Michel, terminating with the waltz, "Thus together side by side," sung, acted, and danced with equal spirit by Miss Julia Gaylord and Mr Santley, brought the curtain down at the conclusion of Act I. amid acclamations which would not cease until it was lifted again for a repetition of the waltz. In the next act there was again an encore for the melodious quartet, "Lo! the early beam of morning" (Clara, Marcella, Azina, and Michel) and much applause for the well-sustained *finale*, including the prayer, "Oh, Thou, who look'st upon the battle." In Act III., Miss Julia Gaylord delivered most effectively the ballad, "One little kiss," the last verse of which she was compelled to sing again; while Mr Santley, in "When I beheld the anchor weighed," rendered famous by Mr Henry Phillips—first example of that peculiar class of ballad to which Balfe was afterwards indebted for so large a share of his popularity, and worthy precursor of "The light of other days," "When other lips," "In this old chair," &c., was, as a matter of course, similarly and deservedly complimented. The encore was unanimous. These examples must suffice. Enough that, in the last Act, after the chorus, "Long life to our noble master," a ballet is interpolated, of which, or at all events a considerable part of which, we strongly recommend the suppression. The orchestra was excellent, from the overture to the end, the chorus was generally effective, and Mr Carl Rosa conducted the performance with as much zealous care as if he himself had been composer of the work. The success of this revival appears undoubted; and, although the *Siege of Rochelle* is far from being its author's best opera, it must always, as we have suggested, possess an interest apart, inasmuch as it was his first. The house was crowded in every part. More about Carl Rosa in our next.

BADEN.—The Brothers Willi and Louis Theen lately gave a concert here. Among the audience were the Empress of Germany, the Duchess of Hamilton, the Princess of Baden, and other distinguished personages.

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PENNY CONCERTS.

Strictly speaking, there are no such things, and yet the term is not a misnomer, as it conveys a definite and correct idea. The admission money is not a penny, but threepence, for every one knows that 2½ groschen make threepence, and that it is in North Germany those concerts are to be heard. Delightful music, an educated people, the refining influences of melody—Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann—a kind of German "Shakspere and the musical glasses"—that is the line of idea which the word suggests to persons who have not been to visit them. And then you go to visit them, and the line of your ideas veers round like a weather-cock on a windy day. It is rather a change to start with a preconceived impression of music, and to return with a general idea of beer; to leave home in quest of refinement, and to come back saturate with tobacco. But then, what can you expect for 2½ groschen? It is an unfairness to the people to judge them from too elevated a point of view. The great truth to be collected and realised is not that the people drink oceans of beer and smoke cigars till the air of the room becomes as dense as Fleet Street in December, but that a beer-absorbing and tobacco-consuming people are capable of being pleased with Beethoven and Schubert. Miss Martineau somewhere tells a story of a Chinaman who came to London to study the manners and customs of the English, and who wrote an account of a visit he paid to Hampton Court. He was ferried across the river, and it so happened that the man who pulled the boat had a wooden leg. The Chinaman accordingly wrote home that in England all the boatmen had wooden legs, so that they might not catch cold from wet feet. In estimating these German concerts we must guard against the habit of generalisation. For instance, there is a popular impression in this country that for a few pence in Berlin or Dresden you can hear good music, which has come to mean, with us, classical music. But that is not strictly true. The music at these popular prices is, in the broader sense, popular music, the class of music that people who pay 3d. for their admission will enjoy. It is certainly superior to our music hall performances—to the "Champagne Charlie" or "Tommy Dodd" school of music. But it is one thing to avoid vulgarity, and a very different thing to attain elevation and refinement.

Let us, with no preconceived ideas, go to one of these concerts, and judge for ourselves. The hour is six o'clock, and the place one of the little suburbs outside Dresden, and—if you care for association of ideas—it is said that Schiller wrote part of *Don Carlos* not a hundred yards off. The people are trooping along the road, so there is no difficulty in finding the place. At the door there are two or three soldiers—for it is a military concert, or what we should call a band—and they take the entrance money. It is 50 pfennigs (about 6d. of our money), and the price includes the programme, which, by the way, acts as a pass-out check if you care to leave the building. Nothing can be more primitive than the room, which is very long, very low, and, it must be confessed, very dirty. Little marble tables in all directions, and the people clustered round them so closely that it is scarcely possible for the thoughtful-looking waiter, with a face rather of the Schiller type, too, to make his unsteady way with dozens of quarts of beer. And such an impregnation of smoke in the atmosphere! It is simply inconceivable. You see the faces all around you through a kind of hazy atmosphere, as in the reflection of a dusty mirror. Such talking, too, such jabbering, so many gutterals all crowded, such tremendous energy so long sustained. Suddenly the noise ceases, and you are conscious—through the smoke—of a platform at the far end of the room, and of an exuberant bandmaster. Even if you were deaf you would be gratified by a mere sight of this functionary. In England you will not meet a man so well pleased with everybody and so well pleased with himself. He is decorated like a Christmas tree, upholstered with the richest braids and trimmings, and, from the tremendous energy with which he waves a little flute about the size of a stethoscope, gives you the impression that he is playing on all the instruments at the same time. But we must listen to the music, if it were only for the sake of this conductor; and very familiar music it is, or ought to be. The programme tells us that it is the overture to *Maritana*, next follows a waltz of Strauss, then a selection from Wagner, then a polka, then the overture to *Freischütz*. You see it does not quite amount to being classical, and is far from the severe beauty of a Monday Popular Concert. Still, there it is for what it is worth, and it certainly is worth more than sixpence. Let us look about us and see how the people appreciate it. The room is so crowded that you cannot move. Only for the Schiller-faced waiter an avenue is made as he approaches with the beer. Of this beverage the most incalculable quantities are absorbed. There are six Germans round the table next us, and they have, in addition to their private mugs, a pair of loving cups, about the size of a pair of Wellington boots. They will be emptied in the course of that selection from Wagner, and the poetic Kellner be summoned to replenish them. All this drinking is conceivable, and it must be remarked that it does not produce the slightest intoxicating result; but the smoking is simply inconceivable. The atmosphere reeks with tobacco, is foggy and dim with the clouds of it. Does this people know what fresh air is, or realize that windows are made to open? They dread a draught much as a Frenchman dreads a cold bath, and seem to have no idea about the smoke, except to add to it. When Othello tells his traveller's tales to Desdemona, he speaks of the "Anthropophagi that each other eat." We have no cannibals in Europe, but a smoked Saxon could fall little short of a cooked animal. It is said that they attempted to have one night in the week with no smoking allowed, and it turned out a complete failure. So for six hours—at the rate of a penny an hour—the concert continues, with pauses between the parts, during which the band all go out and smoke, and the audience order more beer. Now, besides the obvious deductions from this scene, the general idea to be carried away is surely the extreme simplicity of the people. Here they sit drinking beer, enveloped in smoke, with their wives beside them knitting worsted work, listening to rather dissonant music, and thoroughly contented. Dismissing the refinement and Beethoven view as wholly untenable, there remains the question whether we would find this or anything like it at home. Could we see so large a concourse of people so orderly, so sober, and—if you wish to put it so—so passively enjoying themselves? While we must avoid the too hasty generalisation of Miss Martineau's Chinaman, we cannot shut our eyes to the truth that in this, at all events, we have something to learn from the Germans.—*The Globe.*

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WEST BROMWICH.

(From a Correspondent.)

Mr Hartland's concert on the 7th inst. succeeded in attracting an audience alike brilliant and numerous, stimulated at once by the pleasure of hearing artists of such note as Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr Patey, and Mr Cummings, and the desire of seeing the handsome new Town Hall (of which they are naturally not a little proud) under such favourable circumstances. To enter into anything like a detailed analysis of a programme so essentially balladish in its character would be superfluous. Enough that out of eighteen pieces no less than nine were encored, which says something for the musical appetite of the West Bromwich public, and the compliant good nature of those who ministered to their gratification. The *entrepreneur* contributed two pianoforte solos, in which he exhibited a neat and finished style of execution, combined with unquestionable command of the key-board, and no small knowledge of the requisite effects of light and shade. Financially speaking, the recent performance of the *Messiah*, under the conductorship of Mr Prince, was a success; but, not having had the advantage of being present, it would be presumptuous for me to venture an opinion on the artistic merits of those who interpreted Handel's great charity sermon. It would appear, however, that there is one considerable defect in the Town Hall—the absence of space for the accommodation of anything like an orchestra. Happily, the organ so generously offered by Mr Brogden, the Member for the borough, will settle the difficulty, as, ere it can be placed in position, it will be absolutely necessary to seriously modify existing arrangements, and provide an orchestra large enough for a band and chorus of something like two hundred, a number which seems likely soon to be reached by the choral society under the direction of Mr Hartland, whose enterprise has also found vent in the project of a series of Saturday Evening Popular Concerts, to be commenced very shortly.

H. D.

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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

Gluck's *Armida* was performed at the Royal Operahouse on the birthday of Her Majesty the Empress. The cast included Mesdes von Voggenhuber, Brandt, Poppe, Horina, Herren Niemann, Betz, Ernst, Schmidt, and Nestler, who acquitted themselves more or less satisfactorily. The chorus and orchestra —the latter under the direction of Herr Eckert—were somewhat above their usual mark. But the public received the work rather coolly, a fact which some of the critics ascribe to the libretto, which they characterise as unworthy the music. The Berlin *Echo* observes:—

"We cannot disguise the fact that the peculiar combination of old French romanticism with the antique element is a considerable obstacle to our full enjoyment of the musical beauties of the work. Gluck's inspiration had its roots in grandiose views of the antique world, for which it found a means of expression which alone could render Antiquity intelligible to us in musical forms; and, as all attempts of the French to embody this spirit in *their* fashion degenerate more or less into hollow pathos, we should always be very chary of adopting the French idea of the Antique, because, by so doing, we may too easily fall into the Roccocco style. The spirit of the Middle Ages differs so essentially from the spirit of the Ancients, that any blending of the two is out of the question."

Having quoted one paper, I will proceed to quote a second. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* Speaking of the works which were played in the course of a single week at the Royal Operahouse, and which included *Rienzi*, by Wagner, *Czaar und Zimmermann*, by Lortzing; *Armide*, by Gluck; *Il Trovatore*, by Verdi; *A-ing-fo-hi*, by Wüerst; and *Le Prophète*, by Meyerbeer, Herr Gumbert remarks, in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*:—

"The performances during the week were peculiarly well calculated to show the kaleidoscopic nature—which I consider a eulogium —of the German operatic repertory."

Having enumerated the operas I have mentioned above, the writer then continues as follows:—

"First, we have three living composers, than whom it is scarcely possible to imagine any other three differing more in their respective powers and tendencies. But the Wagner of *Rienzi* is not yet the Wagner of *Die Meistersinger*. In those days, Wagner strove, to the best of his ability, to imitate the fashion of the French grand opera; *Rienzi* keeps its place permanently on the boards, and has proved a decided success, even in Paris. The creator himself at present disowns it; nevertheless, I have never heard—and I do not blame him—that he has ever rejected the sums, which certainly cannot be inconsiderable, which *Rienzi* still brings him in. In saying this, I would merely direct attention to the fact that, in money matters, not only is there an end of good nature, but frequently of artistic principle as well. By the side of the three living, we have three deceased composers, the talent of the three latter, like that of the three former, pursuing three perfectly different directions: the classic and monumental Gluck; the brilliant Meyerbeer, so certain in the impression he produced upon the public of every nation; and the modest modernised Dittersdorf; Albert Lortzing. I consider that, compared with the monotonous repertory of lyric theatres abroad, it redounds to the credit of our own lyric theatres that they give as many works as possible which have made their way with the public, and not been washed away by time."

Miss Minnie Hauck entered upon her duties as a permanent member of the company at the Royal Operahouse, by appearing as Marguerite in M. Gounod's *Faust*.

The parts in Herr Ignaz Brüll's opera, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, have been given out. Herr Eduard Kretschmer's work, *Die Folkunger*, on the contrary, though definitively accepted, will not be produced this year. Nothing more has been heard lately as to the date when Herr Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* will be brought out.

A melancholy occurrence took place a few evenings since, just previous to the commencement of *Le Prophète*. A member of the orchestra, Herr Besser, a bassoonist, feeling unwell, left his place and went to sit down in a small room under the stage. Here he was discovered shortly afterwards dead. The surgeon of the theatre on being called in stated the cause of death to have been apoplexy. The report of what had happened spread like lightning through the orchestra. The second bassoonist, who had occupied the seat next to the Deceased, fainted at the shock occasioned by the sad intelligence. It was some time before substitutes for the two instrumentalists could be found, and the opera was delayed in consequence. Herr Schulz (tenor), the son-in-law of the Deceased, left his post as a matter of course. Two days previously, another member of the orchestra, Herr Richter, an oboist, had likewise had an apoplectic attack.

A very numerous audience assembled in the Concerthaus for the first concert given by Herr Bilse and his orchestra on their return from St Petersburgh.

The Emperor has sent 500 marks to the committee for erecting at Schmalkalden a monument to the memory of Karl Wilhelm, composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein." His Majesty, in the autograph letter accompanying his contribution, terms the project "a work of patriotic gratitude."

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BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

That Messrs Harrisons' first concert of the season, with Mdme Adelina Patti as the bright particular star, should prove a brilliant success was a foregone conclusion, and the admired *prima donna* being in fine voice, the enthusiasm was proportionate and the encores to match. Signors Urio and Campobello were the other vocalists, Mdlle Castellan and Mr Kuhe contributing the instrumental part, with violin and pianoforte respectively.

The Birmingham Amateur Harmonic differs somewhat in its scope and aim from other Musical Societies of the district, its object being the production of works altogether new, or such as, by the rarity of their performance, carry with them the air of *quasi* novelty; leaving familiar compositions to other associations. Thus, for instance, while the Festival Choral Society begins its season with Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Zion*, and Spohr's "God, Thou art great," the Amateur Harmonic produces Henry Smart's *Jacob*, and Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia," as *pièces de resistance!* That the first named, of so recent origin as the Glasgow Festival of 1874, should not have been already heard in Birmingham, may be readily understood; but that Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia" should never before have been performed in this (professedly) musical town is not quite so easy of comprehension. So much was written of *Jacob* at the time of its production, that to go into anything like detail on the subject now would be but mere recapitulation. Suffice it, that the reputation made by the composer with his *Bride of Dunkerron* at the Birmingham Festival of 1864 (the same year as Costa's *Naaman* and Arthur Sullivan's *Kenilworth* were produced) will be considerably enhanced by his sacred cantata, which, if at times suggestive of Mendelssohn, is none the less acceptable on that account. Charming as is the vocal writing, the instrumentation is no less deserving praise, the hand of the practised musician being everywhere perceptible, and the whole effect, as a natural consequence, in the highest degree satisfactory. The principal singers were Miss Emma Beasley (a rising local soprano); Madame Poole, whose ripe experience lent material aid to the contralto part; the tenor and bass solos being entrusted to Mr W. Shakespeare and Mr Ainsworth respectively, both gentlemen doing their best with physical means not altogether adequate to the requirements of so large a room as the Town Hall. The florid soprano air for Rachel, "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness," and the unaccompanied chorus, "Behold how good and pleasant it is," were both repeated in obedience to the unanimous desire of the audience, whose applause was both frequent and discriminative. In the Choral Fantasia, Mr Walter Bache sustained the pianoforte part with an executive skill which met with due recognition at the hands of his fellow-townsmen. Both the cantata and the fantasia might have been improved by more practice in the shape of rehearsals. True, the conductor, Mr Sutton, worked his hardest to keep them together, and inflicted much (too audible) chastisement on his score; but without effect either in reducing the frequent straggling and irregularity of his forces, or in subduing the loudness of the instruments, which, at times, rendered the soloists all but inaudible. For next week a ballad concert, with Mr Sims Reeves as the principal attraction, is announced.

D. H.

PALERMO.—*Dolores*, by Sig. Auteri, has been well received at the Politeama.

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CONSTITUTION OF THE MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.*

(*Continued from page* 670.)

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.—NAME.

This Association shall be known and distinguished by the title of "THE MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION."

ARTICLE II.—OBJECT.

The object of this Union is to unite the instrumental portion of the musical profession for the better protection of its interests in general.

ARTICLE III.—OFFICERS.

SECT. 1. The Officers of this Union shall consist of a President, a Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, three Trustees, and an executive Committee of seven, all of which said officers together shall constitute a Board of Directors; and of such subordinate officers, agents, and assistants, as the Union by its by-laws, rules and regulations shall direct. Which officers shall be elected annually to their respective offices, by such of the members of the Union as are entitled by its rules to vote at such election, except delegates to the Musicians' National Protective Association of the United States, which shall be appointed at the quarterly Meeting in March, and shall assume their office at the proper time.

SECT. 2. The election of said officers shall be held annually in the city of New York, on the second Thursday in September. A committee shall be appointed at the quarterly meeting, in June of each year, to nominate candidates for the officers to be elected.

SECT. 3. Candidates for office may be voted for by ballot or otherwise, and receive a plurality of the votes cast to entitle them to an election.

SECT. 4. All officers so elected shall assume their duties on the second Thursday of December next ensuing their election, and shall continue for the term of one year thereafter, unless otherwise provided for.

ARTICLE IV.—MEMBERSHIP.

All efficient and capable professional Instrumental Performers shall be eligible for membership, subject to the By-laws.

ARTICLE V.—FUNDS.

The Funds of the Union shall be raised by admission fees, quarterly dues, fines, concerts, &c.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SECT. 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at the meetings of the Union and Board of Directors, and enforce a due observance of the Constitution and its By-laws; sign all bills; convene Special Meetings of the Union and Board of Directors, and give the casting vote in case of a tie; and he shall be ex-officio member of all Committees.

SECT. 2. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President, in the absence of the President, to perform the duties of the President.

SECT. 3. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a faithful record of the proceedings at the meetings of the Union and Board of Directors; answer all communications to the Union; keep a true account with the Union and all the members; fill up all certificates of membership; issue notices for all meetings of the Union or Board of Directors; countersign all bills; report quarterly, and prepare, previously to every annual meeting, a minute statement of the funds and effects belonging to the Union, and all other important matters, with other useful information, specifying in whose custody or possession all the funds and effects shall then be, together with an account of the sums received and expended on behalf of the Union since the last previous financial statement; issue semi-annually a printed directory of all the members' names of this Union, with their addresses and instruments they perform on; and perform all other duties appertaining to his office, not herein enumerated. He shall receive a salary of $400, or more, per annum—payable quarterly. He shall, on the expiration of his term of office, transfer all books, papers, documents, or other property belonging to the Union, into the hands of his successor in office. And he shall act ex-officially on all committees when so called upon.

SECT. 4. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to collect all the dues, admission fees and fines; to pay all bills passed by the Board of Directors for payment and countersigned by the President and Secretary; to keep an accurate account of all monies received and expended, in a set of books belonging to the Union, and to render every quarter a detailed statement of all receipts and expenditures, with the balance on hand. And it shall be his duty to deposit all sums of money, exceeding one hundred dollars, in the hands of the Chairman of the Trustees. He shall give the required bonds for the faithful discharge of his duties on assuming his office. He shall at the expiration of his term of office deliver into the hands of his successor all moneys, books and property belonging to the Union.

SECT. 5. The Trustees shall hold the funds in charge and invest them, with the advice and concurrence of the Board of Directors, safely, and deposit them in one or more Savings Banks; collect the interests on funds invested upon bond and mortgage and other funds in Bank; see to the renewal of insurance polices, and attend to the business appertaining to their office; they shall make quarterly reports, and an annual one to the Union. The Chairman of this Board shall give sufficient bonds for the faithful discharge of his duties, as he will hold funds in his hands before they can be deposited or invested. All amounts of money due on sales of property or real estate, in case of foreclosure (so ordered by the Union or Board of Directors), or the amounts of invested funds receivable from mortgages, shall be in either case paid or deposited by the requisite parties to the credit of the Musical Mutual Protective Union, in such Bank or Banks as may be ordered by the Board of Directors; and all moneys so paid or deposited can only be drawn by the check of the Chairman of the Trustees, indorsed by the two other Trustees, and countersigned by the President and Secretary, and the Seal of the Union affixed to it, payable to the order of the parties who are to receive said funds on new investments. They shall hold four regular quarterly meetings, and meet oftener if the business requires it.

(*To be continued.*)

* Founded April 23, 1863; organized and adopted June 26, 1864; amended and revised September 13, 1867, March 25th, 1869, and March 14, 1872.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

On Monday last the great room of the Free Trade Hall was crowded to excess, the attraction being Mr Sims Reeves, who was in splendid voice, and whose perfect singing once more charmed his enthusiastic Manchester admirers. He never gave "Adelaida" with greater finish, with more exquisite feeling; and how he sang Sullivan's "Once Again" and the old ballad, "Tom Bowling," your readers do not require to be told. Signor Foli, who was of the party, is a great favourite here, and he, too, was very cordially received. His fine voice is in perfect condition, and he could be ill spared at the present time. Mdme Cave Ashton, Miss Dalton, Mdlle Bertha Brousil, and Mr H. Nicholson, also took part in the concert, which was ably conducted by Mr Sydney Naylor.

Since my last letter Mr Alfred Cellier's *Tower of London* has been produced at the Prince's Theatre, and so great has been its popular success, that the theatre has been nightly crowded ever since. The music is clever and pretty, and the composer, without forgetting the conditions of art, has written his songs, duets, and choruses in a manner to attract the multitude. In nearly every respect the *Tower of London* is an advance on Mr Cellier's previous work, *The Sultan of Mocha*, though that, of its class, is an admirable opera. The *Tower of London* is mounted with remarkable splendour, the scenery is as fine as could be desired, the dresses, by Mr Alfred Thompson, surpass any of his previous designs, and the processions and other spectacular effects would have been sufficient in themselves to make a less delightful work acceptable. The principal parts are cleverly sustained by Mdme Pauline Rita, Miss Alice Cook, Messrs George Fox, Furneaux Cook, and J. G. Taylor.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—Herr Bernhard Scholz's romantic opera, *Golo*, has been produced very successfully at the Stadttheater.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR BEVERAGE.—No—the first representative of Michel, in Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*, was Mr. Henry Phillips; the next was the composer himself, who subsequently played the part of the hero in Mr John Barnett's *Farinelli*. Dr Beverage is wrong about Balfe's second opera, which was neither *Catherine Grey*, nor *Diadeste*, but the *Maid of Artois* (for Malibran—1836).

DEATHS.

On the 27th ult., Madame de FAUCHE, of Brighton.

On the 3rd inst., in London, EMMA HATTON, wife of J. L. Hatton, Esq., Professor of Music.

On the 8th inst., at No. 2, Devonshire Terrace, Hyde Park, W., suddenly, URSULA MARIAN, the wife of George Dolby, aged 37.

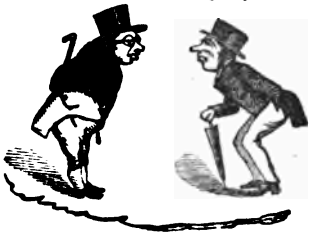
NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1875.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING. Well—how about Verdi's Aïda?
DR QUINCE. Why—I thought 'twas Luigi Arditi's.
DR SHIPPING. Well—what did you think of Arditi?
DR QUINCE. Why—I wished very much 't had been Verdi.
(*Exeunt severally.*)

IN another page will be found a photograph *fac simile* letter from the celebrated composer, Gioacchino Rossini.

"IT is the last straw," we are informed, "which breaks the camel's back." Assuming for the nonce the patient beast of burden to be typical of John Bull, we fancy we must have very nearly approached the last straw in the matter of the granting of dancing and music licences, and that John, not wishing to suffer the grievous bodily injury set forth in the apophthegm, will ride rusty while there are still a few straws left, and before the last one is reached. Who can blame him if he does? To drop metaphor, people are not exactly satisfied with the existing licensing system; in fact, they are quite the reverse; they are heartily sick of it. A few more such cases as we have had lately will effectually rouse them into declaring their opinion, and, when the British public is once in earnest, the Plimsoll episode and the Fugitive Slave Circular should teach the Powers that be what is the immediate and inevitable result.

The Curfew was, in its time, regarded as a highly estimable institution by many worthy persons—of the Norman persuasion—and worked well in the interests of those by whom it was invented. Still there can be no doubt that anyone advocating its revival now-a-days would meet with considerable opposition from the community in general—not to speak of the gas companies and dealers in parafin. Similarly, at some former epoch, the licensing system, as applied to music and dancing, may have been a well-considered and sensible measure. At the present day, it is simply a nuisance, an absurdity, and an anachronism. But we will not discuss the principle involved, for to do so would be merely a loss of time and space, seeing that all sensible persons have long since been agreed upon that head. We will content ourselves with giving an instance of how the precious system works.

"Show me your cigars and I will tell you what tobacco you smoke," observed an English sage. Let us know the men connected with any undertaking, and we shall be tolerably capable of informing you what sort of an affair the undertaking is. Now J. R. Millais, R.A., is not a bad name; nor more is Tom Taylor, nor Lord Skelmersdale, nor Baron Alfred Rothschild; men do not look with suspicion on J. R. Planché, or Lord de Lisle and Dudley, or George Cruikshank, or C. D. Leslie, R.A.; and we have yet to learn that Calumny has ever breathed a word against Lord Newry, W. Calder Marshall, R.A., or the Earl of Dunraven. All these gentlemen, with a host of others of equal standing and respectability, are connected with the Royal Westminster Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden Society; yet that Society, as personified by its representatives, passed a *mauvais quart d'heure* on the 8th inst. before the bench of Middlesex Magistrates, presided over by Captain Morley, at the Sessions House, Clerkenwell.

The Society applied for a music and dancing licence, the application being supported by Mr Poland, Mr Besley, Mr Douglas Straight, and Mr Montague Williams, and opposed by Mr Ribton, in behalf of Westminster Hospital; Mr Serjeant Sleigh, in behalf of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster; and—in behalf of Westminster School—Mr J. P. Grain, or Gray, for the gentleman's patronymic appears to be so faintly inscribed upon the roll of Fame that some papers read it, Grain, and others, Gray. After stating the plan and future arrangements—with which our readers are already acquainted—of the Aquarium directors, Mr Poland, alluding to the application for a dancing licence, observed that it was intended in one part of the building to have amusements for children at Christmas time, and that these amusements might necessitate some dancing. At other times the Fellows might have a private ball. If, asked the learned council, these things can be done without detriment to the public interests, why not do them?

In answering this simple and straight-forward question, the learned gentlemen on the other side did not appear to particular advantage. We believe that counsel are no more at liberty to refuse a brief than a member of the College of Physicians is permitted to take a lancet from his pocket, and bleed a man in a fit, though the man's life depends on his doing so. Such is, respectively, the etiquette of the two professions. Perhaps it was under pressure of this etiquette alone that Mr Ribton, Mr Serjeant Sleigh, and Mr J. P. Grain—or Gray—put on their wigs and gowns last Friday, the 8th inst. Let us hope so. On that supposition only can we excuse the nonsense they talked. Mr Serjeant Sleigh urged that if a licence for dancing were granted, "it might be abused in case of a change from the present management." If it were, could it not be revoked at the next meeting of Middlesex Magistrates? So, only "in case of a change from the present management." But, a moment afterwards, the learned Serjeant proceeded to stultify himself and insult the "present management" by affirming "that the dancing licence was applied for with some object which was not to be seen on the surface." Rather inconsistent for a Serjeant-at-Law.

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Mr Ribton, reading Mr Poland's inmost thoughts, asserted that, not content with boasting that England was becoming at last a musical nation, Mr Poland wished it also to be a dancing nation. What! because Mr Poland merely asked for a dancing licence for the Westminster Aquarium? Surely this is generalizing with a vengeance. "Was it desirable," continued Mr Ribton, "that we should become a nation of dancers?" The question was followed by loud laughter. At what or at whom was the public laughing? At Mr Ribton? "Would they," he inquired, with an utter disregard of reason, "have people neglect their business for the sake of dancing?"

"'Tripping merrily as they go
On the light fantastic toe?'"

But the acme of forensic profundity was contained in the remark that: "When that happened, the business-like habits of John Bull would forsake him." What a remarkable discovery! How startling! How new! How unsuspected! When a person neglects his business, his business habits forsake him. Really, the proper authorities ought at once to insure the Thames in three or four of the wealthiest fire-offices. There is no knowing what Mr Ribton may be about.

But while we may forgive weak argument and feeble jocularity, we cannot be so lenient towards vapid personality. This remark is intended for Mr J. P. Grain—or Gray. What right had that not too celebrated advocate to state that "they" (the directors or the public?) "wanted that man Strauss, with his hair tumbling about?" What right had he to talk about "a twopenny-halfpenny waltz of Blumenthal and Strauss?" The purity of the Westminster Boys may be preserved from contamination, and the ends of justice attained, without gratuitous and meaningless ridicule of two worthy and accomplished gentlemen and musicians. Then Mr J. P. Grain's—or Gray's—excruciating humour to the effect that the Westminster Boys, instead of going to the Aquarium to examine the fish, might visit the place to inspect the mermaids! We feel that "witty" is not the proper term for such mental coruscations. We do not know whether Mr J. P. Grain—or Gray—has a daughter; but, if he does possess such a treasure, some friend, referring to her father, as Hamlet once spoke to Ophelia of hers, should forthwith bid her: "Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house."

The upshot was that, though the Bench granted the music licence, virtue was upheld, public morality preserved, and, in a word, England saved from destruction, by the refusal of the licence for dancing. Really, all this would be ludicrous were it not pitiable. It is, however, consolatory to reflect that the obnoxious and antiquated system cannot last much longer. Still it may endure for a few years. In view of such a contingency, let us trust that, until the happy period of its final abolition, we may not witness many more such proceedings as those at the Clerkenwell Sessions House on Friday, the 8th inst. We do not ask from Counsel of a certain type politeness or close reasoning—it is foolish to demand from any individuals aught it is beyond their power to grant—but we certainly must request them to favour us in future with a small modicum of respect for the decencies of society and the rules of common sense. R. K.

HAYDN AND BEETHOVEN.

SELDOM has more variety been compressed within such narrow limits. The symphonies of Haydn and Beethoven have absolutely nothing in common but a certain cheerfulness of character, which with Haydn's music is a rule, and with Beethoven's an exception. Perhaps in no long work by the epic poet of the orchestra are there so many traits of humour—outbursts, in short, of animal spirits, surprises not less playful and charming than they are wholly unanticipated—as in the Symphony No. ——. But how different the mirth of Beethoven from that of Haydn! The "Father of the Symphony," as he is styled, and justly, has never an *arrière-pensée*. When he laughs, he laughs right merrily. When he weeps, it is an April shower; the placid smile soon peeps out again, and the brief sorrow is dispersed, like the mist by the sun. Beethoven laughs even more unreservedly than Haydn, but there are tears in his laughter which come from an opposite source; while his sorrow lies far deeper, and at periods is as absorbing as that of the other is evanescent. Compare, for instance, the slow movements of the two symphonies under notice. Each contrasts forcibly with what has gone before and what is to come after; but, while Haydn appears simply as if in a passing reverie, the soul of Beethoven is plunged in sadness. It is pleasant to contemplate an art capable of giving eloquent utterance to such widely different sentiments; and surely no two men were ever more clearly reflected in their music than Mozart's great predecessor, no less than contemporary, and the one who survived, and in a certain sense surpassed, both that predecessor and contemporary, but even Mozart himself.

We regret to hear that news has come by telegram of a severe accident to M. Gounod. The eminent composer, on leaving the house of a friend, slipped and fell so heavily that he became unconscious. It was found that his right arm was broken; and he now lies at the house where the accident happened, Mdme Gounod being in attendance upon him.

Another telegram states that the friend referred to was Mr Oscar Commettant, to whose house M. Gounod had been in order to take away certain MSS. that had recently come from England. It was first thought he was killed, but after medical examination it was found that he had merely fractured the right shoulder, which will probably disable him from using his arm for two months to come.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

We read in *Dwight's Journal of Music* that Dr von Bülow intends to give seven concerts at Boston, some of them with orchestra. The Doctor will play on Chickering's pianos. "The other bright particular star of the pianoforte heavens, Mdme Arabella Goddard"—we learn from the same authority—"has joined the Tietjens constellation, which will be very lustrous. We are informed that Mr Max Strakosch has engaged her to appear with Mdlle Tietjens, in sixty concerts, for which he is to pay the great pianist three thousand pounds sterling, the engagement to commence in New York, on the 4th October, and conclude about the middle of January. We presume this 'Double Star' will shine on Boston when the Bülow sets."

During the recent meeting of the Emperor of Germany, the Archduke Albert of Austria, and Prince Charles, at Fürtenstein, a monster performance was given in the courtyard of the Castle—splendidly illuminated for the occasion—by eight bands belonging to the infantry, five to the cavalry, two to the artillery, one to the rifles, and one to the pioneers, making in all seventeen bands and two hundred drums, or about a thousand performers.

The "Nibelungenring."—It is not easy to condense within reasonable space a mere outline of the plan adopted by Wagner in the construction of his most recent, exhaustive, and exhausting, work. To describe it part by part, scene by scene, is out of the question in the columns of a newspaper; nor, were this practicable, would the majority of readers be likely to take much interest in the description. The *Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, being treated as abstract mediæval myths, are intelligible enough; though the poet-composer has done his utmost, in successive stages, to depart from the comparatively earnest simplicity which distinguishes the first (and, as some incline to think, best)

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of these from the second, and still more emphatically from the third. Passing by *Tristan*, that earnest legitimate exemplification of the absolute Wagnerian theory; passing also by the *Meistersinger, a soi-disant* "comic" episode, which for an instant diverted the master's thoughts from carrying out the gigantic scheme, whose completion was looked forward to as the "crowning the edifice" symbolically representing his long-pondered system of
* * * *

THE Abbate Franz Liszt has been created an "Illustrious Member of the St Cecilia Society, Rome." The "Illustrious Member" has returned thanks in the following letter, written in French:—

"MONSIEUR LE PRESIDENT,—The Royal Academy of St Cecilia has kindly bestowed on me a title of honour, of which I fully appreciate the distinction. Truly grateful for this high mark of good feeling, I consider myself fortunate in returning it, to a certain extent, by my zealous devotion to musical art, and the most lively admiration for the great geniuses who have rendered that art illustrious in Italy from the days of Palestrina to our own.

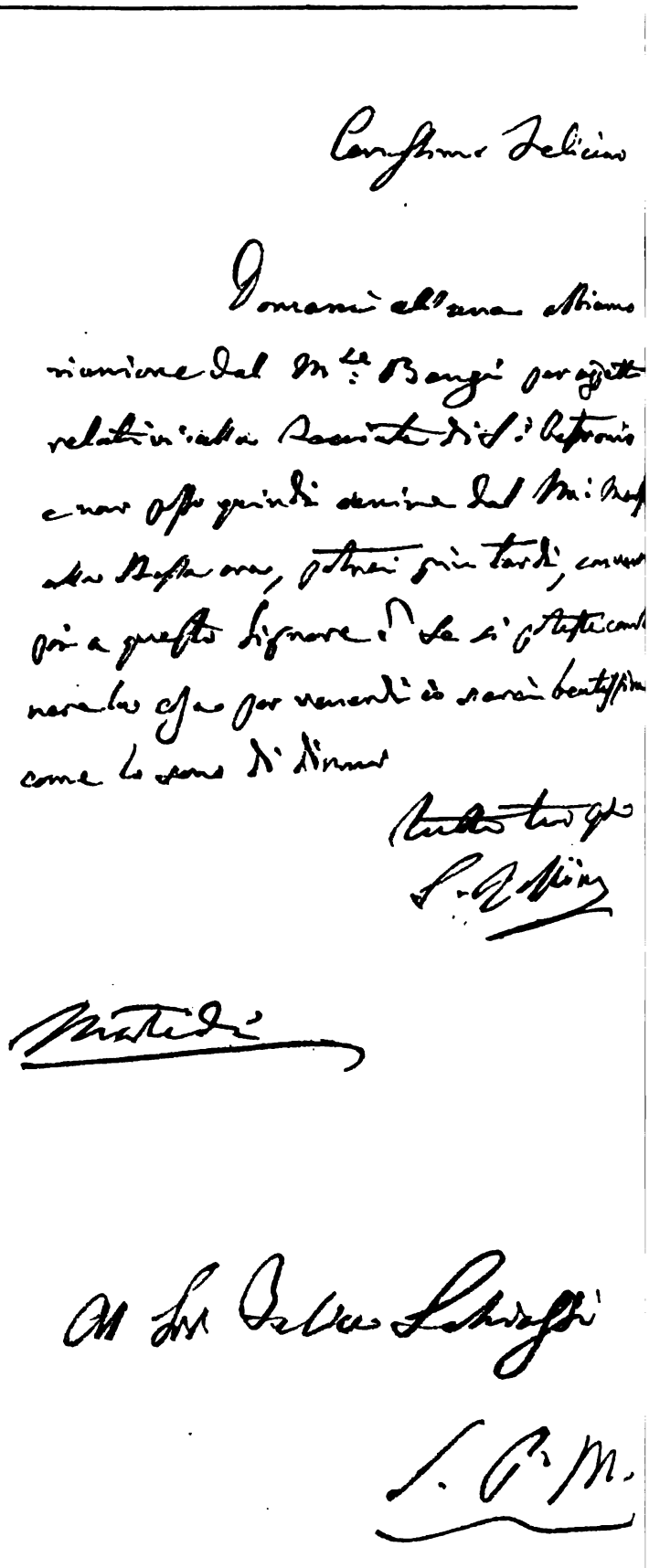
"Their works remain to fertilise the Future.

"I beg you to receive, Sir, the assurance of my respectful thanks, and of the sentiments of profound esteem with which I have the honour to remain, your very obedient servant, "F. LISZT.

"*Rome, 22nd September*, 1875."

ON a principle somewhat analogous to that by which children under twelve are carried at a cheaper rate than adults, in omnibuses, steamboats, and railway carriages, artists of subordinate rank at the Grand Opera, Paris, are not charged by the Chief of the *Claque* so much as those of higher rank. The great "stars" have to pay very heavily indeed. But when an artist has come to terms with the Chief of the *Claque*, the manager enjoys the right of forbidding the applause at the specified moments, and the artist is consequently so much out of pocket, for one maxim with the worthy Chief is: "Pay to-day, trust to-morrow," all transactions being only for cash down, on the nail, while another is: "No money returned." This arrangement sometimes gives rise to unpleasant bickerings. Thus, not very long ago, a well-known artist, who shall be nameless, paid for an enthusiastic volley of "bravos" followed by an encore after the final trio in the first act of a certain opera which, also, shall be nameless. But M. Halanzier objected. This occasioned a lively passage of arms between him and the Artist. At last, a compromise was effected. The *Claque* duly shouted "bravo" but refrained from an encore.

FORMING part, as it does, of a gentleman's mansion, or *pallazzo signorile*, the room in which Donizetti died, at Bergamo, has been left just as it was in April 1848, when the illustrious composer expired in the arms of his intimate friend Dolci, and in presence of the Monk, Francesco, of the Archpriest of the Cathedral, and of his faithful servant, Pourcelet. It is covered with a grey flowered paper; the ceiling is plastered, and the hangings are white and sky-blue. On the walls are suspended a few engravings by Raimpoldi, and a large watch. The bedstead, which is extremely small, is placed with its right side to the wall and opposite the windows. It stands in a modest alcove, and the bedclothes are of the plainest kind. The polished furniture, the candlesticks, and the wooden armchairs belong to an epoch which, though not very distant, at once strikes one as not our own. Other objects in the old room merit respectful attention. There are many autographs of Donizetti; a *brindisi* written by Mayr in sestines; the ring Donizetti had on his finger when he died; a small medal he always wore round his neck, and which was a memorial of his mother; a lock of his hair; and a blue silk bag, old and tattered, containing sacred effigies which he always carried in his waist-coat pocket. Another object there is the easy chair in which he sat during his last days, when, sickly and with failing strength, he struggled against a most acute disease. It is covered with yellow and sky-blue stuff, and has, in front of it, a sort of small shelf of bright walnut-wood, made so that he might write while in a reclining position, and a projection at the top part of the back for him to rest his head against. All these relics are in the Palazzo Moriui, in a street which, for somewhat more than a month, has changed its former name of St Cassiano for that of Gaetano Donizetti.



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ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

By Gibbs Gibb Gibbs, Esq.

No. 16.

Samuel Mather, organist of St James's Church, Sheffield (elected in 1799). In the year 1806 Mather, in conjunction with his brother, John Mather, and J. Foster, of High Green, began the Yorkshire amateur concerts at Sheffield. In the following year they were held at Leeds, and the next at York, and have been continued since that time, with increasing pleasure to the lovers of music. In the year 1814 he established the Yorkshire choral concert, of which he was sole manager for the first four years, having obtained the names of the noblemen and gentlemen of the county to support it, by an annual subscription of one guinea each, and having an excellent band of vocal and instrumental performers. Here he brought forward every month a performance which was always numerously attended. *The Messiah, Judas, Samson, Israel in Egypt, The Creation, Athalia, Jephtha, Acis and Galatea, Alexander's Feast*, with various selections from the best composers, followed in succession. The same plan was afterwards adopted by his brother in Edinburgh.

John Milton, the father of our justly celebrated epic poet, was a native of Milton, near Halton and Thame, in Oxfordshire, He was educated for the law, and practised as a scrivener in Bread Street, London; but he acquired considerable celebrity as a musical composer. Among the Psalm tunes published by Ravenscroft, in 1633, there are many with the name of John Milton to them. One of these, called the *York Tune*, is well known in almost every parish church in the kingdom. It is said, in Phillips's life of his son, that Milton composed a fugue "*In nomine*," of no fewer than forty parts, for which he was rewarded by a Polish Prince, to whom he presented it, with a gold medal and chain.

Mimnermus.—About the beginning of the sixth century before the Christian era, Mimnermus, according to Plutarch, had rendered himself remarkable by playing upon the flute a nome called "*Cradias*," which, Hesychius tells us, was an air for that instrument, usually performed at Athens during the march or procession of the victims of expiation. Mimnermus was of Smyrna, contemporary with Solon. Athenæus gives to him the invention of the pentameter verse. His elegies were so much admired in antiquity that Horace preferred them to those of Callimachus.

Jerome Joseph de Momigny, of Belgian origin, was born at Phillippeville in 1776. Momigny, independently of his musical abilities, was a very learned man, and has particularly distinguished himself by the publication of a work in three volumes 8vo, entitled "*Cours complet d'Harmonie et de Composition d'après une Théorie nouvelle et générale de la Musique basés sur des Principes incontestables, puisés dans la Nature*," &c. This book may be considered as containing a new theory of music, founded partly on the system of Balliere, which was expanded by Jamard, and partly on views of the Abbé Feyton, which appear in the "Article chromatique," in the "Encyclopédie Méthodique." According to the theory of Momigny, the generator produces the following interval, G, b, d, g, b, d, f, a, c, e, which he calls *l'unique type* of the musical system, and compares the seven musical notes, a, b, c, d, e, f, g, proceeding from the generating string, to the phenomena of the decomposition of light, discovered by Newton by means of a prism. Momigny ably completed the musical part of "*Encyclopédie Méthodique*," left unfinished by the revolution, which sacrificed some of the most able original authors.

CHRISTINE NILSSON IN DUBLIN.

(From Saunders' News-Letter, Oct. 12.)

This distinguished artist again appeared before the Dublin public, after the lapse of a few years since her first visit; and, although the impression she then left has not been effaced from the memories of those who then heard her, she now comes with more power of voice, more intelligence of conception, and more dramatic intensity of expression. Judging of her in the concert room, we should immediately predict that she would rank amongst the highest who have taken honours on the lyric stage—as she has done; and yet there is a charm in her concert singing very difficult to describe. It is sometimes semi-dramatic, giving a thrilling interest to what she delivers, rarely attained by any of her compeers, which produces that indefinable effect alluded to above—an effect which appeals solely to the feelings, and awakens the sympathies of the heart. This the tearful tones of her voice accomplishes alone, it is so entirely sympathetic in movements of expression; but then, anon, it will rise to a glow of enthusiastic power, should the poetry and music demand it. That Mdme Nilsson is an artist of the highest culture will be confessed by all; but she is more. There is an amount of intelligence in interpreting what she seeks to make her audience comprehend, which springs from herself, and can only be the result of genius. Now, her singing of "The jewel song," from *Faust*, last evening, was so clear in delivery, so rich in brilliancy, and yet rendered with such apparent ease, as almost to appear like the lark's song—an instinctive inspiration. She was rapturously encored, and immediately replied by a recital of "The minstrel boy," which she gave with a richness of tone and truthfulness of phrasing never realised in our memory by any other singer of an Irish melody.

She also joined Mr Lloyd in Verdi's *duo*, "Parigi o cara," which she sang with touching tenderness. Here the sympathetic tones of her voice, which we have mentioned before, must have been felt by all present. Sullivan's ballad "Let me dream again," she gave with so much felicity, that all we can say is, happy the composer who has such an exponent of his compositions! This drew down another encore, which she answered by singing "Let Erin remember the days of old," with surpassing energy and warmth of utterance. In the "Swedish Melodies" she again raised the audience to enthusiasm, and she found it impossible to resist the encore, and was obliged to repeat the second of the two melodies, "Le Bal." These she sings with a fervour which amazes, and they are so catching in their eccentricity of expression and brilliancy as almost to bewilder. The remainder of the programme was admirably given by the other members of the company. Mr Lloyd was encored in the "Rose Song," from *Il Talismano*, and likewise in Sullivan's "Sweethearts," to which he replied by giving Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud." Miss Fairman, Mdlle Levier, and Signor Caravoglia, ably assisted in the concerted pieces, and the artistic *entrepreneur* of the concerts, gained deserved encores for his admirable pianoforte playing. The next concert takes place on Wednesday forenoon.

—o—

ORATORIO OF *THE DELUGE*.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—I have just seen a paragraph to the effect that Mr F. H. Cowen is about to produce an oratorio under the above title. Now, it is extremely probable that another day I might be accused of borrowing the idea from him, which I should much regret. Will you, therefore, be so good as to allow me to state that it is nearly four years ago that I compiled the *libretto* of an oratorio under the very same title of *The Deluge*, and that the composers who pronounced it to be admirably adapted for music, and expressed regret that they could not make use of it, were Sir F. G. Ouseley, Sir Julius Benedict, and Mr Arthur Sullivan. The insertion of these few lines may save me another day from the charge of *purposely* taking the same subject as Mr Cowen, whereas it will be seen that *I* was first in the field.—Yours faithfully,

Winchester, October 13th, 1875. T. Lloyd Fowle.

Shanghai.—Three Italian artists, Signor and Signora Palmieri, and Signorina Alice Persiani, gave some very well attended concerts at the Lyceum Theatre, last August.

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WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

By way of completing the important work of the restoration of Worcester Cathedral, or rather as supplementary to it, two additional features have just been added, and were open to public inspection yesterday. These are the erection of new altar rails, the gift of the Countess of Dudley, and the filling in of the great west window of the cathedral with stained glass, the gift of the Earl of Dudley. Both are from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A. The altar rails are of brass, of most elaborate workmanship, surmounted with cushioning of red velvet. The window is by Messrs Hardman, of Birmingham. The subject of the glass is the "Creation," as narrated in Genesis i. and ii. The six days' work is represented in the outer triplets of lights (three on each side), and the sequel of the "Creation"—the story of Adam and Eve and their fall—is continued in the two central lights. Above all, on the great wheel of the tracery, is represented the seventh day—that of rest. The window has eight lancet lights divided by light stone shafts and surmounted by a great wheel and tracery. The design of the stonework is in style a mixture of early English and early decorated, the forms of the tracery being of the latter, whilst the mouldings and carvings are of the former. So in the treatment of the glass some features in the design are later in style than the ornamentation, which is strictly in accord with the early English carving throughout the cathedral. The glass is of the thick, antique quality, not "antiquated" in the painting, but left, as ancient windows were, to acquire by time and weather the perfect mellowness of tone that age alone can give.

The design of the "Creation" reads from the top of the dexter triplet of lights in the window where is shown the work of the "First Day"—the creation of light, the figure of the Saviour, the Second Person in the Holy Trinity (as is usual in early Christian art), being represented holding in His hand the newly made light which emanates in rays. The division of light and darkness is also shown; and in a golden belt is the text "*And God saw the light that it was good*," &c. Similar texts throughout the chapter relating the works of the successive six days are given on the other portions of the window, and each is illustrated in a similar manner to the above. Among the prominent figures are represented (in the life of Adam and Eve) the temptation and fall, and the expulsion from the Garden of Eden. The seasons are represented—"Spring," as a young maiden with garlands; "Summer," as a reaper with sheaf; "Autumn," as a man bearing a bushel of ripe fruit; and "Winter," as an old man with staff cowering over a fire. The seventh day—the "Day of Rest"—is represented on the wheel of tracery at the top of the window. In the centre is a half figure of the Saviour in glory; one hand holds the universe, and the other is uplifted in the act of blessing. Immediately around are seraphim, and beyond is the angelic host, adoring, singing, and playing musical instruments (Eh! Canon Barry!); over all are censer-bearing angels.

MADRID.—Signora Alice Spaak has been added to the Italian Opera Company. The season was to be inaugurated with Sig. Verdi's *Aida*.

VIENNA.—The ballet of *Brahma*, by M. Monplaisir, is in rehearsal at the Imperial Operahouse, under the personal direction of its author. M. Montplaisir is, perhaps, the most popular and fertile ballet-master at present in Italy, the land of ballets, and *Brahma* is his most successful creation, having been performed in Milan, Naples, Rome, Florence, Turin, and other large towns of the Ausonian Peninsula.—The receipts at the Imperial Operahouse for the month of September last were 9,078 florins more than they were for the corresponding month last year, despite the fact that this year the theatre was closed one evening for a rehearsal of *Brahma*, and that the receipts of that evening were consequently lost.

PESTH.—A series of six grand orchestral concerts is to be given here in the course of the winter, under the direction of Herren Goldmark, Brahms, and Herbeck, of Vienna; Herr Reinecke, of Leipsic; Herr Lachner, of Munich; and Dr Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, each of whom will conduct in person those works of his which may be comprised in the programmes. Among the artists engaged are Mad. Friedrich-Materna, Mad. Wilt, and Herr Wilhelmj.—It is reported that Franz Liszt, at present stopping in Rome, has written to inform the secretary of the Academy of Music that he will arrive here in time for the opening of that institution on the 3rd or 4th November.

"'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—For the last time I address you on the history of this melody. When I upset Mr Brinley Richards' statement, given at his lecture on National Music, and proved its modern origin conclusively, he is informed where he can get information from a standard authority worthy of credit, respecting the ancient music of Ireland; instead of that, he will not accept a writer of renown on both Irish and Welsh music, but accepts the hear-say talk of parties who know nothing about it, merely because he asserts that there is no affinity between certain words of Irish and Welsh, and that some ancient instrument, called a cryth, is played by a bow, and worthy of a place in the modern history of music, and, for stating so, he will not put his faith in him. I might as well state that the cong-shell of the South-Sea Islanders, with fish-gut strings, is worthy of a place in the Philharmonic orchestra. Now, Walker is truthful, and has well investigated the old music of Ireland and Wales; he does not state that airs of a comparatively modern date are old songs of the peasantry, nor that English modern songs are Welsh and Irish melodies, nor does he give florid transcriptions of Hungarian and other melodies, by Liszt and others, as specimens of national music. This, as I before stated, should not be in a lecture of national music of all nations. Mr B. Richards, in his lecture, should state, for the future, that three-fourths of the lecture will comprise anecdotes of the Welsh melodies; and when he attempts the Irish portion, pray let him consult an Irish authority, if he will not put faith in Walker—why, old Bunting's three volumes of Ancient Irish Melodies, with the late Mr Petrie's work on Irish Music—he will in those works find trustworthy matter for his next lecture on national music, though three-fourths of it may consist of Welsh music and history, second hand though it is in the eyes of every unprejudiced thinker on the matter. I now conclude as to the "Last Rose of Summer."—I am, yours obediently,

YOUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Vale of Avoca, County Wicklow.

WAIFS.

Mdlle Zaré Thalberg seems to have won the hearts of the Dublin public by her impersonation of the two Zerlinas—the Zerlina of Mozart and the Zerlina of Auber (*Fra Diavolo*). We are not surprised; our Irish friends are both musical and impressionable.—*Graphic.*

Mdlle Beatrice's company have been appearing at Belfast.

M. and Mdme Léonard have returned to Paris and resumed their lessons.

Mr Henry W. Goodban has returned to town for the season, from Paris.

M. Leon Richter, editor of *L'Avenir des Femmes*, wants to admit women into the Order of Free Masons.

The School for Scandal has been played at the Manchester Theatre Royal, Mr Phelps appearing as Sir Peter Teazle.

Mrs John Wood is suffering from indisposition, which will deprive the stage of her services for a considerable time to come.

Mr J. L. Toole does not appear in London till next month, and every seat is already secured at the Gaiety for his opening night.

Miss Charlotte Cushman, the great American actress, has been seriously ill from cancer, and it is feared that she will not recover.

Mr Sothern concluded his engagement at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, last Saturday. He has been succeeded by Mr J. L. Toole.

Mdme Dijon, the proprietress of a genuine "American Hash-House" in Paris, has been called to her account. Pork and beans were her speciality.

Mr Ballingall, a pianoforte maker in Camden Town, has been fined £3 15s. 6d., including costs, under the provisions of the Smoke Consuming Act.

Signor Rossi, after meeting with an enthusiastic reception in Paris, was to leave Havre to fulfil with his company a series of engagements in the United States.

In a trial at New York relative to the piece *Rose Michel*, the proprietors and authors have been successful, and the adaptor has been condemned to pay.

Herr Rosenfeld, the new manager of the Komische Oper, Vienna, recently visited Paris, for the purpose of purchasing new works for his theatre.

John E. Owens is enlightening the Grangers of Maryland on "What He Knows about Farming," and it takes him as long to tell it as if he really knew something.

Following close on the footsteps of Mr von Laun, Mr C. Heron Wall, of Brighton College, has undertaken a translation of Molière's plays, whereof the first volume will shortly be published, and form part of Bohn's standard series.

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Barnum wants a new hippodrome. The old gentleman is becoming economical, and intends constructing a very much smaller one than the Fourth Avenue building, in New York.

Mr Maybrick, the accomplished barytone, has resumed his profession, and will be heard again at the Ballad concerts, and various others, we trust, during the ensuing season.

Lohengrin has been produced at the Dublin Theatre, with Mdlle Albani as Elsa. The local papers are full of the event; but we must postpone further particulars till our next.

The reason Adelina Patti ascribes for not going to the United States is her dread of sea sickness. So accomplished a cantatrice should be tolerably comfortable on the high C's.

Mr and Mrs Kendal terminated their engagement at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Liverpool, on Saturday evening. They were succeeded, on Monday, by Herr and Mrs Bandmann.

A new three-act comedy, by M. Edmond Gondinet, entitled *Le Panache*, is in active preparation at the Palais Royal. The chief parts will be filled by MM. Brasseur and Geoffroy.

Prof. Hart, of Cornell University, has been offered 16,000 dollars a-year to act as Government Geologist to Brazil. It's a pretty good place, where the principal product of the earth is diamonds.

Messrs Macmillan and Co. promise a new edition of Mr Matthew Arnold's "*Essays on Criticism*," to which will be added a paper "On a Persian Passion Play," reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*.

An International Choral Competition was lately held at Brussels. The first prize went to France, won by the Orphéon of Valenciennes, the second to a Belgian society, the third to a German Männergesangverin, and the fourth to a Dutch Liedertafel.

Before quitting Lyons, whither he had gone to do his one month's duty as a Resarvist, M. Lasalle, of the Grand Opera, gave a concert for the benefit of the families of his poorer temporary comrades. All the civil and military authorities were present, and a very respectable amount was netted.

One of the first daguerreotype proofs, taken by the inventor himself on the 2nd October, 1838, and representing a view of the Pavilion de Flore at the Tuileries, and a part of the gallery facing the river, from the Quai Voltaire, has just been presented to the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.

Dumas' knowledge of American natural history is illustrated in his new novel, in which a 'coon, as big as a yearling calf, chases two lovers up a tree and then tries to gnaw through the trunk to bring it down. But for the simplicity of the tale, the distinguished author might be suspected of friendly satire upon the habits of American lovers.

A new historical play, entitled *A Crown for Love*, in which the loves of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII. form a conspicuous feature, was to be produced at the Gaiety Theatre this morning. The principal parts are sustained by Messrs Ryder, W. Rignold, Charles Harcourt, W. Herbert, Maclean, F. Roland; Miss Evelyn, Mrs Leigh, &c.

A prize has been offered for the best Spanish National Hymn, the hymns of Riego, Espartero, Prim, Pierrad, and others, not being deemed suitable under the present government. All manuscripts will have to be sent in to the offices of the Ayuntamiento, Madrid, before the 15th December. This probably applies to the text only; the turn of the music will come next.

A contemporary states that Mr F. H. Cowen, busy with his cantata, *The Corsair*, for Birmingham, will not be able to finish his promised oratorio, *The Deluge*, in time for Brighton. A cantata, which Mr John Francis Barnett has been commissioned to write for the Brighton Festival of 1877, is to be ready for performance next February instead. The subject is *The Good Shepherd*.

The New Shakspere Society held its opening meeting of the session on the 1st inst., at University College, Gower Street. The papers read were:—I. "Notes on Mr Daniel's Theory of the relation between the first and second quartos of *Romeo and Juliet*" by James Spedding, Esq., M.A., Hon. Fellow, Trin. Coll., Camb. II. "On Shakspere's *Elf-Locks*," by J. Wickham Legg, Esq., M.D.

A contemporary reports an accident to the organist of St Paul's Cathedral. Dr Stainer was playing "fives" the week before last at St Michael's, Tenby, where he and other musical men were staying with Sir Frederick Ouseley, when the ball struck his face, severely injuring one of his eyes. Dr Stainer was ordered to keep away from light for at least ten days, and there is decided hope of the ultimate recovery of the sight.

The Drury Lane pantomime, supported by the Vokes family, is this year to be *Whittington and his Cat*. Covent Garden will present a new version of the old stories of *Goody Two Shoes* and *Cinderella*. The Crystal Palace will have *Jack and the Beanstalk* for its subject; and the first pantomime produced at the Alexandra Palace will be *The Yellow Dwarf*, for which the services of Mr George Conquest and his son are secured.

Nine of the actors who left Europe, for Rio de Janeiro, to play in the *Chatte Blanche*, have died from yellow fever. The manager, who received 400,000 reis (350 reis are equal to 1fr.) from the Emperor, to whose presence he was admitted, and 200,000 reis from the Count d'Eu, to facilitate the return of the company, died on board the steamer. At the Alcazar de Rio, 15 singers out of the 27 have also succumbed to the same.

ATHENÆUM (Camden Town).—Miss Lillie Albrecht, whose performances delighted the audience last season, opened the series of concerts, to be given during the present season, on Friday last, and by her fine performance of Chopin's Tarentelle in A flat, evidently delighted her audience. A Sonata of Beethoven's played by Miss Albrecht, was even more admired—the slow movement being rendered with refined taste. The gifted young artist received a well-merited recall at the conclusion, for which she gracefully bowed her thanks.

Madame Cave Ashton has been singing at Mr Sims Reeves ballad concert, at the Free Trade Hall Manchester, with success. The *Manchester Courier* praises her highly, and records that she possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of considerable power. "It is sympathetic in its character, her style also is good, and betokens careful training and judicious study. Her delivery is marked with considerable dramatic power, and this quality, added to her more than average flexibility of voice, commended her singing to the audience, and secured for her a well-deserved encore in Sir Julius Benedict's song, "The bird that came in Spring."

ZARÉ THALBERG.—The Royal Italian Opera provincial tour began on Monday last at Dublin. *Don Giovanni* was selected for the opening performance at the Theatre Royal, and drew a large attendance. The Dublin papers speak highly of M. Maurel (Don Giovanni), Signor Scolari (Leporello), Signor Tagliafico (Masseto), and Mr Richard Seymour, a Dublin amateur, who at short notice performed the *rôle* of Ottavio, in place of Signor Pavani—indisposed. The Donna Anna was Madame Paoli; the Elvira, Mdlle Ghiotti. Mdlle. Thalberg, as Zerlina, made a brilliant success, and at once obtained from the enthusiastic Dublin amateurs a confirmation of the favourable judgment formed of her in London The *Irish Times* says that "the clear, beautiful notes of her exquisite voice charmed her hearers from the very commencement," and that her sweetness, tenderness, and genuineness of feeling were "either the perfection of art, or the outcome of a spontaneous impulse which is the half-sister of genius." The *Daily Express* records the "complete success of this truly gifted girl." The *Freeman's Journal* says she is "original, delightful, satisfying. Her singing, in the 'La ci darem' was perfection itself, and her acting was prettiness itself." We were the first to testify to the merits of this charming young artist, and are glad to record her first provincial triumph.—*Observer*, *Oct.* 10.

There is no branch of natural history more attractive than the study of birds, and there is none perhaps more perplexing at the outset to the young naturalist. If he have only learned about birds from books, he will be annoyed to discover that many a ploughboy knows far more about their habits than he does, and even if he can boast the advantage of a good ear, his want of practice will place him far behind the rustic in trying to discover a songster by its note. It would appear that of the large number of persons who profess a love for song-birds very few comparatively have the ear to distinguish a song unless they can see the author of it; and that the only way to learn the song of a bird is to approach it as noiselessly as possible. There are people who, in spite of considerable effort, are never able to learn the first lesson in ornithology, just as there are people whose musical ear is so deficient that they are unable to hum a tune correctly. Mr Harting mentions the fact that, in 1872, a series of observations were made in various parts of England and Scotland with regard to the habits of some migratory birds. Thirty species were observed, and the results were remarkable. The first swallow seen was on the 2nd of March, four miles south of Glasgow, the earliest record of its arrival in Scotland, and one naturalist states that on the 13th of April there were nightingales on the beach, under the bathing machines, along the whole length of the shore at Brighton.* [Handel died on the 13th of April; and Sterndale Bennett was born on the 13th of April.—D. P.]

PRAGUE.—M. Anton Rubinstein has been staying here for some time to superintend the getting up of his opera, *Die Maccabäer*, which will be produced very shortly.

NAPLES.—A three-act comic opera, *La Campana dell'Eremitaggio*, words by Sig. E. Coffino, music by Sig. E. Sarria, has been successfully produced at the Teatro Mercadante.

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* See J. E. Harting on "*Our Summer Migrants*."

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ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—LAST SEVEN NIGHTS. CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY. This Evening (SATURDAY), at Eight o'clock, Last Performance of "Trovatore"; Monday, Oct. 25, "Porter of Havre"; Tuesday, Oct. 26, "Maritana"; Wednesday, Oct. 27, "The Water Carrier"; Thursday, Oct. 28, "Faust"; Friday, Oct. 29, "The Water Carrier"; Saturday, Oct. 30 (Last Night), "Marriage of Figaro."

MR WALTER BACHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL (Fourth Season), on MONDAY, November 1st, at ST JAMES'S HALL, at Half-past Three o'clock precisely. Miss Anna Williams. Pianoforte—Mrs Beesley (pupil of Dr Hans von Bülow) and Mr Walter Bache. Violin—Herr Wilhelmj. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini. Stalls (unnumbered), 5s.; balcony, 3s. Admission, One Shilling. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

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The HALF-MICHAELMAS TERM will Commence on THURSDAY, the 4th November, and will Terminate on SATURDAY, the 18th of December. Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution on Thursday, the 28th inst., at Eleven o'clock.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, HARLEY STREET, W.—SECOND SESSION, 1875-6. FIRST MONTHLY MEETING, MONDAY, November 1st. At 5 p.m. punctually a Paper will be read by Mr CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Mem. Acad. St Cecilia, Rome, on "Musical Criticism."

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ALEXANDRA PALACE.—THE SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS in Concert Room, and ILLUMINATED PROMENADES in Centre Hall, will commence on Saturday, Oct. 30, and be continued on Saturday, Nov. 6; Saturday, Nov. 13; Saturday, Nov. 20; Saturday, Nov. 27; Saturday, Dec. 4; Saturday, Dec. 11; Saturday, Dec. 18. The second part of the series will be continued at the end of January, 1876. The Concerts will commence at 3.15 each day. Mr Weist Hill's Benefit will take place in the month of May.

Various works of the old masters will be revived during the season, and modern English and German works, and those of contemporary composers of the French Classical School, will be included in the programmes.

The first part of each programme will consist of works of a classical character, and the second will be devoted to compositions of a miscellaneous description.

The orchestra of the company will be increased, and solos will be given by the following artists:—Messrs G. Palmer, C. Doyle, L. A. Brousil, C. White, O. Svendsen, G. Horton, A. Snelling, J. Hutchins, P. Vanhaute, S. Hughes, and Howard Reynolds. Conductor—Mr H. WEIST HILL. The following works will be given:—

Handel.—"Messiah." "Esther" (first time) with additional accompaniments by Joseph Halberstadt. Trio for violin, violoncello, and double bass.
Haydn.—"Creation." Symphonies in D and E flat major.
Mozart.—Symphonies in G minor and C, "Jupiter." Overture, "Così fan tutte."
Beethoven.—Symphonies, including the 9th "Choral." Airs du ballet, "Prometheo." Concerto, E flat.
Rossini.—"Stabat Mater." Overture, "Le Siege de Corinthe."
Spohr.—Symphony, "Power of Sound." Overture, "Fausta."
Bach.—Suite for orchestra, Overture and Gavotte (first time).
Schumann.—Symphony in B flat. Reverie for strings and bassoon (first time).
Cherubini.—Ballet music. "Achille à Scyros" and "Anacreon." Overture, "Le deux Journées."
Spontini.—Overtures, "Fernand Cortez" et "La Vestale."
Wagner.—Prelude, "Tristan und Isolde."
C. Saint Saens.—Marche Héroique. Poème Symphonique, "Le Rouet à Omphale." Concerto for Organ, specially composed for Mr. F. Archer. [Tauride."
Gluck.—Overture, "Orfeo e Euridice," "Ballet des Scythes," "Iphigenie en
Berlioz.—Overture, "Du Corsaire." Fragments: "La Damnation de Faust," "Minuet des Follets," "Valse des Sylphes," "Romeo et Juliette" (first time).
Gounod.—Overture, "Mireille."
Duvivier.—Pièce Symphonique, "Triomphe de Bacchus" (first time).
Mauer.—Symphony in F (first time in England).
Bocchertni.—Minuet, "La Sicillienne" (first time).
Silas.—Symphony in A. Ballet music, "Nitocris."
Niels Gade.—Fantasia, "Dreams of Spring," for vocal quartet, pianoforte, and orchestra (first time). [Palace Orchestra.
Paganini.—"Moto Perpetuo," performed by twelve first violinists of the Alexandra
J. J. Abert.—Präludium und Fuge, von Joh. Seb. Bach, und Choral von Abert, für Orchester eingerichtet, von J. J. Abert.
Randegger.—Scena, "Saffo" (first time).
S. Jadassohn.—Serenade in Canon (first time).
R. Fuchs.—Serenade for strings, in D (first time).
Frans-Doppler.—"L'Oiseau des Bois," for four horns and flute.
Sir Julius Benedict.—Overture, "Gipsy's Warning."
Sir W. Sterndale Bennett.—Overtures, "Die Najäden," "Wood Nymphs," "May Queen;" Concerto in E minor.
Professor Macfarren.—Overtures, "The Sleeper Awakened," and "Festival." Symphony in E minor.
Litolf.—Overture, "Robespierre."
Ambroise Thomas.—Overture, "Mignon."
Bizet.—Overture, "Patrie. Deux Suites pour Orchestre (first time).
Massenet.—Ouverture. Scènes Pittoresques. "Invocation à Electra de la Musique d'une Pièce Antique" (first time).
Giraud.—Suite d'Orchestre (first time).
J. Raff.—Abends "Rhapsodie" (first time).
Lachner.—Ball Suite (first time).

Other compositions, either written expressly for these concerts or new to this country, by Gevaert, A. H. Jackson, H. K. Kunerath, Hamilton Clarke, Reed, Svendsen, Tito Mattei, W. Shakespeare, Vieling, Suppé, Wingham, C. H. Banister, A. O'Leary, J. Williams, J. Waterson, Liszt, David, J. Halberstadt, F. H. Cowen, J. F. Barnett, and W. H. Holmes.

Glees, Part Songs, and Madrigals, by the old English Masters, including Purcell, T. Morby, J. Bennett, S. Paxton, J. Dowland, W. Horsley, S. Webbe, Dr Arne, Dr Cooke, Dr Calcott, Wesley, and Sir H. R. Bishop, will be given from time to time. The following engagements have been made: Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdme Sinico-Campobello, Miss Edith Wynne, Mdme Blanche Cole, Miss Anna Williams, Mdme Nouver, Mdme Patey, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Mdme Demeric-Lablache, Mdlle Enriquez, Miss Marion Severn, Miss Emily Mott, Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr H. Guy, Mr Nelson Varley, Signor Foli, Signor Monari-Rocca, Mr M. Maybrick, Mr Wadmore, Mdlle Marie Krebs, Mdme Varley-Liebe, M. Sainton, Signor Alfonso Rendano, Signor Tito Mattei. And engagements are also pending with Mdme Essipoff, M. Wieniawski, Herr Wilhelmj, M. Laserre, Miss Zimmermann, Mdme Norman-Neruda, and other eminent artists, whose names will be duly announced. EDWARD LEE, General Manager.

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HERR HERMANN FRANKE (Concertmeister, from Dresden) will play MENDELSSOHN'S CONCERTO for Violin, at Manchester, THIS DAY. All applications for ENGAGEMENTS as Soloist, and for Lessons, in London and elsewhere, to be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MDME NOUVER will sing the Soprano Solos in HANDEL'S Oratorio, "ESTHER," on the occasion of its first production in England, at the Alexandra Palace, November 6th.

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MDME NOUVER will sing the Soprano Solos in the "MESSIAH," at the Sacred Harmonic Society's Concert, Exeter Hall, on December 17th.

MDME NOUVER will sing the Soprano Solos in SIR MICHAEL COSTA'S Oratorio, "ELI," at the Sacred Harmonic Society's Concert, Nottingham, January 28th, 1876.

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NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

MR HENRY GUY has removed to 6, Kellett Road, Brixton, S.W.

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MRS JOHN MACFARREN begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she is in Town for the Season. All applications for Concerts, Pianoforte Recitals, or Lessons, to be addressed—15, Albert Street, Glo'ster Gate, Regent's Park, N.W.

SIGNOR GUSTAV GARCIA will Return to Town on the 25th September, and can accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Oratorios, &c. Address, 54, Portsdown Road, Maida Hill, W.

MDME MARTORELLI GARCIA will Return to Town October 1, when she can accept Operatic, Concert, Oratorio, and other ENGAGEMENTS. Address, 54, Portsdown Road, Maida Hill, W.

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MACBETH AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

Our visit to the second Shakespearean revival at the Lyceum Theatre was purposely deferred until we had had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the opinions of the critical world. It is impossible to dispute the fact that the Macbeth of Mr Henry Irving has been laid under general censure; disparaged by some, its deficiencies are condoned by others; but throughout the tone of the criticisms there is lacking that sympathy between the judges and the judged requisite to prove that the result was, according to these particular views, in the least degree satisfactory. Our opinion of Mr Irving's performance is unique, since we give him credit at the offset for having brought upon the stage the Macbeth that Shakespeare designed when planning his tragedy, and for having persistently ignored the conventional, or actor's, view of the character.

What reader, studying the text of *Macbeth*, can find a single circumstance in the entire dramatic narrative calculated to instil into our minds one feeling of sympathy with, or respect for, Macbeth? On some hands it is accepted as sufficient proof of the Scottish usurper's innate nobility of character, that he was chivalrous and brave in combat. But these were general qualities in the epoch when Macbeth lived and fought, and we can no more accept them in his case as indications of a noble mind than we can assign elevation of intellect to the modern savage, whose one instinct is success or death in battle. That Macbeth is no poltroon, however, we have abundant evidence. It has been the theatrical fashion to invest him with imaginary virtues—to make of him a demi-god by right of the prowess of his arm, and to smother the heinousness of his crimes beneath the assumed chivalry of his nature. The stage reading of the tragedy and that which belongs to the closet of the student are thus opposed; Macbeth, indeed, possesses a most vivid and poetic imagination, but this is his only redeeming quality. As a matter of course, an actor wishes to make the most of the capital invested in his hands, and a dramatic assumption is a thing to be studied and treated so as to yield the greatest amount of interest. A character must be rendered noticeable, if not attractive (though there is always a leaning towards the latter qualification), and the ordinary actor loses sight of the author's intention in seeking to reap honour for his own efforts. One of the greatest merits in Mr Irving's Macbeth is that it is not an *actor's* performance, in the general acceptance of the term. From beginning to end Mr Irving disdains to lower his art to the level of conventional precedent. He regards Macbeth in the same light as do those who have studied the character from the play itself, and not from the stage representation of it—as a merciless tyrant, a bloody usurper, with none of those specious attributes of good nature or *bonhommie* which make the stage Macbeth what it is—a weak reflection of a wondrous ideal. Shakespeare never intended that the central figure of this tragedy should be held up to popular admiration; on the contrary, his evident intent was to pourtray, in the most repulsive outlines, the man who, with every opportunity for good, shaped each course for evil. Were we to judge solely by the very conflicting evidence contained in the diction, we should come to no very decided opinion as to Macbeth's character, while those of Banquo and Lady Macbeth would be equally hard to divine. From the action of the play, however, in the portions with which Macbeth is intimately concerned, we have no other alternative than to regard him as a contemptible and despicable criminal, without a redeeming quality to lift his black soul out of the mire of moral degradation. This is the view taken by Mr Irving, and represented with extraordinary force and consistency throughout the play. After Macbeth's opening speech:

"So foul and fair a day I have not seen,"

he does not utter a single line that savours not of superstitious fear, or of moral or physical cowardice. The prognostications of the Witches strikes dread into his craven heart—not because he is afraid of the deed he has already contemplated so much as he is frightened by his intentions being known to others—even to such intangible beings as the three Witches. It is with a convulsive start that he hears himself hailed as the future king; and his involuntary action causes Banquo to remark:

"Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?"

Throughout the scene Macbeth is enshrouded in moody speculation; he keeps his soldiers waiting until Banquo's patience is exhausted; and though, when aroused from his day-dream, he speaks of holding fuller converse upon what hath chanced, "Our free hearts to each other," there is very little indication in his manner of his lightening his secret mind before his companions. Brought into the king's presence, and there loaded with honours, Macbeth is abashed and gloomy; Duncan's favours he accepts as though they were little better than insults—knowing how little he does deserve them—while the bestowal upon Malcolm of the title of Prince of Cumberland arouses all his worst passions. Notice the feverish impatience with which Macbeth takes his departure, with smooth words on his tongue that find no echo in his heart. Now is the moment that he is ready to do the deed; we can hear it in his voice ("Stars, hide your fires," &c.), and see it in his face. In this scene Mr Irving is remarkably fine. We next see him in the presence of Lady Macbeth; his courage has already cooled, and his purpose commenced to waver. Macbeth greets his wife with the words:

"My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night,"

but can return none but a coward's answer to the subtle inquiry; "And when goes hence?" Macbeth sneaks out of it pitifully with the miserable evasion, "To-morrow, as he purposes." Even when Lady Macbeth closes the matter, by offering to do the deed herself ("And you shall put this night's great business *into my despatch*"), Macbeth cannot raise his sinking spirits, but shuffles off the immediate responsibility, saying, "We will speak further." No wonder that the ire of the resolute woman is raised, and, with a disdainful voice, almost withering in its contemptuous scorn, she bids him "only" to "look up clear," and takes all the rest upon herself to achieve. It is not until the subsequent interview between the guilty partners that any evidence is given that Macbeth means to dabble in blood. In order, however, to "screw his courage to the sticking point," it is requisite for Lady Macbeth almost to unsex herself, and speak of the most frightful deeds with a complacency that is, to a contemplative mind, not only revolting, but disgusting. Lady Macbeth, however, knows but one end to her ambition, and that end justifies any means she may use. She has to employ strong words ere the dormant energy of her husband's nature is aroused; but, when she has led him on by devilish wiles to imagine that the guilt will not fall upon the evil-doers, she knows she has him safe. Up to the last it was requisite for the woman to offer to participate in the deed itself:

"What, cannot *you and I* perform upon
The unguarded Duncan?"

Here occurs a point which Mr Irving seems wilfully to pass by. The final note of Duncan's knell is sounded when Macbeth exclaims:

"Bring forth men children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males."

There is scarcely the need for him afterwards to say, "I am settled," for we all know that his determination is irrevocably fixed.

We may pass over all that comes between this episode and the absolute committal of the crime. Macbeth has disappeared behind the arras, bent on his murderous work, and Lady Macbeth comes upon the scene, eagerly awaiting the result. She hears Macbeth's smothered cry as he descends from the chamber of blood, and fears that he has failed. Macbeth, with a dripping dagger in either hand, totters in, in a state of mental and physical prostration, approaching to imbecility. The blow has been struck, and immediately his superstitious brain has filled the world with a teeming host of horrors which threaten him with destruction. He is overwhelmed with fear, his trembling knees knock together, his mouth is a-gape, his eyes wide open and fixed upon the tell-tale weapons he holds in his hands.

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He speaks to Lady Macbeth as one dazed, and speaks in a low and stifled voice as though communing with himself. The picture is truly awful. The very extent of his terror is reached when he says:

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep!'"

Rooted to the spot, motionless, save for the tremor that pervades his frame, almost voiceless and horror-stricken, the guilty wretch seems to read aloud his doom:

"Sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

The tone in which the words are given is hoarse, and the words themselves are almost inarticulate. The power of this scene is immense, and Mr Irving rises to the situation with a force that is positively appalling. If this be not, indeed, the true representation of the play as Shakespeare intended it, his conception was never before so closely approached. To us it seems a perfect realization of the revulsion of feeling after the commital of so heinous an act as that of murder. Macbeth is here no hero, but a weak and conscience-stricken mortal. Mr Irving represents him as purely human; here is his first step in crime, and here are the immediate results. Finer acting it is impossible to conceive, even though the emotions be represented with such realistic truth as to fill the spectators with abhorrence.

The banquet scene, in the third act, is another instance of wonderful acting on Mr Irving's part, and here, indeed, he is well supported by Miss Bateman. It must be remembered that Mr Irving's style is more dependent upon the realization of character than upon any special elocutionary qualifications, albeit he possesses these in a marked degree. Macbeth is king, but he has descended to become a miserable trafficker in murder, and his life is eaten away, as it were, between his ever present fears and his unholy aspirations. Never did a crown shine on a more craven brow. The abject terror, with which Macbeth regards the apparition of Banquo, yields to nothing in the performance. It is absolutely electrical; the man's functions seem paralysed, and he mumbles rather than speaks the words (a wretched subterfuge again):

"Thou canst not say I did it."

Upon the second appearance of the ghost, the effect upon Macbeth's already deranged intellect is maddening; and, in a frenzy of fear, he wraps his mantle around his head to shut out the fearsome sight. This is another marvellous point made by the actor.

Here we may allude, parenthetically, to the suggestion made some time since, that on the second appearance of the ghost it should take the form, not of Banquo, but of Duncan. The remark, "Thy bones are marrowless," could hardly apply to Banquo, and the wish that the ghost may "take any shape but that" would seem to point an allusion to Macbeth's first crime. There is undoubted ingenuity in the thought that prompted this alteration, although it may not be received as worthy of practical adoption.

Macbeth's visit to the Witches, in the fourth act, is remarkably effective. The stage represents a dark cavern, illumined only by the flickering of the cauldron, around which the hags chant their unholy spells. The cave is below the level of the heath, and Macbeth appears high above, in bold relief against the bright moon and starry sky. The evil influence of the Witches is soon apparent; Macbeth curses all those who trust them, and his nature undergoes another change—still for evil. Witness his words:

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it: From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand."

Of the last act we have not much to say. Macbeth, torn with internal passions, and wasted with the fever of a tormenting conscience, has grown old, withered, and prematurely grey. His life knows no quiet, his mind is in one continual state of unrest. When the wood of Birnam does come to Dunsinane, and when Macbeth, hounded down, is brought to bay by the man who was not born of woman, the belief in the Witches, which was before his armour of proof, falls down and leaves him totally defenceless. We cannot see in the final encounter between Macbeth and Macduff anything to praise, as a stage fight, pure and simple. What is done is perfectly natural. Macbeth is a worn, spent man; he is nerved for the encounter by despair; but Macduff can see he is powerless. A few furious cuts, and his wrist begins to tire; his target is then flung away, and, grasping the right wrist with his left hand, Macbeth "lays on" (which, as a matter of fact, Macduff never does, in spite of the exhortation) with what strength remains. Soon his arm falls powerless, and Macduff performs the impossible feat of running him through his shirt of mail with a blunt-pointed broadsword. It ought to be a cut, and not a thrust, that disposes of the usurper.

We have left ourselves scanty space to pass in review the many excellencies that characterize the revival of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum. But, though much has been done for the tragedy in the matter of mounting by a very liberal management, it is only the marvellous acting of Mr Irving that leaves a lasting impression upon the mind of the spectator. That this effort of the young tragedian, though not accepted as such, is in reality the triumph of his career up to the present time, we do not doubt for a moment. We will go further, and say that we scarcely imagine that the English dramatic stage has ever witnessed a more graphic impersonation, nor one in which an actor displayed such a thorough reverence for the highest claims of his art.

Miss Bateman is remarkably fine in the banquet scene, but wants vitality in the early portions of the play. Her performance, however, is, as will be imagined, of a high order, and reveals the exceptional gifts of the actress, even where it fails to show them at their best. Of the rest of the cast Mr Forrester is certainly the best, his Banquo being notable for its firm, steady elocution, and sensible, unaffected acting. Mr Swinbourne's Macduff is not one of his happiest efforts. His delivery of the phrase:

"What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?"

was given as a *crescendo*, *mf* to *fff*; the effect was not striking by reason of its excellence. The Witches are good (though we do not care for the arrangement of the first scene), and the curious fact of their voices being of different pitch, and forming a triad, makes their mysterious incantations sound more unearthly than one could imagine. Another feature must not escape notice; the soldiers are indeed soldiers, and not the usual mob of shambling supers. The scenery is well arranged, though, of course, stone castles in Scotland during the reign of Macbeth are anachronisms. The music should be suppressed altogether, unless something less suggestive of German bands, a little more Scottish in tendency, and rather more illustrative of the spirit of the tragedy can be provided. At present the music is the weakest part of the revival. R.

'PUDET HÆC OPPROBRIA NOBIS ET DICI POTUISSE, ET NON POTUISSE REFELLI."—*Horace.*

("We're all the way from Manchester, and we've not got the Work to do.")

A southern flood in northern town
The parish Bridge once swept away,
The parish rulers cunningly
In solemn conclave met to say:
We'll advertise for estimates
To fill the place as best we may;
But all the time 'tis our intent
To job the job "another way."
And while contractors offers send,
Each doubting not to win the race,
They sneak'd a log of Yankee Pyne
And laid it in the Bridge's place.

BENWELL.

BREMEN.—A new opera, *Das Märchen von der schönen Melusine*, by Herr Theodor Hentschel, is in active rehearsal at the Stadttheater, where the composer officiates as first *Capellmeister*. The libretto is founded on the same story as that of Herr Gramann's opera, *Melusine*, recently produced at the Theatre Royal, Wiesbaden. The scenery, for which Schwind's well-known frescoes have served as models, has been painted by Herr Lütkemeyer, of Coburg.

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CONSTITUTION OF THE MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.*

(*Continued from page* 697.)

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS—(*continued*)

SECT. 6. The Executive Committee and the other officers shall constitute the Board of Directors of the Union, and it shall be their duty to supervise the general interests of the same; investigate all charges against a member or members; call for papers and witnesses; have the power to cause a member or members who have violated the laws to appear before them; receive applications for membership; pass upon all candidates; grant donations in urgent cases; remit or reduce fines; leave questions for the Union at large to decide; pass all bills against the Union, and report all their action or decisions at the following quarterly meeting. The President or Vice-President shall preside at their meetings, but in their absence they may elect their own Chairman. They shall make such rules for their own government as are not inconsistent with the provisions of the charter, and hold, if required, monthly meetings, but special meetings may be called by the President at his discretion, or at the written request of five members. Seven members shall constitute a quorum.

SECT. 7. The duties of the Executive Committee shall be to meet and act, together with the other officers of the Union, for its best interests.

SECT. 8. Any officer neglecting to attend three successive meetings of the Board, when notified by the Secretary, his seat shall be declared vacant, and the Board shall have the power to appoint some one to fill the vacancy until the next regular quarterly meeting of the Union, unless an acceptable excuse shall be rendered by said member.

ARTICLE II.—MEMBERSHIP.

SECT. 1. All professional Instrumental performers in New York City and vicinity shall be eligible for membership, all of which to be subject to the discretion of the Board of Directors.

SECT. 2. All applications for membership must be made through a member of this Union, and must in all cases be accompanied by the admission fee and the dues of the current quarter, which will be refunded if the applicant is rejected.

SECT. 3. The admission fee for membership shall be 5 dols.

SECT. 4. Every applicant, on being admitted, shall sign the Constitution and By-laws, thereby agreeing to support the same, and pay all legal demands against him. He shall also furnish the Secretary with his place of residence, and the name of the instrument or instruments which he plays upon.

SECT. 5. It shall be the duty of every member, when he changes his residence, to report to the Secretary within one week; by failing to do so, he shall be fined fifty cents for each and every like offence.

SECT. 6. Membership shall in all cases date from the first day of the current quarter.

ARTICLE III.—DUTIES OF MEMBERS.

SECT. 1. It shall be the duty of every member to refuse all engagements tendered him by any musician not connected with this Union, with the exception of Conductors, or Directors of Theatrical Orchestras or Concerts, and to refuse to perform in any orchestra or band in which any person or persons are engaged who are not members.

SECT. 2. It shall be deemed a high offence against the Constitution and By-laws of this Union for a member of the same to employ or engage, or assist to an engagement, a non-member of this Union. It shall be a like offence to play for less than the fixed or stipulated prices of this Union. All infringements of the above provisions it shall be the bounden duty of every member of this Union to report immediately to the Secretary. And also to inform against all or any delinquent member or members for transgressing any article or articles of this Constitution or its By-laws; and, failing so to do, said member will be liable to the same fine as the offending party, should said member or members be at any time brought to a trial for said delinquency.

SECT. 3. Every member shall pay fifty cents quarterly dues in advance; and should cases of emergency arise or cause any further demands to be made to defray any of the necessary expenses, an additional tax may be levied.

SECT. 4. A member, bringing a charge against another member before the Board of Directors, shall be required to appear personally to substantiate his charge. The Secretary shall notify the defendant to appear before them, to defend himself against the charge made, and, if found guilty, shall be fined accordingly.

SECT. 5. It shall be the duty of every member on entering the meeting to sign his name to the roll, and, failing so to do, shall not have the privilege of speaking or voting on any question before the meeting.

(*To be continued.*)

* Founded April 28, 1863; organized and adopted June 26, 1864; amended and revised September 13, 1867, March 25th, 1869, and March 14, 1872.

MR CARL ROSA'S OPERA COMPANY.

The revival of Balfe's first English opera, *The Siege of Rochelle*, answers its purpose for the moment, but can hardly lead to any definite results. Through its means, however, we made acquaintance with one who was among the earliest of the actual period to convince the artistic world that English opera, in a developed form, was just as possible as Italian, French, or German. Of what progress music has made in this country during the forty years that have elapsed since the *Siege of Rochelle* was first produced by Mr Alfred Bunn, at Drury Lane Theatre, amateurs need not be reminded. The revival of this work—pioneer, in its way, of so much that was to follow—is, therefore, more interesting on that account than on account of its own absolute merits. The libretto, one of the least intelligibly wrought out from the pen of the prolific Fitzball, is here, as in almost every instance, derived from a foreign source; while the music presents but few indications of that marked style which subsequently distinguished Balfe from his contemporaries, and encouraged the persuasion that he, too, after his peculiar manner, was a more or less original composer. That the *Siege of Rochelle* can ever again keep the stage, as in years gone by, we do not believe; nor are we called upon at this period of its existence to describe it in detail. The performance at the Princess's Theatre, under Mr Rosa's direction, is, for the most part, exceedingly good. The character of the pensive Clara could hardly be more gracefully embodied than by Mdlle Torriani, nor the lively Marcella more spiritedly pourtrayed than by Miss Julia Gaylord, a young *débutante* from whom much may reasonably be expected. Mr C. Lyall's Corporal Schwartz is instinct with the quiet unforced humour which has ever been a characteristic of this genial and accomplished artist; while Mr Santley's Michel, looked upon either vocally or dramatically, is not easy to surpass. Of Mr D. H. Bates, the young tenor, to whom was entrusted the part of Valmour, we would rather speak on some future occasion. Nervousness overcame him; and at the second performance Mr Nordblom took his place. The other characters are sustained by Mrs Aynsley Cook, Miss Laura Hyde, Messrs Snazelle, Ludwig, and Aynsley Cook. The orchestra and chorus are throughout efficient; the opera is well put on the stage, and a success may not unfairly be recorded. At the same time, while the *Bohemian Girl* (with its unimportant Parisian additions), *Maritana*, and even the English versions of *Fra Diavolo* and *Faust*, are welcome enough, it was generally expected that Mr Rosa would produce at least one original work by an English composer; and what English composer would not be charmed to write an opera expressly for a theatre where Miss Rose Hersee and Mr Santley are among the leading members of the company? The *Porter of Havre* proved (if proof had been necessary) what Mr Santley can do; but that again was an exportation from abroad. Nevertheless, and on the other side, amateurs still anxiously expect the promised adaptation of Cherubini's admirable *Deux Journées*, under the title of the *Water-Carrier* (a porter, by the way, of very different kind from the porter of Signor Cagnoni). The brief series of performances is drawing rapidly to a close.—*Graphic.*

NUREMBERG.—One of the members of the operatic company at the Stadttheater is Herr Gum, from Munich. This young artist is said to be a phenomenal tenor, singing the C, and even C Sharp *in alt.* with the greatest ease. The local papers, in glowing terms, assert that, when more proficient as an actor, he will occupy a high position.

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MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

One of the principal events at the Royal Operahouse lately has been the re-appearance of Mad. Mallinger, as Valentine, in *Les Huguenots*, a character she assumed for the first time, but the performance was not a great success. The papers are pretty unanimous in their opinions about it. This is what the *Echo* says:—

"That this lady who, in a certain sphere, has done so much, should seek to extend her range of characters, which she has already rendered so varied, is a fact deserving due appreciation and praise. Besides appearing in the female Wagnerian creations of Eva, Elsa, and Elisabeth, she undertakes the oft-repeated parts of Iphigenia, Agatha, Euryanthe, Margarethe, Susanne, Zerlina, Mrs Ford, Leonore, Aida, etc.; she sings Gluck, Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Nicolai, Verdi, Wagner, etc. Meyerbeer alone had hitherto been sent empty away. Our *Prima Donna* was, perhaps, not altogether wrong in avoiding this composer; she might have feared that the grapes which hung so high were not of the sweetest. Mad. Mallinger by no means possesses an abundance of the qualities by which the character of Valentine can be informed with warm life. Her voice is deficient in power and readiness, her acting wants passion and fire. The sensuous sentimentality of Wagner's female characters is satisfied with very different powers of impersonation than those requisite for the warm and glowing life of Valentine; amorous plaints and yearning sighs are not heard from Valentine's lips, which breathe greater vigour. They do not sing patient suffering and abnegation; every tone they utter excites to action. Mad. Mallinger had, therefore, a difficult task to execute, and, as far as her strength went, her rendering of the part as a whole deserves unconditional praise. The case would be different were we to pass in review the principal points separately. The duet with Marcel would at once afford grounds for much censure, since, here especially it was manifest how little the lady's powers corresponded to the task undertaken by her. Nor was the admirer of this grand piece agreeably impressed by the lady's going back to the ending formerly in vogue; the cut usually made here was certainly beneficial to the entire piece. In the grand duet of the fourth act, Mad. Mallinger was better, though anything like the perfection of Mad. Lucca was quite out of the question. All the little touches of emotion and sweet complainings, which, it is true, are scattered only sparingly through the number, had full justice done them, but the tones of passionate and glowing love, and of the bitter torture of the soul, were passed over almost unnoticed, so that we did not see a living impersonification of Valentine, but something entirely sacrificed to minor details. We hardly think, therefore, that Mad. Mallinger will ever master the part. Her natural gifts are not sufficiently eminent. The public, though in a grateful mood, appeared, despite the bouquets flung down, to be of the same opinion as ourselves, and, after the last act, dispersed in silence. In various parts of the house, however, especially in the third tier, a number of violent claqueurs were strikingly prominent."

Mad. Mallinger would certainly have acted more wisely had she left the part alone. Not only is it unfitted for her naturally, but her appearance in it gave rise to inevitable comparisons; and comparisons, we know, "are oderous." The other leading parts were sustained, more or less satisfactorily, by Herren Niemann, Betz, and Krolop. Herr Eckert conducted.

Miss Minnie Hauck has appeared most successfully, as Angela, in the *Domino Noir*, which, thanks to her admirable rendering, has entered upon a new lease of popularity. Sooth to say, however, she was, on the whole, wretchedly supported, and the manner in which Auber's sparkling score was represented in its entirety reflected no lustre on such an establishment as the Royal Operahouse.

During a recent visit to Leipsic, his Excellency Herr von Hülsen, Intendant-General, concluded an agreement with Herr William Müller, "heroic" tenor at the Stadttheater. By this agreement, Herr Müller, who formerly belonged to the company at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, will sing at the Royal Operahouse in the course of the winter. Should he come up to the expectations entertained of him, he will be permanently engaged. Another candidate for the same honour is Herr Georg Schröter, from Hamburgh. Herr Schröter is a "lyric" tenor, and will be put to the test some time this month. Herr Kannberg, alias Herr Müller (Müller is not an uncommon name in Germany), not being considered up to the mark, will most probably resume his business as a bookseller; at any rate, he will not be engaged by Herr von Hülsen.

Herr Paul Taglioni's new ballet, entitled *Madeleine*, is being actively rehearsed. It will be produced, with Mdlle Adele Grantzow in the principal part, on the 4th November, Herr Taglioni's fiftieth professional anniversary, or a few day's later. The title is not particularly taking, but it will probably be changed before the first night, according to the usual practice of the respected "Herr Ballet-Director."

Reports of a Prima Donna feud have lately appeared in the papers, it being asserted that Mad. von Voggenhuber was at daggers drawn with Mad. Mallinger, because she (Mad. Mallinger) had taken the part of Valentine in *Les Huguenots*. There is, however, no foundation for these reports. It is true that Mad. von Voggenhuber was put in possession of the said part, but in consideration of her appearing in that of Elsa, which was the property of Mad. Mallinger, she consented to share the part of Valentine with the latter lady, and, during the season, the two ladies will play the two parts alternately. So much for the Prima Donna feud.

Herr Louis Brassin has resigned his post as first teacher of the Violin in Stern's Conservatory, and accepted an offer to conduct the Classical Concerts at Breslau, and take the first violin part in the Quartet Performances of the Breslau Tonkünstler-Verein.

Herr Fricke, of the Royal Operahouse, has married Mad. Steinway, the widow of the well-known pianoforte maker of the same name.

TERPSICHORE.

A little volume is about to be published, in Paris, entitled *Terpsichore*, the preface to which will be certain to draw attention to it, whatever may be the merits of the book itself. The introduction is from the pen of Mdlle Rita Sangalli, the *première danseuse* of the Opera. Now, there are very few ladies of her profession who have ever cared to give up their pink tights for the sake of a blue stocking, and some of her remarks will on this account be read with interest. She begins by lamenting the decadence of the grand ballet, and seeks its cause in the fact that dancing now is chiefly confined to divertissements in operas. She quotes Scribe's remark that for a drama to be good it ought to be capable of being represented without words, and she reverses the observation by asserting, very justly, that a good ballet must, if words be added to it, make a good piece. Mdlle Sangalli might have added in corroboration of her assertion that some of the best opera *libretti* have been built upon ballet plots. Remarking on the little interest taken now-a-days in the mimetic art, she observes that it is because dancers "pay no attention to the language of the eyes or to the imitation of such simple and graceful attitudes as we see on Greek and Roman bas-reliefs." Here Mdlle Sangalli begs the question. She seems to forget that the "simple attitudes" to be found on Greek masterpieces are the *ne plus ultra* of plastic art, and the modern sculptors are even farther behind their ancient prototypes than are the *danseuses* of to-day behind the Taglioni, Herbele, Fanny Ellsler, Cerrito, Carlotta Grisi (*facile princeps*), &c., of our youth. Referring to the much-vexed question in lands where stage-dancing is still cultivated, as to whether men should be employed, or should be supplanted by women in male attire, Mdlle Sangalli maintains that men are "absolutely indispensable in ballets. A man"—she says—"contrasts better than a *travesti*—that is to say, a lady in man's clothes—can do, with the grace and beauty of the woman. But, while man is indispensable in *pas d'ensemble* and groups, he is useless in *soli*." In this opinion everybody will agree. Nothing is more distasteful to Englishmen than the sight of the male dancers who twist and turn about in the long ballets of which the Italians are so fond. Mdlle Sangalli's last remarks must be given in her own words. "There is a tendency," she says, "to replace the want of cultivation in the choregraphic art by another deficiency—that of costume. It is not for nothing that the *tulle* of which our skirts are made is called *tulle-illusion*. By abandoning these skirts, and by substituting for them flesh-coloured drawers, *aux couleurs chatoyantes*, charm and "illusion" are alike dispelled.

C. C.

DARMSTADT.—The Grand-Duke has issued an order forbidding the Ducal Theatre the interpolation of pieces into operas. This extends to "stars."

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DUBLIN.

(*Extract from a private letter.*")

* * * * "You will not be surprised to know that Albani has made a very strong and favourable impression on the Irish. In fact she has created a *furore*. There was great curiosity about *Lohengrin;* but I think one performance satiated the appetite. You may imagine what could be done with a small chorus, small orchestra, and scanty rehearsal—all incidents of our position. The principals were uniformly good, and did their very best; but *Lohengrin* demands more. All the other operas have been successful. Albani has won the hearts of the people, and deservedly, for she spares neither time nor strength. Zaré Thalberg has shown remarkable talent, while her fresh voice and piquant manner have delighted the people. Bianchi, also, has played in *La Fille du Régiment* with great success. Our old acquaintance, Fraulein Edelsberg, has pleased here very much with her real dramatic talent. We have, also, Naudin, Maurel, Pavani, and Medica (a barytone with a splendid voice)—altogether a good working company."—J. P.

—o—

MUSIC AT VIENNA.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

M. Monplaisir's romantic ballet of *Brahma*, got up under his personal supervision, has been produced at the Imperial Operahouse. M. Monplaisir and Mdlle Linda, *première danseuse*, were called on repeatedly. The new scenery, by Brioschi, is fine, and the *mise-en-scène*, generally, effective. The first performance of Bizet's *Carmen* was announced for the 17th inst.

The "Artists' Evenings" of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde will be resumed on the 6th November, in the Society's large hall, which has been redecorated. It is probable that several *Singspiele*, or dramatic pieces, interspersed with songs, will be performed in the course of the winter. The programme of the grand concerts, under the direction of the new conductor, Herr Herbeck, is already published. The four regular concerts are fixed to take place respectively on the 14th November, 5th December, 27th February, and 19th March. The following are the works selected: "Ach, wie flüchtig!" for chorus and orchestra, Bach; Triple Concerto and Violin Concerto, Beethoven; Symphony (new) Bruckner; St Cecilia Ode, Handel; "Chorwerk," Hagar; Symphony in G., Haydn; "Volkslied und Reigen," for Solos, Chorus, and Orchestra (new), Herbeck; nine Choruses, "a capella;" "Chorus of Reapers and Vine Dressers," with Orchestra, Liszt; "Lobgesang," Mendelssohn; Concerto for Flute and Harp, with Orchestra; "Quis Te comprehendat?" and "Miserecordias," two Choruses, with Orchestra and Organ, Mozart; two Orchestral Pieces, Rufinatscha; Pianoforte Concerto, St Léon; and Songs scored for Orchestra, Schubert. At the extra concerts, on the 6th January and the 11th April, Haydn's *Creation* and Franz Liszt's *Elizabeth* are promised.

Beethoven, as most musicians know, breathed his last in the house called the "Schwarzspanier-Haus," on the Alsergrund. The Heiligenkreuz Foundation, to which the building belongs, has had a stone memorial tablet fixed over the doorway. On the tablet is the following inscription, in gold letters: "Beethoven's Sterbehaus, gest. 26 Marz 1827," which may be freely translated "Beethoven died in this House, the 26th March, 1827."

IMPROMPTU

(*Suggested by "Charley is my Darling" &c*)

Rossi is my roarer
My roarer
My roarer
Rossi is my roarer
My roar—OAR*—er

This Impromptu was conceived and finished on the spot by STEPHEN HERRING (aged 75)

Fieldgravel Headborough
near Plugbeach Oct 20

* Emphasize

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

BY GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, ESQ.

No. 17.

AMBROGIO MINOJA, chapelmaster and honorary member of the Conservatory at Milan, was born in 1752. He studied music at Naples under Nicolo Sala, and, on returning to his country, was first pianist at the Theatre Della Scala, at Milan. He composed a march and a funeral symphony in honour of General Hoche, and obtained from General Buonaparte the prize of a gold medal, value one hundred sequins, which he had offered for the best composition on that occasion. At the epoch of the coronation of Napoleon, as King of Italy, Minoja composed a *Veni Creator* and a *Te Deum*, which were performed in the Cathedral at Milan by an orchestra of two hundred and fifty musicians.

MICHAEL MONTECLAIR was born in the year 1666, at Audelot, a town of Bassigny, about ten miles from Chaumont. Monteclair was the first person who introduced the violone or double-bass into the orchestra of the opera. He died near St Denis in the year 1737. He was originally a teacher of music in Paris, but was afterwards taken into the Royal Academy. He composed the music to the celebrated opera of *Jepthe*, written by Pellegrini, and represented at Paris in the year 1732.

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDE, of Cremona, Chapelmaster of the Church of St Mark, at Venice, was a celebrated composer of motets and madrigals, who flourished about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He was well-known for his skill in recitative; indeed, he may be said to have been one of the inventors; at least there are no examples of recitative extant more ancient than those in his opera of *Orfeo*. He was the first who used double discords such as $\frac{9}{4}$, $\frac{9}{7}$, and $\frac{7}{4}$, as well as the flat fifth and the seventh unprepared. In his secular productions, by quitting ecclesiastical modulation, he determined the key of each movement, smoothed and phrased the melody, and made all his parts sing in a more natural and flowing manner than had been done by any of his predecessors. In his fifth and last book of madrigals, almost every species of discord and modulation is hazarded, for the use of which the boldest composers of modern times have been often thought licentious.

THOMAS MOORE.—This celebrated poet and musical amateur was a native of Ireland. He completed his education at Trinity College, Dublin. He came to London, entered himself at the Temple, with a view to make the law his profession, and was called to the bar. Having translated the Odes of Anacreon, he published them with copious notes, in 1800. This work met with so favourable a reception from all who possessed a classical and poetical taste, that he seems to have been induced to abandon the law and devote himself to literature. In 1801 he gave to the press a volume of poems under the assumed name of Thomas Little, which soon passed through many editions. In 1804 he went to the Bermuda Islands, of which he was appointed Registrar, and he also visited the United States. Of the American character he formed a very unfavourable opinion. In 1813 appeared his exquisite songs to Sir John Stevenson's collection of Irish melodies. In 1817 came forth his great work on which he was known to have been long engaged. By the publication of "Lalla Rookh" he placed, beyond the possibility of a dispute, his claim to be ranked among the first of British poets. For this poem he is said to have received the sum of three thousand guineas.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the CONCERTS of the Eighteenth Season will take place in ST JAMES'S HALL, as follows, viz :—

Monday, November 8, 1875.	Monday, January 24, 1876.
Monday, November 15, 1875.	Monday, January 31, 1876.
Monday, November 22, 1875.	Monday, February 7, 1876.
Monday, November 29, 1875.	Monday, February 14, 1876.
Monday, December 6, 1875.	Monday, February 21, 1876.
Monday, December 13, 1875.	Monday, February 28, 1876.
Monday, January 10, 1876.	Monday, March 6, 1876.
Monday, January 17, 1876.	Monday, March 13, 1876.

The Director's Benefit (the Last Concert of the Season) takes place on Monday, April 10th.

Sixteen Subscription Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays, Nov. 13, 20, 27 ; December 4, 11, 18—1875 ; January, 15, 22, 29 ; February, 5, 12, 19, 26 ; March 4, 11, and 18—1876.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seat at each performance, the Director will continue to issue Subscription Tickets at £3 10s. (transferable), entitling holders to special sofa stalls, selected by themselves, for the whole series of 16 Monday Evening Concerts, extending from Monday, November 8, to March 13. Subscription Tickets are also issued for the 16 Morning Concerts at £3 10s., extending from Saturday Afternoon, November 13, to March 18 : also for the 7 Morning Concerts taking place on Saturdays, January 15, 22, 29 ; February 5, 12, 19, and 26—at £1 10s.

Mdme ESSIPOFF will appear at these Concerts on Mondays, November 8, 15, and December 6 ; also on Saturdays, November 13 and December 4. Mdlle ANNA MEHLIG will be the pianist on Monday, November 22; and Mr CHARLES HALLE will appear on Monday, December 13, and on Saturday, December 11. Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA will be the violinist on Mondays, November 22 and 29 ; also on Saturdays, November 27, December 11 and 18. Herr WILHELMJ will make his first appearance on Monday, November 8th ; and M. SAINTON will lead on Saturday Afternoon, November 13. Signor PIATTI will hold the post of first violoncello on all occasions ; Herr L. RIES that of second violin ; Herr STRAUS or Mr ZERBINI will play viola ; Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Mr ZERBINI, as heretofore, officiating as conductors. Mr SIMS REEVES is engaged for Saturday Afternoon, December 11, and Monday Evening, December 13. Mdme SCHUMANN, Mdlle MARIE KREBS, Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, Mr FRANKLIN TAYLOR, and Herr JOACHIM will appear after Christmas.

Applications respecting Subscriptions to be made to Chappell & Co. ; Mitchell ; Stanley Lucas & Co. ; Ollivier, Bond Street ; Keith & Co., Cheapside ; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings ; Barr, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. ; and Austin, 28, Piccadilly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE WHISTLING ALCHEMYST.—Received, with thanks, and many wishes for the come autumn and forthcoming winter. Likeness *admirable*.—Gave infinite satisfaction to the "elder Elder" and to the "younger Elder." Liszt is progressing ; and the shot-up will be shot down *instanter* to Frankfort-on-the-Maine (Hotel de Russie —best and pleasantest in Europe).

DR PUTT.—No. It was *Hezekiah*, not *Ezekiel*, that the late Henry Hugh Pierson set to music.

G. PLYMM.—"Ox minuet," no doubt—the rest questionable. Consult Anaximenes (or Anaximander) on other moot point.

DR SLYME.—Hardly so. Johannes Brahms is a mystic ; Robert Franz is one who accompanies others besides himself—unfortunately, sometimes, for J. S. Bach (see, or hear, clarinets, &c., in a certain cantata performed on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace).

DR HIFF.—Certainly, on one point ; Cherubini *did* inscribe *Medée* to his *confrère*, Méhul ; but it was Méhul himself who wrote *Uthal* and *Stratonice*. Dr Hiff is also wrong about Cherubini's *Elise*. It was *Faniska* that Beethoven admired so much.

OROZOOB.—The *Buhrampoore Juggernaut* is altogether wrong in talking of the Atzec melodies. The Atzecs had no melodies, but simply rhythmical howls. The inventors of arts and sciences, according to Syncellus (90 B.C.), were the sons of Seth (the "Egregori"). Read Abulfaragius concerning Enoch, otherwise Edris, who received thirty volumes. And yet Edris was not Enoch, but a son of Enoch's, and, moreover, the first calmographer (first who wrote with a pen). Cain was the first astronomer in theory. "Orozoob" is misled about the Egyptians. Ask W. Chappell, friend of Helmholtz.

A. N. HAMMER (Knt.).—We have already more than once advised our correspondents to place no trust in the reports to which Dr Serpent gives currency. Dr Serpent, though a Muttonian and member of the I. O. U. Club, is (by temperament) an audacious perverter of the truth ; and knows thoroughly well that Méhul was on the most friendly—nay affectionate—terms with Cherubini. Sir Hammer is mistaken about the Chopin concerto, as the subjoined will show :—"the pianoforte acts *an almost independent part*, the orchestra having *little or nothing* to do with the development of the cading themes" (and so on).

HOFFMANN TREYER.—Not precisely. Hoffmann was only a pretended friend of Weber's. He preferred, in his heart, the Spontini cravat. His (Hoffmann's) *Undine* is very different from the *Ondine* (or *Undine*) of Lamotte Fouqué—that little bit of sunshine which *will* be getting into your eyes. Mendelssohn, who treated Melusine, could alone have dealt with that bright, dim, shifting, shadowy, rainbowy, dazzling, evaporating, ethereal noncorporeal corporeality. Ask the author of the *Three Louisas*, and read Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*.

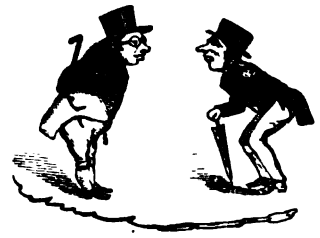
NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1875.

Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING. Well—what about Bülow's auction?
DR QUINCE. Why—I thought it was Chickering-Steinway's.
DR SHIPPING. Well—what about Chickering-Steinway?
DR QUINCE. Why—I wish 't had been Steinway-Chickering.
(*Exeunt severally.*)

—o—

WE take the following from the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

"The *Concordia* gives an account of a spirited contest carried on between two eminent American pianoforte makers for the honour and profit of furnishing Dr von Bülow with instruments during his tour through the United States. Mr Steinway, who is understood to have contributed half of the very large sum paid by way of salary to Mr Rubinstein when the eminent Russian pianist was performing in the States, on condition of his operating exclusively on Steinway pianos, would, it was thought, make similar terms in regard to Dr von Bülow's engagement. Mr Ullmann, however, the well-known concert speculator and musical agent, who has taken Dr von Bülow for a certain period on lease, resolved that the question of the instrument to be played upon should be decided by public competition. No stipulation seems to have been required beforehand as to any particular kind or degree of excellence to be possessed by the pianos whose makers were to compete ; though it may fairly be assumed that a manufacturer would not agree to pay down several thousand pounds for the advantage of having his instruments placed before the public under the best possible conditions, unless he were quite convinced that they were distinguished by at least some points of superiority. It seems, however, to have been free to any pianoforte maker to purchase the services of the great Munich virtuoso. It soon became evident that the real struggle would be between the firm of Steinway and that of Chickering. Steinway, upon whose pianos the illustrious Rubinstein had hammered with such marked success, was determined that the equally famous von Bülow should strike no keyboard and snap no strings but those supplied by his firm. Chickering, on the other hand, was resolved not to be eclipsed by a rival hitherto fortunate, but who, as he had conquered on a previous occasion by force of money, might now by the same potent agency be defeated. Steinway stood on the defensive, and, in spite of a gallant resistance, was soon made to feel that he would have to draw heavily on his financial reserves to meet the vigorous offensive movement directed

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by the gallant Chickering. At last, in face of 20,000 dollars brought against him by his determined opponent, Steinway succumbed. But, though beaten at auction, he has since taken his revenge in the concert-room. The only hall in New York suitable for such performances as those which Dr von Bülow proposes to give belongs to Steinway, who naturally will not allow a Chickering piano to be brought within its walls. Dr von Bülow cannot play in the hall of Steinway on the piano of Chickering, and it seems that a Chickering concert-hall is now to be built for the sake of the Chickering piano, on which the great artist, who will henceforth be known as Chickering's pianist, is to play. Twenty thousand dollars is a great deal of money, and we do not think that any pianist lives who for such a sum would not gladly forsake either Broadwood for Erard, or Erard for Broadwood. The 20,000 pieces of silver for which Steinway seems to have been betrayed did not pass directly into the possession of Dr von Bülow. The contractor had agreed to pay him for his services a much larger sum; but the pecuniary value of a formal obligation to play on the pianos of one particular maker had of course been taken into account. It has been estimated that Bülow's playing would bring him so much, and that his "promise to play" on instruments of a certain make, to the exclusion of all others, could be sold beforehand for so much more. Thus, instead of choosing his piano for himself, which would perhaps have been the more dignified course, Dr von Bülow consented, as Mr Rubinstein had done before him, to accept whatever piano might be assigned to him as the result of the highest bidding for the advantage of his patronage. We are bound to believe that while the struggle for his services was going on Dr Bülow maintained a strict attitude of neutrality. Like the woman who watched her husband fighting with the bear, and placidly declared that she 'did not care which whipped,' he probably reflected that Steinway was about as good as Chickering, and Chickering not a bit worse than Steinway."

The age of Barnum has, evidently, not passed away; and few know better how to follow in the footsteps of that great initiator of the Transatlantic-showman style of puffery than the actual *entrepreneur*. Of one thing, however, we may be assured—no one could feel a more profound dislike for so questionable a system of advertising his worth than its innocent victim, a genuine, high-souled artist, if there ever was one. It is, indeed, hard upon so eminent a man as Dr Hans von Bülow to be treated as though he were a mere piece of kitchen furniture exposed for sale at a public auction, and knocked down with a hammer.

—o—

THAT well-known Non-Juror and clerical outlaw, Jeremy Collier, like "good Queen Anne," is dead; but the spirit which animated him, when he penned his diatribe, entitled: *A Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage*, is still rampant among us. It is in full swing at Kingston-upon-Thames; and the Reverend A. Williams, Vicar of that pleasant old assize town, has been figuring lately as its exponent and champion.

We are fond of dilating upon the civilization of our age; and we smile with contemptuous pity at the simplicity of our forefathers. Dark-eyed gipsies who cross maid-servants' palms with a piece of silver have to keep a sharp look-out for the police while performing the mystic rite; and snuffy old women who tell fortunes with greasy packs of cards do so at the risk of a visit to the House of Correction. Yet we are not so much improved as we fondly imagine. The lower orders, it is true, are no longer allowed to gratify Credulity with dainty little titbits of superstition, but a good deal of the old way of thinking still lingers among some of the higher, and, what should be, more enlightened classes. The fierce intolerance and narrow-minded bigotry of former days are scotched, not killed. Just as Philip II. of Spain and Mary of England entertained the conviction that they were carrying out the will of Heaven by sending their wretched victims to the block and the stake, many equally sincere and equally misguided individuals of our own day fancy they are acting in a strictly Christian manner, when they make parade of sentiments on a par with those which once rendered the ducking and subsequent cremation of village crones suspected of witchcraft a sport highly popular in these realms. The sport was all the more popular because, being sanctioned by the law, those engaged in it enjoyed as much pleasure and excitement as they could have derived from fox-hunting or poaching, without the chance of bodily harm or legal consequences, a chance always inseparable from the two latter pastimes in the case of those not duly qualified by equestrian skill or social position to patronize them.

But to return to the Rev. Mr A. Williams. That gentleman recently took occasion to fulminate from his pulpit a terrible philippic against certain dramatic performances and "entertainments for the people" to be given in the old town on the banks of the Thames. In so doing he informed his hearers of his belief that he was discharging one of the plainest duties of a pastor—watching for souls for whom he must give account. We entirely disagree with him, and so, it is evident, do the local Magistrates; otherwise they would never have granted the licence for the worldly and ungodly amusements, as he terms them, in hostility to which he so loudly beats his drum ecclesiastic.

Against the granting of this licence, we are informed, he protested, not in his own name only, but in that of "seven or eight brother clergymen of Kingston having cure of souls." Let us hope, for the sake of common sense and the credit of the Established Church, that it was in the name of only seven. The Vicar considered the Magistrates ought to have reflected that at least some regard was due to the representations of parochial ministers, who, to adopt the piece of clerical slang already quoted, and to which he is exceedingly partial, "have cure of souls." Who will assert that the Magistrates did *not* pay some regard to the parochial ministers having "cure of souls?" The fact of their granting the licence merely shows that they were not benighted enough to pay the representations of the parochial ministers more regard than the representations deserved; that they were, if we may use the expression, not inclined to go the whole animal with the Rev. Mr A. Williams, who wanted them to clothe all Kingston in drab because he and seven or eight brother clergymen—let us again hope the brother clergymen were limited to seven—favoured that sober colour. The Vicar would have had the Magistrates attach greater weight to the gloomy yearnings of a few nineteenth-century Puritans than to the desires of an overwhelming majority of the townspeople, and, because the Magistrates refused to adopt such a course, he is grievously exercised by their backsliding. Oh! Good Mr Williams! Worthy Mr Williams! Dost thou think that, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? no more theatrical performances? and no more "popular entertainments?" Yes, by St Anne, and all the other Saints, male and female, in the Roman Catholic and Ritualistic Calendars, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth, too; and Kingston-upon-Thames, if it has a leaning that way, shall be gay with love-locks and brave apparel, eschewing sombre vestments and steeple-shaped hats.

After having had his pious fling at the Magistrates, the Preacher went on to furnish still further proofs of his narrow-mindedness in the reasons he assigned for the opposition offered to the theatrical performances and popular entertainments by himself and his seven or eight—we still trust they are only seven—brother clergyman "having cure of souls."

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Our limited space will not allow us to give these reasons at full length, and we feel sure our readers would not thank us if we did. They were principally distinguished by obliquity of logical vision and gratuitous accusation unsupported by proof. One chief feature, moreover, was the frequent introduction of Scripture texts, and the mode in which the Preacher interpreted them to suit his own purpose. Like a great many other clergymen, the Rev. A. Williams appears to regard a text as something very peculiar; as something entirely independent of the source whence it is drawn; as a number of words to which any possible meaning may be attached; a peg on which any hat, be it chimney-pot, gibus, wide-awake, or sou'wester, may be hung. Indeed, when speaking of texts, we might almost say in the phraseology of the cookery book: Flavour according to taste. What, for instance, has the text, "There is death in the cup," to do with theatrical performances? Why should it be more applicable to theatrical performances than to anything else? Might it not with equal felicity be employed in reference to railway travelling; or the manufacture of gunpowder; or ballooning; or yaching—at certain times, more especially—in the Solent?

The Preacher asserted that, if the Apostle's rule were to be observed—that we are to speak "that which is good to the use of edifying"—the levity, laughing, and trifling, which plays and such-like amusements are calculated to excite must, to say the least, be highly improper and ensnaring in "a so-called Christian community." To this, having first denied that plays are calculated to excite levity and trifling, we reply with Hamlet, of whom the reverend speaker has, perhaps, heard: "Nay, that follows not." If the Kingston Vicar knew more of what he was attacking, he might be less sweeping in his denunciations; he might allow that some plays are not altogether bad; and that some dramatists, say Shakspere, now and then wrote things nearly as sublime and beautiful as his own sermons. We are not quite clear, by the way, as to what the Rev. Mr Williams means by the expression: "a so-called Christian community." Does he imply that Kingston is not a Christian community, but is merely so called? If such is the case, it speaks volumes either for the depravity of Kingston or the incompetency of the Vicar and his brother clergymen.

The Scripture, urges the Rev. A. Williams, pointedly condemns "foolish talking and jesting." Why does not he himself profit by his knowledge of the fact? We do not pretend that his sermon was a joke; far from it; but we do maintain that, if he observed the precept about foolish talking, we should be spared such exhibitions of prejudice and intolerance as that to which he has treated us.

Just as dodos, megatheriums, and other interesting relics of a bye-gone age, are not suffered by delighted antiquarians and naturalists to remain where they were discovered, but are carefully deposited in a museum, the Rev. A. Williams should not be allowed to stop at Kingston-upon-Thames. Kingston-upon-Thames is not the place for him. He should be transported to where he might form one in a collection of other curiosities like himself. We could mention a Cathedral town which would be exactly the locality for him. He might then vary his attacks upon dramatic performances and "popular entertainments" by joining in a crusade against Oratorios.

R. K.

We have received papers and letters from New York, which give very favourable accounts of the Tietjens Concerts, in Steinway Hall, with Arabella Goddard as pianist. We shall refer to them in our next number.

Dialogues in Purgatory.

Dr Serpent. What was your opinion of the native airs in the *Aïda* selection?

Dr Ghost. My opinion was that Verdi had been spoiling the Egyptians.

Dr Serpent. What was your opinion as to the rest of the music?

Dr Ghost. My opinion was that the Egyptians had spoilt Verdi.

(*Both vanish.*)

—o—

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Miss Minnie Hauck has, after much travelling, returned to Berlin, where she is more than ever a favourite with the public. Who can wonder? Barbarous, indeed, would be the country which declined to "present arms" (open arms) to Minnie Hauck.

It was on the 7th of this month, in the year 1835, that Rossini's first wife, Isabelle Angèle Colbran, died at Bologna.

Dr Hans von Bülow should by this time have arrived at Boston. It is to be hoped the renowned pianist may receive such a welcome in the United states as is due to his exceptional genius. Chickering Hall should be re-christened Bülow Hall.

It is rumoured that Mr Mapleson, of Her Majesty's Opera is is in treaty with Richard Wagner for a model of the model theatre at Bayreuth. Mr Mapleson is also of a mind (rumour again) to have orchestra and conductor under the stage—in hearing but out of sight.

We hear that Professor G. A. Macfarren has a third pianoforte sonata completed. Why is it not published? Amateurs and musicians have not forgotten the sonatas in E flat and A, which Mr W. H. Holmes, Sterndale Bennett's first instructor at the Royal Academy of Music, used to play so finely.—*Graphic.*

An actor at Pekin recently killed his manager, because the latter would not allow him to introduce into his part a tirade against Europeans. Amiable actor! We have not heard that he has been rewarded by the Chinese Government for his patriotic and meritorious act, but we should not be surprised if he had.

Dr Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, is reported to be engaged on a biography of Mendelssohn. We fear the news is too good to be true; yet, now that Carl Klingemann is gone, nobody could undertake the task with fuller sympathy, or with amplèr materials at disposal, than Hiller, one of the earliest and most intimate friends of Mendelssohn, and only three years his junior.

The first Handel Festival took place in Westminster Abbey, May, 1784. Lady Salisbury arrived very late. The King (George the Third), Queen Charlotte, and all the Royal Family were in their places, and the performance had begun. In the midst of a piece of music a loud hammering was heard, which disturbed and offended the audience, who expressed their displeasure promptly and vehemently, but in vain. On went the hammering without intermission. The music ceased, the assembly rose in an uproar, and their Majesties despatched Lord Salisbury—at that time Lord Chamberlain—to ascertain the cause of so indecent a disturbance. It proved to be his wife. On entering the box reserved for the Lord Chamberlain and his family, her ladyship found it had been divided to accommodate another party, and had insisted on carpenters being sent for, and compelled to pull down the partition, in utter disregard of King, Queen, Lords, Commons, singers, fiddlers, and the British public!

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THE threatened visit of Ole Bull (the "Brumagem-Paganini") next season, reminds us of a very memorable performance of the "Kreutzer," in which Franz Liszt was pianist and Bull violinist. Franz completely drowned Ole, and no more was heard of poor Bull. This was in the month of May.

THE symphony at this concert (Crystal Palace, Oct. 9)—which began pompously with Mendelssohn's "Trumpet Overture" (so-called)—was one of Haydn's, in E flat, not belonging to the "Salomon" set, and, indeed, unknown to the majority of amateurs. It is fine, no doubt—or it would not be Haydn's; nevertheless, it bears so strong a family resemblance to some half-dozen others from his exhaustless pen, that almost every bar of it sounds more or less familiar.

The month of October reminds us of the births of Giuseppe Verdi (1813), Adolfo Fumigalli (1828), Franz Liszt (1809), and Federico Ricci (1809). In the same month died Antonio Sacchini (1786), Adrien Boïeldieu (1834), Frederic F. Chopin (1849), Georg Nepomuceno Hummel (1837), Etienne Henri Méhul (1817), Michael Balfe (1870), Ludwig Spohr (1859), Alessandro Scarlatti (1725), Francesco Morlacchi (1841), P. Raimondi (1853), and Jean François Lesueur (1837).

WE learn from the *Ménestrel* that M. Arthur Pougin, one of the ablest and best-informed writers on music in France, is preparing a supplement to the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens* of the late M. Fétis, with a view to filling up certain gaps in that colossal but very incomplete, and often inexact, compendiary. Among other topics insufficiently treated by M. Fétis is that relating to British musicians, which M. Pougin is laudably anxious to remedy. He should first, however, begin by correcting the errors which M. Fétis, knowing little or nothing about the progress of music in this country, or of the lives and works of those who have mainly contributed to it, has helped to promulgate.

A RUMOUR is abroad that Hereford and Gloucester are discussing the advisability of making common cause with Worcester, in the new disposition of the Three Choir Festivals. Gloucester would not astonish us; but Hereford *would*. Of course, when we mention the three cities we refer simply to the capitular bodies who have the direction of all that concerns the cathedrals. Meanwhile festivals on the largest scales have sprung up at Bristol, Liverpool, Leeds, and Glasgow; so that, what with these, and the important triennial *fêtes* at Birmingham, the comparatively insignificant meetings of the Choirs will hardly be missed. At the same time, the chance of again hearing oratorios in a church, not in strips and fragments, but complete, must be indefinitely postponed; and this fact alone is to be regretted. In the capital, however, there is no cause for despair, while St Paul's and Westminster Abbey throw open their gates on special occasions to John Sebastian Bach and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy—to the *Passions-Musik* and *St Paul*. In other places, too, the example is winning ground—as, for instance, St Anne's, Soho. Very many will take to heart the eloquent protest with which Lady Foley accompanied her donation to the charity for the widows and orphans, after the so-called "Festival" held last month at Worcester. They were in the spirit of a right-minded woman, and a fervent Christian.

SPEAKING of the production of *Oberon*, Mr Planché says:—

"The fortunes of the season were staked upon the success of the piece. Had I constructed it in the form which would have been most agreeable to me and acceptable to Weber, it could not have been performed by the company at Covent Garden, and if attempted must have proved a complete *fiasco*. None of our actors could sing, and but one singer could act—Madame Vestris—who made a charming Fatima. A young lady who subsequently became one of the most popular actresses in my recollection was certainly included in the cast; but she had not a line to speak, and was pressed into the service in consequence of the paucity of vocalists, as she had a sweet though not very powerful voice, and was even then artist enough to be entrusted with anything. That young lady was Miss Goward, now Mrs Keeley, and to her was assigned the exquisite Mermaid Song in the finale to the second act. At the first general rehearsal, with full band, scenery, &c., the effect was not satisfactory, and Fawcett, in his usual brusque manner, exclaimed, 'That must come out!—it won't go!' Weber, who was standing in the pit, leaning on the back of the orchestra, so feeble that he could scarcely stand without such support, shouted, 'Wherefore shall it not go?' and leaping over the partition like a boy, snatched the baton from the conductor, and saved from excision one of the most delicious *morceaux* in the opera. No vocalist could be found equal to the part of Sherasmin. It was, therefore, acted by Fawcett, and a bass singer, named Isaacs, was lugged in head and shoulders to eke out the charming quatuor, 'Over the dark blue waters.' Braham, the greatest English tenor perhaps ever known, was about the worst actor ever seen, and the most unromantic person in appearance that can well be imagined. His deserved popularity as a vocalist induced the audience to overlook his deficiencies in other qualifications, but they were not the less fatal to the dramatic effect of the character of Huon de Bordeaux, the dauntless paladin who had undertaken to pull a hair out of the Caliph's beard, slay the man who sat on his right hand, and kiss his daughter! Miss Paton, with a grand soprano voice, and sufficiently prepossessing person, was equally destitute of histrionic ability, and, consequently, of the four principal parts in the opera only one was adequately represented, that of Fatima by Madame Vestris. Amongst the minor characters, Miss Harriet Cawse, a pupil of Sir George Smart's, distinguished herself as an arch and melodious Puck, and did her 'spiriting gently,' and Mr Charles Bland, brother of James, the future king of extravaganza, was happily gifted with a voice which enabled him to execute, at least respectably, the airs assigned to the King of the Fairies. The composer therefore had justice fairly done to *him*."

PROVINCIAL.

LEICESTER.—Mr Elliot Galer has again opened his pretty theatre, with every sign of success. Mr Galer commenced his season by producing *Money*, followed by high-class comedies of an earlier date; and, with an efficient company, were highly successful. Mr Galer has now brought out a sensational drama from his own prolific pen, the title of which is *Cast on the World*. It attracts crowded houses nightly. The play reflects great credit upon the author and manager. It is admirably mounted, and most carefully acted throughout by an excellent "working company." We sincerely wish Mr Galer the success he deserves for raising a high standard of taste for the drama and opera in Leicester, which must improve the moral and social condition of the industrious population of one of the most thriving towns in England.—R. C.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Mr J. H. L. Glover, organist of St Mark's, Shelton, gave an evening concert here on Thursday. A vocal quartet of his, "Bonny May," elicited strong marks of approval. As conductor and accompanist too, Mr Glover showed equal ability. The vocalists were Mrs J. H. L. Glover, who sang, "Within a mile of Edinboro'," and joined Mr Lowder in Mendelssohn's "I would that my love" and "The Happy Hunters;" Miss Thorley sang Randegger's "Peacefully Slumber" (encored); Miss Dunville gave Roeckel's "Little May;" Mr Dunville and Mr Lovatt, from Manchester Cathedral, also joined in the vocal selection. Mr Horton C. Allison, still the only English First Prizeman of the Leipsic Conservatoire, played, in brilliant style, Liszt's Fantasia on the "Wedding March" and the Overture to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and, in the second part, some compositions of his own, with Chopin's "Valse" in A flat.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

ANNE BOLEYN.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—As I see from the bills that the subject of a new play, about to be produced at morning performances on the 16th, 23rd, and 30th of October, is the story of Anne Boleyn, I ask the favour of your columns for the statement that I have had in hand for some months a long-contemplated play in five acts on the same subject, to be produced at the Haymarket this Christmas. I wish it to be known that my choice of the subject was not suggested by the announcement of the play entitled *A Crown for Love* of which I know nothing, and to which I wish all success. The action of my play has been long settled, the dialogue is in part written, and the scenery is in preparation.—I am Sir, your obedient servant,

Garrick Club, Oct, 14th. TOM TAYLOR.

MAD. CHRISTINE NILSSON, on her way to Plymouth, was stopped for three hours at Yelverton, in consequence of the floods. Happily, she did not even catch cold, after three hours' walking about at a station where there was not a village, not even a tavern, within two or three miles. She was accompanied by her husband, M. Rouzaud, and her agent, Mr H. Jarrett.

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CONCERT.

Mrs John Macfarren gave a pianoforte and vocal recital last Monday, to an audience of nearly one thousand persons, in the extensive hall connected with the Bow Station of the North London Railway. The accomplished pianist played an attractive selection of pieces by the best composers, creating in each and all a powerful impression. In her hands, the "Funeral March," which forms a prominent feature of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat, made an effect that was solemn and pathetic in the highest degree, and the sparkling *rondo* of the same sonata teemed with life and freshness, like a spring morning. The vocal portion of the programme was entrusted to Miss Mary Davies and Miss Lizzie Evans, who sang charmingly Mendelssohn's two-part song, "Maybells," Mr Henry Smart's duettino, "May," and Professor Macfarren's duet from *She Stoops to Conquer*, "Sweet Summer morn" (encored); Miss Mary Davies gave the love song of Cherubino, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with expression; and Miss Lizzie Evans was heard to great advantage in Macfarren's "When I remember," the second verse of which she repeated, in obedience to a unanimous demand. Mrs John Macfarren was warmly applauded throughout the evening, notably so after Brissac's fantasia, "Bonnie Scotland."

BRIGHTON.

(*Abridged from the "Brighton Examiner."*)

Mr Kuhe's third subscription concert took place last evening at the Pavilion Dome. The room was crowded with a brilliant audience. The principal attraction was Madame Christine Nilsson; Mdlle Johanna Levier, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Caravoglia (vocalists), Mr F. H. Cowen (conductor), and Mr Kuhe (pianist), also taking part in the performances—a company which could not fail to be appreciated by a Brighton audience. The concert opened with the trio, "Vieni al mar," sung by Mdlle Levier, Miss Fairman, and Mr Lloyd. This was followed by Louisa Gray's "She and I," (Signor Caravoglia). Schubert's "Wohin" was sung by Mdlle Levier, who was greeted with a hearty and unanimous recall. Mr Edward Lloyd was highly successful in the "Rose Song," from Balfe's *Il Talismano*, which we have never heard him sing better.

The *prima donna* of the evening, Madame Christine Nilsson, whose appearance had been awaited with breathless interest, was greeted with a storm of applause, such as is accorded only to artists of the highest eminence and popularity. She sang "Tacea la notte" in the most finished and exquisite manner, and was rewarded at the close with an enthusiastic encore, to which she responded by singing a quaint French song. Mdme Nilsson also gave "Parigi o cara," with Mr Lloyd, in charming style—thus, with complete success and a hearty recall, bringing the first part of the concert to a conclusion. In the second part Mdlle Nilsson gave "Angels ever bright and fair" with such pathos and sweetness that it was re-demanded and repeated. Her last piece was Sullivan's "Let me dream again," in which, obtaining another hearty encore, she responded with one of her genial and charming Swedish melodies.

A duet by Kücken (Mdlle Levier, and Miss Fairman), Brahms's "Wiegenlied," (Mdlle Levier—encored); "My Mother's Song" and Cowen's "Never again" (Miss Fairman), Sullivan's "Sweethearts" (Mr Edward Lloyd—encored); Rossini's "La danza" (Signor Caravoglia—also encored), Costa's "Ecco quel fiero" (Mdlle Levier, Miss Fairman, Mr Lloyd, and Signor Caravoglia), and "Turn on, old Time," were the other vocal pieces. In Thalberg's *Tarantelle* Mr Kuhe was rewarded with loud applause, and in a second solo elicited an encore, when he substituted Gottschalk's "Pasquinade," arranged by himself. Mr F. H. Cowen was a competent conductor. The general arrangements, in the hands of Messrs Potts and Co., were most satisfactory.

Bologna.—A new opera, *Mefistofele*, has been produced here. It is in four acts, with a prologue and an epilogue. Both the libretto—founded upon Goethe's *Faust*—and the music are from the pen of Sig. Arrigo Boito, who was called on, the first night, twenty-one times. The principal characters, Margherita, Faust, and Mefistofele, were sustained respectively by Signora Borghi-Mamo, Signori Campanini and Nannetti.

A CHAPTER IN THE RITUAL OF THE PAST.

(*To the Editor of the "Folkestone Free Press."*)

Sir.—I have admired the coolness with which Catholic Revivalists have propounded, and the innocence with which its adherents have accepted, the principle that Ritual and Reverence have always exhibited a direct proportion to each other. I should suppose, to begin with, that the Ordinance of God—if it be already proved to be His Ordinance—requires no apology whatever. The Church executes her Lord's command; the world has nothing to do with it. But there is not the faintest indication of Ritual in the *lex scripta* of the New Testament. Ritual is wholly derived from the *lex non scripta* of Tradition, to which the Church of England is in no wise bound. Therefore our Revivalists are fain to back their innovations by Apology, in absence of Authority. But the present apology is worse than useless; it is positively detrimental. I will explain.

In a treatise well known to musicians, "*La Musique, mise à la portée de tout le monde.*" (Mons. Fetis. Paris, 1829), we have an account of a scandalous transaction which I will paraphrase in English. "The Festival of Fools" (*fête des fous*), established in France in the 10th century, was held in every town, and was long extant at Aix and Dijon. The extravagances which took place in the churches on this festival are scarcely credible. To be believed, one should read the particulars together with the proofs in Duncange's *Glossary*. A Bishop or Archbishop of Fools was elected in the cathedral churches with much absurd buffooning by way of ordination. He carried the mitre, crucifix, and even the archiepiscopal crozier. In churches under direct Roman obedience there was elected a Pope of Fools (*papa fatuorum*), to whom were derisively given the papal *insignia*, that he might officiate solemnly as the Holy Father. The priests performed mass on this occasion in masquerade. They danced, and sang obscene songs on entering the choir. The deacon and subdeacon ate at the altar, and played at cards and dice on it. The choristers burnt pieces of old leather instead of orthodox incense. After "mass" everybody danced and scampered about the church and gave way to every sort of absurdity. "*Les religieuses étaient libres ce jourla de mêler aux prêtres et la license aussi loic que possible.*" . . . . . A donkey was brought into church; he was vested in a cope, and had the following canticle addressed to him,

"Orientis partibus,
Adventavit asinus
Pulcher et fortissimus
Sarcinis aptissimus.
(Chorus) *Hé, sire âne! hé!*"

Father Theophilus Raymond states that he has seen in a metropolitan church a "Prosa of the ass" (*prose de l'âne*) noted; of which the foregoing is a specimen. The *Alleluia*, sung after the *Deus in adjutorium*, was an imitation of an ass's bray (set to certain words which I cannot profane by quoting them in such a connection as this.) "All the office of the "Fête des Fons" noted, was before the Revolution, to be found in a MS. of the church of Sens. After the said *Alleluia* was to be seen an anthem which was (according to the rubric) to be sung in *falsetto* by five rough voices. By way of conclusion, the priest instead of saying *Ita missa est*, brayed three times like a donkey." (Fetis, *Sur la Musique d'Eglise, p.* 404 *et seq.*)

These, and such horrible sacrilege were the first, as Tetzel's traffic in indulgences was the final cause of the cataclysm which convulsed Europe, and which obliged Pope Pius IV. to summon the Council of Trent, A.D. 1563, one year later than the Convocation of the Provinces of Canterbury and York, whereat the National Church of England solemnly drew up the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion upon which she now stands, and from which "no varying or departing in the least degree" is to be "indorsed"

J. C. Cheveley.

Hamburgh.—Herr Robinson has been singing at the Stadttheater as the hero in Marschner's opera of *Hans Heiling*.

Cologne.—The *Tonkünstler-Verein* have forwarded 200 marks to the Committee of the Bach Memorial at Eisenach.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—Professor Julius Sachs has been created a Knight of the Portuguese Order of Christ.

Dresden.—The exterior of the new Theatre Royal is rapidly approaching completion. Herr Schilling's Panther Quadriga has already been despatched to the foundry, and the sculptures representing the various styles of opera and drama are in a forward state. According to report, Schiller will be duly represented inside the house, and compensation be thus made for the fact that none of the personages from his dramas find a place among the figures outside. Professors Hofmann, Gonne, and Grosse, as well as Herr Marshall, who left Weimar some time since to settle here, are busy on the pictorial part of the work.

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WAIFS.

The more careful are sailors the more are they wreck-less.

Wagner's *Lohengrin* was recently performed at the Bath Assembly.

M. Arsandeux, the baritone, is obtaining a brilliant success at the Grand Théâtre at Lyons.

The late M. Carpeaux, sculptor, has bequeathed all his works to the town of Valenciennes.

When a man denounces the editor of a country paper as a "lyre," shouldn't he be made to Apollogise?

Miss Economy, of Manyunk, Pa., is 37 years old. She's not popular with Mayunkers, that's a fact.

The great fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan was fought on the 22nd April, 1860.—*Malvern News.*

Mr Kuhe gave the first of his annual series of "Pianoforte Recitals" on Wednesday afternoon, at the Pavilion.

The value of Mr A. Hankey's organ, lately destroyed by the fire at his residence in Westminster, was £3,500.

The only chiropodist in Malvern is Mr Henry Clay. He may be consulted, first by letter.—*Malvern News.*

Mr Ham, of Hudson, N. Y., has been arrested for robbing a hen-roost. It was the eggs that embroiled him.

According to the *Monde Artiste*, M. Strakosch has engaged for five years a tenor named Tolentino-Villanova.

M. Sardou has read his new four-act comedy to the company of the Gymnase, and it will be at once put in rehearsal.

Madame Norman-Neruda is to play at a concert in Malvern (organised by Mr Haynes), in the middle of next month.

The Grand Théâtre at Havre has just brought out successfully a piece in one act by Madame Sezzi, the *Ecole des Amants*.

A physician advertised that he had removed near the churchyard, and trusted his removal would accommodate his patients.

The series of English plays at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr Charles Wyndham, commence on the 26th inst.

A young man married a deaf and dumb girl, but soon after she recovered speech and hearing, whereat he applied for a divorce.

On Monday the special train from Worcester to Malvern brought back four passengers from Mr Spark's concert.—*Malvern News.*

Mr W. Coenen is engaged as pianist for Signor Luigi's series of "Subscription Concerts," to be held in the Pavilion at Brighton.

Herr Gung'l has left London for Berlin. He commences a month's engagement with his celebrated orchestra at Hamburgh, next week.

Nicolini has made his re-appearance at the Moscow Italian Opera in the *Huguenots*. He was called before the curtain twenty-five times.

A monument to Walter Watson has been erected in his native village of Chryston. Watson is the author of many popular Scottish songs and ballads.

Professor Glover, of Dublin, has just composed a new cantata, entitled *Patria, or Erin's Matin Song*. It is to be performed at the "Grattan Festival."

The Bishop of Moosonee, in the North-western Territories, must be a good pedestrian to visit all his parishes every week. His Diocese is 1,150,000 square miles.

Dr Wolfe, a medium, says that Napoleon III. was formerly Julius Cæsar, and in about thirty years will reappear again under a new name as the Saviour of France.

A local paper announces that the Teatro Tacon, in Havanah, will be opened in December for Italian opera, and that the *prima donna* will be Signora Enrichetta De Baillon.

On Friday last died Josiah Braintree, of Benington, at the age of ninety-eight. He retained his money to the last, and, finding he could not take it with him, left it behind.

Mad. Adelina Patti has been studying with M. Alary the part of Hélène in *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, for the purpose of playing it during the approaching season at St Petersburgh.

Among the festivities celebrating the visit of the Emperor of Germany to the King of Italy, at Milan, was a "gala" representation at the Scala. The opera was *Rigoletto*.

"Mamma dear, give me a apple!"

"Don't say 'a apple:' say 'an apple.'"

"O! welly well! Then give me two napples, Mamma dear."

A Canadian contemporary thus testifies to the value of advertising:—"While the compositor of this journal was setting up an advertisement for a lost canary, the bird flew in at the office window."

A translation of John Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress*" has been published in Japan. There is a chance of the Japanese all becoming Calvinists before they have become Christians.

M. Victor Hugo is not, as was announced, engaged on the second part of *Quatre-Vingt-Treize*. At present he is correcting the proofs of a poem, *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*, which is to be his next publication.

An Italian company has been formed for performing Verdi's *Requiem Mass* in the French provinces and in Belgium, under the direction of M. Muzio, the future conductor of the orchestra at the Italian Opera in Paris.

The report, that M. Charles Lamoureux, founder of the Paris "Sacred Harmonic Society," was a candidate for the directorship of the Théâtre Lyrique, is formally denied by M. Lamoureux himself, in a letter to the *Ménestrel*.

The representation to be given by Mad. Adelina Patti, at the Paris new Grand Opera, in aid of those who have suffered by the recent inundations, is, at the instigation of the Marechale Mac-Mahon, postponed till next spring.

Signor Rossi, the Italian tragedian, has postponed his departure for the United States. The warmth of the reception accorded him in Paris tempted him to pay a heavy sum as the forfeit of his engagement with the Lyceum Theatre, New York.

The singers at a recent Crystal Palace concert were Madame Campobello Sinico and Mr Vernon Rigby. The lady's chief display was in Beethoven's "Ah perfido;" the gentleman's, in "Un aura amorosa," from *Cosi fan tutte*—both sung with excellent taste.

One of the tableaux of the *Voyage dans la Lune*, which will be brought out at the Paris Gaité at the end of the month, represents a lunar landscape, after photographs from the earth. This scene, called "Fifty degrees below zero," is said to be marvellously beautiful.

The St Joseph (Mo.) *Herald* regrets that it cannot, by "the wildest process of versification," possibly make "rhinoceros" rhyme with "Queen Elizabeth," or "gazelle" with "sewing-machine," and so has respectfully to decline a poem by one of the most talented of St Joseph's fair daughters.

A letter from Moscow states that the lyric season there has just been inaugurated by a magnificent performance of the *Africaine*, interpreted by Mmes Wiziak and Marco, MM. Aramburo, Padilla, Jamet, and Bossi. The success was sufficiently great to induce the management to repeat the work three times.

A French company has just left, under the management of M. Urbain, for Moscow, where it will play *opera bouffe*. It consists of MM. Constant Lécuyer, Noé, and Mdmes Berthe Constant, Scott, Allonzieux, Donau, and Duflot, who have mostly belonged to the *Bouffes*, the Palais-Royal, and Cluny Theatres.

Richard Wagner has written to M. Edmond Vander Straeten congratulating him warmly on the third volume, just published, of his *Musique aux Pays-Bas avant le XIX^e Siècle*. Wagner has also accepted the dedication of another work of M. Vander Straeten's, namely: *Contemporanéités musicales*, now in the press.

A public *fête* has been held at Seville, to celebrate the restoration of Murillo's picture of St Anthony, defaced some time ago by thieves, who entered the cathedral and cut out the figure of the saint. This portion of the picture was, however, afterwards recovered in New York, and has now been skilfully replaced on the canvas.

The medical advisers of M. Faure have enjoined him to make a brief sojourn at Versailles; he is not expected to appear at the Opera before the end of October. The revival of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, which, if rumour may be credited, will be celebrated in a style of unprecedented magnificence, is thus inevitably deferred.

"Another correspondent"—says a New York sheet—"inquires of us as to the ground of a contemporary's statement that 'Glöcklein im Thale,' from *Euryanthe*, being 'exquisitely rendered,' inspired the desire to 'hear Mdlle Tietjens in the oratorios which are announced.' We regret our inability to enlighten him."—(*Et nos*).

The Saturday popular concerts at the Alexandra Palace will commence on the 30th inst., and be continued every Saturday afternoon until the 18th of December. Engagements have been made with Madame Sinico-Campobello, Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mdlle Enriquez, Mdlle Krebs, Signor Foli, and other distinguished artists.

Trial by Jury, that original and diverting *jeu d'esprit*, the joint production of Messrs W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, has been revived at the Royalty Theatre, now under the direction of Mr Charles Morton, who is about to produce an English version of Offenbach's *Madame L'Archiduc*. Mr Frederick Sullivan, as Judge, is more humorous than ever, in short, transcendent. *Be chesm!*

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The first of the second series of the subscription concerts arranged by Mr Haynes, organist of the Priory Church, Great Malvern, took place in his concert-room before a crowded audience. The artists were Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Messrs W. H. Cummings, Patey, and H. Parker (pianist and conductor). The programme consisted of songs, ballads, quartets, and pianoforte solos. Earl and Countess Beauchamp were present.—*Malvern News.*

Mr Henry Macmanus, the celebrated painter and Professor of the Royal Irish Academy, has just completed a picture on the subject of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith." It has, report says, been purchased for 500 guineas by a well-known lover of the fine arts. Mr Macmanus is now engaged on a romantic picture, the subject of which is Mr Wellington Guernsey's romance "Alice, where art thou?" made so popular by the music of the late Mr Ascher.

The death is announced, at Edinburgh, from rapid consumption, of the actress, Lady Don. The deceased, eldest daughter of Mr John Sanders, of the Adelphi Theatre, was known as Miss Emily Eliza Sanders. She married, at St Marylebone Church, October 19, 1857, Sir William Henry Don, seventh Baronet, of Newtondon, county Berwick, formerly officer in the army, afterwards an actor. Sir William Don died at Hobart Town, Tasmania, March 19, 1862, being succeeded in the title by the present Sir John Don-Wauchope. Lady Don has issue one daughter, Harriette Grace Mary.

It seems that Mr George Armstrong, of the *Inter-Ocean*, is not the person who deserted a wife and five children, and for several reasons we think, says the *Chicago Tribune*, the denial savors of truth. Firstly, he never was married, which disposes effectually of the wife, and nearly as satisfactorily of the children. Secondly, he never was in England. And, thirdly, never deserted anybody that he knows of. The letter was originally sent to Architect Armstrong, who indorsed on it: "George Armstrong, *Inter-Ocean*," and thus the article crept into print. That ruptured engagement may therefore be renewed without danger.

From Professor Macfarren's recent address (or proclamation), it is clear that the Royal Academy of Music must sooner or later look for more spacious accommodation than is provided by the venerable house in Tenterden Street. It is not, however, at all likely that our respected institution will allow itself to be swallowed up in the vortex of South Kensington. The new Operahouse (Thames Embankment) proposition is, we believe, abandoned, as unfeasible. The late Principal of the Academy, Sir Sterndale Bennett, would never have tolerated the idea of either amalgamation; nor probably is his successor more favourably disposed.

The Rev. Sir Frederick Gore Ouseley, Bart., Sir Julius Benedict, Sir George Elvey, Sir John Goss, Sir R. P. Stewart, Prof. Macfarren, Dr Stainer, Dr Verrinder, Dr Steggall, Dr Wylde, Signor Arditi, Signor Randegger, Signor Schira, Messrs Owain Alaw, John Barnett, F. Berger, William Carter, W. G. Cusins, W. Ganz, J. L. Hatton, E. J. Hopkins, F. B. Jewson, F. Lablache, E. Land, Mallandaine, G. A. Osborne, Joseph Proudman, Brinley Richards, Carl Rosa, Charles Salaman, C. Santley, C. E. Stephens, Tamplini, and others, have accepted Mr Willert Beale's invitation to join the Council of Musicians for the forthcoming series of National Music Meetings.

"The last piece in the programme" (says a weekly contemporary) "was a concert-overture by Mr W. G. Cusins, intended as a musical illustration of Shakspere's *Love's Labour's Lost*. In his general conception Mr Cusins has adopted the style of 'Pastoral,' and striven to imbue his work with the spirit of English melody. The overture consists of an introduction (*moderato*), and an *allegro vivace*—both in E major, the latter being not merely characteristic, but cleverly worked out. The instrumentation exhibits a thorough knowledge of the art of orchestral combination. The performance (under the direction of Mr Manns) was careful and effective, but came too late to be properly appreciated." We need hardly say to whom and to what all this applies.

A part of the exterior of Westminster Abbey is undergoing the process of re-facing. The north porch, near St Margaret's Church, has for some time shown symptoms of decay, and it has been decided to re-face it as far as the large circular window over the recessed arched entrance to the Abbey. The work will include the turrets and towers at the east and west angles of the elevation, the four buttresses on each side the central entrance, and the two buttresses at either angle—all in a decayed state. The principal central recessed arched entrance, the arches on either side, and the recessed windows above, will undergo similar restoration, together with the small Gothic arches above the central arch. The work is to be executed in sections, and, on the east side of the central archway entrance, is in progress. The decayed stonework, to a depth of several inches, is being removed, and new masonry will be filled in.

M. Bonnat has just concluded, at the Palais-de-Justice, the allegorical pictures which will adorn each side of the painting of "Our Saviour on the Cross," exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1874. In a few days this important work will be uncovered.

The Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden Society's second ballot for the election of Fellows was held on the 18th inst. Seven hundred and fifty-nine ladies and gentlemen came up for election, of whom five hundred and ten were duly elected.

The *Malvern News* tells us "there was a large attendance of Johnnies and Mollies at Ledbury 'Mop,' when the usual Old-day Michaelmas goose dinners were served at *table d'hôte*."

"Dear uncle, accept our best thanks,
For your very nice Michaelmas treat;
Such a beautiful bird I ne'er saw—
So tender, so young, and so sweet!
My wife and myself both declare,
Since we tied the hymeneal noose,
We never before clapped our eyes
On so fine, so delicious a goose."

"Geese"—adds *Malvern News*,—"were abundant, tender and fine, at Mrs Mathews' of the Oak;" so that "friend Morris" must have tackled more or less each particular goose.

COBURG.—Herr Scholz's opera, *Golo*, has been produced.

KIEL.—The season was inaugurated here with *Der Freischütz*.

SONDERSHAUSEN.—A Schumann Festival was recently celebrated here.

WEIMAR.—A new opera, *Rosamunde*, by Herr Metzdorf, is in rehearsal.

BRUSSELS.—The new managers of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie display a laudable activity, and their bills are characterised by pleasing variety. *Robert le Diable* has been given, with M. Sylva, a great favourite, in the principal part. M. Echetto was Bertram, and Mdlle Vanden Berghe, Alice. M. Libert, a fresh acquisition, made his first appearance as Raimbaut. *Faust* has been performed, with a new cast, Mdlle Derivis being Marguerite; M. Warot, Faust; M. Neveu, Mephistophélès; and M. Devoyod, Valentin.—Verdi's *Requiem* will shortly be performed here, most likely at the Théâtre de la Monnaie. The singers have been selected by the composer himself.

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ORGANIST OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

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35	2nd Sunday after Pentecost	Domine convertere	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
36	3rd Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
37	4th Sunday after Pentecost	Illumina	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
38	St Peter and St Paul	Roma felix	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
39	5th Sunday after Pentecost	Audi hymnum	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
14	6th Sunday after Pentecost	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
40	7th Sunday after Pentecost	Sicut in holocaustis	Qrtt. or Chorus	Mozart
41	8th Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria	Bass Solo	Webbe
18	9th Sunday after Pentecost	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	10th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett	Webbe
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exurgat Deus	Chorus	Webbe
43	Assumption	Assumpta est	Chorus	Neukom
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Chorus	Eybler
45	13th Sunday after Pentecost	In te speravi	T. So. (& Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
36	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
13	15th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum est	Solo or Chorus	Benedict
46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavere	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
55	Nativity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
56	Holy Name	Ave Maria	Solo	Cherubini
57	Seven Dolors	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Gregorian
4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
58	Purity	Succurre miseris	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
4	Patronage	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
59	Confessor	Ecce sacerdos	Duet	Webbe
60	Martyrs	Qui seminant	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
61	One Martyr	Justus ut palma	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
63	Virgins and Holy Women	Diffusa	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
64		Asperges	Chorus	Gregorian
65	In Paschal time	Vidi aquam	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
66	Prayer for the Queen	Domine salvum fac	Chorus	Martini

APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Coeli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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10	Missa in Dominicis diebus per annum	,,	in D minor.
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VOL. 53—No. 44. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1875. PRICE {4d. Unstamped. 5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE. — SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture to Shakespeare's *Richard III.* (H. Volkmann), first time in England; Symphony, "The Power of Sound" (Spohr); Violin Concerto, No. 2, in F sharp minor (Vieuxtemps); Overture, "Leonora," No. 2 (Beethoven). Vocalists—Mdme Osgood (from Boston, U.S.A.—her first appearance in England); Mr Sims Reeves. Solo violin—Mdme Norman-Néruda. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Transferable stalls for the Series (22 Concerts), Two Guineas and a Half; stall for a Single Concert, Three Shillings and Sixpence and Half-a-Crown. Admission to Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. SECOND of the Series, SATURDAY next, November 6th. Production, for the first time in England since 1757, of HANDEL'S Oratorio, "ESTHER." Mdme Nouver, Mdlle Enriquez, Mr Wadmore, Mr Howells, and Mr Vernon Rigby. Increased Orchestra and Choir. Conductor—Mr H. WEIST HILL. Reserved stalls, 2s. 6d.; or transferable numbered stalls for half Series, 12s. Admission, Half-a-Crown; or by Guinea Season Ticket.

BRIGHTON.—MR KUHE'S SECOND PIANOFORTE RECITAL, next WEDNESDAY, November 3rd. Mr Kuhe will play Beethoven's Sonata, No. 11, in B flat; Sterndale Bennett's Barcarole; Mendelssohn's Capriccio, No. 2, in E major; Schubert's Impromptu in F minor; Heller's Two Restless Nights and Caprice in D flat; Chopin's Polonaise in A flat; Seeling's "Lurline"; and Liszt's Transcription of Schubert's "La Poste." Vocalist—Miss Nessie Goode.

MR WALTER BACHE'S PIANOFORTE RECITAL (Fourth Season), on MONDAY, November 1st, at ST JAMES'S HALL, at Half-past Three o'clock precisely. Miss Anna Williams. Pianoforte—Mrs Beesley (pupil of Dr Hans von Bülow) and Mr Walter Bache. Violin—Herr Wilhelmj. Accompanist—Mr Zerbini. Stalls (unnumbered), 5s.; balcony, 3s. Admission, One Shilling. Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; usual Agents; and Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall.

MISS EMILY MOTT'S THIRD GRAND EVENING CONCERT, at ST JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY next, November 1st, at 8 o'clock. Vocalists—Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Emily Mott, and Mdme Blanche Cole; Mr Lewis Thomas and Mr Sims Reeves. Solo Pianoforte—Mr Sydney Smith. The Band of the Coldstream Guards (by permission of the Commanding Officer). Conductors—Messrs Sidney Naylor, W. H. Thomas, and Fred Godfrey. Reserved sofa stalls, 7s.; tickets, 5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.; at Austin's Ticket Office, St James's Hall; all Music Publishers; and of Miss EMILY MOTT, 190, Kennington Road, S.E.

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MR EDWARD LLOYD, in answer to numerous inquiries, begs to announce that the only Tour upon which he is engaged to sing this year is with Mdme Christine Nilsson's Concert Party; and that the announcement of his name in connection with any other Touring Party has been made without his permission or knowledge.—Claremont Lodge, Effra Road, Brixton, S.W.

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Expenses	4,351
	£2,411

1827—Vocalists: Mdme Pasta, Miss Stephens, Miss Bacon, Miss H. Cawse; Mdme Caradori Allan, Mr Braham, Mr Vaughan, Mr Terrail, Mr. E. Taylor, Signor Zuchelli. Conductor—Sir George Smart.

Receipts	£6,498
Expenses	5,126
	1,372

1830—Vocalists: Mdme Malibran Garcia, Mdme Stockhausen, Mrs W. Knyvett, Master Phillips, Mr Braham, Mr Terrail, Mr Vaughan, Mr E. Taylor, Signor De Begnis. Conductor—Sir George Smart.

Receipts	£5,171
Expenses	4,635
	536

1833—Vocalists: Mdme Malibran, Miss H. Cawse, Miss Bruce, Mdme de Meric, Master Howe, Signor Donzelli, Mr Horncastle, Mr Hobbs, Mr E. Taylor, Mr H. Phillips. Conductor—Sir George Smart.

Receipts	£4,876
Expenses	4,428
	448

1836—Vocalists: Mdme Caradori Allan, Mrs A. Shaw, Miss Bruce, Miss Rainforth, Miss Tipping, Mdme Assandri, Mr Hobbs, Mr H. Phillips, Mr E. Taylor, Mr Hawkins, Signori Ivanoff and Lablache. Conductor—Sir George Smart.

Receipts	£5,247
Expenses	5,478
Loss	231

1839—Vocalists: Mdme Persiani, Signora Piacci, Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes, Mdme Stockhausen, Mr Hobbs, Mr Phillips, Mr Balfe, Mr Young, Mr Francis, Signor Tamburini. Conductor—Professor Edward Taylor.

Receipts	£5,639
Expenses	4,818
	821

1842—Vocalists: Mdme Caradori Allan, Miss Rainforth, Miss M. B. Hawes, Signora Paccina, Mr Hobbs, Mr Phillips, Mr Balfe, Mr Bradbury, Mr Young, Mr Walton, Signor Rubini. Conductor—Professor Taylor.

Receipts	£5,403
Expenses	4,482
	550

1845—Vocalists: Mdme Grisi, Mdme Caradori Allan, Miss Dolby, Miss Poole, Signori Mario and F. Lablache, Mr Hobbs, Mr Hawkins, Mr Machin, Mr Bradbury, Herr Standigl. Conductor—Mr Jules Benedict.

Receipts	£5,432
Expenses	4,482
	950

1848—Vocalists: Mdme Viardot Garcia, Mdme Castellan, Mdlle Alboni, Misses Williams, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Lockey, Mr H. Phillips, Mr Whitworth, Signor Lablache. Conductor—Mr Benedict.

Receipts	£5,266
Expenses	4,766
	500

1852—Vocalists: Mdme Viardot Garcia, Miss L. Pyne, Mdme Fiorentini, Miss Alleyne, Miss Dolby, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Lockey, Signori Gardoni and Belletti, Herr Formes, Mr Weiss. Conductor—Mr Benedict.

Receipts	£5,017
Expenses	4,647
	370

1854—Vocalists: Mdmes Clara Novello, Bosio, Castellan, and Weiss, Miss Dolby, Signori Gardoni, Lablache, and Belletti, Mr Sims Reeves, Herr Reichardt, Mr Weiss. Conductor—Mr Benedict.

Receipts	£4,239
Expenses	4,342
Loss	103

1857—Vocalists: Mdme Clara Novello, Mdlle Piccolomini, Mdlle Leonhardi, Mdme Weiss, Mrs Lockey, Signori Giuglini, Gardoni, and Belletti, Mr Weiss, Mr Lockey, Mr Miranda. Conductor—Mr Benedict.

Receipts	£4,348
Expenses	3,997
	351

1860—Vocalists: Mdme Clara Novello, Mdlle Tietjens, Mrs Weiss, Miss Palmer, Mdme Borghi Mamo, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr W. Cooper, Mr Santley, Mr Weiss, Signori Giuglini and Belletti. Conductor—Mr Benedict.

Receipts	£5,094
Expenses	4,177
	918

1863—Vocalists: Mdlle Tietjens, Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle Trebelli, Miss Palmer, Mdme Weiss, Miss Wilkinson, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Santley, Mr Weiss, Mr M. Smith, Signori Bettini and Bossi. Pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard. Conductor—Mr Benedict.

Receipts	£5,273
Expenses	4,072
	1,201

1866—Vocalists: Mdlle Tietjens, Mdlle Sinico, Mdme Rudersdorff, Miss Edith Wynne, Mdme De Meric Lablache, Mdlle Anna Drasdil, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Santley, Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr Weiss, Signori Morini and Gassier. Conductor—Mr Benedict.

Receipts	£5,783
Expenses	4,812
	971

1869—Vocalists: Mdlle Tietjens, Mdlle Ilma di Murska, Mdme Talbot Cherer, Mdme Patey, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini, Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr Arthur Byron, Mr W. H. Cummings, Signori Bettini and Foli, Mr Santley, Conductor—Mr Benedict.

Receipts	£3,965
Expenses	3,968
Loss	3

1872—Vocalists: Mdlle Tietjens, Mdme Florence Lancia, and Mdlle Albani; Mdme Patey, Mdme Trebelli-Bettini; Mr W. H. Cummings, Mr E. Lloyd, Mr Kerr Gedge, Mr J. G. Patey, and Mr Santley. Conductor—Sir Julius Benedict.

Receipts	£4,797
Expenses	4,200
	597
	11,996
Less losses incurred in 1836, 1854, *and* 1869	337
	£11,659

Total receipts of seventeen Festivals, as £88,811, against total expenses of £77,152, giving average per Festival as follows:—

Receipts	£5,224 3-17
Expenses	4,538 6-17
Profits	£685 14-17

[The Festival receipts and expenditure for 1875 are not yet balanced.—Ed.]

Venersborg (Sweden).—Mdlle Victoria Bunsen's concert yesterday (the 26th Sept.), at the new theatre, as expected, attracted all the musical and fashionable people of our town. Her first song, the *Donna Caritea*, made a remarkable impression, and she had to appear twice on the stage to acknowledge the hearty greeting of the public. Still greater was the enthusiasm created by some Swedish national songs, which Mdlle Bunsen sang with genuine expression. The last had to be repeated, in obedience to a unanimous desire. The last piece was a *duo* by Dannström, by Mdlle Bunsen *alone*, who took, alternately, the part of tenor and contralto. This *duo* was expressly composed for Lady Boye (the composer's wife), and has only been sung by her and Mdlle Victoria Bunsen in the concert-room. It was a complete success. Mdlle Bunsen retired amidst a shower of bouquets. and, several times recalled, gave another song, "C'est l'Espagne," by Offenbach. Mdlle Felicia Bunsen (sister to the accomplished vocalist) won sympathy by her tasteful performance of two piano pieces. We hope we may have the pleasure, next year, of hearing the two sisters again, and that they will not forget Venersborg when on a visit to Sweden.

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THE CHIMES OF POTSDAM.

They are not pious only Sunday-go-to-meeting chimes, but they ring out every hour, every half-hour, and every quarter, and even at each eighth burst out with a joyous "Trinkemal." How I gloried and revelled in their music, though they did not say to me, "Ellabe, Ellabe," as Trotty's chimes said to him, "Toby Veck, Toby Veck, keep a good heart, Toby!" But they sang a sweeter, softer, more melodious strain. One time a "Praise the Lord, the the powerful King of Glory" swelled in deep, majestic tones. Then again, a simple warning in "Be ever true and honest unto thy life's end, and never wander from the paths of rectitude" set me to wondering how people could be so thoroughly dishonest as some folk can be, who are not beyond the sound of these chimes, which preach in the most persuasive tones this grand moral sermon. But one unfortunate day I discovered that my chimes, my worshipped, revered, mystical, musical chimes themselves, in defiance of their lofty position and their strictly moral teachings, told a falsehood every hour, yes, a downright palpable lie. I was to be at the station at 10.5. I started early, for I loved to stroll through the grateful shade of the park near the church. A refreshing rain in the night made the morning still more inviting. The birds were singing and the air was heavy with the perfume of a thousand flowers; the chimes burst forth louder and more resonant than ever. For the first time, as the last strains died away in the distance, I counted the hour. The great hammer struck slowly, one, two, three—ten. So late! Impossible! And there was the empty parade-ground by the old castle, the large bridge, and another stretch of ground between me and the station. I looked at my own hitherto neglected timepiece, that said as plain as two hands on the honest face could say, 9.30. But the warning of my faithful friend was disregarded. Worse, it was snubbed and shut up with a snap, for had not the chimes, the royal, aristocratic chimes, said ten, and ten it must be. I gathered my traps and flew over the parade-ground, or at least imitated that movement as well as one could be expected to do in the modern fashion of tightly tied-back drapery, rushed upon the long bridge on the left side of the course, though a sign-board said in great staring letters, "Fussgaenger gehen rechts." I got mixed up in the coming crowd, who jostled and poked me on all sides. I tried to cross over where I belonged, but the droschke coachmen only whipped up their half-starved horses and leered at me. I stepped back and sought to make myself as small as possible. In Berlin a policeman would have long before annihilated me. Suddenly the draw of the bridge slowly opened, and the gathering crowd was brought to a dead halt. While patiently waiting I chanced to turn my eyes to the station clock, and there was the railroad time that said a few minutes beyond half-past nine. I was shocked. Then I grew indignant. Who wouldn't, after running himself into a fever heat and making such a spectacle of himself, all for a wicked falsehood! I hurried back, determined to find out why the chimes had so unshamedly said ten. Flushed and excited, I paused under the historic linden of Frederick the Great to regain my breath. This poor relic of ancient times had its immense body sewed up in a stout linen bagging, its decrepit limbs supported by stout iron props. On its worn trunk, in those troublous times, there was nailed, during the night, a placard, with a disgraceful, libellous insult to the king. In the morning the old hero read it from his chamber window, and sent down word to his servants to have it taken off and nailed lower down, that all the people might better read it. How much this old tree had seen and endured. If it only had a tongue to speak and tell we why, in all these long, long years, the old chimes had always repeated the same untrue tale!

While I was cooling my wrath, and thinking over these strange things, an old man wandered by. He looked as though he had been born and grown up at the same time as the linden and the chimes. He was not so well preserved. No kind hand had wrapped up his body in stout, strong linen, and only a wooden staff supported his feeble, tottering limbs.

I said—"Can you tell me what the chimes play at the hour?"

"I ought to; I have heard it often enough. In common times they play 'Praise the Lord,' but they are so arranged that they can be changed. 'What God does is well done' is substituted. Yes, I have heard the mournful sonnets for our good king Frederick William III., and his son, Frederick William IV., Quee Elizabeth, his wife, and now my time will soon be here."—"Then what do they play at the half-hour?"—"The song 'Be ever true and honest.'"—"No, you must be mistaken, for they played that song a few moments ago, and then struck ten, and it is not yet ten o'clock."—"Of course not. At the half-hour it strikes the future hour to let you know it is coming, and at the hour it sounds it again to let you know it is here."

I think if the old man had been the inventor of this wonderful piece of wisdom, instead of merely the relator, I should have pounced on him, and shaken him to pieces. I burst out: "How on earth is a stranger to know the difference?"

The old man almost changed my wrath into mirth, as he answered as though amazed at my petulance, with a stolid look of self-complacency: "Why, somebody must tell him."

While I was puzzling myself over this local answer, the chimes, as though to cheer and comfort me, broke out in their three-quarter strain of "Trinke mal, trinke mal." I thanked the old man, and pursued my way, consoling myself that in those old-fashioned times the Dutch (for the chimes were cast in Holland) never dreamed of a railroad and its inevitable hurry and bustle, and I ought not to blame the chimes for their share in the deception. So I went back to my old love, and every time I hear them now I strive to puzzle out some clue to the wonderful wisdom of originating the idea of striking the hour a half hour before it arrives.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

—o—

CHRISTINE NILSSON IN DANGER.

In our last we referred to an accident which happened to the train from London to Plymouth, at the (so-called) Silverton Station. Mr Louis Appledore (a correspondent to the *Times*, of the 23rd inst.) gives a more detailed account, from which we extract the following:—

"At 10 o'clock on Tuesday night the 5·0 express from London to Plymouth narrowly escaped a Shipton disaster. At Tiverton Junction we stopped, and thence started for Exeter. Whirled along at seventy miles an hour, we passed Hele Station signals clear, when midway to the following station—Silverton—we came on a mass of timber which had floated down the line, and had become stranded across the metals. From the speed at which we were travelling, and the heavy engine of the broad gauge system, we cut through every balk of timber, but the concussion drove us off the metals, and, after ploughing the way for some 100 yards, we came to a standstill. The shock was terrific, and few who heard the shriek of the engine whistle had any doubt but that a disaster was imminent. By the resolute efforts of driver, stoker, and guard, this was averted, but an escape more extraordinary has seldom been recorded."

A still more detailed account appeared in a Plymouth journal (*Morning News*), at the end of its report of the brilliant concert given by Madame Nilsson on the ensuing night. From this a few sentences must suffice:—

"Few present could have been aware how narrowly they escaped disappointment. Madame Nilsson and her concert party were travelling to Plymouth in the train due soon after midnight. At Slough there had been some delay consequent on the accident to the 'Flying Dutchman;' but before reaching Exeter matters assumed a more serious aspect. The storm line was entered just as the rain was at its highest. The line was deluged, timbers were floating, and the motion of the carriage showed that part of the train was off the line. At the side of the line the water was flowing to the depth of five feet, and the alarm was general. Fortunately at this juncture the roadside station of Silverton was reached. Hastily dismounting, the travellers found their refuge deserted, a boy being the sole representative of the company. Better attendance was procured, but the passengers had for three hours only the rough protection of the station building, free from inundation. Vigorous efforts were made to prepare the train for another start, and at two o'clock p.m.—long after due at Plymouth—the passenger carriages were ready to go on, the luggage van being still in a hopeless fix. The great singer and her companions then resumed their journey, and reached Plymouth at half-past four in the morning."

The danger was imminent from all accounts; but the escape no less consoling. We can't afford to lose "Christine."

HAMBURGH.—Sig. Pollini, the manager of the Stadttheater, has adopted, with success, the system of giving a mixed entertainment, partly operatic and partly dramatic, on the same evening.

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MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The musical season in this city has now begun in earnest, and there is little fear that the most greedy amateur will have cause to complain during the coming winter. Classical chamber music, and grand orchestral performances, oratorios and operas, will all be given. The subscription list for Mr Hallé's concerts was never so full; and Mr Carl Rosa's season at the renovated Theatre Royal, now one of the most comfortable in England, is likely to be more prosperous even than his previous successful campaigns here. I have already noticed the great success of Mr Alfred Cellier's *Tower of London* at the Prince's Theatre, the manager of which promises a short season of Italian Opera next December, to be supported by members of Mr Gye's company, including Mdlles Albani and Z. Thalberg, MM. Naudin and Maurel. Strange to say, Mdlle Albani has never yet sung in Manchester, and her first visit will be rendered additionally memorable by the production of Lohengrin.

Mr De Jong commenced his season a few weeks since, when Herr Gung'l conducted some of his own dance compositions. The singers were Mdme Nouver, a local *prima donna*, who, I hear, is announced to sing in some of the forthcoming Sacred Harmonic Concerts and Exeter Hall Concerts. Mdme Nouver's voice is remarkably fine, and her singing of "Let the bright seraphim" was very effective. At this concert, also, the Dublin tenor, Mr Barton McGuckin, once more delighted a Manchester audience by his very beautiful voice and artistic singing.

On Saturday last, at Mr De Jong's second concert, the Prize Solo Singers at the Crystal Palace Music Meetings sang for the first time in Manchester, and the favourable reception they met with must have been very gratifying to them. Herr Hermann Franke, the new leader of Mr De Jong's orchestra, played two movements of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto at this concert.

At the Gentlemen's Concert on Monday evening last, Mr C. Hallé made his first appearance this season, and his splendid playing could not have been more admired had there been surprise mixed with the pleasure. The programme of this concert will speak for itself:—

PART I.

Overture, Scherzo and Finale (Schumann); Air, "The light of other days" (Balfe)—Mr Patey; Song, "The mighty trees bend" (The Young Nun)—(Schubert)—Miss Edith Wynne; Song, "The stars are sleeping" (Cowen)—Mr Cummings; Solo Pianoforte, "Serenade and Rondo Giojoso in D" (Mendelssohn)—Mr Charles Hallé; Arietta, "Lungi dal caro bene" (Sarti)—Mdme Patey; Trio, "Dunque il mio ben," *Il Flauto Magico* (Mozart)—Miss Edith Wynne, Mr Cummings, and Mr Patey.

PART II.

Overture, "Michael Angelo" (Gade); Air, "Let me dream again" (Sullivan)—Miss Edith Wynne; Song, "When the moon is brightly shining" (Molique)—Mr Cummings; Song, "Thou whom my heart adoreth" (F. Barnby)—Mdme Patey; Solo Pianoforte, "Scherzo and Rondo Grazioso, from Sonata in A flat" (Weber)—Mr Charles Hallé; Song, "Once upon a time" (Roeckel)—Miss Edith Wynne; Quartet, "Mezzanotte," *Marta* (Flotow)—Miss Edith Wynne, Mdme Patey, Mr Cummings, and Mr Patey; Overture, "The Syren" (Auber).

The first of Mr Hallé's grand Concerts will be given this week on Thursday evening. The programme is very attractive:—

Overture, "Egmont" (Beethoven); Air, "Now shall the harp and lute awake" (Handel)—Mdlle Johanna Levier; Air, "Se il rigor," *La Juive* (Halévy)—Signor Foli; Song, "Ave Maria," with violin, harmonium, and pianoforte accompaniment (violin *obbligato*, Herr Straus), (Gounod)—Mdme Christine Nilsson; Song, "The Rose Song," *Talismano* (Balfe)—Mr E. Lloyd; Trio, "This magic-wove scarf" (Barnett)—Mdme Nilsson, Mr E. Lloyd, and Signor Foli; Symphony (unfinished) in B minor (Schubert); Overture in E flat, from Suite No. 4 (first time), (Lachner); New Song, "Let me dream again" (Sullivan)—Mdme Christine Nilsson; Song, "Dear England" (Diehl)—Signor Foli; Duet, "Greeting" (Mendelssohn)—Mdlle Levier and Miss Alice Fairman; Solo Pianoforte, (*a*) Nocturne in D flat (Chopin), (*b*) "Wanderer's Song," (*c*) Hunting Piece (both first time), (Rheinberger)—Mr Charles Hallé; Air, "Cangio d'aspetto" (Handel) — Miss Alice Fairman; Swedish National Melodies—Mdme Christine Nilsson; Song, "Sweetheart" (Sullivan)—Mr Edward Lloyd; March, *Athalie* (Mendelssohn).

Among the earlier oratorios promised for these Concerts are Handel's *Saul*, which has not been heard here for many years, and Mendelssohn's *St Paul*, for which Mr Sims Reeves is engaged.

Oct. 27, 1875.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From a Correspondent.)

There is no lack of variety at the Royal Operahouse. First we have had *L'Africaine*, with Mad. von Voggenhuber and Madlle Grossi, Herren Niemann and Betz, in the principal parts. Then there was *Belmonte und Constanze*, in which Herr Kannberg sang for the last time probably in the theatre under the management of Herr von Hülsen, who, as I stated in my last, will not engage him. Next on the lists stands *Jessonda*, with Mad. Mallinger, Mdlle Lehmann, Herren Ernst, Betz, Fricke, and *Lohengrin* with Mad. Voggenhuber, Madlle Brandt, Herren Niemann, Betz, and Krolop. These were followed by *Die Zauberflöte; Cesario; Le Domino Noir; Armide; Die lustigen Weiber;* and *Mignon*.

In *Die Zauberflöte* Miss Minnie Hauck made a decided hit as Pamina. It is a long time since the part has been so well given. After her duet with Papageno, and the air in G minor, she was enthusiastically recalled. Such a mark of approbation is unusual here and, therefore, the more significant. Tamino was entrusted to Herr George Schrötter, from the Stadttheater, Hamburgh. Even with an average Pamina, he would not have appeared to advantage. With such a Pamina as Miss Minnie Hauck he was nowhere. He was completely cast into the shade. The contrast was too much for him.

Herr Johann Strauss's *Cagliostro* still retains its place in the bills of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, but not its hold upon the public. The management intend shortly giving Lortzing's *Beide Schützen*.

The series of quartet evenings given by Herren Joachim, de Ahna, Rappoldi, and Müller, have commenced for the season. Speaking of the first concert the Berlin *Echo* makes the following remarks:—

"We possess, in these perfect quartet performances, something quite unique, the like of which can, at the present day, be found nowhere else, and with which nothing of the same kind, that we know of, is to be compared. Opposite our Joachim sits de Ahna with the second violin, distinguished for its mild tone so full of soul; next to it is the more vigorous, but, with all its volume, soft, viola in Rappoldi's well-proved hand; while the fourth executant is Herr Müller, the *Concertmeister*, whose violoncello, with its clear tones, constitutes the solid, sturdy substructure, upon which all the refinements of musical architecture may, in their nicest details, be carried out with complete security. The most interesting piece of the evening was, in our opinion, Cherubini's D minor Quartet, No. 3. What an utterly different stamp was borne by the very first notes in it to that of Father Haydn's cheery D Major Quartet, which preceded. Of the four movements: Allegro commodo; Larghetto sostenuto; Scherzo; and Finale, we give the preference to the Larghetto sostenuto and Scherzo, especially to the latter. This piece displays great cleverness in its composition; it is varied and most beautiful in its tone-colouring; it is flowing and worked out most charmingly; similarly, the Larghetto displays in itself, in addition to a strain of poetic inspiration, all the best qualities of Cherubini's style. The last movement comes out with freshness and spirit, while a sort of intelligent coolness seems to cling to the first. The Quartet in its entirety is a very valuable work, and was received by the audience with the greatest sympathy. Beethoven's E flat Major Quartet followed. This peculiar production forms one of the intermediate stations in the transition to the composer's last creative-period. . . . . Here again, as in what had gone before, the execution might have been taken as a model. But why praise in detail the prompt concerted playing; the nobility of conception; all the delicate gradations of light and shade; or the mild and perfectly transparent sound of the combined instruments! The principal fact is that music, by itself, and as an art existing without any disturbing element, is here cultivated in such a manner that it is impossible to imagine or desire anything better."

The Royal Academy of Arts has been re-organized. Herr Hitzig has been appointed President. Professor Daege has received the Order of the Crown, second class, for his long services in connection with the institution.

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A MUSICAL FAMILY.

SIR,—I am the father of six sons, and it is my wish to bring them all up as masters of the divine art of music. With this object I have drawn out a little scheme for the education of my children, of which I shall be glad to think you may approve. My eldest son, Jonathan, I propose making a musician of the future. He must be taught to despise the old forms of music, and trample on the old masters. He must learn that obscurity is the test of genius; and he will, I hope, in time, produce works which may take at least two generations to understand. Jonathan must be the epic composer of his period; the successor of Richard Wagner, who, by his side, will sink into harmonious insignificance. I propose sending my eldest son to Dr Wylde's excellent institution in Regent Street, as I am sure no better master could be found than the learned doctor to superintend the education of a youth endowed with original and aggressive ideas.

My second son, Anthony, will be a composer of quite a different stamp. He will belong to the romantic and sentimental school. Love will be his only theme, and Gounod his only model. I have already begun to cultivate his affections with good result. He has been taught to strum a little on the mandoline, which he uses to serenade the under housemaid. He will, I hope, compose an opera that may eclipse *Faust*, that charming rhapsody so dear to middle-aged lovers. Anthony I propose to place at Dr Macfarren's excellent institution in Tenterden Street.

I shall make my third son, Josiah, a composer of sacred music. When his education is complete, I propose to send him to Palestine, where he may visit the Holy places accompanied by a serious companion, Professor Cook. He will ascend Mounts Sinai and Ararat; he will sail on the river Jordan and the Red Sea; and, when tired, the professor will fill his ears with the devotional melodies of Handel, arranged by Gounod for a pocket harmonium. After Josiah has spent two years wandering about the Holy Land, he will be taken to Jerusalem, in order to compose his first oratorio, *The Fall of Man*. Josiah promises well, and is already looking forward to his travels. He wishes to commence them to-morrow, by going to the Conservatoire of Paris, to be instructed in fugues and chorals. Having now three composers in the family, I propose making my fourth and fifth sons "virtuosi" of an advanced kind. Timothy will be a violinist. He will be taught to play both in the severe and classic style of Joachim, and the more brilliant and fantastic manner of the late Paganini. He will, consequently, become the greatest living violinist; and, as his reputation must necessarily excite a good deal of jealousy in the profession, I shall have him educated in an out-of-the-way corner of Italy, and brought back in secret to London, where he can burst upon the town like a volcano. Timothy already fiddles a little. He plays the "Sailor's Hornpipe;" and I grieve to say that Josiah was found dancing to that tune the other day. Alexander, my fifth son, less gifted than his brothers, must perforce be a pianist. He does not like the idea himself, and wishes to be a circus-rider. But I am firm. All my children shall excel in music, and Alexander shall be a great pianist. I know it is an easy thing to accomplish, and it must be done. Alexander shall play on two pianofortes at once; he shall play standing, blindfold, or in any other eccentric manner an eclectic public taste may demand. So much for Alexander. He will be trained at the Leipsic Conservatoire, the best institution for young and robust "virtuosi."

My sixth and youngest son, Roger—cleverest of the family—will naturally be a publisher. But he must be a musician as well, or how otherwise can he appreciate his brothers' music? He will publish their compositions—which means a fortune alone. He will also publish their portraits and biographies, for which (although now but seven years old) he is already collecting materials. This is my humble scheme for the training of a truly musical family.—Your obedient servant, JONATHAN BODGERS.

PRAGUE.—Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Die Maccabäer*, has been roduced here with success.

ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

By GIBBS GIBB GIBBS, ESQ.

No. 18.

RINALDO DEL MEL, a Flemish contrapuntist, flourished in 1538. He is said by Hawkins to have been master of Palestrina.

CHRISTOPHER MORALES was a native of Seville, and the earliest Spanish musician of any eminence whose name we have been able to meet with. He held the situation of a singer in the Pontifical Chapel, under Paul III., about the year 1544, and was the author of two collections of Masses, and of a well-known Magnificat. He also composed a fine motet, *Lamentabatur Jacob*, which for many years continued to be sung in the Pope's chapel on the fourth Sunday in Lent. Morales likewise composed the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, for four, five, and six voices, and a *Gloria Patri*, composed by him, is preserved in Kircher's Musurgio. As a specimen of his compositions, one of the madrigals *Ditti mi o si*, taken from his fourth book, published at Venice in 1541, is inserted in Smith's *Musica Antiqua*. The style of Morales, though learned for the time in which he wrote, is somewhat dry, uncouth, and insipid.

JOHANN NEUSCHL, or Neyschel, court-musician to the Emperor Maximilian II., was a celebrated performer on the trumpet, so much so that the Emperor ordered Albert Durer, the painter, to introduce his portrait in the picture that he painted, of a triumphal entry of the Emperor.

OLYMPUS.—There were two great musicians in antiquity of this name, and both celebrated performers on the flute. One of them flourished before the Trojan war, and the other was contemporary with Midas, who died six hundred and ninety-seven years B.C. The first was a scholar of Marsyas, and a Mysian; the second, according to Suidas, was a Phrygian, and author of several poems, which were by some attributed to the first Olympus. But the most important addition which the disciple of Marsyas made to the musical knowledge of the time was the invention of the *Enharmonic genus*. Plato and Aristotle, as well as Plutarch, celebrate his musical, as well as his poetical, talents, and tell us that some of his airs were still subsisting in their time. The airs of Olympus used in the temple of worship during the time of Plutarch were not more ancient than the chants or *canto fermo* to some of the hymns of the Romish church; and the melodies now sung to many of the hymns and psalms of the Lutherans and Calvinists are such as were applied to them at the time of the Reformation. Plato says the music of Olympus was, in a particular manner, adapted to affect and animate the hearers; Aristotle, that it swelled the soul with enthusiasm; and Plutarch, that it surpassed, in simplicity and effect, every other music then known. According to Plutarch, Olympus was the author of the curule song, which caused Alexander to sieze his arms when it was performed to him by Antigenidas. To his musical abilities he joined those of poetry; and, according to Suidas and Jul. Pollux, he composed elegies and other plaintive songs, which were sung to the sound of the flute, and the melodies of these poems were so much celebrated in antiquity for their pathetic and plaintive cast, th t Aristophanes, in one of his comedies called *The Knights*, where Demosthenes and Nicias are complaining, makes them say, "Let us weep and wail like two flutes breathing some air of Olympus." Plutarch ascribes to him several nomes or airs that are frequently mentioned by ancient writers; such as the Minerva, the Harmatian, Curule or Chariot air, and the Spondean or Libation air.

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BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

Influenza has been playing terrible havoc with the plans of the co-managers of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. Most of the principal artists have fallen victims to it. First, M. Sylva was attacked; then M. Warot; and then—nearly every one else. It was a wonder how the Theatre could be kept open. In this state of things, *Le Barbier de Séville*, *La Sonnambule*, and *Les Noces de Jeannette* have had to do duty for *Les Huguenots* and *Robert le Diable*, which would otherwise have figured in the bills.—Mad. Pauline Lucca is announced to appear, on the 3rd November, in *L'Africaine*. This will be followed by *Les Huguenots* and *Faust*.—*Dinorah* is in active preparation; so is *Le Prophète*; and so will be, ere long, *Le Philtre*, which has not been performed for many years.—A *Requiem Mass*, by M. Alfred Tilman, was performed in the Church at Lacken, on the 11th October, the 25th anniversary of the death of the late Queen of the Belgians. The Royal Family were present.

DR VON BÜLOW AND HIS PIANOFORTE.

(To the Editor of "Concordia.")

SIR,—Allow me to contradict, categorically, the statement which appeared in your impression of the 16th inst., viz.—that, in order to secure the exclusive privilege of having their instruments used by Hans von Bülow, at the concerts to be given in America, the New York pianoforte makers, Messrs Weber, have offered $10,000; Steinway, $12,000; and Chickering and Sons, $20,000 dollars, to the manager of these concerts, and that the highest bidder has obtained the preference.

No such offer has been made by either of these firms.

The Brunswick member of the Steinway firm, in a special letter to Dr Bülow, made him an indefinite pecuniary proposal of the kind, but it was indignantly refused by him.

I have had business connections with the Chickerings for more than thirty years; they have gratuitously furnished—as is customary in every country—the pianofortes for the American concerts of Thalberg, Henri Herz, and Alfred Jaell, of which I was the manager; but, beyond that, neither they nor I have ever received any subsidy in the shape of money or presents; whereas the Steinways have paid some $15,000 to Leopold de Meyer, and $20,000 to the manager of the Rubinstein concerts. Being, besides, the owners of the only concert room in New York, they rigidly exclude the use of any other pianoforte, European or American, but their own. The Steinways have, therefore, been the first to introduce a system in America which the French would condemn as a *concurrence déloyale*.

I certainly cannot be blamed that, with every inclination I had to give the preference to the Chickerings, as old friends of mine, I hinted at some such subsidy being given to me on account of the Bülow concerts. This they refused, but proposed to me instead to build a splendid new concert hall, to be inaugurated by Dr von Bülow, and guaranteeing me a certain amount of profits.

By this arrangement—which I accepted, with the proviso that their pianofortes should be approved by the Doctor, in accordance with the right he stipulated in his contract with me—they will, from present appearances, instead of having to pay a large sum, as did the Steinways, be, on the other hand, gainers to a considerable amount.

In consequence of this arrangement, the Messrs Chickering sent a piano to Ventnor, where Dr Bülow was spending the summer, who, after having played upon it for two months, authorised me to select those instruments for his concerts in America, writing me:—"*I shall not be able to make so much noise on a Chickering as on a Steinway, but the tone is far more noble and distinguished, like those of Erard's.*"

This is the true statement of facts as they have occurred. New York owes, therefore, to Dr von Bülow's arrival a new and splendid concert room; and, as it is not the intention of the Chickerings to exclude any other pianofortes from their hall, a monoply, entirely unprecedented in the civilised world has been done away.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Paris, Oct. 18th, 1875. B. ULLMAN.

MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.

(Continued from page 711.)

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE IV.—RIGHTS AND BENEFITS OF MEMBERS.

SECT. 1. When member dies, having been member in good standing for one year, counting period from first admission or date of last re-instatement, his next of kin shall receive fifty dollars from general fund of Union.

SECT. 2. In case of application for relief from any member, Board of Directors shall donate such sum as they, in discretion, see fit.

ARTICLE V.—ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

SECT. 1. Election held annually in New York, on second Thursday in September, shall be first advertised by Secretary in two daily newspapers, printed and circulated in New York, at least three weeks previous thereto, once each week; terms of officers to commence on second Thursday in December ensuing, and continue for one year thereafter, until others are elected.

SECT. 2. All candidates for office, voted for by ballot or otherwise, receive a plurality of votes entitling them to election.

SECT. 3. In case of death, resignation, misconduct, neglect, or refusal to act, of said officers, members of this Union shall, at regular quarterly meeting, elect others to fill vacancies.

ARTICLE VI.—FUNDS.

SECT. 1. All funds as received, prior to permanent investment, from dues, fines, admission fees, donations bequests, profits of Concerts or Picnics, or whatever source, shall be deposited by Trustees in one or more Savings Banks in name of Musical Mutual Protective Union designated by Board of Directors, and only drawn by cheque of three Trustees, countersigned by President and Secretary, and seal of Union stamped.

ARTICLE VII.—FUND.

SECT. 1. No donation or appropriation from Fund granted by Union, unless recommended by majority of Board; nor can Directors grant or appropriate money without approval of Union, unless specified.

ARTICLE VIII.—MEETINGS.

SECT. 1. Regular meetings held quarterly at rooms of Union, on second Thursday, March, second Thursday, June, second Thursday, September, and second Thursday, December, at 2 o'clock P.M. Meetings opened and roll of officers called within fifteen minutes after appointed time, and, in absence of both President and Vice-President, Secretary shall call meeting to order, and members elect other officers to preside.

SECT. 2. At annual meeting, on 2nd Thursday, in December, officers of current year shall enter upon their duties.

SECT 3. Three months previous to annual meeting election of officers to take place and Audit Committee appointed.

SECT. 4. Fifteen members may demand special meeting by written notice, stating object of such meeting to President, who, if necessary for interests of Union, shall direct Secretary to convene meeting in usual way.

SECT. 5. In case President refuse to convene special meeting, he shall give objection in writing to signers within three days after receipt of communication. Members may then send call, with objection of President, to Board of Directors, with power to sustain President, or direct Secretary to call meeting.

SECT. 6. At regular or special meeting, thirty-five members shall constitute quorum, to transact business.

[Abridged of particles by DUFF SHORT.]

(To be continued.)

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—On the 18th, Ignatius Lachner celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as conductor, and then retired from active connection with the stage. The management gave him a benefit on the occasion, the opera selected being Mozart's *Figaro*.

PESTH.—The erection of the long-projected new Operahouse has at last really been begun. The few first sods of the excavations necessary for the foundations were turned by Baron Friedrich Podmaniczky, Intendant of the National Theatre; Herr Nik, Ybl, Architect; Herr Ludwig Hofhauser, Clerk of Works, and others.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the CONCERTS of the Eighteenth Season will take place in ST JAMES'S HALL, as follows, viz :—

Monday, November 8, 1875.	Monday, January 24, 1876.
Monday, November 15, 1876.	Monday, January 31, 1876.
Monday, November 22, 1875.	Monday, February 7, 1876.
Monday, November 29, 1875.	Monday, February 14, 1876.
Monday, December 6, 1875.	Monday, February 21, 1876.
Monday, December 13, 1875.	Monday, February 28, 1876.
Monday, January 10, 1876.	Monday, March 6, 1876.
Monday, January 17, 1876.	Monday, March 13, 1876.

The Director's Benefit (the Last Concert of the Season) takes place on Monday, April 10th.

Sixteen Subscription Morning Performances will be given on Saturdays, Nov. 13, 20, 27; December 4, 11, 18—1875; January, 15, 22, 29; February, 12, 19, 26; March 4, 11, and 18—1876.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seat at each performance, the Director will continue to issue Subscription Tickets at £3 10s. (transferable), entitling holders to special sofa stalls, selected by themselves, for the whole series of 16 Monday Evening Concerts, extending from Monday, November 8, to March 13. Subscription Tickets are also issued for the 16 Morning Concerts at £3 10s., extending from Saturday Afternoon, November 13, to March 18: also for the 7 Morning Concerts taking place on Saturdays, January 15, 22, 29; February 5, 12, 19, and 26—at £1 10s.

Mdme ESSIPOFF will appear at these Concerts on Mondays, November 8, 15, and December 6; also on Saturdays, November 13 and December 4. Mdlle ANNA MEHLIG will be the pianist on Monday, November 22; and Mr CHARLES HALLE will appear on Monday, December 13, and on Saturday, December 11. Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA will be the violinist on Mondays, November 22, 29, and December 13, also on Saturdays, November 27, December 11 and 18. Herr WILHELMJ will make his first appearance on Monday, November 8th; and M. SAINTON will lead on Saturday Afternoon, November 13. Signor PIATTI will hold the post of first violoncello on all occasions; Herr L. RIES that of second violin; Herr STRAUS or Mr ZERBINI will play viola; Sir JULIUS BENEDICT and Mr ZERBINI, as heretofore, officiating as conductors. Mr SIMS REEVES is engaged for Saturday Afternoon, December 11, and Monday Evening, December 13. Mdme SCHUMANN, Mdlle MARIE KREBS, Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN, Mr FRANKLIN TAYLOR, and Herr JOACHIM will appear after Christmas.

Applications respecting Subscriptions to be made to Chappell & Co.; Mitchell; Stanley Lucas & Co.; Ollivier, Bond Street; Keith & Co., Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; Barr, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and Austin, 28, Piccadilly.

NOTICE.

A memoir of the celebrated violinist, Auguste Wilhelmj, will appear in next week's MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANACONDA.—No. "*Ju*-ly"—*you* lie. Take it as you please. Your sting is effete and harmless, dear "Anaconda." Captain B. may probably come across you shortly, somewhere in the vicinity of the Moon Mountains. Try and sting that traveller. He will give you boa-constrictor for "Anaconda," as did once poor Winwood R. About the wretched hurdy-gurdist whom you call the "Cape Mozart," you are wholly misinformed. Mozart played upon seraphic strings, and cared not for the tortoise. Read Godwin's "*Essay on Sepulchres*;" and respect (or, at least, don't revile) your betters.

BIRTH.

On October 20, at 12, Orme Square, the wife of EDWARD DANNREUTHER, Esq., of a son.

DEATH.

On October 20, at 81, Regina Road, GEORGE H. REYNOLDS, aged 11, youngest son of the late Thomas Charles Reynolds, Professor of Music.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT BIRMIMGHAM.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

After an absence of six years, Mdme Nilsson appeared at our Town Hall last night (Oct. 26th). The eminent Swedish songstress was in splendid voice. The hall was never before so crowded, even at our great Musical Festivals. You shall have particulars in time for the ensuing number of the *Musical World*.

Birmingham, Oct. 27. C. L. P.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1875.

Episodes on Change.

DR SHIPPING. Well—where was Tinctoris actually born?
DR QUINCE. Why—I am informed, at Nivelles.
DR SHIPPING. Well—what do you say to Tirlemont?
DR QUINCE. Why—I'd rather 't had been Poperinghe.
(*Exeunt severally, and distracted.*)*

* Fact being that Tinctoris was Tinctoris—all told.—A. S. SILENT.

DR VON BÜLOW AND THE AUCTION.

THE subjoined letter has been addressed to the Editor of the *Musical World*, by Herr B. Ullman, promoter of Dr Hans von Bülow's enterprise, and confidential manager of his affairs in the United States:—

"DEAR MR ——,—I suppose you have read my letter in the *Concordia*, and you know now that it was a hoax. But how *could you* believe me capable of lending myself to such a disgraceful proceeding? The contract with Chickering had been signed in May last. It took effect in August, after he had tried 'Chickering's.' He knew the ******** pianos several years ago; found them to be powerful, but 'coarse,' and the mechanism fatiguing. So does Essipoff, to whom the ******** sent a piano to St Petersburgh last winter. The 'hoax' originated in a letter '*de fantaisie*' from New York to a Chicago paper, giving full particulars of the imaginary auction, at which I presided.*

"Bülow took great care to secure entire independence in all artistical matters, viz., the exclusive right of making his own programme, the right to select the conductor, the right to strike out from the programme any piece, by another artist, that should not be in keeping with his† (to guard against the introduction of 'nigger ballads,' &c.). I never would have signed that contract with anybody but him, knowing him to be so loyal.

"Will you be kind enough to set him and me right with the readers of the *Musical World?* and accept *mes remerciments anticipés*. Yours very truly, "B. ULLMAN.

"*Paris, 25th Oct.*, 1875."

Upon this letter—which, oddly enough, Ullman declares was a hoax—we have no particular observations to make. That—hoax or no hoax—it entirely exonerates Dr von Bülow is quite sufficient for us. Nor—as may be judged from the brief observations which appeared last week in the leading columns of this journal—had we ever the slightest doubt upon the subject. In fact, to no one acquainted with Bülow, either as an artist or as a man, could any such doubt be possible.

Elsewhere will be found a disclaimer, addressed by Herr Ullman to our contemporary, *Concordia*.

* So that Herr Ullman presided at an "imaginary auction." He confesses that much.

† This would seem to infer that Bülow, who has some 1000 pieces in's head and fingers, really possessed but *one*—that one being of his own invention!

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"IT is a very pretty quarrel as it stands," said Sir Lucius O'Trigger to his friend Bob Acres. The words of the fire-eating Hibernian may, with strict propriety, be applied to the little difficulty which has cropped up between no less a personage than Richard Wagner himself, and Herr Scherbarth, manager of the Stadttheater, Düsseldorf.

Last August, then or thenabouts, Wagner denied that there was any truth in the assertion that he and Herr Niemann had, to use a familiar expression, had any words. He gave the Universe to understand that he and Herr Niemann were as firm friends as ever, and that the latter gentleman would, despite all reports to the contrary, sing the part of Siegmund in the Nibelungen Tetralogical Trilogy, at the National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre, Bayreuth. To prove the correctness of what he said, he proceeded to cast about for a tenor to replace Herr Niemann; and he believes he has found one in the person of Herr Unger.

When Wagner had discovered Herr Unger, he likewise discovered that Herr Unger was not a free agent, being under an engagement with Herr Scherbarth at Düsseldorf. But the Composer of the Future is not a man to be stopt by trifles. He forthwith wrote requesting the Düsseldorf Manager to grant Herr Unger leave of absence until the first of November, in order that the artist might go through an additional course of training as a vocalist. Knowing Wagner, and being aware that he made the request wholly and solely for the sake of art—as exemplified in himself—we should not be surprised if, in return for compliance with his wishes, he magnanimously condescended to allow Herr Scherbarth to pay the tenor's salary during his absence from Düsseldorf. Impressed, presumably, with the honour done him; with the importance of Richard Wagner's art-mission; and with a host of other things too numerous to mention, Herr Scherbarth gave the required consent, nobly and disinterestedly resolving, in consideration of the sublime objects in view, to cripple his artistic resources, and jog on as best he could without the leading member of his company until the date above mentioned. So, Herr Unger, who, we believe, had been considered by competent judges perfectly able to sing in the works of Mozart, Gluck, Meyerbeer, and other representatives of a bye-gone period, entered upon the course of instruction requisite for fitting him to cope with the Music of the Future, and all went on for a time as smoothly as a Dutch canal-boat.

But what was Herr Scherbarth's astonishment on receiving, some little time ago, from Wagner, a certain letter dated the 29th September, 1875! Herr Scherbarth was much startled by this epistle, and we are glad he was. Had he not been startled, the celebrated episode about Charles XII. of Sweden, and the bomb which burst close by him as he was dictating a dispatch to his Secretary, would have been for ever eclipsed, and gone down in value like American greenbacks or Turkish insecurities. In the said letter, Wagner announced that Herr Unger must study another half-year if, in the present state of opera, he would preserve his voice from utter ruination. Some persons might, perhaps, suggest that, to ensure a consummation so devoutly to be wished, the most judicious step on the part of the young artist would be to content himself with the Music of the Past, and not venture on such productions as the Bayreuth Tetralogical Trilogy. This, however, is a matter of opinion.

"Leaving out of consideration"—writes Wagner—"the advantage that may accrue to my own enterprise, I consider it would be a sin against German opera, already in so suffering a state, if I allowed, with my eyes open, talent to perish, when, if properly fostered, it promises what our stage so greatly needs, a really accomplished singer."

Herr Scherbarth was then requested not simply to prolong the leave of absence, but to release Herr Unger from his engagement altogether. To this modest and characteristic demand, Herr Scherbarth, with *his* eyes, probably, open, and open pretty wide from surprise, made answer that, as a business man, he was not prepared, without more ado, to give up a first tenor, and that he thought he had already done quite sufficient for the sake of Art. But it is not for nothing that Wagner belongs to that amiable class of men who will take an ell when you give them an inch, and who prefer, also, a French ell, because it contains six quarters, while an English ell has only five, and a Flemish ell no more than three. Accordingly, he made response under the date of the 3rd October, 1875, in the involved and dictatorial strain which is by no means unusual with him, and for which we have substituted a more intelligible style in our translation, to the following effect:

"I beg you, therefore, to understand me well; to assent without any frivolous pretext of your Düsseldorf speculation, when I emphatically state the most decided determination that from this time forward Herr Unger studies during half a year uninterruptedly with his singing-master, Professor Hey, at Munich, thereby attaining, as I am convinced by the success of his last studies, to certainty in turning to account his natural artistic aptitude; and this certainly can be imparted to him in no other way."

"'Ο γέγραφα γέγραφα," this high and mighty Correspondent might have added. Yes! the Master has spoken. "Therefore, paucas palabris," as Christopher Sly has it. It seems however, that Herr Scherbarth is not of this mode of thinking; that he is not inclined to put up tamely with the loss of his tenor, and sacrifice to the glory of the National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre of Bayreuth the interests of his own theatre at Düsseldorf, which, every-day establishment as it may be, is still the source of his income, and represents for him ease, comfort, respectability, social position, and most of the things for which men toil and moil. Preposterous though such a course must appear, and decidedly is, when adopted towards one who has done so much to teach us—by his own compositions, compared with those of the old school—what to select and what to avoid, and to rescue us from the Cimmerian darkness in which we previously wandered, Herr Scherbarth, it is whispered, does not feel inclined to bow meekly before the dictatorial proceeding of Richard Wagner. If he did feel so inclined, we cannot help thinking that he would strengthen the proof already furnished by those who follow the Bayreuth banner, that all the flats connected with music are not to be found in music-books.

We conclude as we began:—"It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands." —o— R. K.

Dialogues in Purgatory.

Dr Serpent. What *could* have induced August to inflict upon us the *Macbeth* prologue?

Dr Ghost. Pressure, no doubt. The thing is published at Leipsig.

Dr Serpent. But why should *we* suffer?

Dr Ghost. Psha!—August (like his spiritual admonisher, "G") knows how to lay the Ghost. (*Both vanish*).

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CARL ROSA.

This enterprising, music-loving, and legitimately energetic professor is now confidently looked upon as the future regenerator of English opera, which emboldens us, notwithstanding the fact that he is more or less of Teutonic origin, to present our readers with his portrait.

He who wills well does well. Otherwise, *cui bono?* Moreover, Carl Rosa is an exceptional fiddler, has four strings to his bow, and four bows to each particular string.

THE Alexandra Palace Saturday Concerts begin this afternoon. The proceedings will be fully reported.

ABOUT the splendid performance and brilliant success of Cherubini's magnificent opera, *The Water-Carrier* (*Les deux Journées*), on Wednesday night, at the Princess's Theatre, under the direction of Mr Carl Rosa, we shall have something to say in our next issue. Enough for the present that the truly enthusiastic musician and conductor has covered himself with glory.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WE have reason to believe that Mr Irving's next Shaksperian character is to be Othello.

No little excitement has been caused in literary and artistic circles by an incident which occurred recently. M. Philippe Gille, who writes the *Echos de Paris* in the *Figaro*, when alluding to some one's exaggerated gestures called them *gestes à la Melingue*. Melingue, who died not long ago, was a favourite actor whose gestures certainly were often exaggerated. His son, M. Gaston Melingue, however, took the allusion in bad part, and meeting M. Gille, struck him on the head with a loaded cane. M. Gille's head is hard, or he must have been killed. He is now confined to his bed, and congestion of the brain has been averted by repeated application of ice. M. Melingue was arrested, and said, on being brought before the Commissary of Police, that he would not have his father insulted.

DR ED. HANSLICK, the well known and esteemed Viennese musical critic, has just published in the *Neue Freie Presse* the following corroboration of an historical fact which deeply interests the whole world of music:—

"The *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris* contains, in its numbers of the 5th and 12th ult., a letter signed by M. Bannelier on the Additional Exhibition of Musical Instruments which I arranged in conjunction with Herr Exner, *Regierungsrath*, in the Vienna Universal Exhibition of 1873. In this notice, which, by its kindly tone, must appeal to the sympathies of every Austrian who peruses it, the author clears up a point which in its time has been much discussed, and is of universal musico-historical interest. The Historical Exhibition, I must state, contained, besides the perfectly authenticated pianos of Haydn, Mozart, Sebastian Bach, etc., a grand by Erard, sent from the Linz Landes-Museum, with the date 1804 and the inscription: 'Forte piano, presented by the City of Paris to the Composer, L. v. Beethoven. Giver: Herr Johann van Beethoven, gentleman, Linz (his Brother).' Painful as it was for me to differ from the authorities of the Linz Museum, who had enriched our Exhibition with numerous valuable relics, I felt compelled openly to express my well justified doubts of the correctness of the inscription (which emanated from Beethoven's Brother). A mark of respect from the City of Paris to Beethoven at a period when very few Parisians even knew of the existence of such a man! In addition to this, there was the well known fact that little reliance could be placed on Johann van Beethoven, who was not always very particular about adhering to the truth! But M. Bannelier adopted the praiseworthy measure of consulting the books of the Erard firm. These prove that: 'On the 18th Thermidor of the Year XI. of the Republic (1803), Sebastian Erard sent a grand (*un piano forme clavecin*) as a present to M. Ludwig van Beethoven in Vienna.' This clears up the matter and authenticates the Erard piano to have been the property of Beethoven. The city of Paris is now, as it was before, out of the question, but the history of the present, and the meritorious act of Sebastien Erard, the genial principal of the celebrated pianoforte manufactory, in paying a spontaneous tribute of artistic homage to Beethoven, then 33 years old, are clearly demonstrated. The Museum at Linz may now boldly describe this valuable object as: 'A present from Sebastian Erard to Beethoven, in the year 1803.'"

The expression "gentleman," in the English version, stands for the word "*Privat*" in the German description given of himself by Herr Johann van Beethoven. "*Privat*" means a "private person" not carrying on any trade or profession, and may be regarded as the equivalent of the French phrase: "un particulier," or the Greek "Ἰδιώτης." Perhaps this explanation was necessary.

PROVINCIAL.

EASTBOURNE.—The morning and evening concerts, given last month in the Assembly Rooms, by Mdlle Teresa Bonini, the well known vocalist and harpist, of Brighton, were very successful. Mdlle Bonini sang Schubert's "Ave Maria," Gounod's "Quando a te liete," "The blind girl to her harp," and the "Mocking bird." Mdlle Bonini also joined in several concerted pieces with Madame Cassinello, Mr C. Baines, and Mr Charles Newton. The instrumental portion of the concerts was varied and select. Beethoven's pianoforte Sonatas in E flat and in D minor were well played by Miss Fanny Pieczonka. Mr A. Dumsday, a good cornet, also gave two olos with effect.

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SIMS REEVES AT BIRMINGHAM.

Mr Sims Reeves may always count upon an enthusiastic reception from his Birmingham friends; and when he displays (as he did last night) a willingness to comply with the wishes of his hearers, and is ready, when called upon, to give an additional song as a reply to an encore, he may depend upon exciting universal approbation. It is our pleasant duty to record that Mr Reeves is still in full possession of his extraordinary vocal powers. We knew, indeed, that his style would always be distinguished by the highest artistic finish. It is, perhaps, refinement of expression, above all else, that has given our greatest tenor his exalted position; and without that refinement the most wonderful natural gifts would be of little avail. Sims Reeves, unusually endowed, has, by diligent study of the highest forms of art, attained to a perfection unapproached by any of his fellows. In Blumenthal's "Message" he exhibited a perfect command over passages of tenderness and passion. In Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud" he showed himself a master in the interpretation of the melodious dramatic; and in Dibdin's "Tom Bowling" fully maintained his reputation as the foremost exponent of our grand old nautical airs. Each verse of each song called forth enthusiastic applause, and more than once the noise of the cheering was deafening. In reply to a re-demand, made by long-continued clapping of hands and acclamations, after Balfe's ballad, Mr Reeves delighted the audience with "My Pretty Jane," which, it is scarcely requisite to add, was given with the highest refinement of expression.

ONE WHO LOOKED ON AND HEARD ON, AND WONDERED IF WE SHOULD EVER HAVE ANOTHER TENOR LIKE JOHN SIMS REEVES.

Birmingham, October, 1875.

—o—

TINCTORIS.

It was once supposed that the well-known Flemish musician, Tinctoris, was born at Nivelles, but modern research has completely proved the untruthfulness of the tradition. It is now an established fact that Tinctoris first saw the light at Poperinghe. Notwithstanding this, the inhabitants still cling to the delusion that he was born here, and recently inaugurated a monument to his memory, in presence of the Minister of the Interior and of Public Works. M. Le Hardy de Beaulieu, deputy, was invited to attend, but, instead of coming, sent a letter of which the following is a portion:—

"It would be absurd on my part, after the light thrown on the subject, to assist in inaugurating a monument on which will be inscribed; 'Born at Nivelles,' when everyone knows that this is inexact, and that the only tie which connects Tinctoris to your town is a prebendaryship. I refuse to make one in rendering Nivelles, which has done nothing to deserve such an outrage, the object of the jokes of the public in Belgium and abroad. Tinctoris's place was in the dust of special libraries. He should have been left there. Is it proposed to raise statues to all the musicians in the universe? If not, why raise a statue to Tinctoris rather than to Orpheus, Meyerbeer, Rossini, or Paganini? Is it because they were not born at Poperinghe?"

To say the very least of this, it may fairly be regarded as outspoken.

GROKER ROORES.

MDLLE TATE'S annual concert took place in St George's Hall, and attracted a large and fashionable audience. It is so seldom that precocious talent preserves its character when subjected to the training necessary to render it artistic, that the career of Mdlle Tate has long been watched with interest by those who perceived in her early displays indications of unusual ability. That Mdlle Tate has not confined her studies to any particular school, but has formed her style upon an intimate acquaintance with the works of the old and new masters, was evident from the manner in which she played Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, and Liszt. No pieces could have been better selected to test the abilities of the young pianist. A firm touch and characteristic rigidity of style marked the performance of Bach's music; expression heightened the charm of Beethoven; whilst accurate execution and great digital power made Chopin and Liszt effective illustrations of modern art. The success of Mdlle Tate was legitimately achieved. The vocalists were Miss Marie Duval, Miss Mary Rolt, and Herr Werrenrath; the violinist was Herr Capellmeister Rydl; the violoncellist was Herr Daubert, and the accompanist Herr Lehmeyer.

BIRMINGHAM.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

If there is one quality more than another with which the British public fairly deserves to be credited, it is that of constancy to its old favourites; and a more striking instance of this could hardly have been found than at Mr W. Pyatt's concert, on the 20th inst., when Mr Sims Reeves constituted the principal attraction. Of the weather, that most important element when the muses are appealed to, one could only quote the words of the poet—"The rain it raineth every day;"—for there had been a steady downpour for something like forty hours; and ominous were the reports as to the sale of tickets, the reserved seats being said to be "shy." Night came, but with it no cessation of the work of Jupiter Pluvius, and yet the Town Hall was literally besieged, some two hours before the time for the concert to begin, by an eager crowd, who, when admitted, filled every nook and corner of the vast building, perching themselves up in the windows, thronging under the orchestra and out-of-the-way places, where seeing was out of the question, and hearing problematical. Such devotion had its reward; for rarely or ever has our greatest singer displayed his gifts to more advantage. The welcome accorded to him by the delighted audience, after his nearly two years' absence, was enough to move the susceptibilities of the strongest-nerved. Mr Reeves is tolerably accustomed to this kind of thing; but yet it would seem to have stimulated him on the present occasion, for his singing of "The Message," "Come into the garden, Maud," "My Pretty Jane," and "Tom Bowling," was so replete with delicacy, refinement, and expression, that the whole may be shortly summed up as perfection. The encore accorded to the second-named song served but to whet the appetite of some of his hearers, who would not rest satisfied with the twice-repeated acknowledgment of the applause to Dibdin's pathetic ballad, but persisted in their demonstrations. Birmingham is notorious for endeavouring to exact encores, and, practically, to obtain eighteenpence for its shilling—an unruly knot of young men usually distinguishing themselves by their utter regardlessness of the annoyance inflicted on their neighbours.

In addition to Mr Sims Reeves, Mdme Cave-Ashton, a lady with a light, pleasing, sympathetic soprano voice, hardly powerful enough for the Town Hall, but managed with artistic effect, Miss Helen D'Alton, whose singing does credit to her instructress, Mrs Reeves, and Signor Foli, whose powerful voice has lost none of its attraction, successfully contributed to the vocal portion of the programme; while Mdlle Bertha Brousil (violin) and Mr Nicholson (flute) lent the necessary instrumental variety, with honour to themselves and satisfaction to their hearers, Mr Sidney Naylor maintaining his reputation as conductor.

The Festival Choral Society's first concert deserved better support than was accorded to it, despite a programme comprising Rossini's *Stabat Mater* (why do we never hear either of the other *Stabats?*), Mendelssohn's *Lauda Zion*, and Spohr's "God, Thou art great." In the first-named the soprano part was sustained, with artistic finish, by Mdme Sinico-Campobello; but the effect of the "Inflammatus" was drowned by the orchestra and organ, the former being too loud throughout. To Miss Enriquez fell the contralto solo, "Fac ut portem" sung in a manner to justify the applause which followed; while Mr Vernon Rigby's capabilities were powerfully exemplified in the tenor music—"Cujus animam" coming in for the largest share of approval; and Mr Whitney's full-toned bass voice found ample scope in "Pro peccatis." In Mendelssohn's *Lauda Zion*, Miss Emma Beasley, the soloist, met with a cordial reception from her fellow-townsmen, who are not slow to recognise native talent. This young lady has a voice worth cultivating; and, if she will accept the applause as an encouragement and incentive to study (instead of—as is too often the case—regarding it as a tribute to perfection), may make a useful addition to the rank of soprano vocalists. Mr Stockley displayed his accustomed skill as conductor, and the choruses were, as a whole, satisfactory.

Of the Nilsson concert and Carl Rosa Company something next week.

D. H.

LEIPSIC.—Dr Förster, the new manager of the Stadttheater, has engaged Herr Neumann, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, to act as operatic stage-manager, and direct the business department.

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LISZT AND RUBINI IN HOLLAND.*

In 1843 Rubini decided on quitting the Théâtre-Italien, Paris, and for the following reason. He had been promised the post of professor of singing at our Conservatory of Music, and with the post was to be joined the cross of a Knight of the Legion of Honour. For Rubini the cross was the height of his ambition and the crowning glory of his brilliant career. Convinced that the promise made him could not be illusory, he informed his friends in Italy of it. In reply, they wrote to the *Chevalier* Rubini, as though his nomination had been an accomplished fact. Unfortunately for Rubini he was doomed to be disappointed; the promised cross was refused him. In his humiliation he determined not to appear again at the Italian Opera, Paris, though for him it had been the scene of nothing but triumphs. Profiting by this unfortunate occurrence, Liszt offered to make a tour with the great artist through Holland and Belgium. They set out in the month of October, accompanied by Mad. Rubini. They had as secretary a man who had followed Liszt in all his peregrinations, and whose devotion was equalled only by his cleverness. His name was Belloni. He was charged with the material organisation of the concerts. His history deserves a chapter to itself, and we shall devote one to it. They shaped their course to the Hague. Liszt had given his companion hopes that, after hearing him, the King of Holland would give the ribbon which France had just denied. They made a triumphal entry into the town. Gaily decorated carriages came to meet them, and they passed under arches of flowers into their hotel. Immense posters were placarded on the walls. But the prices of admission to the first concert announced were exorbitant. Never had they been so high. At the appointed time the doors were opened. After the lapse of an hour only seventeen persons had answered the invitation of the two artists.

Liszt was the first to appear on the platform. He cast an uneasy glance upon the audience, and then, without being disconcerted, played with marvellous talent, as though he had been in the presence of thousands of hearers. Rubini appeared in his turn, but, thinking the public had been misled as to the hour of the concert, immediately went back again. It was with difficulty he was prevailed upon to re-appear and sing. The enthusiasm of the seventeen auditors passed all bounds. Touched by this cordial reception, Liszt, after having played his "Hungarian March," bowed amid the noise of the applause, and delivered the following address to the seventeen applauders:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen" (there were three ladies among the audience), "We are profoundly grateful to you for the sympathetic reception you have accorded us, and we shall never forget this evening. You are not numerous; our hotel is opposite; do us the honour of coming and sharing our supper."

The seventeen auditors, thinking, doubtless, from the very high price of admission, that the supper formed a part of the programme, followed the two artists, and remained at table till three o'clock in the morning. The next day Belloni, after an airing through the town, came to the conclusion that they had nothing to hope from so inartistic a population. He advised, therefore, Liszt and Rubini to start, without the least delay, for Amsterdam. Poor Rubini, who reckoned upon the Dutch cross, saw his hopes once more frustrated. At the moment of their leaving, a somewhat warm altercation arose between the two partners. Rabelais' quarter of an hour had struck; Belloni brought his account book. Rubini glanced over the expenses and read:—

	Fr.
Paid for ovation-carriages	400
Paid for flowers and crowns	250
Paid for advertisements, posters, and paragraphs .	800
Expenses of the concert	600
Supper for the company	225
Total . . .	2,275

Mad Rubini protested against the excessive amount of this bill, and would not pay her share. Rubini refused to continue the journey. Liszt, always grand and generous, fearing to be left alone, paid all expenses for the two. At Amsterdam, things were different. The receipts were on a par with the success. From Amsterdam Rubini and Liszt proceeded to Gotha, where the Duke of Saxe-Coburg had expressed a wish to hear them. After the first concert he sent Liszt the cross of his Order, and begged him to hand Rubini a snuff-box ornamented with brilliants. Liszt, foreseeing how disagreeably Rubini would be affected by the present intended for him, went to the Duke and got him to change the snuff-box for a ribbon. Rubini had at length found a sovereign who deigned to crown his wishes. The same day, he wrote seventy letters to friends in Italy, informing them of the event. This time he was really a Chevalier. His cross assuredly marked the happiest day in his life.

* From *Mes Souvenirs*, by Léon Escudier.

MUSIC IN CALCUTTA.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

The Allen Opera Company opened, on the 15th instant. The Corinthian Theatre, filled with an elegant audience, was rendered exceedingly lively by the number of Punkah-Wallahs in every part. But for them, the heat would have been unbearable; as it was it was distressing. The fame of Miss Alice May had preceded her, and when she emerged from her cloak as the page in *Satanella*, there was a burst of applause. A few minutes sufficed to place her *en rapport* with her auditors, and her first recitative, "Once more the page I cease to play," brought down the house. At the conclusion of "There's a power whose sway," she was vociferously applauded and recalled. Since then she has appeared in *Maritana*, *The Bohemian Girl*, and *The Grande Duchesse*. The public of Calcutta have confirmed what other countries have said of her talent. Witness the *Indian Daily News* of to-day:—

"Miss Alice May than whom a more charming artist never came to India, she is equal to all she undertakes, and deserving of the many laurels she has gained elsewhere. An accomplished singer, with a voice of fine *timbre*, fresh and well cultivated, a charming and finished manner, she carries all before her. Her stage knowledge is of the most perfect kind."

Of the company at large some doubts existed at first, partly because the house is very bad for sound, and partly because they had scarcely recovered from a long voyage by sea and land. Of Mr Allen the *Daily News* says:—

"Mr G. B. Allen is a perfect conductor and an excellent musician. It is to be hoped that he will produce his own charming and sparkling opera, *Castle Grim*."

It is a pity that the company opened so early, for the heat is too great to allow people thoroughly to enjoy any amusement in a crowded theatre. In another month cool evenings may be expected, and the Viceroy (who takes the Corinthian Theatre under his special patronage, as well as the Prince of Wales during his visit), and the *élite* will return to town and a brilliant season may be expected.

September 28th, 1875.

DÜSSELDORF.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The new conductor, Herr Courvoisier, from Frankfort, has entered upon his duties at the Stadttheater, his predecessor, Herr Kochner, who discharged them for many years, undertaking the curatorship of the library. With a view to the magnificent new theatre which will be opened in November, the band has been increased, and now numbers forty-two members.—Herr Nachbauer, from Munich, lately played a round of characters here, but the management was considerably out of pocket, as the theatre was never more than half filled, during his engagement.—The Vocal Associations are preparing for the winter. Ratzenberger's will open its series of five concerts with Rubinstein's *Paradise Lost*. The General Vocal will begin with Handel's *Messiah*, and the Bach Association with some less important works. Herr Ratzenberger, also, has thoughts of getting up a series of Chamber Music Evenings, for compositions by old and modern masters.

BREMEN.—*Le Roi l'a dit*, by M. Delibes, has been produced.

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CORN CUTTING.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

"The only chiropodist in Malvern is Mr Henry Clay. He may be consulted, first by letter."—*Malvern News.*

Sir,—This is delicious. Now, I want to get an introduction to Dr Hiff—failing that, to Dr Slyme; but I should prefer Dr Hiff. Can you manage it for me? I am anxiously looking for the next *M. W.* on account of the *Malvern News.*

To Dr Shoe. E. CUNINGHAM B. GRUNT.

[Dr Hiff is residing at the Chateau d'Iff—off Marseilles; Dr Slyme is, as usual, shooting phenicopters with Alliduke of the Well, at Hillbury on the Slopes; Dr Shoe (though it is to be hoped we may not have seen the last of him), is still camping at Cobblerside, in the valley of Wax.—A. S. S.]

WAIFS.

A Western settler—The contents of a six-shooter.

In what place are two heads better than one? In a barrel.

When a man tells the naked truth, he must give the bare facts.

M. de Bernier has finished the drama which he intends for the Français. The title is *Attila.*

The Vokes Family will re-appear at Drury Lane on Boxing Night in the pantomime.

M. Georges Philippe Deslandres, the organist, died recently in Paris, aged twenty-seven.

The alligator that swallowed a corset is dead. It stayed on his stomach and busted him.

For thin people to get suddenly fat— Step on a piece of orange peel and come down plump.

The office of organist and choirmaster to St Mary Magdalene Church, Torquay, is vacant. The stipend is £60 per annum.

Mdlle Heilbron has signed an engagement at St Petersburg for two months. She will make her *début* as Marguerite in *Faust.*

Mdme de Girardin's *Lady Tartuffe* is to be reproduced shortly at the Theâtre-Français. Mdlle Croizette is to take the title-part.

All the sculpture and carving which decorate the exterior of the Royal Aquarium has been executed by Mr T. Bromfield, of Lambeth.

Alexandre Dumas' *Etrangère,* being completely finished, the author is revising it. It was to be read at the Théâtre-Français on the 25th.

It will be exactly twenty-five years—a quarter of a century—on the 28th inst., since Meyerbeer's *Prophète* was first performed at the Royal Operahouse.

The artists of the Théâtre-Français recently gave a farewell banquet to M. Régnier, who is retiring from his functions of general director of the stage.

The magician who astonished his audience by changing a canary-bird into a rabbit has a formidable rival in the man who has turned a bushel of potatoes into a barrel.

Mdme Mangold Diehl has returned to town from a lengthened visit to Forest Lodge, Blackmount, Scotland—the Highland residence of the Earl and Countess of Dudley.

The long run of the *Chatte Blanche,* in Paris, has at length terminated, and the dresses, scenery, &c., have been sold for 50,000 francs to a London manager, who intends to bring out the piece.

Offenbach goes to Philadelphia during the coming exhibition. He will give, in New York, a series of concerts, himself directing. He will remain at Philadelphia until the 15th of August.

The King of the Netherlands has conferred on M. Alexandre Batta the Commander's Cross of the Oaken Crown, and invited him to spend the month of May next at the Royal Palace of Loo.

Mr Carl Rosa, for excellent reasons, has abandoned his project of giving a short season of "opera in English," at Drury Lane next March. In revenge we are promised a long one in the autumn following.

Miss Helen D'Alton (a most charming lady*), who sang with such success at the Pyatt-Reeves concert in Plymouth is, we understand, a pupil of Mrs ("Sympatica") Reeves herself. Hence the result.

* I was not present.—D. P.

Signor Rossi will make his appearance at Drury Lane at Easter.

M. Faure, in consequence of his continued indisposition, will not make his appearance at the French Opera in *Don Juan.* M. Lassalle, who has already replaced him in *Hamlet,* will be his substitute.

Messrs T. Grieve and Sons have just completed the act drop for the Royal Aquarium, the centre group being taken from the celebrated picture "Youth at the prow, Pleasure at the helm," by Etty, R.A.

An old woman, in Bridgeport, who has pasted nearly 5,000 medical recipes in a book during the past forty years, has never been sick a day in her life, and is growing discouraged. Some people are born to ill luck, she says.

Street-pianos and street-organs, and, let us hope, street-music of every description, are to be prohibited in the town of Lille, on and after the 1st of November next, as being inimical to the maintenance of public order and morality.

A German operatic company will, in the course of next spring, take possession of Drury Lane Theatre, where the experiment of rendering Wagner's music will be entered upon. *Tannhäuser* has already been translated for the purpose.

So great has been the success of *The Shaughraun* at Drury Lane that, according to report, arrangements have already been made for continuing its "run" at the Adelphi, when the requirements of pantomime necessitate its removal from the larger house.

M. Gounod is gradually recovering from his accident. Another well-known musician, M. Lamoureux, Director of the Harmonic Soirée, has met with a similar mishap, having fallen from the first to the ground floor of his house, and injured himself severely.

The decease at Paris is announced of M. Cambon, the well-known scene painter of the Grand Opera, at the age of 72 years. His water colours and sepia drawings attracted attention as far back as 1835, but he eventually devoted himself exclusively to scene painting.

"Within the last few days," says a Plymouth paper, "Madame Nilsson has, in the fulfilment of her engagements, visited Belfast, Dublin, Brighton, London, and Plymouth." More has been done since then, as many of our correspondents and readers are aware.

Mr Fly played trumpet accompaniment to Madame Christine Nilsson's "Let the bright seraphim" at the recent concert in the Plymouth Guildhall. "Fly can go high," writes a correspondent, without what the late Mr Chorley would have called "wing peril."

Yesterday an auburn-haired lad of 10 summers, living on Beech street, got down the big silver castor during his mother's temporary absence, and, as he rolled it back and forth across the kitchen, he sang: "Dearest Mother, thou hast left us." He hadn't been playing a great while before she came in, and what happened may be judged from the expression he used as he sat down in the weeds behind the woodshed, viz.: "I'll tear her Sunday bonnet up to pay for that!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Sacred Harmonic Society has issued its prospectus for the forty-fourth season at Exeter Hall. The season will open on Friday, November 26th, with a performance of Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Mozart's *Requiem.* In addition to those works annually looked for, there will be performances of Handel's *Deborah,* Beethoven's Mass in C, and *Mount of Olives,* Handel's *Samson,* Haydn's *Seasons* (on the anniversary of the composer's birth—March 31st), and a selection from the lesser known works of Handel and other composers. Sir Michael Costa will conduct the performances, as usual, and Mr. Willing will preside at the organ.—*(Communicated.)*

Hurrying down Jefferson avenue yesterday to the depôt, a man struck a heap of peach-skins, and fell on his beam-ends, and rolled over twice before he stopped. A boy standing in the centre of the street anxiously inquired: "Be you hunting for anything, Mister?" "Come here, sir," said the man as he sat up, "come and get ten cents, and some candy, and figs, and plums, and juba-paste? That's a good boy, come and see me." "Your intentions may be good," replied the boy as he backed off, "but I guess I'll wait until the other booting gets over aching before I get any nearer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Eastern funny man, whose wit is mostly made up of stolen ideas, has invented a charming story about Chicago hotel-keepers, who, he says, now require travellers to pay in advance. According to the story, one traveller, not appreciating the change of affairs, was questioned by a clerk, who said, "You will not object to paying before you go to your room, sir?" "Certainly not: make out your bill." "For how long, sir?" "Well," says the stranger. "you may charge me for about ten minutes, on the European plan. By the end of that time I think I shall be at an hotel where the clerks wear smaller diamonds and have more confidence in human nature.

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A committee has been formed at Florence for the purpose of celebrating, next May, the centenary of Cristofori, supposed inventor of the piano. The principal feature of the celebration will be international concerts on a large scale. The Abbé Liszt has promised to play.

Mdme Viardot has resigned her position of professor at the Paris Conservatoire because predominance is given to opéra-comique over opera; because a number of teachers are engaged to give lessons to the same pupil; and because, in a recent distribution of prizes by the jury, one of her pupils, Mdlle Belgirard, was unjustly set aside.

Nym Crinkle writes in the New York *World:* "I am told by a Broadway milliner that those who appear in the sanctuary every Sunday in new bonnets have been supplied regularly and gratuitously by up-town houses. The ladies recompense the houses by mentioning the names of their firms when their bonnets are admired. How shocked those dear creatures would be if their beloved pastor should appear in his pulpit Sunday morning with a placard on his breast inviting his congregation to buy their underclothing of Jones & Johnson." There are a number of pretty girls in Chicago, observes the *Chicago Tribune*, who would like to have their practice become common here. They would wear better bonnets than they now do.

ORGAN RECITAL.—The large hall connected with the Bow and Bromley Institute was crowded to excess on Saturday evening last, on the occasion of an organ recital being given by Dr C. G. Verrinder. The programme consisted of the overture to *Egmont* (Beethoven); Concerto, No. 12 (Handel); Trio for the organ (Bach); Offertoire (Batiste); Choral Song and Fugue (Wesley); Grand March to Schiller (Meyerbeer). Dr Verrinder was loudly applauded after each piece. Miss Jessie Giles, of the London Academy of Music, sang songs by Handel and Molloy, and pleased the large audience by her fresh voice and clear intonation. The performance was one of the most successful that have been given.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Monday and Wednesday next Buatur, the great Continental *prestidigitateur* from the Egyptian Hall, will perform at the Alexandra Palace. On Tuesday and Thursday Mr Phelps and the Gaiety Company will perform in the theatre. On the former of these days Mr Phelps will represent his famous character of Job Thornberry in *John Bull;* on Thursday he will play Sir Pertinax McSycophant in the *Hypocrite;* on Saturday there will be the first of the series of Saturday Popular Concerts. On that evening there will be an illuminated promenade. Handel's oratorio, *Esther*, will be produced for the first time since the year 1757, on Saturday next.

"THE MAID OF ATHENS."—Mr Richard Edgcumbe writes:—"The announcement made by the Greek journals of the death of Mrs Black, known to the world as 'The Maid of Athens,' is one which will not fail to interest the many admirers of Byron. I should not have presumed to trespass on your valuable space but for the reason that some misapprehension seems to exist as to the age she had attained at the time of her death, which, in the announcement made in *The Times* of Thursday, is set down at 76 years. It is, of course, well known to most people that Byron made the acquaintance of Theodora Macri and her three daughters, Teresa, Katinka, and Mariana, in February, 1810, just 65 years ago. In a letter written by the poet to his friend Mr Henry Drury at this time, he mentions the three Graces in the following words:—'I am dying for love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters. I lived in the same house. Teresa, Mariana, and Katinka are the names of the three divinities; all of them under 15.' Now, it is very well known that the eldest, Teresa, was the one he addressed as 'Maid of Athens,' and I am inclined to think that she must at that time have been at least fourteen years of age—a supposition based upon an account given of them by Mr W. H. Williams in his *Travels in Italy and Greece*. Supposing, then, that the Maid of Athens was a little over fourteen years old in February, 1810, she cannot have been much under 80 years of age at the time of her death, and it is not without a pang that I recall an account given of Mrs Black's poverty by, I think, Mr Finlay a few years since, when an appeal was made in her behalf with but scant, if any, result. Byron's friends are all gone, save one, the dauntless Edward Trelawny, who enjoyed the poet's confidence and accompanied him to Greece. Byron's servants are all gone, save one, William Childs, a beadle in Golden Square. But in their place we have those honourable men who cling to his name, and who have shown their reverence for his memory by a tardy but just endeavour to set him on the pinnacle reared by his towering genius. That something associated with Byron should have passed away is one of those sad but inevitable consequences of the march of time; let us, at least, take comfort in the thought that there is still something left."

POTSDAM.—Herren Barth, De Ahna, and Hausmann, from Berlin, lately gave the first of a series of Concerts for Chamber Music in the large room of the Barberini Palace. The programme included Mendelssohn's C minor Trio (Op. 66), Haydn's C major Trio, and Beethoven's B flat Trio (Op. 97).

BASLE.—The splendid new Town Theatre was worthily inaugurated with Mozart's *Don Juan*. Situated in one of the finest quarters of the town, and in the midst of a number of public edifices, it presents an imposing aspect, both inside and out. The stage, which is very deep and very lofty, is furnished with all the mechanical contrivances due to modern invention. The scenery is magnificent. The auditorium can seat about 1,400 spectators.

GOTTENBURG (Sweden).—The *Götheborg Posten* informs us that Mdme Trebelli and her artist-companions continue their journey of triumphs through the country. At the same time, a Swedish contralto, Mdlle Victoria Bunsen, with less ostentation, but not with less success, has been heard in several towns in our neighbourhood. Mdlle Bunsen, who last year created a *furore*, with the modesty that distinguishes real talent, has not sung here this season, thinking, perhaps, of the proverb, "No one is a prophet in his own country." We, however, are of opinion that Mdlle Bunsen can "hold her own" against any other contralto. We hope to welcome her next year, and to show that, even in her native country, her talent is appreciated.

LÜBECK.—Our distinguished and energetic Music Director, Herr Gottfried Herrmann, gave an extra *soirée musicale* on the 16th October, for the benefit of the intended monument to the memory of Dr Louis Spohr, in Cassel. The result was in every respect gratifying, and the execution of the programme, which consisted only of the compositions of Concertmaster Spohr, was highly creditable to all concerned. The following is the programme:—1. String Quartet, Op. 74, No. 3, in D minor; 2. Two songs for baritone, with piano and violin accompaniment; 3. Quintet for piano and strings, Op. 130—the piano part brilliantly played by Fräulein Clara Herrmann; 4. Grand Fantasia on themes by Handel and Vogler, for harp and violin—excellently performed by Fräulein Ida Herrmann and her father, Music Director Herrmann; 5. Nonett for violin, tenor, violoncello, double basso, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and horn. The concert was well attended, and the graceful act of *pietät* for Master Spohr reflects very creditably on Music Director Herrmann.

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WALTER MACFARREN.

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PROFESSOR AUGUSTUS WILHELMJ.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, BY PROFESSOR RICHARD WUERST, RÔYAL PRUSSIAN DIRECTOR OF MUSIC.

(Translated by JAMES FRANCIS TROWERS.)

The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* brings, under vol. xxviii., page 17, a biography of Augustus Wilhelmj, written by the composer and historian, Professor Doctor Richard Wuerst. We have chosen the following extracts from the life of this young violinist, thinking they will interest English readers.

Augustus Emil Daniel Frederic Victor Wilhelmj, the descendant of a very old and highly respectable German family, was born on the 21st September, 1845, at the ancient town of Usingen, in the former duchy of Nassau, now belonging to Prussia, his father being Barrister and Doctor-at-Law of the Rôyal Prussian Supreme Court.* The mother of Augustus Wilhelmj, Charlotte, *née* Petry, has played no small part in her time as songstress and pianist, having received her musical education from Privy Counsellor Anthony André, Marco Bordogni, and Frederic Chopin.

Wilhelmj received his first lesson on the violin from Conrad Fischer, Director of Music of the Duke of Nassau, at Wiesbaden. Mr Fischer proved himself an excellent teacher. Wilhelmj must have made very great and rapid progress then. At the time, about the beginning of 1850, when the eminent songstress, Henriette Sontag (Countess Rossi), happened to visit Wilhelmj's family at Wiesbaden, the young violinist, only seven years old, played in her presence with such exactness, beauty of sound, and original tone, that, quite enraptured, she embraced and kissed him, exclaiming, "You will be the German Paganini!"

Under the tuition of Fischer, the eminent talents of Wilhelmj developed themselves amazingly. The boy did not only in his youth cause great sensation owing to his full, mellowy, grand tone, but also to his great musical hearing capacity. He could, for instance, tell any single note of an accord, and had even the gift of naming each single sound amongst the greatest chaos with exactness and certainty.

In November, 1853, Wilhelmj heard and played for the first time one of the quatuors of Haydn. The boy not only kept time, but played with a certainty and tact as if he had been playing these quatuors for years.

On the 8th of January, 1854, Wilhelmj appeared for the first time in public. This took place at a concert given for benevolent purposes at Limburg on the Lahn. His second appearance took place at Wiesbaden, the 17th of March, 1856, at the Theatre Royal. This concert was given for the benefit of the Poor Old Men Asylum. Wilhelmj enraptured the public.

Dr Wilhelmj, the father, had, in spite of the great musical talents of his son, wished him to get learned in the law. First, after many resistances, however, he gave way to the indefatigable entreaties of his son, and agreed for him to dedicate himself to the musical art, but this only in case one of the great musicians of the day had examined him and declared him to be competent.

In the spring of 1861 Wilhelmj went for this purpose, having recommendations of Prince Wittgenstein to Franz Liszt, at Weimar, for being examined. During this examination, which was to decide his whole career, he played before the great man Louis Spohr's eighth concerto (*Scena Cantante*), and Hungarian airs by Henry Ernst. F. Liszt, who accompanied him on the piano, immediately perceived that he had to do with no common talent, but with one possessed of extraordinary musical endowments. After he had played some smaller pieces *a prima vista*, Liszt left the piano and exclaimed:—

"What, and they were considering which career you should choose! Why, you are born for music, and if the fiddle had not been invented, it would have had to be invented for you especially. Young man, study diligently, and you may depend on it that the world will yet talk of you."

Some days after this, Liszt went with his new *protegé* to Leipzig, to entrust his education to the guidance of Ferdinand David, saying, "I bring you the future second Paganini!"

From 1861 to 1864 Wilhelmj studied at the Rôyal Musical Academy at Leipzig. His teachers in theory were Hauptmann, Richter, and afterwards Joachim Raff, at Wiesbaden. Ferdinand David did superintend the education of Wilhelmj, and it is due to him that Wilhelmj has got such a classical style of playing solos or quatuors. Wilhelmj soon became the favourite scholar of the Conservatoire of Leipzig, and was considered a great wonder by his colleagues. Ferdinand David did often with no small pride remark "that there were no difficulties existing Wilhelmj could not easily surmount."

At an examination of the scholars of the Academy taking place on the 9th April, 1862, Wilhelmj attained immense success. Nobody could ever recollect any one before having met with such applause. He played the "Concerto Pathétique" of Ernst.

On the 24th November, 1862, Wilhelmj performed for the first time, at the Leipzig "Gewandhaus Concerts," the "Concerto after Hungarian manner" by Josephus Joachim. He lived at the house of his teacher, David, and it was here he made the acquaintance of David's niece, Baroness de Liphardt, whom he espoused on the 29th May, 1866. Owing to this connection, he got related to the renowned Prince of Liven. The family Liphardt belongs to the oldest and noblest family of the Russian Baltic provinces.

A very severe illness, typhus fever, which overtook him shortly afterwards, prevented Wilhelmj for some time following his studies; but, as soon as he was cured, he studied again with his usual zeal. His first concert tour was in the fall of 1865, in Switzerland. In 1866 he visited Holland; afterwards, Great Britain, where, thanks to the exertions of Jenny Lind, he appeared before the public, for the first time, at Covent Garden Theatre, in one of the concerts of Alfred Mellon. Wilhelmj caused unexampled sensation; every one thought himself back again in the time of Nicolo Paganini. On the 20th January, 1867, Wilhelmj played for the first time at Paris, at the popular concerts for classical music given by Pasdeloup in the Circus Napoléon. The newspapers were unanimous in declaring that Wilhelmj was the most perfect violinist they had ever heard, calling him "le nouveau Paganini." After all these successes, Wilhelmj returned again to the Rhine, as the French papers proudly said, "Inconnu hier, le vôila célèbre aujourd'hui."

In the fall of 1867 Wilhelmj went to Italy. At Florence he had, in acknowledgment of his grand, incomparable classical play, the title "Protector of the Societa di Quartette" conferred on him. January 1868 he went to Russia, being invited by the Grand-Duchess Helena Pawlowna of Russia. At St Petersburg Wilhelmj lived with Hector Berlioz, the "French Beethoven," and other celebrities of the Palais Michel. He took a share in many interesting musical evenings, for which the *salon* of this art-loving and ingenuous Grand-Duchess was known. It was here that Hector Berlioz spoke the now well-known words:

"I have never before heard such an eminent, enrapturing, noble tone as Wilhelmj's, and I must admit that his way of playing is quite phenomenal."

On the 27th January, 1868, Wilhelmj appeared for the first time in a great concert at St Petersburg, where he met with the accustomed applause. During the season of 1868-69, he visited again Switzerland, France, and Belgium. In the season of 1869-70 he made a great concert tour, with Mr Santley, to the principal towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, everywhere meeting with the greatest applause. During the bad times of the French war, Wilhelmj did very much to ameliorate the sufferings of the poor and wounded of this unhappy war. He is known for his great benevolence. He gave concerts for the above purpose not only at Wiesbaden, Darmstadt, Mayence, but at many other places. In 1871 we find the young violinist at Holland, where he met even with more success than in 1866. At the university town of Leyden he was agreeably surprised by being received with torchlight procession. During 1871-72 he gave concerts in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

He first undertook a concert tour in his own country in the winter of 1872-73, when he visited the north of Germany, the Russian Baltic provinces, Tolen, Galizia, and the Austrian Crownlands; the same journey he accomplished again in March, 1874.

Wilhelmj put in his first appearance at Berlin on the 22nd October, 1872, where he played at the Singacademie, and at Vienna, on the 23rd March, 1873, at the Great Music-hall, the

* The father has perhaps obtained as great fame as the son, not merely as a clever lawyer, but as the most important wine-grower on the Rhine, having the greatest collection of the finest Rhine wines existing.

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success he attained in both these capitals being enormous. Rarely has artist been honoured and acknowledged in such a way before; not only critics, but also the public, were unanimous in their verdict that they had heard one of the greatest violinists of any epoch.

Wilhelmj has tried composing, with much success, and has written some very effective pieces for the violin, some original songs, also a great marriage cantate for soli, chorus, and orchestra, and finally some very good sacred music. In regard to his speciality as a violinist, it is acknowledged that he stands equally as high as a soloist and quatuor player. Particular mention deserves his play in the last quatuors of Beethoven, and in compositions of latter times. Great and indisputable merit is due to Wilhelmj for his successful endeavours in promoting the sound capacity of his instrument. The way he manages to produce double notes is new altogether, and surpasses in this point even Paganini. The same must be admitted of his great, mellowy, noble tone—the result of a newly, deeply-studied system.

Wilhelmj is a very curious character, who must be well known if one shall not run the risk of misunderstanding him, and he would no doubt have given great material for the spirited pen of Charles Dickens; but, for all that, he has the very genuine natural character of a thoroughbred artist. He has an eminent gift to be witty, and has great readiness in replying. On the whole, he is very excellent company. During the summer time he stays at Wiesbaden, along with his family, studying.

Thus much of the life of this youthful violinist, from whom the greatest things may be expected in time to come, and whose first appearance this season took place at the Royal Albert Hall, on January 20th, 1875.

—o—

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

M. Faure has completely recovered from his dangerous illness, and is at present attending the rehearsals of *Don Juan*, which M. Halanzier will now be enabled to produce speedily. It is on the cards, however, that Faure may not wait till Mozart's great work is ready, but make his re-appearance at an earlier date in *Hamlet*.

Not a very long time ago, M. Halanzier augmented the salaries of the members of the Chorus at the Grand Opera. He has now done the same for the members of his Orchestra. The Committee of the Association des Artistes Musiciens addressed him a highly flattering letter of thanks, and so did the members of the Orchestra. Not content with this, the latter did more. They accompanied their missive with an elegant silver vase, most delicately chased, and bearing the inscription: "To M. Halanzier, from the Musicians of the Orchestra of the Opera, 1875." In their letter these gentlemen say, among other things, that it will be their aim to prove their gratitude by exhibiting the utmost zeal in the discharge of their duties. It is to be hoped that they will at once commence by being more free in attendance at rehearsal. It is a general complaint that the Orchestra of the Opera does not rehearse enough either for its own reputation or for that of the establishment to which it belongs. To take a case in point. Last week, M. Couturier, a *lauréat* of the Conservatory, having obtained the necessary dispensation from the military authorities, made his *début* as Guillaume Tell in Rossini's masterpiece of the same name. He certainly did not achieve a great success. His voice struck one as not sufficiently strong for so vast a house, and his acting showed that he was only a novice in the histrionic art. But, even had he been ten times more gifted, he could hardly have come off with flying colours. He played the character without any band-rehearsal. This was not fair to a beginner. Apart from this, however, it is a perilous leap from the benches of the Conservatory to the boards of the Grand Opera. Formerly, before braving the verdict of that tribunal, artists were accustomed to try their 'prentice voices at establishments of lesser note. Thus Mesdes Carvalho, Nilsson, Gueymard, MM. Faure, Gailhard, and Bosquin, with many more, first came out at the Théâtre-Lyrique or the Opéra-Comique. Others made their preliminary essays in the Provinces, while others again, among whom Mesdes Viardot, Damoreau, Alboni, Cruvelli, MM. Duprez, Levasseur, Mario, Gardoni, and Naudin, had sung upon the Italian stage. M. Couturier possesses a certain amount of talent, but was ill-advised in selecting the Grand Opera as the starting-point of his career.

M. Mermet's *Jeanne d'Arc* stands a chance of being produced in the early part of 1876. It is in four acts and six tableaux, for which the composer has furnished the libretto as well as the music. The cast is as follows: Jeanne d'Arc, Mdlle Krauss; Agnès Sorel, Mdlle Daram; Charles VII., M. Faure; Gaston de Metz, M. Salomon; Richard, M. Gailhard; Jeanne's Father, M. Menu; an Astrologer, M. Caron; Ambroise de Luré, M. Gaspard; a Sergeant, M. Battaille. The first act takes place at Domrémy, and the second at Chinon, in the Royal Palace. The third act is divided into two tableaux, representing the French camp under the walls of Blois. The fourth act, also, is in two tableaux. One of these shows us a trench under the walls of Orleans, and the other, the consecration of the King in the Cathedral at Rheims. The most wonderful reports are current touching the beauty of the scenery and magnificence of the dresses and properties being got ready for M. Mermet's work. Similar reports are current on the long-expected ballet of *Sylvia*, to be produced shortly after *Jeanne d'Arc*.

The Opéra-Comique is doing a respectable business with *Mignon*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Le Val d'Andorre*, *Joconde*, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, and *Le Chalet*. *Piccolino* is in active rehearsal, and *Mireille* will, shortly, once more see the light of the float.

At the Renaissance M. Vogel has achieved a *succès d'estime* with his comic opera, *La Filleule du Roi*, first represented in Brussels. Of course, his friends attribute the fact of his not having been more triumphant to the unsatisfactory nature of the libretto furnished by MM. Cormon and Deslandes. I will not pretend to decide what M. Vogel might have done, if he had had better materials to work upon. I only know what he has done, and that knowledge prompts me to prophesy that *La Filleule du Roi* will not obtain one of those runs of late frequent in this capital. The principal parts are in the hands of Mad. Peschard, Mdlle Luigini, Mdlle Blanche Miroir, MM. Vauthier and Dailly. M. Madier de Montjau conducted.

The grand fairy opera, entitled, *Le Voyage dans la Lune*, in four acts and twenty-three tableaux, words by MM. Leterrier, Vanloo, and Mortier, music by M. Offenbach, has been produced at the Gaîte with every appearance of a long and vigorous life. The scenery, by MM. Chéret, Cambon, and Cornil, is superlatively beautiful. The dresses, designed by M. Grévin, are something marvellous for elegance and originality. The libretto is gay, lively, and audaciously absurd, and the music—the music belongs, in my opinion, to the best that Offenbach has composed for some time past. I may mention, as among the most taking and clever numbers, Prince Caprice's address to the Moon, ending with the burden: "Papa, Papa, je veux la lune;" the chorus of astronomers; Fantasia's Romance; the chorus of little artillery men; the song of the "Charlatan;" and the ballet music. Mad. Zulmar Bouffar particularly distinguished herself as Prince Caprice, and found a Princess Fantasia worthy of her in the person of Mdlle Marcus, a former pupil and prize-winner at the Conservatory, who has deserted the Société des Concerts for opéra-bouffe. MM. Christian and Grivot are very good as Vlan I. and Microscope.

La Cruche Cassée is the title of a three-act comic opera just produced at the little Théâtre Taitbout—the libretto is by MM. Moinaux and Noriac; the music by M. L. Vasseur, who has been fortunate in his artists: Mad. Chaumont, Mdlle Céline Montaland, MM. Bonnet and Luguet. The verdict was favourable.

Mysterious hints are in circulation about the Théâtre-Lyrique, which, it is said, will soon be able to boast of a manager and a home. Can these hints have aught in common with the project broached by M. Adolphe Sax, some ten years ago, of a colossal operahouse for the people? All I know is that the project has been revived, and that a committee, including MM. Emile Girardin, Bardoux, Under-Secretary of State in the Ministry of Justice, Ambroise Thomas, Halanzier, Carvalho, Joncières, Reinach, Dennery, Détroyat, and Camille Doucet, are discussing its merits. Should their report be favourable, a company will probably be raised at once.

Gounod is going on favourably. He will soon have completely recovered. The same is true of M. C. Lamoureux.

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MISS MINNIE HAUCK.

This young lady has taken a high place in the esteem of the Berliners, with whom she has, in a comparatively short time, become a great favourite. The critics, too, are as well inclined to her as the general public. Subjoined are extracts from a few of the notices since her appearance as a regular member of the company at the Royal Operahouse. The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, writes as follows:—

"Yesterday evening Auber's *Domino Noir* was revived. The central figure is the part of Angela, for which partiality has always been evinced by singers, combining vocal fluency with dramatic talent. Our recollections take us back as far as Sophie Löwe, who created the part here. Without instituting comparisons, we beg to express to Miss Hauck our thorough approbation of the way in which she conceives and carries it out. She played admirably, and showed by her singing that she is a real *artist*. In summing up the performance of Miss Hauck's, we again come to the conclusion that in this young artist we have made the acquisition of a lady gifted with a voice, vocal art, and dramatic power. Like the sun she is not free from spots, but still she belongs to the race of suns."

With this luminous compliment we take leave of Herr Richard Wüerst, and proceed to the *Preussische Zeitung*:—

"Miss Minnie Hauck appeared yesterday at the Operahouse in Gounod's *Margarethe*, for the first time, as a newly engaged member of the company. By her 'Gastspiel,' which commenced in the month of November last year, with *Mignon*, and was continued for seven evenings, she introduced herself here with ever-increasing success. The liberal applause bestowed on her by the public, more especially in the part previously sung by Mdme Lucca, paved the way for her engagement at the Royal Operahouse, and served to usher in honourably her return. Musical drama at the Royal theatre gains in Miss Hauck a new and eminent representative of artistic singing. In her we find a voice teeming with freshness and health; a tone able with its waves to fill the spacious building; and, moreover, an uncommonly pure intonation. With these elementary advantages Miss Minnie Hauck unites a sure command over the art resources of vocalism. The gentle, quiet way in which she takes a note, softly and piano, and then allows it to die away like an echo, has a magical effect. In the first meeting with Faust she gave proof of artistic skill. For the ideally naïve Gretchen of Goethe, this dwelling upon a high note would, dramatically speaking, not be appropriate. But, after all, is Gounod's Gretchen Goethe's Gretchen? It strikes us that the wonderful and long-sustained piano suited the coquettishly-drawn operatic heroine wonderfully. Miss Minnie Hauck sang the 'König von Thule' in a dreamy manner suited to the situation. The Jewel Waltz, which follows, was a genuine specimen of the ornate style. In the love-duet with Faust, the scene with her dying brother, and the prison scene, her fine intelligence and well coloured expression were in vivid keeping with the musical effect. This last was dramatically one of the most touching points in the performance. Applause and recalls, to which was added a shower of bouquets, greeted Miss Hauck both during and after the opera. This unanimous verdict was an expression of thanks to the Intendant-General, for securing an artist so eminent.

Dr Gumprecht, in the *National Zeitung*, says:—

"One of the best things as yet offered us in the varied repertory of Miss Minnie Hauck is her Angela. For music which speaks only in half tints, her unfailing supremacy over the most delicate gradations of sound is of striking importance. It is only in the second and third act that the dramatic significance of the part is brought out. Here the Arragonaise and its brilliant sequel afford the widest scope for readiness of execution."

Yet another critic says:—

"It was no easy task for an artist to assert herself in the principal character of the *Domino Noir* against the reminiscences cherished by the Berlin public of Mdme Artôt; but Miss Minnie Hauck has accomplished it. Her own peculiarities and those of the part agree perfectly with each other. Her vocal training, marked by high distinction and supported by a powerful and healthy voice; the clearness of her intellect, never vacillating as to the end and the means of expression; her skilful and delicate execution—all these were combined in a total performance which afforded a significant artistic treat, and, without doubt, will often be heard again with pleasure in the course of the ensuing winter."

Of a certainty, Miss Minnie Hauck has reason to feel pleased at her reception in Berlin. X.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Herr Niemann has appeared as Eleazar in Halévy's opera of *La Juive* at the Royal Operahouse, but he does not seem to have made a hit. So I gather from what I have heard in conversation, or learnt from the papers, for I did not see him myself. Herr Ferdinand Gumbert, speaking of the performance, expresses himself thus in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*:—

"Herr Niemann, who, seven years ago, sustained the part of Eleazar on one occasion (and no more), has appeared in it to-day. The same want of a brilliant high register has caused him to fail in the attempt now as he failed before. The excess of nice gradations in delivery and acting proved more detrimental than advantageous to the performance as a whole. The fact is that, despite omissions, changes, and transpositions, Herr Niemann's strength was so exhausted in the fourth act (the culminating point of the character), that he had frequently recourse to the spoken word, and the grand air did not produce its proper effect. Even his oft-praised histrionic talent left the popular artist in the lurch; the power of impersonating Judaic peculiarities seems denied to the admirable representative of chivalry; his mimetics and the movements of his arms—especially in moments of excitement—contrasted with his walk and bearing. That Herr Niemann should aim at doing something new is certainly highly praiseworthy; so also is his again venturing upon an unsuccessful essay; but—there should be a *possibility of success*, and this is utterly out of the question. The fact that many tenors, with a brilliant high register, but with very little histrionic power, should achieve success as Eleazar, ought of itself to be for Herr Niemann a plain indication of the state of the case. Among the number of Eleazars whom I can remember, only one sung and acted equally well, and that was Roger."

Moral:

"Non cuivis hominum contingit adire Corinthum."

"It is not every tenor who can tackle the character of Eleazar." The other leading personages were confided to Mad. von Voggenhuber, Madlle Grossi, Herren Fricke and Schrötter.

It is said that the next novelty at the Royal Operahouse is to be Herr Hermann Götz's *Widerspänstigen Zähmung* (*Taming of the Shrew*). "It is said" that some hitch has occurred as regards *Tristan und Isolde*, Mad. Mallinger having positively refused to play Isolde.

The Winter Concerts of the Singacademie begin this evening (the 29th October) with Handel's *Samson*.

A short time since Mad. Adelina Patti and her husband, the Marquis de Caux, spent a day or two here, on their way to St Petersburgh, and visited the Thiergarten. As they were driving down one of the principal roads, a hackney-cab ran into their carriage, the pole of the former vehicle passing through the window of the latter. Fortunately no injury was sustained.

NEW YORK.—Mr Theodore Thomas, after having successfully terminated his Summer Night Concerts at the Central Park Gardens, has resumed his provincial concert tour with his unrivalled orchestra, accompanied by Mdlle Madeleine Schiller, as solo pianist, who has everywhere won golden opinions for her distinguished and highly-artistic performances, her selections comprising the highest and best of pianoforte works, as those of Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Weber, &c., &c. Mr Thomas's concerts at the Central Park Gardens were, in every respect, a great success; and, with such interesting programmes, so splendidly performed, it is not to be wondered at. There were extra nights, devoted to the performance of the works of Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Wagner, &c., &c. On the Mozart night, Mr Thomas introduced, with a particularly happy result, a Concerto for Harp and Flute, which, according to Jahn, Mozart wrote when in Paris. It is a work, full of beauties, such as only Mozart's genius could produce; and it is surprising how this work could have been, hitherto, so entirely neglected. It was performed most excellently by Mr Thomas's talented harpist, Mr Adolphus Lockwood, who is well known in London, and Mr Carl Wehner, a flute player of the first order. The concerto was so enthusiastically received that it had to be repeated in many of the concerts after, and forms now, also, a feature in Mr Thomas's provincial concerts. The grand orchestral works performed at the Summer Night Concerts comprised symphonies by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Raff, Spohr ("Consecration of Sound"), H. Hofmann's "Frithof" symphony, Hamerick's "Woodish Suite," a number of overtures by the best masters, and several selections from the works of Liszt, Wagner, &c.

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MEFISTOFELE.

A New Italian Opera by a New Italian Composer.

(From a Special Italian Correspondent.)

On Monday, 4th October, at the Teatro Communale, at Bologna, took place the first representation of *Mefistofele*, an opera, in a prologue, four acts, and an epilogue, poetry and music of M. Anigo Boito. Many circumstances concurred to give to this performance the interest of a great artistic event. The name of the author—which, even among the most eager opponents, excites always the greatest interest—the desire of knowing the modifications that had been introduced in this opera, after it had been enacted at the Theatre of Scala in 1868, and then suspended by the authority for the sake of the violent disputes it had excited, and the choice of the public to submit to a second and definitive judgment of this opera; a clever, intelligent public, accustomed to the best music, far from violent partisans, as well as from systematical adversaries; a public who had the fortune of delivering its judgment, the first in Italy, on the merit of the *Africaine*, *Don Carlos*, *Lohengrin*, and *Tannhäuser*.

The success of the opera was splendid; more than twenty times the author was called to the proscenium by unanimous, sincere, spontaneous applause, and he was kindly led on by the excellent artists who interpreted his music, Mdlle Borghi-Mamo (counter-alto), Mr Campanini (tenor), and Mr Nannetti (bass). And these demonstrations of esteem and admiration, which became greater and greater each successive evening, were not excessive, for really few operas contain so many good qualities as we find in the vigorous work of M. Boito.

The *Mefistofele*—which more properly ought to be called *Faust*, because it comprehends all the life of the protagonist, as in like manner the *Faust* of Gounod ought to be entitled *Margaret*, for it comprehends only the episode of Gretchen—belongs, according to the character of the argument, to the opera legend. It could be much disputed whether the choice of *Faust* of Goethe, in order to work out of it a musical drama, were convenient; and though we are very prone to admit legends among the fanciful sources of arguments for musical dramas, we yet think that this wants some elements necessary to music.

A drama will strike the spectators, as much as they partake of the passions that move the persons of it. The supernatural produces in the human mind a vague impression, and this indefinite amazement can excite the strongest emotions, especially when we receive it by the indeterminate means of the sounds. But this impression is not produced by the supernatural itself, but by its intervening in the real life. A drama which were entirely acted and developed in imaginary regions, and in which only ideal beings took part, could excite in our mind a sense of admiration, but certainly it would not touch our hearts; for how could we conceive the feelings of natures quite different from ours? On the contrary, a drama in which a man had contact and relations with imaginary beings or worlds should produce in our mind many emotions; for, as we can put ourselves in the place of the protagonist, with whom we have communion of feeling, we can even partake of his sensations of joy, grief, astonishment, or fright.

M. Wagner—who, as we think, better than any other, has got into the spirit of the legend—gave us, in *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, two admirable examples of the manner in which the fantastical element must be used in the musical drama. Lohengrin and Venus are the two phantoms who exercise their influence on the passions of Elsa and Tannhäuser; but the mind of the spectator is entirely devoted to these persons, so that, when Elsa and Tannhäuser die, the drama is completed. Nobody longer cares for the two supernatural beings, which yet were the hinges of the action; and it would be a great error to think it possible to add a fourth act to bring us to see the unknown region of the cavaliers of the Holy Grail, or, on the Venusberg, the griefs of Venus.

According to these accounts, as we consider the *Faust* of Goethe, we perceive that the real and fantastical elements pass in it like a vision before the eyes of Faust and Mephisto. Margaret and Helena, the mountains of Harz and the fields of Pharsalus, the cave of Auerbach and the imperial Palace, quite different and contrary things, have their reason, and are mixed and joined together in an immense unity in the poem; for, as the hinge of it is the desire of the protagonist of knowing all, all must appear before him. But, to comprehend all this unity, it is necessary that we, in our mind, become almost the same thing with Faust, which, when we are reading, is quite possible to be done; for, considering Faust, not as a man, but as the representative of an idea, through which we can get by means of reasoning, we put ourselves in the place of the doctor.

In the musical drama, naturally, all the philosophical part is left out, and there remains only the action that develops on the stage. The unity of *Faust* disappears to give place to some scenes, and we can say that the protagonist himself changes according to the scenes that pass before him and us. The old doctor who studies theology, and walks with Wagner, is not, when we see him on the stage, the young lover of Margaret, nor the man climbing the rocks of the Brocken, nor the cavalier of the fifteenth century in love for Helena; on the contrary, the spectator who had put himself in the place of Faust, lover of Margaret, when this episode is finished, does not feel any need of following Faust in his after vicissitudes and transformations.

Nevertheless, the masterpiece of the German literature is so rich in colour, that it can easily seduce and attract any strong mind; and M. Boito, who was from his youth fond of this splendid subject, courageously undertook the hard work of reducing, into the brief forms of the melodrama, the vast idea of Goethe; his strength did not fail; and he succeeded. He who reads the drama of *Mefistofele* wonders how, in those few pages, the character and conceit of the poem from which it is worked out appear unchanged. From the prologue in Heaven to the ascension to Heaven of Faust, all the principal episodes receive their proportioned places: and in the first drama there was even the prologue in the theatre, which was as a preface; the whimsical scene of the gold in the imperial Palace; the fantastical acting, in which Helena and Paris were evoked; and the battle between the Emperor and the false Emperor described by an *Intermezzo Sinfonico*, with chorus, between the fourth and fifth acts. As the author presented his work on the stage, he wisely resolved, after the storms of the preceding acting, to take from his opera some parts which bore an excessive prolixity, and wanted interest on the stage. Some parts he modified; nevertheless, we hope it will be a complete edition of *Mefistophele*, for even the omitted parts do not want beauty, and should not be lost.

(To be continued.)

Brussels.—Most of the victims to the influenza having recovered, *Robert le Diable* has resumed its place in the bills of the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. M. Sylva and Mdlle Vanden Berghen sustain the two principal characters in a way that meets with general approbation. M. Libert, as Raimbaut, is not so fortunate. His nervousness mars most of what he does. Mdlle Vanden Berghen has produced a favourable impression, also, in *La Juive;* not so, again, M. Libert, who, as Prince Leopold, displays neither the elegance nor the assurance of one so high placed. The other parts are confided to Mdlle Hamaekers, MM. Warot and Salomon.—The following, according to report, are the artists who will sing Verdi's *Requiem* in Belgium and France: — Signora Caruzzi-Bedogni, soprano, of the theatres at Genoa, Parma, Turin, Vienna, etc.; Mad. Barlani-Nini, mezzo-soprano, from the theatres of Milan, Florence, Rome, Turin, Genoa, Trieste, Barcelona, and other considerable cities; Sig. Belotti, tenor, a pupil of Sig. Lamperti, of Milan; Sig. Povoleri, bass. He created the part of the King, in Verdi's opera of *Aïda*, at the Scala, Milan. The conductor will be Sig. E. Muzio, who is to hold the same position next year at the Italian Opera, Paris, and who, for the last two years, directed the Italian companies engaged in America by the Brothers Strakosch.—The following are the works which were to be executed in the Collegial Church of St Michael and St Gudule, at the festivals of All Saints, under the direction of M. Fischer:—On Monday, November 1st, at 10 a.m., a Mass by the Cavaliere Giulio Roberti, Inspector of Schools at Florence; Offertorium, "Expectans expectavi," by B. Polak-Daniels, a Dutch composer, residing at Dresden. At 5.30 p.m., the same day, "Iste Dies," L. Cherubini; "Sub Tuum Præsidium," J. Danjou; "Te decet Laus," Leibl; and "Tantum ergo," P. Benoit. On Monday, 15th November, the King's fête, "Te Deum," F. Riga. On Monday, the 22nd November, the festival of St Cecilia, at 11 a.m., a Mass, by A. F. Woutera.

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CHRISTINE NILSSON AT BIRMINGHAM.

The *Birmingham Morning News*, in a notice of Messrs Harrisons' "first grand concert," in which Madame Nilsson took part, has the following about that accomplished songstress:—

"The most important incident of last night was the appearance here of Madame Christine Nilsson. It may be remembered that this enchanting songstress first visited Birmingham at the Triennial Festival of 1867. She was then just twenty-four years of age; but she had been a musician almost from her cradle. Up to the year in which she was sixteen she sang and played the violin at Swedish burgh fairs. On one occasion, when she was thus exhibiting, a gentleman of influence and sagacity heard her, and at once understood the nature of her talents. He placed her in a good school, and subsequently sent her to Paris for the completion of her general and musical education. On the 27th of October, 1860, she appeared for the first time before a Parisian audience, at the Théâtre Lyrique, as Violetta in *La Traviata*. Her success was triumphant; and on the morning following she was called upon by the management to sign an agreement for three years. In 1867 Madame Nilsson came to London, and during the season at Her Majesty's Theatre played Violetta, Margarita, Astrifiammante, and other leading parts. In following years she has been a bright particular star in Mr Mapleson's companies, enchanting all by her charming vocalisation, and everywhere making friends by her amiable disposition, and by her inexhaustible charities. Noble, and yet simple in her nature, Madame Nilsson has won the admiration and love of all who admire and love talent and virtue. The first piece set down in last night's programme for Madame Nilsson was the Air des Bijoux, from Gounod's *Faust*. She gave the whole of the *scena*, although the words only from the passage "O ciel" were printed in the programme books. Thus doing afforded Madame Nilsson a good opportunity for display of variety of style; the 'King of Thule' verses being sung with exquisite simplicity, and the passages expressive of astonishment and delight at the possession of the gems with brilliancy and power, and yet with the most perfect naturalness and grace. The conclusion of the waltz movement was the signal for an enthusiastic burst of applause, and, after being thrice recalled, Madame Nilsson gave the old Scotch ballad, 'Auld Robin Gray.' The first solo in the second part of the programme for the fair *cantatrice* was a new song by Sullivan, 'Let me dream again.' This being encored, in place of a repeat a substitution of the 'Minstrel Boy' was made, the interpretation being distinguished by characteristic expression and clear declamation. As her last solo, Madame Nilsson sang two Swedish melodies, (1) 'Le Printemps,' (2) 'Danse Dalekarlienne.' The first of these, remarkable for a mixture of playfulness and pathos, was exquisitely sung; the second, a minor melody, full of life and sparkle, brought into prominent notice Madame Nilsson's extraordinary facility in ornamentation. The splendid shake introduced at the conclusion of the melody excited the admiration of the audience to the utmost, and, after repeated recalls, a repetition was given. Again at the end the cheering was immense."

ST PETERSBURGH.—A new opera, *Angelo*, by a Russian composer, Cæsar Qui, is in preparation at the National Operahouse.

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Ferdinand Langer's romantic opera of *Dornröschen* is in active rehearsal at the Court Theatre under the direction of Herr Dessoff, and will be performed there for the first time on the 3rd December, the birthday of the Grand Duchess.

VENICE.—The Teatro Rossini has been thoroughly repaired and redecorated. It is now one of the most elegant and most comfortable theatres in Italy.—The Teatro Goldoni was to open for a short season, commencing on the 1st of the present month, and lasting up to December 10th. The first two operas performed were to be *Un Ballo in Maschera* and *L'Ebreo*.—The operas during the Grand Carneval Lent season at the Fenice will include *La Contessa di Mons* by the Cavaliere Laura Rossi, who will conduct it in person, and, in all probability, *Lia*, by Sig. Schira, whose *Selvaggia* was so eminently successful at the same theatre. There is, also, some talk of *La Gitana*, by Sig. Pisani. The ballets selected for representation are *Ermanzia*, by Sig. Pratesi, and *Bacco ed Arianna*, by Sig. Danesi.

Higher Development.

Nos. 1 and 2.

Liszt Ferencz

a dícsőségesen uralkodó zongorakirály az ő különféle attitüdjében.

— Nyolcz rajzban bemutatja Borsszem Jankó. —

Megjelen a fölény mosolyával, melyet jótékonyan mérsékel szerény reverendája Dörgő taps, viharos éljen.

Az első accord. Rrrrrum — csin! Visszanéz, mintegy mondván: vigyázzatok, most jön!

(To be continued.)

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 8, 1875.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. WILHELMJ, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT — *Beethoven.*

NEW SONGS, { "Dancing lightly comes the summer" / "Maiden mine" } — *Sterndale Bennett.*
Mr SHAKESPEARE.

SONATA in C major, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), for pianoforte alone—Mdme ANNETTE ESSIPOFF .. .. .. — *Beethoven.*

PART II.

TRIO in D minor, Op. 6, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Madame ANNETTE ESSIPOFF, Herr WILHELMJ, and Herr DAUBERT .. .. — *Borgiel.*

AIR, "Un aura amorosa" (*Così fan Tutti*)—Mr SHAKESPEARE .. — *Mozart.*

QUARTET in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. WILHELMJ, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT — *Haydn.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in E flat, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT .. .. — *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken?" .. .. .. — *Bach.* / "Liebestreu" .. .. — *Brahms.*
Mdlle THEKLA FRIEDLANDER.

SONATA in G minor, Op. 22, for pianoforte alone—Madame ANNETTE ESSIPOFF .. .. — *Schumann.*

SONGS, { "Du bist die Ruh" .. .. — *Schubert.* / "Auftrage" .. .. — *Schumann.*
Mdlle THEKLA FRIEDLANDER.

SEPTET in D minor, for pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello, and double bass—Madame ANNETTE ESSIPOFF, MM. BROSSA, LAVIGNE, VANHAUTE, ZERBINI, REYNOLDS, and DAUBERT .. .. — *Hummel.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. L. F.—The *opus* number of Dussek's sonata, *L'Invocation*, is "77"—not "70." The veritable "70" is the *Retour à Paris*, which we know as *Plus ultra.*

DR GRIBBLE.—Jomelli not only preceded Cimarosa and Paesiello, but Piccini (or Piccinni). Mozart heard one of his operas, when a mere boy, in Italy, and mentions it in a letter.

DEATH.

On November 3rd, at Liverpool, SIGNOR ALEXANDER PILOTTI, deeply regretted.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.— *The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

Confabulations Confidential.

DR FOX.—Charles Salaman, I am told, has been admonishing the critics?

DR GOOSE.—He has—the old fox!

DR FOX.—Rather say, goose.

DR GOOSE.—Not so; he gained his point.

DR FOX.—What was his point?

DR GOOSE.—To provoke a discussion, in the course of which a stone should be flung at the critics. The old fox!

DR FOX. The old goose! (*Persuasively*) Shall I see you at Michaelmas?

DR GOOSE. Not by no means. (*Exeunt amicably.*)

—o—

WILHELMJ AND THE ORCHESTRA.

EVERY one who cares for music, and every one who cares for those without whose concurrence music, no matter how gloriously conceived, must remain silent on paper—written but not heard, except in the mind's ear of an exceptionally-gifted few—must feel gratified to know that between the distinguished violinist, Herr Wilhelmj, and his brethren of the Covent Garden orchestra, the most cordial sympathy has prevailed. We are informed that, at the termination of his engagement, Herr Wilhelmj wrote a letter, expressing his sense of indebtedness to the members of the orchestra for their hearty and friendly co-operation. This is as it should be, and all the more agreeable to record because the initiative proceeds from one who, like Herr Wilhelmj, is universally recognised both as an artist and a gentleman. We have not seen the letter, or a copy of the letter, referred to; but we are enabled to make our readers acquainted with the sympathetic reply of the Covent Garden orchestra, through their representative, Mr A.

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Burnett, who occupies honourably the honourable post of "principal first violin":—

"HERR A. WILHELMJ—

"SIR,—I am desired by the members of the 'Covent Garden orchestra' to give you their best thanks for your most kind letter.

"That they have been connected in any way with your great success is to them a source of immense satisfaction; and they echo most cordially your hope—'That we may meet again, in the future, on the same amicable terms.'

"Wishing you the success that is yours by right of your glorious talent, I remain, in the name of the Covent Garden orchestra, your obedient servant, "A. BURNETT.

"*Suffolk Lodge, Denmark Hill,*
"*October* 30, 1875."

The straightforward language in which this answer to a spontaneous acknowledgment of obligation on the part of a truly great artist is couched enhances its worth. The whole, however, simply resolves itself into a genuine and unaffected interchange of courtesies—of latter times somewhat rare, and, therefore, the more acceptable.

P.S.—Since the foregoing was in type we have been favoured with a copy of Herr Wilhelmj's letter, which will be perused with no less interest than the other:—

"To the Gentlemen of the Orchestra, Covent Garden Promenade Concerts—

"GENTLEMEN,—Before taking my leave of the Covent Garden Concerts, I wish to convey to you my best thanks for the kind and sympathetic manner in which you have received me, and for the able aid you have afforded me during my performances with you. May I also express my appreciation of the great ability you display in the execution of your work, and of the unanimity that exists amongst you. I shall always retain a most pleasant remembrance of my short sojourn amongst you, and shall hope to meet you again, in the future, on the same amicable terms. Believe me, gentlemen, very faithfully yours, "AUGUST WILHELMJ.

"*London, October 28th,* 1875."

That Herr Wilhelmj and his gallant coadjutors will bear kindly remembrances of each other can hardly be questioned. Would it were ever so!

—o—

OBSTRUCTIONS.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—A few weeks since, there appeared in the columns of your journal some preliminary observations, intended to introduce a second article from my pen, upon various details which, in my opinion, require reform at several of our London Theatres. Upon now looking at those observations, I experience a misgiving lest, like the head of an infantine victim to hydrocephalosity, they may prove rather out of proportion with what follows; that they may suggest a long-winded grace prefacing the hasty snack, facetiously dignified by the name of dinner, with which travellers at a railway station have scarcely time to choke themselves, ere the bell summons them to resume their journey.

The fact is that, since I addressed you, the Lord Chamberlain has issued a notice, condemning one of the abuses against which I was preparing to inveigh. For the sake of the public, I am delighted to see a nuisance abolished; but, at the same time, I am, in Parliamentary phrase, "free to confess" I wish his Lordship had waited a little longer. I might then have fancied that some part in doing away with the nuisance was due to me. At present I cannot possibly lay that flattering unction to my soul. As, however, the step taken by his Lordship has excited in certain quarters adverse criticisms, and exposed him to a charge of "muddling and meddling"—nay, even of having acted in a high-handed and arbitrary fashion—I may, perhaps, be permitted to offer a few comments upon what he has done.

In the communication to which I refer, the Lord Chamberlain directs attention to a practice which has been largely and steadily on the increase for some years past. I mean the practice of placing additional seats in various parts of the theatres, especially in the approaches to the stalls, whenever any especial entertainment attracted a more than usually numerous audience. On such occasions some portions of our theatres had come to resemble the Paris Boulevards on a fine summer's evening, or the walk by the side of Rotten Row in the height of the season, so bristling were they with chairs. His Lordship justly remarks that these additional seats would, probably, in case of fire, act as barricades; and that these barricades, improvised by officials unconscious of the mischief they were doing, might, by impeding the flight of the terrified and bewildered crowd, become productive of most deplorable and fatal results. He, therefore—and, as I consider, very correctly—expresses a wish, or, in other words, promulgates an order, that the practice may be discontinued.

But, supposing, for a moment—and I most humbly ask your pardon, Sir, for the preposterous nature of the supposition—that in all our Metropolitan Theatres, and not merely in a few exceptional cases, every possible precaution against fire were adopted, and every possible appliance invariably ready, and in good working order, for subduing the flames, should they break out, there is another reason why this encumbering of space should never have been tolerated.

The right of way ought to be as sternly claimed and preserved in a theatre as in any other locality. Woe to the lord of the manor whose natural proclivities to encroachment tempt him into endeavouring to debar his neighbours from a well-established right of way, even though it entitle them to pass almost under his dining-room windows. Let no Manchester cotton spinner, exemplifying in an original sense the oft-quoted response: "[Novus] Homo sum; Nihil humanum a me alienum puto"—imagine he can seize upon, as his own, and shut up, the path leading through a copse or field which forms a portion of the estate he has recently purchased, if long custom has consecrated that path public property. Even Royalty has ere this learnt, after a twenty years' struggle, that the right of way is something to which Englishmen stick as pertinaciously as barnacles cling to a ship's side. The portrait of the sturdy brewer through whose exertions Richmond Park was preserved for the Public still adorns the walls of many a sanded, old-fashioned inn-parlour on the banks of the Thames. It is, therefore, astonishing that theatre-goers should so long have foregone a right which not even an English sovereign could deny old John Lewis; and they are bound to feel thankful to the Lord Chamberlain for having espoused their cause against those who had virtually deprived them of it.

How truly was it observed by the great French fabulist:—

"On se voit d'un autre œil qu'on ne voit son prochain."

It never struck Managers that there was aught reprehensible in their barring the progress of their patrons to or from the seats which those patrons had hired, and for which they had duly paid. Yet Managers can declaim loudly and vehemently enough against the Gas or the Water Companies, or the Telegraph Authorities, or the Commissioners of Sewers, or the Board of Works, all of whom seem to exert their ingenuity in discovering how often, without causing an insurrection on the part of the inhabitants, they can impede the traffic of the Metropolis. It certainly is provoking to find

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the roadway continually and truculently ripped up by a legion of broad-shouldered navvies, armed with pick-axe and shovel; to see two parallel lines of black, mal-odorous earth, with a deep chasm between them, extending, as far as the eye can reach, down what is sometimes, and would be always if it were let alone, a busy thoroughfare, giving passage to countless vehicles; and to discover that the regulations issued by Col. Henderson for "setting down" and "taking up" cannot be executed within less than half-a-mile or a mile of the theatre to which they were intended by the gallant Colonel to apply. Yet Managers are scarcely the persons who should complain. What real difference in principle is there between blocking up a necessary gangway inside a theatre with additional chairs, and, by means of excavations, which might delight the eye of an antiquary at Nineveh, but certainly do not please the frequenters of a London street, obstructing the approaches to the theatre from without?

Again: I am not aware that Theatrical Managers are more ardent advocates than their fellow-men for the over-freighting of Citizen Steamers, or for jamming two passengers into a given space on the knife-board of a Waterloo or a Favourite omnibus, if the said space is large enough for only half that amount of humanity. Had things, however, been allowed to pursue their course unchecked, it might have been found necessary to license theatres, as well as the conveyances just mentioned, to accommodate a certain number of customers and no more. Fortunately, the *Deus ex Machina* appeared, not before his advent was needed, in the shape of the Lord Chamberlain. Let us hope that, after having issued his notice, his Lordship will take care that it is duly respected.

N. V. N.

Dialogues in Purgatory.

Dr Serpent. What was your opinion of the sisters Badia at the Crystal Palace concert on Saturday?

Dr Ghost. If you mean their singing, my opinion is that it was charmingly perfect.

Dr Serpent. I mean their appearance.

Dr Ghost. My opinion is that it was perfectly charming.

(*Both blush—then vanish.*)

MDLLE ZARÉ THALBERG has been singing the part of the heroine in Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* with great success, at Glasgow and elsewhere.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A MONUMENT is to be inaugurated on the 6th May, 1876, in the church of Santa Croce, Florence, in memory of Bartolomeo Cristofori, the inventor of the piano.

Verdi completed last month his sixty-second year. May he live and compose to his one hundred and twenty-fourth year. [His health herewith, in a bumper.—D. P.]

MARIE KREBS, the accomplished pianist whom English amateurs love so well, has returned to her native city of Dresden, where she is about to give a concert, the programme of which includes Sterndale Bennett's three sketches, *The Lake*, *the Millstream and the Fountain*. We should like to be there, especially for the *Millstream*.

THE following composers were born during the month of November: Vincenzo Bellini (on the 1st, 1801); Gaspare Spontini (on the 14th, 1774); Michele Carafa (on the 17th, 1787); Gaetano Donizetti (on the 29th, 1797). Felix Mendelssohn died on the fourth, 1847; Gioachino Rossini, (on the 13th, 1868); Cristophe Gluck, (on the 15th, 1787); and Franz Schubert, (on the 19th, 1828).

THE new operas produced in Italy since the 1st January up to the present date are twenty-nine in number. They comprise:—*Colombo*, first performed in the private theatre of the Countess Talon, at her villa near Bologna, Sig. Fava; *Elena in Troja*, Naples, Sig. d'Alessio; *Il Pipistrello*, Naples, Sig. Giosa; *Gustavo Wasa*, Milan, Sig. Marchetti; *Amore e Vendetta*, Regio, Sig. Marchio; *Corinna*, Naples, Sig. Rebora; *Selvaggia*, Venice, Sig. Schira; *Dolores*, Florence, Sig. d'Auterri-Manzocchi; *Don Luigi di Toledo*, Vercelli, Sig. Coriani; *Le Figlie di Priamo*, Naples, Sig. d'Alessio; *Amore a suo Tempo*, Bologna, Sig. Tossano; *La Rosa del Cadore*, Alexandria, Sig. Predaggi; *Scomburga*, Brescia, Sig. Pelligrini; *Luigi XI.*, Florence, Sig. L. Fumigalli; *Le tre Zie*, Leghorn, Sig. Giacomelli; *Il Ritorno del Coscritto*, Sienna, Sig. Tolomei; *Don Bizzarro e le sue Figlie*, Naples, Sig. Mugnone; *Le Rivale senza Amante*, Naples, Sig. Greco; *Una Burla*, Bologna, Sig. Parisini; *Isabella Orsini*, Pavia, Sig. Isidore Rossi; *La Fata*, Naples, Sig. Miceli; *Maria e Fernando*, Naples, Sig. Ferruccio Ferrari; *Benvenuto Cellini*, Naples, Sig. d'Orsini; *Giudetta*, Naples, Sig. Scoria; *Il Cacciatore*, Milan, Sig. Canavasso; *Un Matrimonio sotta la Republica*, Milan, Sig. Podesta; *I quattro Rustici*, Florence, Sig. Moscuzza; *Si e No*, Naples, Sig. Panico; and *La Vendetta d'un Foletto*, Rome, the Brothers Mililotti.

A PERIODICAL CRY.

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—According to the *Guide Musical* of the 28th ult., Carl Rosa's English opera speculation at the Princess's Theatre "is the first that has succeeded." Such an assertion might do for the Marines, or for strangers unacquainted with facts. Many other speculations of the kind have succeeded, in a similar manner, for a few weeks; and, doubtless, English opera would have been firmly established in London long ago, if English musicians had possessed that *amour propre* which makes opera performances succeed elsewhere. We have no lack of poets or musicians capable of producing operas equal, perhaps, to those of our neighbours; but there has been a lack of courage, owing to the profound respect that has always been shown for foreign productions, which has often proved the truth of the old adage, "Fancy may bolt bran and think it flour." Let Englishmen trust in their own strength, and once determine to have English opera (not a company to perform adaptations and court odious comparisons), then, and not till then, will Englishmen prove themselves to be equal to the task.

["*Amour propre*" is all moonshine. "*Esprit de Corps*" is everything. We have none of it. We want no more Bunns, or Fitzballs, Tom Cookes, or Rophino Lacys. The best man we have had among us for an age is Carl Rosa. May he go on and prosper. He has given us Balfe and Wallace, and one day will give us Macfarren and Sullivan; but that is no reason why he should not give us, also, Mozart, Cherubini, and Auber—*Le Philtre* for example. Heaven forfend!—D. PETERS.]

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The "English Night," at the Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, attracted a large audience. The vocal artists were Miss José Sherrington and Mr Pearson; the instrumentalists, Mdme Norman-Neruda (violin) and Miss Muschamps (pianoforte). Among the instrumental *morceaux* which obtained the greatest success were G. A. Macfarren's overture, *Chevy Chase*, Sterndale Bennett's overture, *The Naiades*, Mr John Francis Barnett's descriptive piece, *Lay of the Last Minstrel* (composed for the Liverpool Festival of 1874)—and all capitally played by the orchestra, under the direction of Signor Arditi. The Barcarolle from Bennett's Fourth Concerto was given with delicacy and finish by Miss Muschamp. The vocal music obtained the usual amount of success, Miss José Sherrington being deservedly applauded and recalled after "Home, sweet home," and "Where the bee sucks" (the latter sung with characteristic archness by the fair artist); and the same compliment being paid to Mr Pearson after his two songs. The "Selection" was from Balfe's *Satanella;* the Quadrille, Coote's "The Promenade;" and the Galop, which brought the concert to a merry close, Mr F. Godfrey's "Good Night."

MISS EMILY MOTT, a young vocalist who is making steady progress in her profession, gave an evening concert at St James's Hall on Monday. Miss Mott was assisted by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Blanche Cole, Mr Lewis Thomas, and Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Sydney Smith (pianoforte), and the band of the Coldstream Guards, under the direction of Mr Fred. Godfrey. Miss Mott sang "Flowers of Frendship" (George Fox), "The Minstrel Boy," "Yes and No" (Louisa Gray), and took part with Madame Blanche Cole in the duet "As it fell upon a day;" on each occasion receiving hearty demonstrations of approval. Mr Sims Reeves gave Blumenthal's "Requital," responding to the encore by singing "Tom Bowling" and "The Bay of Biscay," which raised a perfect uproar in the hall. Mr Sydney Smith played in his best style, and his popular galop, "En route," was received with hearty demonstrations of approval. The general programme also contained other well known pieces, and their respective exponents were rewarded by the applause of the audience. The Coldstreams' band, in Mr Fred. Godfrey's "England" fantasia, and in the "Pas de Patineurs," from Glinka's *Life for the Czaar* (piccolo *obbligato*, Mr Nice), acquitted themselves admirably.

MR WALTER BACHE gave a recital of pianoforte music at St James's Hall, on Monday afternoon, assisted by Mrs Beesley, Herr Wilhelmj, and Miss Anna Williams. The programme included Bach's Fantasia in C minor, Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, Op. 111; Mendelssohn's Characteristic Pieces (Op 7), Nos. 4 and 7, and Chopin's Six Preludes, Op. 28, two studies by Liszt, Raff's chaconne for two pianos (Op. 150), and Liszt's transcription of David's "Ungarische." Mr Bache possesses undeniable facility, and his scale passages are remarkable for their crispness and evenness; the lighter style of composition, however, appears better suited to him than Beethoven's Op. 111.; hence the pianist shone most brilliantly in the charming *morceaux* of Mendelssohn, the eccentric and difficult studies by Liszt, and the exacting preludes of Chopin. Mr Bache's efforts were well appreciated and loudly applauded. In Raff's chaconne the *bénéficiaire* was associated with Mrs Beesley (a pupil of Dr Hans von Bülow), a pianist of no mean attainments. Its interpretation left nothing to be desired. Herr Wilhelmj played Bach's chaconne for violin solo in a style with which the public are familiar, and, in response to a demand for an encore, substituted his transcription of a nocturne by Chopin. Miss Anna Williams sang Pergolesi's "Tre giorni," and Schumann's "Schone Wiege." Mr Zerbini was the accompanist. The hall was well filled.

MUNICH.—It may be remembered that, some two years since, Herr Nachbaur suddenly left this city for fear of the cholera, then raging, and broke his engagement at the Theatre Royal. A warrant was even taken out for his arrest by the Intendant. That official, however, has, by express order of the King, again engaged the whilom fugitive, who has just made his reappearance on the stage here. It had been everywhere reported that, unless his "friendly gossip" (the King had acted as godfather to one of the tenor's sons), were present to support him, he would never dare to face the unfriendly reception and insults he had been led to expect from a part of the public. These apprehensions were not realised, though the King was not in the house, which was crowded from floor to ceiling. Herr Nachbaur sang very finely, and was rapturously recalled after every act. There were a few hisses at first, but they soon died away amid the nearly universal applause, and were not repeated. Thus the gap caused in the company by the panic-stricken Herr Nachbaur's flight, a gap which the Intendant has, for two years, in vain attempted to fill, has at last been stopped up by Herr Nachbaur himself.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

Nov. 3, 1875.

The first of Mr Charles Hallé's eighteenth series of grand orchestral concerts was given on Thursday last; no element of success was wanting, and the season could not well have had a more brilliant beginning. The band, being justly renowned, is now, perhaps, finer than ever; and the return of M. Lavigne, whose absence during the last two or three years has been much regretted, is a very sensible gain. Signor Riseguri is another artist whose return is welcomed. This gentleman now shares with Mr Goodwin the leadership of the second violins. Mr Paquis, the horn player, who is suffering from serious illness, is an absentee, whose loss is serious; and of the retirement of Mr C. A. Seymour, who has for many years held an honourable and eminent position in the musical world here, I have already spoken. Mr Hallé's reference to Mr Seymour, in the programme of last Thursday, is so creditable to both gentlemen, and reflects also the general sentiment of the Manchester public towards Mr Seymour with so much accuracy, that I venture to ask you to insert it:—

"At the commencement of the eighteenth season I have to express my deep regret, which is shared by the whole orchestra, at the retirement of a gentleman upon whose valuable and most sympathetic co-operation it has been my pride to be allowed to rely since the institution of these concerts. Mr Seymour, the experienced and talented leader of the orchestra, who has honoured me with his friendship from the time of my arrival in Manchester, and whose name has been so intimately associated with mine in all my musical undertakings in this city, has, through failing health, been obliged to relinquish his post, a loss to the concerts which cannot be over estimated; and, as I am forbid to indulge the hope that Mr Seymour will ever be able to resume his accustomed place; I take this opportunity of discharging the pleasing duty of thus recording my high sense of gratitude for his past services, and for the ever-cheerful, untiring, and affectionate manner in which they have been tendered to me.

"CHARLES HALLÉ.

"*October* 23, 1875."

I sent you the programme of this concert last week, and need only say a few words about it now. Mdme Christine Nilsson was in splendid voice, and the vocal part of the programme was also ably supported by Mdlle Johanna Levier, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr Lloyd, and Signor Foli. Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor was superbly played, and the same may be said of the *Egmont* overture and an overture by Lachner, played here for the first time. Mr Hallé's own performances were not the least delightful contributions to this concert, and his playing of one of Chopin's nocturnes was something to be remembered.

Lessons in humility should always be gratefully accepted, and I confess that I am always calm when I am reminded of the wholesome truth that we in the country are at best only provincials. And when I read the other day in the *Musical World* that an overture by Cusins, the performance of which in Manchester I had already told you about, was to be played at the Crystal Palace in the following week, for the first time in public, the obvious inference did not distress me. But, for the sake of my own credit as a chronicler, let me assure you, not only that I myself heard the overture to *Love's Labour's Lost* a few weeks since in the Manchester Concert Hall, as reported in your paper, but that I was equally truthful when, last season, I wrote to you about two separate performances, at Mr Hallé's concerts, of Volkman's overture to *Richard the Third*, announced to be played last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, "for the first time in England."

DUSSELDORF.—The Dortmund Committee had decided on having the best two of the compositions sent in for the Bismark Hymn publicly performed here in September, and on awarding the prize to the more satisfactory composition of the two. The preparations for carrying out this resolution were already in full swing, when the Dortmund Committee wanted to impose certain conditions as to the prices of admission, the sale of tickets, and other matters. Guided by their experience of former musical performances, the Düsseldorf Committee did not consider themselves justified in assenting to these conditions. The whole business has, in consequence, been brought to a dead lock, and it will be still some time before the public hears the Bismark Hymn.

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THEODOR MULLER.

The Service for the Dead has just been read, at Brunswick, over an old man once belonging to a group of valued artists, whose great reputation extended far beyond the frontiers of Germany. Quietly and silently has the last of the old Quartet of the Brothers Müller been laid in the grave. In the days of our fathers and grandfathers, when Chamber Music, which, thanks to younger men, has received a fresh impulse, constituted the real core of musical culture in our native land, the four Brothers were among the most highly-esteemed members of the art world; and it was not till long afterwards that their Quartet, during many a decennium unsurpassed, was equalled, and, certainly, even excelled, by the Florentine and by the Joachim Quartets. Though, in accordance with the spirit of the age forty years since, there was a touch of homeliness about the way in which the Brothers read and rendered a composition, their bows poured forth, in the utmost purity, a clear, golden stream of classical masterpieces, and rarely have four other artists, seated at the quartet desks, worked with such wonderful unity of musical feeling, and, by the equality of their artistic capabilities, produced so thoroughly the impression that a single directing soul hovered over the instruments. The younger Brothers Müller—four sons of the first violinist in the old Quartet—who, some fifteen years ago, made an essay to tread in the footsteps of their relatives, could not come up to the latter in this equality of artistic aptitude, the first violinist, more especially, not being able to hold his own against the violoncellist (now, as we know, a member of the Joachim Quartet). The services of the first four Brothers Müller were secured for the Brunswick Opera in its palmy days, when a Pöck, a Schmezer, and a Mad. Fischer-Achten worked there together; Georg, as conductor; Gustav, as music-director; Carl (first violin), as leader; and Theodor, as solo-violoncello. By the deaths of Carl and Gustav, now nearly a quarter of a century ago, the Quartet lost its middle instrumentalists. The other two, however, attained to a venerable old age. The first violin has been mute some few years; the last survivor, Theodor, at the age of nearly eighty, is now called away from his post—and the members of the Old Quartet are once more united.—*Berlin Echo.*

(*To the Editor of the "Musical World."*)

SIR,—In reference to the notice, in last week's *Musical World*, about the centenary commemoration, in Florence, of "Cristofori," who is credited with being the inventor of the pianoforte, I beg to mention that, in Germany, Christoph Gottlieb Schroeter is considered as having been the first to transform the harpsichord into the modern pianoforte. This was in 1717, when he invented the model, which afterwards was carried out by Silberman. There can be no dispute about the fact that Cristofori was the inventor of material improvements of the instrument; but, still, as these date only from the year 1718, I think there can be no doubt as to whom the honour belongs of having been first in the field. The admirable leading article on this subject, in the *Daily Telegraph* of October 25, points this out clearly enough. The following historical notices, which I am able to supply, may not be without interest:—Christoph Gottlieb Schroeter was born on the 10th of August, 1699, at Hohenstein, on the frontier of Bohemia, but he spent the greater part of his life at Nordhausen, in Prussia, where he died in November, 1782, while organist of the parish church. The house in which he lived, in Nordhausen, is provided with a tablet, on which his merits about the pianoforte are commemorated, and which tablet I have seen there myself.—I beg to remain, Sir, yours faithfully, CHARLES OBERTHÜR.

14, *Talbot Road, Westbourne Park, Nov. 1st*, 1875.

KAZAN.—The new Theatre was recently inaugurated with Glinka's opera of *Life for the Czaar*.

ROME.—The Teatro Rossini is to be opened for a short number of nights, when *La Sonnambula* will be performed with Signora Isidor, Signori Baragli and Graziosi.

CATANIA.—The new theatre is rapidly approaching completion. The sum of 250,000 francs has already been expended on it, but 150,000 more will be required before it can be opened.

BARCELONA.—The Teatro del Liceo was opened for the season with *L'Africaine*, the artists being Signore Urban, Cristino, Signori Tamagno, Mendioroz. Miller, and Rodoz. The second opera was to be *Martha*, with Signore Rubini, Machwitz, Signori Vidal, Miller, and Capriles.

LECTURE ON *ELIJAH*.

(*From an Occasional Contributor.*)

The lecture delivered at the Beethoven Rooms on the 27th ult., on the character of Elijah fully deserved the very attentive appreciation it received. Amateurs as well as professionals were equally unanimous in their expressions of satisfactory pleasure. Mr Henry Lesingham (by whom the lecture was delivered), through the distinctness of his elocution secured the correct understanding of every sentence. The novelty of the subject was sufficient to insure attentive consideration. To paint moral features, or qualities, by means of sound is rarely attempted. The great composers, Bach, Handel, and Haydn, among others, seem never to have conceived the idea; but in this lecture it is suggested by inference, if not asserted, that Mendelssohn, when he wrote *Elijah*, aimed at nothing short of a musical portrait. The ear, not having been cultivated like the eye, is the reason assigned that portraits of the moral features by means of sound are not so common and successful as they are by means of colour. If, it is said, the characteristics of a man's moral nature may be judged of, and ascertained through, the art of the painter, why should not they in like manner be apparent through the art of the musician? The various high qualities of Elijah, as they are pointed out to us in Holy Scripture, such as his dignity, his zeal, his fervour among others, are musically expressed by Mendelssohn with a power which makes this portrait widely different from any attempt at portraiture by any composer before his time. This assertion is strengthened by an allusion to Haydn's *Creation*. Here there is no difference between the characters of Adam and Eve; the strains of melody pertaining to the two are almost identical. A distinction, too, is drawn between characteristic music and music expressive of the more important qualities of a particular man's nature. The song "O ruddier than the cherry" is characteristic of Polyphemus, but it would have equally well suited any other giant. The hard, sepulchral, unmelodic phrases which the Statue in *Don Giovanni* sings, are applicable to that figure of stone, or to any other such figure. But, in these instances only, the one common characteristic is pictured: while, in the case of the *musical portrait*, all the moral features *must* be imitated. Enough has been said here to give a notion of the general scope of the lecture; but anything like a thoroughly satisfactory abstract of the contents of the paper read by Mr Lesingham will not be attempted. Every position advanced has an illustration in the music of the oratorio; so that there is furnished to us matter for reflection. But whether the main proposition, that sound, like colour, should be able to paint moral characteristics, may be asserted fearlessly will depend in a measure upon what use is made of the suggestion. That Mendelssohn made a great step in advance of any previous attempt is sufficiently shown in this lecture. It remains to be seen whether other musicians will follow the composer of *St Paul* and *Elijah*, in his seemingly apparent effort to employ music for a purpose which, till his day, had been disregarded. Speaking in general terms, the lecture was an excellent criticism upon the musical character of the Prophet, viewed from the standpoint taken by the writer; and, if its acceptance by a discriminating audience be worth anything, it must be admitted that considerable sympathy was evoked.

The illustrations, sung with great effect by Mr Fred. Penna, included "Lord God of Abraham" and "It is enough," besides "O God have mercy," from *St Paul*, which formed part of the introduction. The accompaniments were played by Sir Julius Benedict, which is equivalent to the assertion that they were perfect.

It only remains to add that the writer of the lecture was Mr Fred. Penna. A. B.

AVIGNON.—The theatre has been completely destroyed by fire.

ROVERETO.—A new opera, *Merlino da Patone*, by Sig. Calderoni, has been well received here.

PARMA.—*La Stella delle Alpi*,, a new opera by a young composer, Sig. Giovanni Bolzoni, has been successfully produced.

BUENOS AYRES.—Verdi's *Requiem* was to be given here with Signore Mariani, Biancolini, Signori Bolis and Barberat.

HANOVER.—Herr Hermann Götz's comic opera, *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, is to be produced at the Theatre Royal almost directly.

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THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF *IL BARBIERE* AT ROME, IN 1816.

The incidents attending the first performance of Rossini's *Barbiere*, at Rome, have been described in a thousand different ways. Annexed are two letters of authentic documentary evidence, calculated to throw a new light upon the subject. Wishing to know the history of the case, a friend of Rossini's addressed him as below:—

"*Paris, 20th March*, 1860.

"My dear Rossini,—As you may easily imagine, the promise you were kind enough to make me last Sunday is not one to be forgotten, and I again beg you will crown all my wishes by tracing in your own hand on the preceding page, my cherished score of the *Barbiere*, a little account of when that masterpiece was conceived by you; of the circumstances accompanying its conception; of how it was received on the first night; of where it was first played; of the number of days in which it was composed, etc. I say nothing of the duration of its glory; we already know sufficient to affirm that to speak on that point will fall to the lot of future ages.

"If I possessed such an historical account, in addition to the masterpiece for which I am indebted to your highly-valued friendship, you would once more have realised every wish of the most affectionate and the most devoted of your admirers. SCITIVAUX."

After the lapse of a month, Rossini replied by the following interesting and curious letter:—

"My very dear Scitivaux,—As you are familiar with my native tongue, allow me to use it to give you the historical account you desire of my *Barbiere di Siviglia*.

"I was summoned to Rome in 1815, to compose for the Teatro Valle the opera of *Torvaldo e Dorlisca*, which was very successful. My interpreters were Galli, Donzelli, and Remorini, who possessed the finest voices I ever heard. The Duke Cesarini, the proprietor of the Teatro Argentina, and the manager during the carnival season, was doing very wretchedly. He proposed, therefore, that I should write him (in a hurry) an opera for the close of the said season. I consented; and, in conjunction with Sterbini, a Secretary in the Treasury and a poet, commenced the task of finding a subject for a libretto which I might put to music. Our choice fell upon *Il Barbiere*. I set to work, and in thirteen days my task was completed. I had as interpreters Garcia, Zamboni, and Signora Giorgi Righetti, all three great singers. I wrote a letter to Paesiello, stating that I had not wished to enter the lists against him, as I felt my inferiority, but that I had simply desired to treat a subject which took my fancy, avoiding as much as possible the situations in his libretto. Having taken this step, I believed I was secure from the criticisms of his friends and of his legitimate admirers. I made a mistake. On the production of my opera, these persons fell like wild beasts on the beardless young composer, and the first performance was most stormy. I was not, however, put out, but, while the audience were hissing, applauded my executants. When the tempest had passed, on the second night, my *Barbiere*, who had an excellent razor (Beaumarchais), shaved the Romans' beards so well that I was carried in triumph (theatrical phrase).

"Your wish is now fulfilled, my dear friend. Be happy, and believe me always, yours affectionately, G. ROSSINI.

"*Paris, 28th April*, 1860."

Cease thy sorrow,
For to-morrow
Happiness may bring;
With to-day
May pass away
Grief and suffering;
Let not the cloud
All bliss enshroud,
The sun will shine again.
Though long the night,
Joy and delight
Will come—be patient, then.
Though keen the blast,
'Twill soon be past,
All sorrows have an end;
Spring-time will come,
Fresh flowers will bloom,
And sweetest influence lend.
Bid care depart,
Let not thy heart
Beneath the smart
Of sorrows thus bow down:
The darkest night
By morning's light
Is put to flight,
And joy doth all things crown.
So—when despair
And anxious care
Appear to bar thy way,
Uplift thine eye,
And earnestly
Unto thy Father pray,
That He may give
Grace to relieve
Thy soul from grief and woe:
So shalt thou find,
With thankful mind,
All sorrows quickly go.

J. R. R.

Episodes on Change.

DR SHIPPING. *Romeo and Juliet!*—Oh!
DR QUINCE. *As you like it!*—Oh! oh!
DR SHIPPING. *Macbeth!*—Oh! oh! oh!
DR QUINCE. *Richard III.!*—Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
DRS SHIPPING AND QUINCE. Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! &c.
(*Exeunt in convulsions.*)

WAIFS.

Madame Ristori has finally determined to visit Calcutta.

Madame Balfe has left town for Biarritz, on a visit to her son-in-law, the Duke de Frias.

Six performances of *Aida* at the Teatro Communale, Trieste, recently brought in 16,000 francs.

Miss Ellen C. Clayton, authoress of *Queens of Song*, will shortly publish a book on *British Female Artists*.

The death, at Windsor, of Mr Robert Barnett, the pianist, is announced. The funeral took place yesterday.

Sir Aubrey de Vere has a new historical drama in the press. He is also bringing out a new edition of his poems.

The Abbate Franz Liszt's oratorio of *St Elizabeth* will be performed at Mr Walter Bache's annual concert in February next.

Mad. Annie Essipoff has arrived in London, and is to play at the first Monday Popular concert, the day after to-morrow.

The oratorio on which Mr Macfarren is engaged will, says the *Birmingham Mail*, in all probability be produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival.

The Emperor Wilhelm left 1000 francs to be distributed among the box-keepers and other persons employed in a non-artistic capacity at the Scala, Milan.

The receipts of the gala performance at the Scala, Milan, in honour of the Emperor Wilhelm, amounted to 45,000 francs, or about £1,800 English money.

The American "Jubilee Singers" attended a meeting of children last week in the Drill Hall, Edinburgh, which was filled by nearly 4,000 teachers and scholars.

Sig Tito di Gio. Ricordi, the eminent music publisher of Milan, has purchased Sig. Ponchielli's *Cantata* in honour of Donizetti, recently performed at Bergamo.

It is said that a Pennsylvania tramp recently rejected a pair of cast-off trousers offered to him because they had no boot-straps. He was a beggar on horseback, and didn't care who knew it.

The jail of an American town is, says a local print, comparatively speaking, so empty since the close of court that a passing waggon makes the remaining prisoners rattle like pills in a pill-box.

According to the *Evènement*, an enthusiastic English admirer of Sig. Rossi has sent that gentleman a magnificent edition of Shakspere's works in twelve volumes. The books are enclosed in a splendid case.

Sig. Sivori has been stopping some time at Genoa. It is said that he has been invited to play at a series of concerts to be given in Philadelphia, during the approaching Grand Exhibition, but has declined the invitation.

Sig. Panofka has announced his intention of opening a course of musical instruction for four young Italians endowed with musical talent but without means to pay for masters. He will devote two hours a day to the task.

A very pretty song "Beauty sleeps"—founded upon Walter Scott's famous serenade, "Love wakes and weeps"—is now being sung at the Criterion Theatre by Mr Fisher. The music is from the pen of Mr Charles Braham.

Mr Haynes, of Malvern, is rehearsing, with his motet and madrigal choir, the oratorio of *Judas Maccabæus*. The *Malvern News* augurs a successful season, nearly 50 persons already having sent in their names as members.

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A young and beautiful New Jersey girl, who was falsely accused of theft and acquitted on instructions from the judge, sprang on the bench and gave his honour a resounding kiss "for his mother." She was not fined for contempt.

M. Alma Tadema claims, it is stated, £8,000 damages for injury to his articles of vertu sustained by the explosion in the canal in Regent's Park last year. Mr Hepworth Dixon's claim has been paid, but M. Tadema's will be contested.

A hope has been expressed that the course of private music and singing lessons for ladies to be given at the Alexandra Palace by Sir Julius Benedict may ultimetely develop into a completely organised School of Art, Science, and Literature.

Mad. Clara Schumann will this winter resume her professional tours, having completely recovered the use of her arm, the state of which has, for some time past, prevented her from playing. She will first appear at Düsseldorf and Bonn.

Clytie, a drama by Joseph Hatton, adapted from his novel of the same name, will be produced at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on the 29th November. Mr John Coleman, of the Leeds circuit, will superintend the production. The play is accepted in London.

A national concert, under the patronage of the Duke of Westminster, Viscount Sandon, Sir Watkin W. Wynn, and other members of Parliament, is to be given in St George's Hall, Liverpool, on the 10th of November, in aid of the University College of Wales.

A new advertising trick has been invented in San Francisco, where a mock encounter between Prof. Hermann and an irate old gentleman in his audience causes quite a sensation. The newspapers report the affair as innocently as if that sort of work were not worth a dollar per line.

Mr W. W. Robertson, the managing director of the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden Society, and Mr A. Bedborough, the architect, have left London for Paris to collect pictures, statues, articles of *vertù*, and to purchase fountains for the Royal Aquarium.

"Madame Anna Bishop's first concert in the Mutual Hall"—says the *Cape Town Daily News*—"was well attended. The programme displayed this great singer's varied powers in grand opera, ballad, &c. We have never seen in Cape Town a more enthusiastic audience. Everything was re-demanded, and in most instances Madame Bishop complied with the desire. It would be difficult to single out any for especial mention, all being rendered in a style simply superb. Madame Bishop's voice is a soprano of pure tone and great power. No such singer has ever before been heard in South Africa."

The third ballot for Fellows in the Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden was held on the 1st inst. Eight hundred and forty-two ladies and gentlemen came up for election, of whom six hundred and twenty were duly elected, amongst whem were included a large number of the artistic, scientific, and fashionable world. After the 1st December the entrance fee, we understand, will be raised from five to eight guineas. The Executive have secured a large site for a skating rink. The first tank was filled with water on the 1st inst., and fish may be seen disporting themselves therein.

THREE CHOIRS FESTIVALS.—An influential meeting of the standing committee of the Hereford Festival of the Three Choirs (Worcester, Gloucester, and Hereford) has been held at Hereford, at which the President (Lord Bateman), the Chairman (J. H. Arkwright), and several of the most influential gentlemen of the country attended, to consider what steps should be taken in promotion of the Festival of 1876, when it will be the turn of Hereford to hold the meeting of the three choirs. The proceedings were most satisfactory. It was unanimously resolved to hold a festival, as usual, in the autumn, of the good old popular character; and the preliminary step to that end was taken, the committee agreeing upon a formal application to the Dean and Chapter of Hereford for the use of the cathedral for the oratorios, as usual.—*Malvern News.*

Sir Michael Costa is not the only musical composer who has received honours from the hand of English Royalty. Mr Arthur Sullivan is a great favourite in the happy family of "the Edinburghs." He hangs in his studio a memento of the Duchess's kindly feeling for him. It is not a very elegant article—only a rough and ready "butterfly catcher;" but it is highly prized, for the Royal and Imperial Princess made it herself. It came into Mr Sullivan's possession in this wise. He formed one of a party of moth-hunters down at Ashwell Park. He went out with the intention of being a mere spectator. The Duchess noticed his empty hands. She challenged him. "I have no net," Mr Sullivan pleaded. Bidding the party wait, she returned in-doors, improvised a net with her own fingers, and presented it to the English *maestro*. If Arthur Sullivan ever becomes great, the net will be historic.

During a speech, some time since, a prominent member of the Common Council of Boston, U.S., made the sage remark that a wise man changes his mind often, but a fool never, and in the next breath exclaimed: "I have not changed my mind"—and then he wanted to know what the other members were laughing at.

The Duke of Edinburgh has consented to lay the first stone of Mr Mapleson's New Grand National Opera House. The ceremony will take place at an early day, the whole substructure of the new building being now finished It is stated that there is no reason whatever to doubt that the National Opera House will open on the day originally named—the 2nd of next May.

We take the following tribute to Messrs Harrison's enterprise from the *Birmingham Morning News*:—

"The first for the present season of Messrs Harrison's Popular Subscription Concerts was given at the Town Hall. We remember but few occasions when commercial success so complete has been achieved. The room was crowded almost to overflowing, and seats in parts usually appropriated to the one shilling multitude were let at the highest reserved prices. The secret of this extraordinary success is a puzzle to many. We imagine it may be discovered in the care taken by our enterprising townsmen in providing for the pleasure and comfort of their patrons. It would lead to a long discussion were we to enter upon a consideration of the merits (in an artistic sense) of a performance of new or hackneyed Italian, German, and English songs and ballads. According to taste, we may or may not quarrel with the style of the music; but, the kind approved, we can find little or no fault with the quality of a programme selected from the works of Schubert, Chopin, Gounod, Halévy, Mendelssohn, Costa, Brahms, Wallace, Sullivan, and other masters of a similar class; nor can the expositions generally of the items chosen be unsatisfactory when they are undertaken by artists such as Madame Christine Nilsson, Mdlle Levier, Miss Alice Fairman, Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, Mr Kuhe, and Mr F. H. Cowen, who constituted the company for Messrs Harrison's inaugural evening."

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W. M. LUTZ,

ORGANIST OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

CONTENTS.

1	1st Sunday in Advent	Ad te levavi	Ps. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
2	2nd Sunday in Advent	Deus tu convertens	Qrtt. or Chorus	Henry Smart
3	3rd Sunday in Advent	Juste et pie vivamus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
4	4th Sunday in Advent	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
5	Any Sunday during Advent	Rorate	Chorus & Solo	Webbe
6	Christmas Day	Adeste Fideles	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
7	Sunday within Octave of Christmas	Attolite	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
8	Circumcision	Tui sunt coeli	Ten. So. & Chor.	A. Sullivan
9	Epiphany	Reges Tharsis	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
10	Sunday within Octave	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
11	Holy Name	Jesu dulcis	Qrtt. & Chorus	Beethoven
12	3rd Sunday after Epiphany	Dextera Domini	Chorus	Schumann
13	Septuagesima Sunday	Bonum est	Solo & Chorus	Benedict
14	Sexagesima Sunday	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
15	Quinquagesima Sunday	Super flumina	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
16	1st Sunday in Lent	Ecce nunc tempus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
17	2nd Sunday in Lent	Preces populi	Chorus	Webbe
18	3rd Sunday in Lent	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	4th Sunday in Lent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
19	Passion Sunday	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Webbe
20	Palm Sunday	Improperium	Chorus	André
21	Easter Sunday (Gradual)	Hæc dies	Chorus or Trio. T.T. & B.	Webbe
22	,, ,, (Offertory)	Victimæ	Chorus	Webbe
23	Low Sunday	Angelus Domini	Chorus	André
24	2nd Sunday after Easter	Deus misereatur	Chorus & Soli.	Webbe
25	3rd Sunday after Easter	Lauda anima	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
10	4th Sunday after Easter	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
26	5th Sunday after Easter	Benedicimus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
27	Ascension Day	Ascendit Deus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
28	Sunday within Octave of Ascension Day	Rex Gloriæ	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
29	Whit Sunday (Gradual)	Emitte / Veni sancte spiritus	Trio or Chorus / Duet or Chorus	Webbe / Webbe
30	,, ,, (Offertory)	Confirma hoc Deus	Soli or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
31	Trinity Sunday	Benedictus est	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
32	1st Sunday after Pentecost	Intende voci	Chorus	André
33	Corpus Christi (Gradual)	Lauda Sion	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
34	,, ,, (Offertory)	O sacrum convivium	Solo	Webbe
35	2nd Sunday after Pentecost	Domine convertere	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
36	3rd Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
37	4th Sunday after Pentecost	Illumina	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
38	St Peter and St Paul	Roma felix	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
39	5th Sunday after Pentecost	Audi hymnum	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
14	6th Sunday after Pentecost	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
40	7th Sunday after Pentecost	Sicut in holocaustis	Qrtt. or Chorus	Mozart
41	8th Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria	Bass Solo	Webbe
18	9th Sunday after Pentecost	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	10th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett	Webbe
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exurgat Deus	Chorus	Webbe
43	Assumption	Assumpta est	Chorus	Neukom
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Chorus	Eybler
45	13th Sunday after Pentecost	In te speravi	T. So. (& Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
36	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
13	15th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum est	Solo or Chorus	Benedict
46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavere	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
55	Nativity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
56	Holy Name	Ave Maria	Solo	Cherubini
57	Seven Dolors	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Gregorian
4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
58	Purity	Succurre miseris	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
4	Patronage	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
59	Confessor	Ecce sacerdos	Duet	Webbe
60	Martyrs	Qui seminant	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
61	One Martyr	Justus ut palma	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
63	Virgins and Holy Women	Diffusa	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
64		Asperges	Chorus	Gregorian
65	In Paschal time	Vidi aquam	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
66	Prayer for the Queen	Domine salvum fac	Chorus	Martini

APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Coeli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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6	,, ,,	,,	in D minor.
7	Webbe's Mass	(4 voices)	in G.
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TIETJENS AND THE NEW YORK PRESS.

(*From "Concordia."*)

"Nym Crinkle," writing about Mdlle Tietjens in the *New York World* of October 17, said bluntly, "The concerts broke down at the end of the first week," and added, "I will tell you why. Because she (Mdlle Tietjens) is an artist and not an adventuress." As far as can be distinguished amid hubbub and confusion, a major and two minor causes led to this result. Taking the latter first, we are told to see one in the fact that Mr Strakosch relied upon the greatness of his artist, and did not think it worth while to bolster her up with humbug. Mdlle Tietjens "came to America unworked, unpuffed, unanecdoted. Some of Mr Mapleson's press friends in London did endeavour to supply an advance biography.* But the subject was too large to handle. * * The lyric record defied the hasty pen." We are asked to believe that this abstention from management dodges was a mistake. Mr Strakosch should have arranged to have Mdlle Tietjens' shawl torn into relic-pieces the moment she landed, and hired men to draw her carriage in triumph up Broadway. In that case, the *World* thinks, "we should have seen the maddened ushers cutting themselves with knives when she sang 'With verdure clad;' the genteel ladies throwing up their handkerchiefs and tearing their hair, as they hastened to do when Nilsson sang 'Angels ever bright and fair' with French variations, and the shopkeepers standing on their seats to hurrah, as they were proud to do over Rubinstein's *diminuendo* in the *Ruins of Athens*." This severe reflection upon the New York public is, however, mildness itself compared with that contained in the second of the alleged minor causes of failure. The public, it appears, were absolutely incapable of appreciating the genius and achievements of the artist who had come among them. "I don't think," writes the critic of the *World*, "I ever saw an American audience evince so little judgment and good taste as at the first and second of Mdlle Tietjens' concerts. * * * The 'large and brilliant assemblages,' as they were called, were unmistakably disappointed at the simple superiority of the singer's art. * * * The 'Last rose of summer' was the first chirrup that touched them, and '*L'Ardita*' alone twanged the common chords of their humanity." Here, then, if the evidence quoted may be accepted—and we could bring forward a good deal of corroborative proof—was a great artist introduced to a frivolous public, and left to work upon them without the *prestige* arising from the showman's dodges. Mr Strakosch should have known better. He has had experience enough of concert-goers across the Atlantic to put him on his guard against undue confidence in even such powers as those of Mdlle Tietjens, as well as against underrating the value of humbug.

But a more formidable reason than either managerial presumption or public incapacity is spoken of as connected with this matter. When the New York journals appeared the morning after Mdlle Tietjens' *début*, it was found that some of the most influential treated her with disparagement. "There were all sorts of allusions to her age, her size, her worn voice. Some of them rudely unkind; all of them grossly unjust." At the head of the detractors stood the formidable *Herald*—which is chargeable with inconsistency as well, seeing that in one notice it styled Mdlle Tietjens "magnificent," and in the next, a "disappointment." It was easy, of course, for papers more enlightened to be sarcastic at the cost of the malcontents. Thus the *Sunday Mercury* declared that Mr Strakosch had provided the "dailies" with "a grand subject for a sort of newspaper cannibalism," and went on to pour scorn upon the big critics:—"There is, it is true, in so much chaff a couple of literary grains of wheat, but it has become patent that the majority of pretenders who scribble about music are merely lyric scavengers who make fault-finding the end and aim of their writings, unless convinced otherwise in advance, when—no matter what may be the subject or occasion—the puffing machine is set in active motion." Remarks such as these were well meant, and it was legitimate warfare to show up the "scavengers" for writing learnedly about Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante, when they had actually heard a part of the G minor concerto. But nothing could neutralise the influence of the *Herald* and its associates. The earth contains so many millions of people, "mostly fools," as Carlyle observes, and the mind, or what passes as such, of a fool is hard to disabuse. The question arises now as to the motive of conduct which naturally distressed Mdlle Titiens, and drew from her an offer to annul the engagement and return to England at once. An answer to this question is easy:—The critics had their cue to force Strakosch and his *prima donna* into opera. Let us say here, that the desire for opera was perfectly intelligible, and one with which we who know the transcendent merit of Mdlle Tietjens on the lyric stage can sympathise. [*Does not our excellent contemporary see that all this is done under the influence of Mr Strakosch himself? If not, let him peruse the "Book of Barnum," where the author of the "Moon Hoax" is shown up.*—A. S. SILENT.]

But nobody has a right to do evil that good may come, nor, as in this special case, to compass the ruin of Mr Strakosch's concert scheme that he might be compelled to open a theatre. This, however, is the charge, distinctly brought against the *Herald* by some of its contemporaries. Here is an extract in proof:—"Since the first night that the great singer appeared at Steinway Hall, the *Herald* has unceasingly, instead of criticising the performances, been urging how much greater the *prima donna* would be in opera. Editorials have almost daily appeared in the same strain. Many of the stockholders of the Academy of Music are Mr Bennett's most intimate friends, and they have been influencing him strongly to urge Italian opera in his paper, because they suppose it must be given at the Academy of Music, and then the two hundred would be enabled to hear it for nothing. * * There can be no doubt that the *Herald* articles, imitated as they have been by other papers, have greatly damaged the Tietjens business. The public, in the hope of opera, stood off, and have not patronised the concerts as they should have been patronised." The matter, in point of fact, became so serious that Mr Strakosch wrote to the *Herald* editor, pointing out the almost certain pecuniary failure of any attempt at Italian Opera in New York, and citing many previous examples of such disaster. "Italian Opera is no real want here," urged the *impressario*, adding, "Seemingly there has been a pre-conceived determination in your criticism to force upon me in all kindness a business which I do not intend going into, and which I consider ruinous." Nevertheless, Mr Strakosch* made a proposition—Let the *Herald* and its sympathisers open a subscription for opera, and, if the result prove that the thing is really wanted, he pledges himself to bring over the principal artists of Mr Mapleson's *troupe* before the New Year. To this letter the *Herald* replied from its own point of view, admitting the difficulties in the way of opera; but urging, truly enough, that Mdlle Tietjens is, before all, a dramatic singer, and it is in that capacity that they desire to hear her. "This being the fact, why should we seek to conceal it? Indeed, it could not be hidden, for who does not know that the Tietjens who sings a few beautiful melodies in Steinway Hall is not the Tietjens who, we are told, swept the stage in the pomp of tragedy, and poured from 'the deep throat of sad Melpomene' Fidelio's constant love or Norma's passionate wrath." Mr Strakosch's suggestion the *Herald* treated as a joke, and could only acquit him of incredible innocence by complimenting him for unequalled irony. "He argues his right to conduct his own business, and then invites us to manage it for him. We decline the honour, which it would be presumption to accept." At this point matters stood, and now let us note the general confusion. The *Herald* is charged with working for its proprietor's friends; the daily critics are charged with injustice and ignorance; the manager is charged with culpable neglect; the artist is charged with the crimes of age, size, and a worn voice; and the public are accused of frivolity and want of taste. Truly a "free fight," needing nothing to complete it. But if anybody see in it room for another element of strife, we have the thing at hand. The *Arcadian* prints a "Farce in one act," which shows Mr Strakosch himself raising the clamour for opera, by prompting reporters, receiving "minions" as a deputation from the public, and bribing the *Herald* with double

* We have seen two "advanced biographies" (if such they may be termed)—the one cited as proceeding from the "London Daily *Times*," the other from the *Pall Mall Gazette*—not one word of which ever appeared either in the *Times* or the *Pall Mall*.—ED. *M. W.*

* Innocent Mr Strakosch!

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terms for advertisements. Here is confusion worse confounded, and we give up the hopeless task of unravelment.

[*How now? Have we hit the nail on the head?*—A.S.S.]

In the midst of all this let Mdlle Tietjens find comfort through believing that her faithful English friends will be glad to welcome her back, safe and sound—the sooner the better.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

(*From the "Daily Telegraph."*)

With the successful example of the Crystal Palace before them, the managers of the Muswell Hill enterprise could hardly do other than establish concerts akin to those which, under Mr Manns' direction, have attained almost world-wide fame. The Alexandra Palace, therefore, has its musical Saturdays, and hopes to gather together, in the far north of London, an audience as numerous and, in time, as cultured as that which assembles weekly in the far south. Everybody must desire a happy issue for the venture. There is room enough, in good sooth, for this new worker, and we would fain believe that there is also a harvest of success to be reaped by skilful and persevering hands. The prospectus of the first season, which began on Saturday week, is particularly attractive, with regard to new and unfamiliar works. This, in point of fact, is its speciality. Mr Weist Hill seems to have taken a very comprehensive view of his duties as a caterer, and every programme will be rich in novelty, even if no more than half the promised works are brought out. On one point the Alexandra Palace scheme differs from that of Sydenham—it devotes a part of each concert to music of "a miscellaneous description." The difference, however, is more apparent than real. Even Mr Manns finds it necessary to take the "popular" element into account—witness the vocal music which so often wearies his connoisseur patrons. But Mr Weist Hill proposes to give material of this kind, and its orchestral counterpart, during the second half of each concert, when only those who care to hear it need keep their places. The plan has advantages above and beyond the commercially important one of appealing to a large public, and will be regarded with general favour, seeing that the matter has to be dealt with somehow.

"New brooms" not only "sweep clean," as saith the proverb, but they sometimes operate in dark and neglected corners, to prove their utility with more conspicuousness. The practice is one to be encouraged, especially when it makes partial atonement for the errors of bygone generations, performs an act of justice to a great name, and gives to living art another masterpiece. These be "prave 'ords"—and the reader may ask, with pardonable incredulity, when and where, of late, anything so striking has been done. The answer is easy—at the Alexandra Palace, on Saturday last, the deed performed being the revival of Handel's *Esther*. It was officially announced that this work would be produced on the occasion for the first time since 1757, the date of its last hearing, during the life of the illustrious composer. This may not be strictly correct, because we have always had amongst us societies whose laudable curiosity induced them to explore fields of art across which the beaten path did not run. These institutions, we can hardly doubt, have not forgotten a work which, though neglected, stands out conspicuous in the record of Handel's life. The overture has ever occupied the place of a favourite, and the great provincial festivals used years ago to dip now and then into the body of the oratorio. But there is reason to believe that no public performance on an adequate scale intervened between the day when *Esther* was given, in 1757, and Saturday last. The interval is a wide one, measured by the life of man; but art is long, and can see with complacency the flux of time. It can afford to wait; and to all in that happy position everything comes, even justice, which, proverbially, has leaden feet. The story of *Esther* scarcely needs telling here, because it is familiar to everybody with a smattering of knowledge about England's best-loved musician. Enough if we call to the amateur's memory how the oratorio was written for the Duke of Chandos, in 1720, when Handel filled the post of chapelmaster in the household of that gorgeous peer; how, after being twice performed at Cannons, it was laid aside for twelve years, and only revived at a private performance, got up by Mr Bernard Gates, master of the Chapel Royal boys; how the interest it then excited led to a public hearing; and how Handel was thus induced to give his attention to oratorio as a means of wealth and fame. The story, in outline, is soon told; but it would not be easy to exhaust the significance of *Esther*, as the first English oratorio, or of those seemingly trivial events which, working through it, launched the composer on a career that secured for his memory a

"Broad approach of fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song."

So regarded, the oratorio appeals to us as does the tiny source of some vast river, or the thought in a single human brain which, according to Emerson, is the parent of every revolution. The manuscript of *Esther*, as it lay dust-covered on the shelf at Cannons, contained not only all the actualities of oratorio as we are now conscious of them, but all the possibilities which, in the future, may become real. To what the neglected score has led we know; it was like the last offshoot of a decayed stock—for oratorio in Italy was then fast dying out—taken to root and flourish in another and more vigorous soil. Upon its existence, as far as can now be seen, depended the future of a grand form of art. What would have been the result had a servant at Cannons lit the Duke's library fire with the precious paper before Mr Bernard Gates obtained a duplicate? May we fancy that that which is now known as oratorio would have no existence? Hardly, perhaps, dare we go so far, but it is certain that nobody could then have shown Handel the possibilities of oratorio in England, and it is probable that he would have written his dearly-loved operas to the end of the chapter. Imagine English sacred music without *The Messiah*, *Israel*, and *Judas*,—nay, imagine England itself without *The Messiah* alone! To do so is to see in the mind's eye a somewhat different country, or there is nothing in the exercise of an abiding, all-pervading, and powerful influence.

The music of *Esther* is a theme so ample and tempting that we scarcely dare venture upon its discussion within the compass of a notice like this. To exhaust the topic, we should have not only to consider the work *per se*, but from a comparative stand-point, marking how and in what measure it shows the influence of Italian art upon the solid basis of German thought, and how and in what degree it contrasts or harmonises with the master's matured style. Upon these points much might be said which now can only be indicated. A first thought connected with the work has reference to its non-dramatic character. The form of the Italian sacred play is preserved by a division into acts and scenes, but the libretto is so constructed as to prove clearly enough that the idea of a dramatic performance was not in the writer's mind. Moreover, the original *Esther* was even less adapted for stage business than the second and enlarged form of the work produced, without theatrical accessories, in 1732. In this there is no reason to imagine that Handel was actuated by deference to English notions. Italy herself at that time had abandoned the sacred drama, and her oratorios were performed, when produced at all, with nothing save music and poetry to recommend them. But the influence of Italian art upon *Esther* takes a wider range than the form of telling the story. We see it especially in the character of the solos, which are unusually numerous, after the fashion of the model Handel adopted. The grace and suavity, tunefulness, and balance of phrase, that characterise, *inter alia*, "Dread not, righteous Queen," "Tears assist me," and "O beauteous Queen, unclose those eyes," mark their origin with a distinctness doubly apparent when a contrast is made with the more rugged eloquence of contemporary German art as illustrated by Bach. But, while this is the case, it is also true that we see Handel alone in the dramatic fitness which welds each air firmly into the perfect whole of the work. There is not a song in *Esther*, so regarded, that fails to present a study of characterisation and truthful expression. The choruses are fewer and less developed, with two exceptions, than those of later works, but all of them bear the stamp of the master's genius. What a mingling of grandeur and pathos have we in "Ye sons of Israel, mourn!" and how interesting it is to recognise this early demonstration of the fact that the Saxon master, while able to lead a nation's praises, could also embody, in accents fit to "storm the seat of mercy," a nation's cry of lamentation. What a wealth of power, moreover, is there in the triumphant song of the Israelites, "He comes to

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end our woes," and how the hammer of this musical Thor descends on the words "Earth, tremble," till it seems as though the behest were literally obeyed. But in the final chorus, "The Lord our enemy hath slain"—an extended *scena* introducing *soli* again and again—Handel may almost be held to surpass himself. It is a magnificent effort at fullest stretch of power, Pelion rising upon Ossa till the heavens are touched, and there seems no possibility of ascending higher. If only for this chorus, the revival of *Esther* deserves a welcome. But the oratorio is full of beauty, and now, with its sounds still vibrating, we look back over the gulf of a hundred and eighteen years with pity for the generations that neglected it.

Passing the questions involved in the conflicting editions of the work, and merely saying that the version used on Saturday was that of the English "Handel Society," edited by the late Charles Lucas, we come to the performance, which drew to Muswell Hill an audience, not only large, but representatives of all classes in the musical world. Here let us promptly recognise the merit generally displayed, from Mr Weist Hill, who worked with heart and soul as well as skill, down to the humblest chorister. Great pains must have been taken, and many rehearsals held, before music so unfamiliar could have been so thoroughly grasped. But the end was worth the means, thanks to which *Esther* made a fitting *début*. The soloists were Madame Nouver, Miss Enriquez, Mr Vernon Rigby, Mr Howells, and Mr Wadmore—all English artists (as was fitting), although the first-named lady chooses to assume the disguise of a foreigner. Madame Nouver, who is new to London concert-rooms, has a fine and powerful soprano voice, as well as considerable aptitude for her profession. She needs further teaching, however, especially in recitative, the proper signification and manner of which do not seem to have been explained to her. Miss Enriquez sang capitally "O Jordan, sacred tide," and the very dramatic invocation which opens the third act; while Mr Howells, a student, we believe, at the Royal Academy of Music, pleased by his agreeable voice and unobtrusive rendering of the second tenor music. Mr Vernon Rigby, strictly accurate as usual, sang the airs of Ahasuerus and Mordecai excellently, making with them the greater effect because they are well suited to his voice and style. Praise must also be given to this gentleman for his recitatives, which were uniformly declaimed with intelligence and dramatic purpose. Mr Wadmore rendered the music of Haman in a manner which showed the possession of more than a good voice, and the encore given to his recitative, "Turn not, O Queen," was as deserved as it was unexpected. The band and chorus, as already intimated, were thoroughly equal to their work, and Mr Weist Hill won hearty commendation by the judicious manner of his conducting. That *Esther* had a warm reception may be readily supposed. Four numbers were repeated, and at the end long and loud applause testified general satisfaction. We have only to say further, that the additions to Handel's meagre score were made by Mr Halberstadt in the true spirit of an artist, and with touches here and there of striking beauty. Not a note of the original was altered, while the additions made—a liberal allowance of trombone excepted—were marked by most excellent judgment.

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ROME.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

In consequence of the refusal of the Municipality to allow a grant of more than a hundred thousand francs for the Teatro Apollo, no one has come forward as a candidate for the vacant managerial throne. The upshot will most probably be, as it was in 1874, that the Municipality will decide at the last moment, when most artists of repute have already been engaged, on opening the theatre after all, and, instead of a hundred thousand, be under the obligation of paying two hundred thousand francs, and perhaps more, for a second or third rate company.—The Teatro Argentina has been opened with *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and Sig. Rota's ballet of *Fornaretto*. The next opera will be Verdi's *Macbeth*, and then comes Sig. Sangiorgi's new opera, *Diana*.—The Teatro Rossini has been opened with *La Sonnambula*, the part of the heroine by Signora Rosa Isidor.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the fifth concert, on Saturday, Mr Sims Reeves appeared, and the music-room was literally crammed. That the great English tenor was in full possession of his exceptional means was shown in the prayer from Charles Horsley's oratorio, *Gideon*, and the picturesque "Hunter's song" of Mendelssohn. He has rarely sung better. Both pieces were encored, but the first only was repeated. Madame Norman-Néruda, the queen of violinists (who ought to be called, by right of genius, Madame Joseph Joachim) also appeared at this concert, and played, with her accustomed taste and brilliancy, the concerto in F sharp minor of her master, Vieuxtemps. Madame Osgood, an American lady with a fine voice, was the other singer. The symphony was Spohr's magnificent "No. 4" (*Die Weihe der Töne*), the execution of which difficult work deserved all the applause it obtained—and that is saying no little. An overture, by R. Volkmann, to Shakspere's *Richard III.* began the concert, which came to an end with the second of Beethoven's four orchestral preludes to *Fidelio*. *Richard III.*, though new to the audience, created little impression. In the last part of his overture Herr Volkmann introduces "The Campbells are coming" in order to give colour to his intended illustration of a battle. This, perhaps the only noticeable feature of the work, is not singled out, be it understood, as something to commend—inasmuch as it is a mere pointless anachronism—but as something to criticise. To *Fidelio* "No. 2" we can only say "Hats off!" In listening to such a masterpiece we almost feel inclined to wish that Beethoven had let well alone, and composed no other overture to his one opera. But then comes the so-called "No. 3," for which the world of art has to be grateful.—*Graphic*.

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MINNIE HAUCK AT BERLIN.

The Berlin press is still as favourable as ever to this young lady. Herr Richard Wüerst says in the *Fremden Blatt*:—

"On Saturday Miss Minnie Hauck was first introduced to us as Aida. We confess that we now, for the first time, are in a position to appreciate the character in all its vocal and dramatic significance. Miss Minnie Hauck rules the field of song with an artistic mastery becoming more and more rare. While in the second and third acts we admired the flexibility of her voice, we were convinced of its volume and strength by the concerted pieces. In her acting she combined moderation with the glowing passion of the South."

Dr Gumprecht writes, as follows, in the *National Zeitung*:—

"Saturday presented us with Miss Hauck as Verdi's Aida. In more than one respect, the part was the most pretentious in which she had hitherto appeared before the Berlin public, and she went brilliantly through the difficult ordeal. We hardly thought her voice possessed such strength and lasting power. The intonation, always as clear as a bell, filled the ear with delight. The dramatic purport, conceived with spirit and decision, was brought out with convincing truthfulness down to its smallest details. The Ethiopian Princess is the true daughter of Meyerbeer's Selika. Hot blood courses through her veins and glowing passion in her heart. How truly she grasped the character was evident in the third act."

The same writer thus speaks of Miss Hauck's Rosina:—

"The young lady is one of the best representatives of Rosina, a part always sure, in the right hands, of achieving a brilliant success. Virtuoso-like technical skill, intelligence, and graceful delivery, are the qualities on which the composer relied, and the fair artist possesses all three of these lovely gifts. Smoothly, lightly, and without an effort, do the most intricate runs glide from her lips. With the purity of her intonation, and the correctness of her rhythmical articulation, the fundamental conditions of all musical plastics agreeable to the ear, not the smallest fault can be found. In her case, too, *fioriture* are no empty show-pieces of bravura singing, but a means of characterization, always filled with, and animated by, the frame of mind appropriate to the situation. The joy of youth and the sauciest roguishness came out exultingly in this romping game of notes; and through this the air and duet with Figaro first received their proper dramatic colour. Freely did the voice lavish its freshest and most melodious tones. The pieces interpolated in the Singing Lesson were the 'Madolinata' and a Waltz. A new charm was added to the first.

At the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, Miss Minnie Hauck is apparently the right artist in the right place. X.

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PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

The re-appearance of M. Faure as Hamlet at the Grand Opera is again deferred in consequence of his catching cold after his return from Versailles. His general health, however, is good, and it will not be long before he makes his appearance. Mad. Carvalho is to sing Ophelia, and Mdlle de Rezké to succeed Mad. Carvalho as Marguerite in *Faust*.

The question of the Masked Balls at the Opera has again been under discussion. Finding that M. Halanzier was resolved not to give any balls, if obliged to pay the exorbitant rate of 25 or even 20 per cent. on the receipts to the Assistance Publique, the managing Committee of that body have offered to accept 15 per cent., for one year only, reserving the right of augmenting the impost, should they deem it advisable. This M. Halanzier refuses to concede. He requires a pledge that the Committee will continue the reduced rate as long as he conducts the Opera. If they consent, well; if not, the *Bals de l'Opera* will for a time be things of the past. [A good thing too.—A. S. S.]

Mdlle Sangalli has made her re-appearance in *La Source*.

Le Val d'Andorre still proves attractive at the Opéra Comique. The revival of *Carmen* is postponed, as Mdlle Chapuy plays in both works, and cannot sing every night. She is also to sustain the leading character in *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, which M. du Locle is about to revive. There is every probability of *Le Voyage en Chine* before many months have passed, not to speak of the first performance of *Piccolino*, with Mad. Galli-Marié.

Offenbach's *Créole* has been produced. The libretto, in three acts, from the pen of A. Millaud, is singularly free from the conventional improprieties. The following is the story. The Commandant Adhémar de Feuilles-Mortes, an officer of Louis XIV's navy, desirous of perpetuating the family name, and being too old himself for marriage, determines that his nephew René shall do so instead of himself. He fixes upon his ward, Antoinette, as the proper person to become René's wife. Of course, as the project of handing down the family name is one on which the Commandant has so firmly fixed his heart, that he never makes up his mind to put it into execution until about an hour before, in pursuance of orders from his Admiral, he must put out for a lengthened cruise. This, the reader will not fail to perceive, is indispensable. Had the Commandant adopted a course more in keeping with that pursued by ordinary uncles and guardians, beyond the sphere of comic opera, M. Millaud could never have written his libretto, and, consequently, M. Offenbach could never have set it to music. René, a dashing young musketeer, discovers that Antoinette loves a friend of his, a young barrister, named Frontignac. The cannon is heard as a signal for departure. The Commandant is obliged to set sail. The marriage knot is tied after he has left, but the "parties" tied up by it are Antoinette and Frontignac, not Antoinette and the Musketeer. René has lost his heart, at Guadeloupe, to a beautiful Creole, whose name is Dora. Wonderful to state, and well calculated to prove that truth is stranger than fiction, the Commandant returns unexpectedly to France, bringing with him no less a person than Dora herself. That interesting half-caste, having been left an orphan by her father, an old comrade of the Commandant's, the Commandant naturally adopts her. But for this noble act M. Libaut could not well have entitled his libretto *La Créole*, for Dora would have remained in her native isle, and never have visited the French capital. To escape the Commandant's ire, René pretends he has married Antoinette, and Frontignac is ostensibly a bachelor. The Commandant, who has a mania for marrying people to each other, determines that Dora shall become Mad. Frontignac. But, at the moment that Frontignac must either avow the truth or commit bigamy, the cannon, no less opportunely than before, again booms forth the signal of departure. On this occasion, however, for no earthly reason apparently, except it be to give the stage-carpenter a chance of achieving success, by a ship *à l'Africaine*, the Commandant takes all the *dramatis personæ* with him, to share the perils of his voyage. The secret is divulged; the Commandant pardons the offenders; and everyone is happy. The music is half-and-half music, to apply to music an epithet ordinarily reserved for beer. It is not the music of comic opera, nor the music of buffo opera; it is something betwixt and between. The best numbers are the air: "J'ai bien vu votre tendresse," and the finale, in which the couplets: "C'est moi qui suis les grands parents" play a conspicuous part; a romance: "Il vous souvient de moi, j'espère," the air of the two Notaries, the finale, a Barcarolle, the "Chanson Créole," and a Quartet.

Mdlle Vanghell was exceedingly good as the scapegrace Musketeer, René. Mad. Judic never shone to better advantage than as the Creole, and much of the success achieved is due to her. Mdlle Luce Couturier, a pupil of Roger's, made her first curtsey to the public as Antoinette, and a charming Antoinette she was. MM. Daubray, Cooper, and Fugère did justice to the characters of the Commandant, Frontignac, and St Chamas. I forgot to state the name of the theatre at which *La Créole* was produced. It is the Bouffes-Parisiens.

La Filleule du Roi has disappeared from the bills of the Renaissance, being replaced by *Girofié-Girofla*. A one-act comic opera, *Les Deux Cousines*, words by M. Charles Raymond, music by M. Sauvage Trudin, of Boulogne-sur-Mer, has been well received at the same theatre, the leading characters sustained by Mesdes Tomy, Panseron, MM. Duval and Caliste.

M. Palianti has died suddenly at Sainte-Périne—aged seventy, having retired from his profession only a few weeks. He belonged for a long time to the Opéra-Comique, where he played small parts, and acted as stage-manager. He was known in the French provinces and elsewhere, by the scrupulously exact *Mises-en-Scène* of all the works produced during his career at the Grand Opera and Opéra-Comique.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our Correspondent.)

A splendid performance of Beethoven's 7th Symphony was the most important feature of Mr Hallé's concert last Thursday. "The Andante and Variations" from Hummel's Septet, admirably played by Messrs Hallé, Brossa, Lavigne, Vanhaute, Bernhault, Vieuxtemps, and Neuwirth. Weber's *Euryanthe* and Reinecke's *An Adventure of Handel's* overtures, were also in the programme. The last named was the only novelty. Though not an ambitious work, it is scholarly and well scored; and the introduction of the "Harmonious Blacksmith" suggests a well-known but very doubtful story as the source of the 'Adventure' described in the operetta. Mr Charles Hallé played a Bach selection with perfect taste; and Mdlle Varesi, who made her first appearance in Manchester, won universal favour. We have so often been disappointed with new operatic sopranos, that the brilliant execution and finished vocalisation of this young artist was a delightful surprise.

A mournful interest was given to this concert by the performance of the Dead March in *Saul*, in memory of the late leader of the orchestra, whose career and death are thus feelingly referred to by the accomplished musical critic of the *Manchester Guardian*:—

"The concert opened with the Dead March in *Saul*, and many to whom this was a surprise felt a pang of sorrow when they learnt on inquiry that this was a last compliment to the memory of one whose face has been perhaps the most familiar of all objects to concert-goers in Manchester for nearly forty years. Mr C. A. Seymour, the leader of the orchestra, died on Monday last, and was buried on the morning of this concert. Only those who knew him intimately could thoroughly estimate the singular charm of his personal character. Unselfish to a remarkable degree; always ready to give way to others whom, in a spirit of self-depreciation peculiarly his own, he fancied, perhaps unjustly, superior to himself; cheerful, nay, even sunny, in mind; and youthful—so far as his desire to keep alive to the latest developments of musical art—even to the last moments of his professional career. These were some of his most charming characteristics, but they were personal to the man; and only those of his friends who knew how well his character was expressed in the sweet frankness of his winning smile can estimate the singular beauty and simplicity of his private character. For more than twenty years the writer of these lines enjoyed that privilege, the recollection of which to himself—as to Mr Seymour's professional brethren and numberless private friends—will be all the happier because it is unassociated with a single mean action or an unworthy thought."

At Mr De Jong's concert on Saturday last, Mdme. Trebelli-Bettini, Mdme Roze-Perkins, MM. Paladini, Del Puente, and Behrens, appeared, as is needless to say, with great success.

Next week, Mr Carl Rosa's company will commence an engagement at the Theatre Royal.

November 10, 1875.

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THE MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

(From the "Musical Standard.")

The paper with which the session of the Musical Association opened last Monday will, we hope, have, at least, one good effect, that of exciting more interest amongst English musicians in musical literature. Beyond this we cannot imagine what object will be served by a paper which consisted of little beyond well-put truisms, and did not even attempt to deal with the causes at the root of the state of things assumed to exist, or to suggest remedies. We are of opinion that the subject had been far better left alone; but, as it has been brought under discussion, we do not propose to shrink from it, and we are, in truth, not sorry to have an opportunity of giving musicians who choose to take up the attitude of critics a little advice.

The great defect of Mr Salaman's elegant essay is that it is out of date. He, like other learned and excellent musicians, is evidently not much of a reader of current literature, and he describes a state of things which, if it ever existed, does not exist now. Whatever may have been the case twenty years ago, the prosings of Dr Crotch on musical criticism hit no mark now, and their solemn reproduction before a learned society of which some of the best musical critics of the day are members, would have been an insult, had it not been rather a matter for a smile that a man should take so much pains to beat the air. We all know that it is the duty of critics to be unbiassed, that people should not write about that of which they are ignorant, that venality is to be condemned, and that partiality is odious; just as we have been taught by our copy-books that honesty is the best policy, that cleanliness is next to godliness, and so forth: it was hardly necessary to tax the attention of a learned society with such obviosities, backed by solemn quotations from respected grandfatherly authors. If Mr Salaman had a real evil to expose he should have exposed it in detail and with examples. If musical criticism is in a bad way, by all means let us have it shown up in such form as may be tangible.

We venture to think that, to put the thing in rather an Irish way, if the excellent secretary of the Musical Association could have gone into his subject more closely, he would not have gone into it at all. The exceedingly general nature of Mr Salaman's remarks renders it uncertain what are the actual evils of musical criticism which he and some of the members of the Association are apparently so deeply concerned at; but, if the paper was driving at anything, we suppose it must have been driving at the presumed low state of musical criticism in the English press. We make bold to challenge, without hesitation, any such conclusion, and to assert that English musical criticism is in a high state of efficiency, rapidly educating the music-loving public, and gradually, though with greater difficulty, producing some good effect upon musicians themselves.

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What, then, is all this fuss about? We have in England a lay newspaper press of which the musical department is absolutely free from venality, and the musical posts in which are, for the most part, well filled: we have a musical press proper which is quite able to hold its own, which is far above the standard of many of the musicians for whom it exists, and is chiefly occupied in laboriously coaxing musical men to think.

The truth of the matter is simply this: musical men—it may as well be said at once—do not know their own literature. They are not a reading class; they are as a rule not conspicuous for general culture, and few of them are competent to assess the merits of the criticism which their learned society met last Monday to criticise. Only here and there a musical man in England knows anything of French or German, Greek or Latin, or reads even enough English literature to keep his head above water in the presence of educated men. Consequently they take no interest—as Mr Mackeson in his stinging and forcible speech hinted—in musical literature, and they give it little or no support. Knowing and seeing next to nothing of what is written about music, they have, nevertheless, met to pass judgment on the critics, with the result which must always follow when men talk about that of which they are ignorant. It was quite enough to be present at last Monday's discussion to find out how little the members of this society—always excepting those who are musical critics—knew about musical literature. We musical journalists, for instance, were gravely advised to give our readers reviews of the works of the old masters; and told, as a reason for doing so, that in other departments journalists were in the habit of reviewing ancient poets and authors, Milton, Virgil, and Horace! Gentlemen of the musical profession who spoke of Liszt as "Litz," who could not pronounce intelligibly the word "Gewandhaus," and who gave Wagner a denomination something like "waggoner," stood up to give lessons to journalists who every week have to skim the cream of German and French musical literature in the hope of stirring up in their insular minds some spark of intelligent interest in the drift of art currents abroad.

Such were some of the aspects presented by the meeting of last Monday. We recommend the Musical Association to let the musical critics alone. The attempt to make out a case of incompetency against them was a failure; the incidental result of betraying ignorance of current musical literature on the part of English musicians was conspicuous.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT LIVERPOOL.

The *Liverpool Daily Post*, in its notice, on the 9th inst., of Madame Christine Nilsson's performance in Gounod's *Faust*, at the Alexandra Theatre, writes as subjoined:—

"To any one who had not seen Madame Christine Nilsson in opera her impersonation of Marguerite must have been as great a surprise as a pleasure; and, for ourselves, we must admit that, often as we have seen the opera, we never saw Marguerite—*the* Marguerite of *Faust* and Goethe—till last night. As an art study it was simply perfect, for so thoroughly natural a result was attained that the art was entirely lost sight of. It was the most admirable combination of singing and acting we have seen and heard since Jenny Lind. To enumerate excellences would be to notice nearly every phrase, to recall each change of feature, or appropriate action. Foremost, however, must stand out the Garden Scene. The abstraction with which she began her labours at the spinning wheel, her singing of the 'King of Thule,' with its natural interruptions, and of the recurring thoughts of Faust, were in marvellous contrast to the wonder and delight displayed on finding the casket, the childishness of her joy, and the gushing impetuosity of her singing of this brilliant number. The mingled nervousness and pleasure in the opening of the love scene, the exquisite pathos with which she refers to her mother and sister, her rapid change from confidence to doubt, and final admission of her love, were extraordinary displays of expression, both facial and vocal. Her tragic powers, as displayed in the painful scene attending her brother's death, in the celebrated church where she so marvellously depicts the conflict between faith and despair, and in the *finale*, stood out in powerful relief. In look, action, and voice, she was, to our mind, the living embodiment of the poet's ideal, and in the execution of the music, by her faultless vocalization, and clearness and purity of intonation, attained a combination of excellences which we fear we shall never see or hear again—in this part at least."

We can unhesitatingly endorse this opinion of our esteemed and learned *confrère*.

VENICE.—According to report, Sig. Boito's new opera, *Mefistofele*, will be performed here in the spring.

ANTWERP.—Gounod's *Mireille* has been performed here with Mad. Lemoine in the title-part, and M. Léopold Ketten as Vincent.

MILAN.—The Teatro Carcano will open with *Der Freischütz*. Sig. Marchetti's *Ruy Blas* is to be brought out at the Teatro Castelli.

BOLOGNA.—Signora Virginia Ferni, the fair violinist, and her cousin, Sig. Angelo Ferni, also a violinist, will give a series of concerts here during the present month.

ST PETERSBURGH.—Anton Rubinstein's opera, *The Demon*, produced last year at the Royal Operahouse, Moscow, has now been brought out very successfully here.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

Mr Arthur Chappell began his 18th season on Monday night, with a programme remarkable alike for variety and interest. The Monday Popular Concerts have taken so firm a hold upon London audiences that it would be superfluous to dilate upon the healthy influence they have exercised from the commencement—what good they have done for art, and how, by strict adherence to the principles upon which they started, some sixteen years ago, they have strengthened and consolidated their position. The concert on Monday night was the 516th since the institution—for "institution" it may justly be called—was first set on foot; and the crowd of amateurs that thronged St James's Hall was a fair test of the general belief in their worth. The selection of pieces was as subjoined:—

PART I.

Quartet, in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4—strings	Beethoven.
New songs, "Dancing lightly, comes the Summer," and "Maiden mine." ...	Sterndale Bennett.
Sonata, in C, Op. 53, (Waldstein), Pianoforte	Beethoven.

PART II.

Trio, in D minor, Op. 6, pianoforte, violin, and violoncello	Bargiel.
Air, "Un aura amorosa" *(Cosi fan Tutte)*	Mozart.
Quartet, in D minor, Op. 76, No. 2—strings	Haydn.

Conductor, Sir Julius Benedict.

The two quartets, one at the beginning and one at the end of the concert, were in consonance with early tradition, and for that reason all the more acceptable. The chief object of the Monday Popular Concerts, as laid down by Mr Chappell in his first announcement, was to make the "public," independently of connoisseurs, acquainted with those treasures bequeathed to us by the universally recognised great masters in the form of what is termed "chamber music," and of which scarce one work out of 50 was previously known, except to a favoured minority. Now, the quartet of Beethoven was heard for the eighth, and that of Haydn for the thirteenth, time in St James's Hall. Upon the merits of these fine works it is unnecessary to dwell. Each has long been acknowledged as a capital specimen of its author, while it is equally agreed upon that each bears convincingly the impulse of the Protean Mozart—proclaimed by Richard Wagner himself the chief and most gifted of absolute musicians. The quartet of Beethoven belongs to his early period, being the fourth of a series of six (Op. 18), dedicated to one of its composer's staunchest patrons—Prince Lobkowitz, Duke of Raudnitz. It is in the first and last movements that the influence of Mozart is most vividly apparent; the second movement ("*andante scherzando*," in the major key), and the minuet, with trio, being Beethoven *pur et simple*—the former evidently springing from the same source to which we are indebted for a similar movement in the earliest of the nine orchestral symphonies. Haydn's quartet reminds us so irresistibly in more than one theme and passage of Mozart that, though we have no accepted authority for the date of its production, we are impressed with a belief that it must have been written either after Mozart's death, or, at least, after the time at which Mozart composed his quartet in the same key (D minor), and his quintet in C minor. Only the trio of the minuet and the *rondo finale* are in Haydn's genuine, playful, and individual manner. Each movement, nevertheless, is admirable, in its way, and the opening *allegro* perhaps best of all. Both quartets were capitally played by Messrs Wilhelmj, L. Ries, Zerbini, and Daubert (violoncello during the absence of Signor Piatti). Herr Wilhelmj leads a quartet with just the same facility, taste, and vigour as he plays a solo. To him Beethoven and Haydn are equally familiar, and we can imagine nothing more unaffected and artistically noble than his reading of both masters. That the audience were conscious of his merits was shown in the unanimous plaudits following movement after movement.

The pianist of the evening was Madame Annetta Essipoff, from St Petersburgh, who was so favourably received the year before last at the concerts of the Philharmonic Societies, old and new, and at some "recitals" on her own account. The sonata chosen for the occasion (happily a sonata is a *sine quâ non* at Mr Chappell's concerts) was that of Beethoven in C major, inscribed to Count Waldstein (Op. 53). This magnificent piece is one of the most difficult and trying of a series that would have immortalised the composer had he given nothing else to art. It presents, however, no difficulties to Madame Essipoff. She played it, indeed—the *rondo* in particular—with fluent ease and brilliancy, awakening the enthusiasm of the audience, who thrice called back the young and fair executant. It is worth noticing that this sonata—first introduced to a Monday Popular Concert audience by Madame Arabella Goddard, in 1859—was on Monday evening performed for the seventeenth time; so that the frequenters of St James's Hall must be tolerably familiar with its beauties. A trio (Op. 6) by Herr Waldemar Bargiel, with which some time ago Mr Charles Hallé, at his instructive recitals, made the musical public acquainted, began the second part. This trio is for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—which, we fancy, means all that is absolutely requisite to say about it. Of originality it offers no trace, while the themes upon which it is constructed are of such a character—or, rather, have so little individual character—that the length of the work is out of proportion with the interest of its materials. The frequent introduction of works by modern composers of whom little or nothing can be known among us is highly commendable, and, doubtless, adds to the attraction of Mr Chappell's entertainments; but a single performance of Bargiel's trio is surely enough to serve all purposes. It had every chance in the hands of such artists as Madame Essipoff, Herr Wilhelmj, and M. Daubert, who did every thing possible for its success. It created, however, but faint impression, and is not likely very soon to be heard again. The players, on the other hand, were legitimately entitled to the applause that rewarded their strenuous endeavour to make something out of nothing.

The singer was Mr Shakespeare, a young Englishman, pupil of our Royal Academy of Music, who, first making himself known as a pianist and composer of ability, has recently devoted his exclusive attention to the vocal art, studying in Italy under some of the most noted professors, returning to his own country with a tenor voice of very agreeable quality, and already exhibiting marked progress. Besides an *aria* from Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte*, Mr Shakespeare brought forward two unknown songs by the late Sterndale Bennett, set to some graceful stanzas from the pen of Mr T. Case. Both are the genuine products of an experienced pen, instinct with that melodious charm and refinement of detail for which even the least ambitious of their composer's works are distinguished. Musicians may give preference to the first—"Dancing lightly, comes the summer"—but the majority of the uninitiated will, we think, find most sympathy with the second—"Maiden mine"—as unpretending and perfect a ballad as can be imagined. They were both sung with true expression by Mr Shakespeare, and accompanied on the pianoforte by Sir Julius Benedict, as he best knows how to accompany.—*Times.*

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PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The "Beethoven Night" at the Royal Italian Opera House on Wednesday attracted the usual number of admirers of the music of the "tone-poet." Signor Arditi, who conducted the several works *con amore*, made a judicious selection. One of the overtures to *Fidelio*, the pianoforte concerto in E flat, the violin romance in F, and the symphony (No. 4) in B flat, formed the instrumental, "Adelaida," (sung by Mr Pearson) and "L'absence," by Mdme Roze-Perkins, the vocal portion of the programme. The members of the orchestra were on their metal, and executed the symphony to the entire satisfaction of the audience, who heartily applauded each movement. The pianoforte concerto was entrusted to Herr Stoëger, who was twice called forward at the end. We shall, doubtless, hear more of this clever artist. Madame Neruda met with deserved success. Her fine performance of the Romance elicited an "encore" so marked that it was hoped the fair violinist would have complied; but she gave an "Etude-Romance" (?) by Leonard instead, which we should have preferred hearing on another occasion, notwithstanding the perfection with which it was played. A miscellaneous selection formed the second part of the programme, in which *Les Huguenots* and *La Grande Duchesse* were called upon to supply opportunities for the solo instrumentalists of the band to exhibit their skill. Mr Pearson and Mdme Roze-Perkins contributed some vocal *morceaux*, the lady selecting a gipsy song entitled, "A dream wish," the characteristic words by Mrs M. A. Baines, and the music by Professor Bergson.

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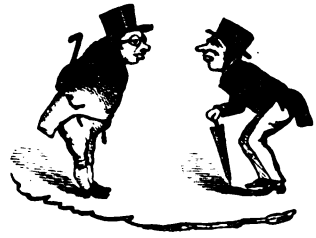
Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING. Well—where are we floundering?
DR QUINCE. Why—into an estuary.
DR SHIPPING. Well—how an estuary?
DR QUINCE. Why—look at *Macmillan!*
DR SHIPPING. Well—what about *Macmillan?*
DR QUINCE. Why—ask Dr Dannreuther.

(*Exeunt hurriedly.*)

—o—

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students' first evening concert for the present season took place at St James's Hall, on Thursday, November 4. The following is the programme:—

Fugue, in C minor, for two performers on two pianofortes (Miss Kelly and Miss A. Duflot)—Mozart; Aria, "O! die che lode," (Miss Catharine Farquhar)—Marcello; Duet, "La Riconciliazione," (Miss Shaboe and Mr George)—Lucantoni; Sonata, in G minor (first movement), pianoforte (Miss Boole)—Schumann; Recit. ed aria, "Che farò," *(Orfeo)* (Miss Eliza Thomas)—Gluck; Quartet, "Quia apud te propitiatio te Domine," *(De Profundis)* (Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mr Seligmann, and Mr A. L. Hatch)—Gounod; Sonata, Quasi Fantasia, in C sharp minor (Op. 27, No. 1) Adagio, Allegretto, Presto Agitato (Miss Bucknall)—Beethoven; Song, "When I remember" (Miss Evans)—G. A. Macfarren; Part song (MS.), "The ballad of young John and his true sweetheart"—Oliveria Prescott (Student); Lied, in A (No. 4, book 1), Mendelssohn, and Allegro brillante, in E (No. 1 from Pezzi di Bravura), Potter, pianoforte (Miss Fitch); Sacred song, "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning" (Miss Reimar)—H. C. Banister; Dueto, "Sull' aria" *(Nozze di Figaro)* (Miss Marietta and Miss Kate Brand)—Mozart; Aria, "Qui sdegno" *(Flauto Magico)* (Mr Gordon Gooch) Mozart; Allegro grazioso e brillante, from the Duo Brillante in E (Op. 19), for two performers on the pianoforte (Miss Tate and Miss Smith)—Charles E. Stephens; New part songs, "Softly come! thou evening gale" and "Pipe! red lipp'd Autumn, pipe!"—H. Smart; Melodia, "Perché piangi" (Miss Sadie Singleton)—Gounod; Trio, "Ah! taci, ingiusto core" *(Don Giovanni)* (Miss Shaboe, Mr George, and Mr Gordon Gooch)—Mozart; Romance, in F (Op. 50), violin (Mr Luke)—Beethoven; Recit., Solo, and Chorus "Though all thy friends" *(Crucifixion)* (Solo, Miss Jessie Jones)—Spohr; Allegro di Bravura (op. 31), "La Legerezza," pianoforte (Mr Charlton Speer, Sterndale Bennett Scholar)—Moscheles; Trio, "Vorrei Parlar" *(Falstaff)* (Miss Aylward, Miss Edouard, and Miss Bolingbroke, Parepa-Rosa Scholar)—Balfe; Song, "The sea hath its pearls" (Miss Kate Brand, violoncello *obbligato*, Mr Buels)—Lachner; Hunting song, "Up, up, ye Dames"—Walter Macfarren.

The accompanists of the vocal music were Miss Chute, Miss Alice Curtis (Potter Exhibition), Miss Farrar, Miss Katie Steel, Mr F. W. W. Bamfylde, and Mr Walter Fitton. Mr Walter Macfarren conducted. The pieces received with the greatest favour were the excerpt from Schumann's sonata, very intelligently played by Miss Boole; Gounod's "De Profundis," capitally sung; Beethoven's sonata, admirably given by Miss Bucknall; Mr G. A. Macfarren's song, "When I remember;" Miss Oliveria Prescott's part-song, for which the fair composer was called forward to receive the applause of the audience; Mr Henry Smart's new part-songs, and Balfe's trio from his opera, *Falstaff*, admirably "interpreted" by the Misses Aylward, Edouard, and Bolingbroke. From a printed circular issued by the Committee we are pleased to learn the increasing prosperity of the institution. The number of students in the Academy is now 268 (76 male and 192 female students), thirty-one new pupils having been admitted in the Lent term, 30 in the Easter, and 53 in the Michaelmas term.

SARAGOSSA.—The Theatre here has been repaired and redecorated.

Higher Development.

Nos. 3 and 4.

LISZT FERENCZ.

Szemét lehunyja. Mintha csak magának játszanék. Ünnepélyes morgadalma a huroknak.

Pianissimo. Szt. asisi Liszt Ferencz beszélget a madarakkal. Arcza elvilágosodik.

(To be continued.)

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRD CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 15, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in A major, Op. 41, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT .. *Schumann.*

SONG, "Cangio d'aspetto"—Miss HELENE ARNIM .. .. .. *Handel.*

SONATA in D minor, Op. 29, for pianoforte alone—Mdme ESSIPOFF *Beethoven.*

PART II.

TRIO in B flat, Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdme ESSIPOFF, MM. STRAUS and DAUBERT .. .. .. *Schubert.*

SONG, "Der Mond"—Miss HELENE ARNIM .. .. *Schumann.*

QUARTET in C, Op. 33, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT .. .. *Haydn.*

Conductor .. .. Mr ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in E flat, Op. 74, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and DAUBERT .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken?" .. .. .. *Bach.*
{ "Liebestreu" .. .. *Brahms.*
Mdlle THEKLA FRIEDLANDER.

SONATA in G minor, Op. 22, for pianoforte alone—Madame ANNETTE ESSIPOFF .. .. *Schumann.*

SONGS, { "Du bist die Ruh'" .. .. *Schubert.*
{ "Auftrage" .. .. *Schumann.*
Mdlle THEKLA FRIEDLANDER.

SEPTET in D minor, for pianoforte, flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello, and double bass—Madame ANNETTE ESSIPOFF, MM. BROSSA, LAVIGNE, VANHAUTE, ZERBINI, REYNOLDS, and DAUBERT .. .. *Hummel.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

DEATH.

On November the 1st, at Slough, Bucks, Robert Barnett, aged 57, many years a professor of the pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music (where he had been educated) and Queen's College, Harley Street; associate of the Philharmonic Society, and member of the Royal Society of Musicians.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expediency may suggest.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1875.

Dialogues in Purgatory.

Dr Serpent.—In my opinion Charles Salaman should be re-baptised Solomon David.

Dr Ghost.—State the reasons upon which you found your opinion.

Dr Serpent.—In casting that "Stone" at the critics, Salaman outcast himself.

Dr Ghost.—My opinion is that he did nothing of the kind. Salaman wrote in the *Circle*.

Dr Serpent.—That particular *circle* is extinct. I am now the only circle.

Dr Ghost.—Hem! Then put your tail in your mouth, as Salaman did, or square yourself, as Salaman didn't.

(*Both vanish.*)

ARABELLA GODDARD IN AMERICA.

THE subjoined is from the New York correspondent of the *Philadelphia Amateur*:—

"It is very difficult to say anything at all about Madame Goddard's piano-playing. She appears to me to have a mastery over the piano, peculiarly her own, and beyond the simple reach of one's pen. As the spirit moved her, she played miles away from me, and into my very ear, if you could call singing playing; for the instrument sang under her fingers. Such a continuous flow of delicate sound I had never heard previously from a piano; nor had I ever heard a grander volume in forte passages. In truth, she is a great pianist—great in every relation."

It must be gratifying to English amateurs to find an American critic not only able to appreciate but willing to acknowledge the genius and talent of a lady who, though born of English parents, is, in simple truth, the most perfect existing mistress of her art. The Americans don't yet know Arabella Goddard; but we earnestly hope they may, before she leaves; and then, because (though cautious) magnanimously chivalrous, they will, with one voice, summon her back.

IT is not alone in politics that Italy is changed from what she was since the *Rè Galantuomo*, guided by Cavour, first entered on the path which has led to the Quirinal. An important revolution has for some time been going on among Italian composers, and visibly affected the thirty or

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forty new operas annually brought out in the Ausonian Peninsula. Of this number, the great majority, like the "*Capellmeister* Operas" of the Germans, are seldom heard of in the rest of Europe. "Quædam bestiolæ unum tantum diem viunt," says the old Latin author. His words might be applied almost as appropriately to the operas in question as to the midges and other insects of which he is discoursing.

A contributor to the Berlin *Echo* directed attention, in an able notice, some months ago, to this subject, which is one possessing great interest. The leading characteristics of the productions above mentioned were not to be mistaken. The composer exerted himself, in the first place, to write in a fresh and melodious style, without troubling his head a straw as to whether or no what he wrote was in keeping with the dramatic situation. The style was calculated to show off the singers in a favourable light, and to achieve his great aim, namely:—effect. That was enough for him. So he clung with wonderful tenacity to certain traditional and antiquated forms, and one opera bore as strong a family likeness to the opera which preceded it as one jelly bears to another jelly turned out of the same mould.

But innovation is surely undermining this state of things, as the German Ocean is wasting away that insular rabbit-warren known as Heligoland. Among Italian *maestri* of the present decennium, bold young spirits, in whom the bump of veneration must be a cavity, have sprung up and ruthlessly ignored much in which their fathers delighted. One of the first things to go has been the Cabaletta, which, without rhyme or reason, was invariably introduced in a certain place, and in which the cornet-à-piston usually took a leading part to "support the voice;" a task it performed, as a rule, so conscientiously—and vigorously—that it was as much as the singer could do to make himself or herself heard. Many other old remnants of the past have likewise disappeared. But modern composers, in their eagerness for change, have not unfrequently jumped from one extreme to another. They have abandoned old forms to rush headlong into "endless melody," and we all know what that is:—a dreary something, in which the melody never ends, for the simple reason that it never begins. The imitators of this system fail to perceive, that even he who invented it does not blindly follow it as they do. The consequence is, that they degrade music into a mere superfluous accompaniment to the dialogue.

The painful efforts made by certain Italian composers of the present day to "suit the action to the notes and the notes to the action"—if we may parody Hamlet's instructions to the Players—often lead them into regrettable excesses. The tenor wounded unto the death, or the prima donna expiring from the effect of a poisoned chalice, were, as frequently as not, wafted into eternity by former composers on the strains of a waltz motive, or something equally well adapted for the purpose; composers of the present day illustrate such events by fearful harmonies, and treat their audiences to a course of musical pathology, aught but pleasant to nicely attuned ears. The same unreasoning zeal has misguided the advocates of the new Italian school in their treatment of the orchestra. Formerly, the orchestra played a most unimportant part. It is now exalted into undue and, so to speak, crushing preeminence. Fugued passages, contrapuntal imitations, *points d'orgue* and *hoc genus omne*, follow each other in never-ceasing and indeterminate succession. The attention of the audience is diverted from the stage to the orchestra. The opera becomes a long protracted symphony, resembling the Irishman's cable, of which some one had cut off the extremity. Many a singer, as he sinks beneath the waves of sound surging up furiously from the frantic violins, remembers with regret the cornet-à-piston of days gone by, and bitterly regrets it as the embodiment, comparatively, of silence.

As may easily be supposed, this kind of operatic-writing has not failed to meet with opposition. The anxious patriot, not perceiving its transitory nature, trembles lest the national peculiarities may disappear for ever. An ordinary theatre-goer will not, at any price, resign the Cabaletta. Recalcitrants rise up on all sides, and every opinion, no matter from whom it emanates, adverse to the new tendencies, is carefully preserved and chronicled. It is with great satisfaction that the champions of the old school recall the words of an Austrian Archduke, who, some year or two since, witnessed the production of a novelty at the Scala, Milan. On being asked how he liked the new opera, his Imperial Highness replied:—"I had hoped to hear in Italy Italian music. But people in my own country write music like that which I have heard this evening, and"—he continued, with a smile, "sometimes even better."

The writer to whom reference has been made observes that, on looking at the matter with an unprejudiced eye, we perceive in it naught save a re-action, which, long working in silence, after having been restrained, partly by political circumstances and partly by conservative adherence to what bore the stamp of tradition, has at last burst forth with unseemly vehemence. But a vigorous and purifying spirit now marks the studies of young Italian musicians. That they should want at one leap to recover the lost ground, and, in so doing, sometimes come to grief, is part and parcel of their Southern nature. Practice, however, will teach them to use discreetly and judiciously the materials at command, and there is reason to hope that any loss entailed upon Italian opera by the renunciation of a speciality which was but a dubious advantage, may be compensated by dramatic truth and ennobled form.

R. K.

ARABELLA GODDARD.

(*From the New York "Touchstone," October 16th.*)

Although this artist appeared in concert with Tietjens, we regard her genius and individuality so strongly marked as to demand a separate article at our hands, brief though it may be.

Notwithstanding, then, that the grand performances of Rubinstein are still ringing in our ears, and that the famous Dr von Bülow has already arrived on our shores, we are of the opinion that no greater pianist than Mdme Goddard has ever visited this country, and question very much whether Europe has produced one with more exceptional powers or greater mastery over her instrument. True that, on a Wagnerian plane, there are certain distinguished performers who, through brain and muscle, and years of persistent drudgery, have worked the piano up to orchestral dimensions, as it were; but these are simply prodigies of learning and labour, who merely study the external architecture of music, and who sometimes build stupendous structures, that, however symmetrical in themselves, are cold, dark, and voiceless within. Not so with the creations of Mdme Goddard, however; for, whether she build a palace or a cot, you feel that, in the midst of light and life, she is enthroned in the one, or seated by the fireside of the other. It is impossible to describe the power, the beauty, and the delicacy of this great artist's touch, or the brilliancy of her execution. No matter what the composition, she grasps it with her fingers all aglow, as it were, and pours her very soul along the keys, until the instrument, forgetting its nature, absolutely sings in sympathy with her. No finer interpreter of Beethoven could possibly exist. There is not a secret chamber of the great master's heart of which she does not possess the key. No left hand has ever dealt out its slow

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movements with more stately magnificence, and no right hand has ever poured upon them more brilliant floods of sunshine. In truth, she is a rare creation, whose genius, school, and culture form a triad the most charming, and whose *technique*, fervour, and poesy are delightful to contemplate. * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Mdme Goddard's *début* at Steinway Hall was, of course, quite worthy her world-wide fame. Like her fair sister, she was recalled and bouquetted to the last. After having enjoyed her splendid performances, one's ears itch to hear von Bülow, who is said to have some new revelations to make. On this point, however, we must possess our souls in patience, until the famous German opens Chickering Hall on the 15th of next month.

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OCCASIONAL NOTE.

Too Good to be True.—We learn from America that there is every hope the Tietjens' miscellaneous concerts will be abandoned, and that the great *prima donna* will reserve her forces for oratorio, and subsequently for opera. We are also told that Madame Arabella Goddard and Dr von Bülow will form an artistic partnership, and give recitals together in New York and elsewhere. If the latter news be true our American friends may be congratulated on the opportunity of hearing in one room the two greatest pianists of the age.

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PROVINCIAL.

Wellingborough.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given on Wednesday last, in the Exchange Hall. The artists were Miss Ada Moore, Mrs M. A. Warren (of Mr Charles Hallé's concerts), Mr W. Williams (of Canterbury Cathedral), and Mr Orlando Christian. The chorus of fifty voices were from the town and surrounding villages. The trebles were up to their work, and the band all that could be desired. Mr Deimer was organist, and Mr Harrington conducted.

Maidenhead.—The Philharmonic Society gave their third concert on Thursday evening, November 4th. The principal artists were Miss Jessie Royd, Mr Videon Harding, and Mr Christian. Romberg's "Lay of the Bell" was the *pièce de resistance*. It was effectively rendered by principals, band, and chorus. Herr Rosenthal, an excellent violinist, who should be oftener heard in public, executed, with great brilliancy, Beethoven's "Romance" (Op. 40); Mr Christian did full justice to "The Desert;" Miss Royd gave a capital rendering of the solos in Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, and was supported by a well-balanced chorus and full orchestra; Mr V. Harding, in Sullivan's song, "The Sailor's Grave," obtained deserved applause. Herr Max Schultz conducted.

Windsor.—A grand concert was given in the Town Hall, Windsor, on Monday, by the Mayor (W. Underhay, Esq.), in aid of local institutions, under the direction of Mr John Gower. The programme included Beethoven's Sonata in D (Op. 12), for violin and pianoforte, and Schubert's Sonata in D, excellently rendered by Mr J. S. Liddle and Mr Gower. Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata and a sacred quartet, "O Lord, my God," composed by the conductor, and sung by Miss Annie Sinclair, Mr Sexton, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr O. Christian. Miss Sinclair was encored in "Softly Sighs" (Weber) and "I love my Love." Mr Christian, in Gounod's "Nazareth," and Mr H. Guy, in "Deeper and deeper still" and "My Queen," were deservedly applauded.

Cheltenham.—Ricardo Linter's recital of pianoforte music, last Wednesday week, at the Corn Exchange, was one of the most interesting that has been given for a long time. In the first part of the programme Mr Linter played a Sonata in C, and the Rondo in G, by Beethoven, and, in the second part, the Allegro, Scherzo, and the difficult Fugue of the great Sonata in B flat (Op. 106). At the conclusion, the audience became quite excited, and applauded Mr Linter most enthusiastically. The fugue was taken at a good pace, and was carried on with immense spirit. We think Mr Linter is the first pianist, in a provincial town, who has essayed this difficult sonata, and Cheltenham ought to be very proud to have a resident professor able to interpret such a work.

Brighton.—Miss Wallis concluded her engagement last Saturday at the Theatre Royal, and, on Monday, Mr. Sims Reeves made his appearance in *Guy Mannering*, before an audience that completely filled the theatre. Miss Fanny Heywood, Miss Annie Goodall, Mr G. Fox and Mr. Nye Chart were the coadjutors of Mr Reeves.—Signor Conti gave the last of his concerts at the Pavilion, with the assistance of Miss Helen D'Alton, Signor Pireri, Signora Rizzelli, M. Paque, Mr William Coenen, and Signora Bianchi.—Mendelssohn's *Elijah* is announced by Mr Watts (Cramer & Co.), to be given this morning, in the Dome, by the Brighton Philharmonic Society. Mdme Essipoff is to give a recital of pianoforte music next Friday, in the Pavilion, under the direction of Messrs Robert Potts & Co. —Mr Kuhe is already advertising his "Brighton Festival," so that the musical season may be pronounced in full swing at "London-super-mare."

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MDLLE TIETJENS.

(*From the New York "Touchstone."*)

It is amusing to witness the manner in which some of our dailies and weeklies pepper Mdlle Tietjens with snipe-shot, because she is unable to transmute concert into opera. This distinguished cantatrice came to this country to give us a season of concert, as announced; but no sooner had she begun to fulfil her engagement, than those critics who hear with their eyes only, and who are incapacitated from appreciating music, *per se*, or loving it for its own dear sake, demand that it shall assume all the parade and adventitious trappings of the lyric stage.

Whatever may be said to the contrary, the bare boards and the naked walls of the concert-room afford the best and surest means of testing the vocal powers, the training, and the musical genius of any artist who comes amongst us, as Mdlle Tietjens does, in search of wealth and fame. Is not all music sufficient unto itself? Or has "Bel raggio" to hobble about, halt, or maimed, or blind, until it stumbles in before the footlights of the opera, and picks up its eyes, or the gilded crutches of costume and scenery. The idea is inadmissible, and is never indulged by those who are sensitive to all that is exquisite in the divine art, or who are sufficiently educated to pronounce upon it with the highest intelligence. Music is obviously intended to steal upon the soul through the gates of the ears only. The eyes, consequently, are not necessary to its appreciation in any degree. She who fails as an artist in concert can only succeed on the lyric stage through her dramatic powers. Hence the false criticisms which now obtain in relation to Mdlle Tietjens' performances at Steinway Hall, and the absurdity of following a line of argument with reference to her singing which would go to prove that the cup gives body, mellowness, and flavour to the wine.

We do not intend to compliment Mdlle Tietjens after the manner of some of our contemporaries, who have most graciously conceded to her a fine stage presence, a large and highly-cultivated voice, and a superb method—all of which they have long inferred, necessarily, from the comments of the English press upon her for upwards of twenty years.* But what we do intend to compliment her on is the volume, compass, quality, and evenness of her voice, and the vast scope and power which she has displayed at her concerts here, in rendering so magnificently three such widely different numbers as the "Last Rose of Summer," the Grand *aria* and *scena* from *Der Freischütz*, and "L'Ardita," a waltz, by Arditi. These are all representative compositions, demanding such various treatment and poses of sentiment that one wonders at the perfect grace, the grandeur, and the brilliancy which characterised them individually. This sweep of coast has been seldom travelled with so sure and certain a step as that of Mdlle Tietjens, although the sunlight that fell upon her path was, perhaps, at times, somewhat cold and phosphorescent.

That Mdlle Tietjens is a very grand artist there can be no doubt; although, as is the case with most large voices, her execution is not *extraordinarily* brilliant, and would not, perhaps, tell in lengthy, rapid, and elaborate passages with such fine effect as that of Nilsson or De Murska. Still, it never fails; while, at intervals, it is as swift, clean, and true as the flash of a swallow's wing. Her *début* here was most successful, although she had to struggle against a very questionable orchestra, and a couple of male singers—one of whom was utterly slipshod and inaudible, while the other suggested the idea of a person who was singing vigorously at a mark. She gives her next *matinée* at Steinway's to-day, Saturday; and appears in oratorio, with the Centennial Choral Society, on Wednesday next, when some critic will have an opportunity of saying something about her in oratorio.

* Mdlle Tietjens made her first appearance among us in 1858.—D.P

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MEFISTOFELE.

A New Italian Opera by a New Italian Composer.

(From a Special Italian Correspondent.)

(*Continued from page* 744.)

The new drama is divided, as we have said, into six parts—a prologue, four acts, and an epilogue.

The prologue gives a great development to the Prologue in the Heavens of *Faust*. The celestial phalanxes, the Chorus Mysticus, the cherubs, the archangels are inviaible behind the nebulæ, from which the mighty sound of the seven trumpets and the booming of the seven thunders, and Mephisto alone in the shadow, leaning his feet on the skirt of his mantle, lays his wager with God, and then disappears, vexed by the angels. At this point, M. Boito has added a prayer of the penitent woman, which rises from the earth to the heaven, a quite new and splendid idea, for, to the sublime thought of the Paradise, it adds all that the earth has of most poetic and beautiful, the fervid prayer of the woman to God.

The first act is divided into two parts: the first—the Easter Sunday—is worked out from the "Before the City Gate;" the second—the Pact—corresponds with the scenes entitled the Study, except the chorus of the invisible spirits and the dialogue of Mephisto with the scholar.

The second act, also, is divided into two parts: the first—the Garden—is worked out of the two scenes, Garden and Martha's Garden; the second—the night of Sabbath—from the night of Walpurgis, except the acting, with the addition of the "world-song," in the witches' kitchen.

The third act—the death of Margaret—is the scene of the Prison, with which the first *Faust* ends.

The fourth act carries us into the Night of the Classical Sabbath, which is worked out from the Classical Night of Walpurg. The vastness of the picture of Goethe obliged M. Boito to omit many episodes; so he chose, as a hinge to his Classical Sabbath, the scene in which Faust, adorned as a cavalier of the middle age, presents himself to Helena.

The epilogue, the death of Faust, keeps a little off from the first act of the second *Faust*; and, though the new epilogue is, dramatically, of great effect, we must own that the epilogue of the first edition was, poetically, much more praiseworthy and quite faithful to the text. Faust, in his old age, is again sitting down in his study, and raves; at his side Mephisto, who, foreboding that his death is near, looks out for the transition of his soul. Celestial songs are heard, and Faust is listening to them. Mephisto, to tempt him, evokes the Sirens, but Faust relies upon the Gospel; and, absorbed in the celestial vision, dies, whilst the angels put Mephisto to flight with a rain of sunbeams, songs, and flowers.

As we consider it in its integrity, this drama may be set down among the most artist-like works; and even opposers involuntarily paid to it the homage of spending pages of journalistic writing to demonstrate—though without success—that it was not worth the trouble of occupying themselves with it. The verse is sometimes too eccentric, sometimes too rough, but always robust and never vulgar. Here and there we find pieces of good poetry which might worthily appear in the works of every good author. And the experiment of introducing—to give more vivacity to the scene—the measure of the Greek verse, in the Classical Sabbath, has also happily succeeded. The best attestation of esteem to the poet has been given by the public; the demand for the book being so great that, on the evening of the first representation, the third edition was already exhausted.

What we have said is enough on account of the drama. As we come to speak of the music, we must premise that, when we declare our opinion about the work of M. Boito, we do not bear in mind that it is his first work—for in art there is no law of succession; therefore, the praise that, faithful to truth, we must bestow on the author, should not be confused with that which is generally and unjustly bestowed, under pretext of encouraging, upon anyone scarce emerging from mediocrity.

The bold idea of setting *Faust* to music rose in the mind of M. Boito when he was still young, and his musical studies were not yet finished. If we do not mistake, the first fragments were written in 1861. In these fourteen years, M. Boito, fascinated by the great conception of Goethe, though he was not continually occupied in setting it to music—for he turned his mind also to two other operas, which we hope to see soon finished—yet continually pondered it over in his mind, and made it the principal aim of his studies. With true artistic ambition, very learned, and endowed with an extraordinary perception of the beautiful, he understood, as few men understand, how *Faust* is philosophically and literally sublime; and he felt what the music should be to express with equal strength an equal conception in another art; but, as he was not ready to delude himself on account of the merit of his work, nor so proud as to impose thus upon others and himself his own work, he made, changed, made again, till his conscience of artist told him that he had done all that he could do to set the subject to music. Thus fourteen years elapsed: but the past years, for M. Boito, stopped in his *Mefistofele*, in which we find all the most beautiful ideas that rose in the mind of the author during that period; we find in it the fruit of the studies of about three lustres; we find in it all the vigour and impetuosity of the juvenile boldness, not deteriorated, not weakened, but moderated by the severe education of the mind.

(*To be continued.*)

—o—

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The first of Messrs Harrison's subscription concerts attracted one of the largest and most brilliant audiences ever seen in the Town Hall; even the orchestra, usually devoted to the lowest priced portion, being filled with reserved seats, which were taken some days before the performance. No doubt the "bright particular star" mainly contributing to this result was the renowned Swedish songstress, Christine Nilsson, whose first appearance in Birmingham, at the Festival of '67 (since which time she had only sung here once), made so highly favourable an impression on the metropolis of the Midlands. The reception accorded to Mdme Nilsson was of the warmest; and, as the *prima donna* humoured her admirers by responding to the applause which followed each of her solos, not only re-appearing, but acceding to the encores, the public had the satisfaction of listening to "Auld Robin Gray" as a sequence to the "Air des bijoux" (preceded by the "Rè de Thule" ballad from *Faust*); "The minstrel boy to the war is gone," after Arthur Sullivan's graceful new song, "The sun is setting"; and a repetition of the "Dalecarlian Dance" melody, the second of the Swedish airs. In addition to this, Mdme Nilsson took part in the trio, "This magic wove scarf," from Barnett's delightful opera, *The Mountain Sylph*—an opera in which the *couleur locale* of Scotland is distinctly impressed. Mr Carl Rosa's success in London may induce him to produce this opera, which, with Edward Loder's *Night Dancers*, would, for the present generation, have the charm of novelty; while to those whose remembrance carries them so far back to the past, pleasant memories would be evoked. Miss Alice Fairman, Mdlle Levier, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli contributed their share to the programme, which was essentially of the miscellaneous order; while Mr Kuhe furnished the pianoforte solos, one of which, under the title of "Victoria," was an arrangement of "God save the Queen," with variations. The post of accompanist was filled in a highly efficient manner by Mr F. H. Cowen, who, I am glad to learn, is commissioned, for the Birmingham Festival of 1876, to write a secular cantata, for the subject of which he has chosen Byron's *Corsair*.

The six nights of the Carl Rosa Company at the Theatre Royal were an unqualified success, the house being crowded every evening by an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. The operas played were *Marriage of Figaro*, *Porter of Havre*, *Faust*, *Trovatore*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *The Bohemian Girl*; the principal parts being sustained by Mdlle Torriani, Misses Rose Hersee, Josephine Yorke, Julia Gaylord, Lucy Franklein, Mrs Aynsley Cook; Messrs Santley, Nordblom, Packard, Lyall, Aynsley Cook, Celli, and Arthur Howell; Mr Carl Rosa, of course, officiating as conductor. As all the operas and artists named have so recently been heard in London, it is needless to recapitulate what has already been said about them in the *Musical World*. Suffice it that Birmingham was delighted with the various performances, and Mr Simpson, the lessee of the theatre, must have been satisfied with the financial results of his enterprise.

D. H.

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CRITICS, AMATEURS, AND PROFESSORS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Musicians and public performers of all kinds have an undoubted right to protest as often as they may think fit against criticism, and in their turn criticise the critics. Things have changed since the days when Cowper apostrophized the newspaper as

"Happy broad-sheet
Which not e'en critics criticise!"

Newspapers, as the dispensers of praise and blame, are very much criticised, especially by those who imagine that more blame than they deserve has been allotted to them. The recipients, however, of praise are generally disposed to admit—as long, at least, as the memory of the praise remains with them—that the press is not such a hopelessly bad institution after all. At a meeting held last Monday of a society of musicians and amateurs, who assemble periodically for purposes of discussion, and on the understanding, strictly enforced, that members are under no pretext to bring their instruments with them, a Mr Salaman, pianist, composer, and musical critic, read a paper on musical criticism as it is and as it should be. After a rapid glance at the history of musical criticism, from Plutarch to some obscure writer in an unnamed journal of the present day, who seems now and then to get out of his depth, the lecturer painted an animated picture of the true musical critic as he—and many others—would like to see him. Mr Salaman would require that he should possess a thorough knowledge of the history of music, be a good theoretical and practical musician, entertain no prejudices in favour of one school more than another, and write a good style. A man endowed with the gifts and acquirements stipulated for by Mr Salaman would indeed be quite equal to the task of "chronicling small beer." By way of making his meaning unmistakably plain, the lecturer mentioned Robert Schumann as a good specimen of the able and impartial critic; and certainly no objection could be taken to Mr Salaman's choice. If, however, we had a Schumann among us, he would probably make it his chief business not to criticise the works of others, but to compose works of his own.

After pointing out what should be avoided in musical criticism, Mr Salaman mentioned (in addition to Robert Schumann) a few musical critics whose writings he considered worthy of admiration. One of these was the late Mr Chorley; M. Fétis another. Now Mr Chorley was at least conscientious and accurate in regard to facts; but if Mr Salaman will only consult no matter which of the few and scanty articles devoted by M. Fétis to English musicians, he will find it not so much disfigured as characteristically marked by glaring and ridiculous blunders. The critic whom Mr Salaman holds in such high esteem confounds John Barnett with Sterndale Bennett, and gravely states where the operas were produced to which he imagines the overture entitled the *Wood Nymphs* was prefixed. After praising M. Fétis—who speaks with never-failing contempt of English musicians, and proves his scorn to be genuine by his manner of treating the lives and works of those he does not absolutely ignore—it was not inconsistent on the part of Mr Salaman to blame the Germans for their neglect of English composers; the Germans who have produced at Leipsic, their great musical capital, important orchestral works by Cipriani Potter, Sterndale Bennett, G. A. Macfarren, Arthur Sullivan, and even (we scarcely know why) the late Mr Hugo Pierson.

Mr Pierson, whose "symphonic preludes" have been engraved by a Leipsic firm, would scarcely have found a publisher for his compositions in England. The difficulty of placing such works as his would perhaps have been somewhat increased by the fact, as stated by Mr G. A. Osborne, the eminent pianist and composer of pianoforte pieces, that no London music publisher can read a note of music. In that, it seems to us, lies their safety. Mr Osborne thought their ignorance deplorable; but he proved that it was profitable by citing the unique case of a gentleman who, although he possessed a considerable knowledge of music, became a music publisher and was ruined through bringing out the symphonies and oratorios of his admiring friends. He could not plead inability to appreciate them. He had eaten of the tree of musical knowledge, and naturally fell. The connection between Mr Osborne's story of the accomplished music publisher and the subject of Mr Salaman's lecture was not very evident; but the tale was probably intended to suggest that unknown composers suffered more from the ignorance of publishers than from that of critics.

If critics ought to possess adequate knowledge of the subjects they undertake to discuss, similar qualifications may not unfairly be required of persons undertaking to discuss the subject of criticism. Dr W. H. Stone, in enlarging on the incompetency and bad faith of musical critics, informed the meeting that the articles published in London newspapers on musical matters were usually written by "the office boy," adding, as if to give a look of probability to his statement, that some of these young men were personal friends of his. He further observed that the written judgments of his juvenile friends were often but amplifications of his own spoken remarks; so that in denouncing the worthlessness of musical criticism he somewhat unnecessarily condemned himself. It is evident, indeed, that if Dr Stone's statement is accurate he has only to improve himself as a musical critic in order to improve musical criticism generally.

The rules of the Musical Association do not, it appears, allow speakers at the discussion meetings to mention living persons or existing journals by name. Journals, however, may be described by nicknames or by opprobrious epithets; and journalists may be indicated through allusions to their private affairs or the affairs of their wives or of their wives' relations. Instead of imparting the true parliamentary tone to the debates, these strange regulations develop a certain vulgarity on the part of speakers who, if they were permitted to call persons and things by their right names, would, at least, not be able to plead in extenuation of their offensiveness that they are driven to it by the laws of the society against the use of plain language. When Dr W. H. Stone spoke of one writer as the *Hog in Armour*, and of another as the *Dancing Barber*, his humour seemed to be much appreciated. But no sooner had a gentleman risen to say that he had read musical articles not wholly absurd in several papers, citing in particular the *Guardian*, than he was called to order, the president reminding him that in mentioning a journal by its proper name he had broken one of the rules of the society. Thus pulled up, and not perhaps caring to speak of the *Guardian* as the *Churchwarden*, or the *White Choker*, or the *Gentleman in Black*, the speaker turned to another subject, and asked the numerous professors present whether, instead of reviling the newspapers, it would not be a good thing on their part to abstain from giving their pupils ridiculous pieces of music to learn. The suggestion was a happy one. If the professors are seriously anxious to raise the tone of musical criticism in this country, they will do very little towards that end by reading lectures to one another on the subject. It would be a very roundabout process, moreover, to educate Dr Stone so as to enable him, in his turn, to educate the critics. It is for the professors to form the taste of their pupils; and they will find this novel occupation, if they can be persuaded to adopt it, one of real utility.

ABOUT BARGIEL.

SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Bargiel's Trio fine?
LAVENDER PITT.—*Well spun out.*
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Brilliant tissue?
LAVENDER PITT.—*Found it dull.*
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Minor key;—major would sharpen't.
LAVENDER PITT.—What d'you think of't?
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—Heard it before;—two fiddles and piano.
LAVENDER PITT.—People clapped?
SIR CAPER O'CORBY.—*When over were glad on't—like E. J. Loder's aunt at Bath.*

Bentwell.

CAGLIARI.—Sig. Gomes' opera of *Il Guarany* has been performed at the Teatro Civico; but, owing partly to the inefficiency of the artists, with a very unsatisfactory result.

COLOGNE.—Verdi's *Aida* has been produced at the Stadttheater with brilliant success. The principal artists and the manager, Herr Ernst, were enthusiastically called on at the fall of the curtain.

TRIESTE.—Verdi's *Requiem* has been performed, and enthusiastically received at the Teatro Comunale. The artists were Signore Stolz, Sanz, Signori Patierno and Maini. Sig. Faccio conducted.

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Confabulations Confidential.

Dr Goose.—I am in gay humour, and invite you to devour a couple of riddles.

Dr Fox.—(A couple of riddles!—I should prefer a couple of goslings—*aside.*) Well?

Dr Goose.—What is the best way to make pianofortes in America?

Dr Fox.—Why (the old goose!—*aside*), the *Stein*-way, of course!

Dr Goose.—(The old fox!—*aside.*)—Ah! But what is the noblest article of manufacture?

Dr Fox.—(The old goose!—*aside.*)—Why, the pianoforte—because it is grand, upright, and square.

Dr Goose.—(Hem!—the old fox!—*aside.*)—You have hit it.

Dr Fox.—(The old goose!—*aside.*)—But it is also cabinet and cottage.

(*Exeunt doubtfully.*)

—o—

CHARLES MATHEWS.

A morning performance for the benefit of this popular comedian was given on Monday at the Gaiety, when, after the comedy of *My Awful Dad*, Mr Charles Mathews thus addressed an audience which filled the house in every part:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—I have promised a few words, and I am here to redeem my promise. An actor has always this advantage—he not only promises but performs. 'A few words' is a vague expression. The few words of some men would fill a column, while those of others would scarcely make a paragraph. Mine are of the latter description. I am a man of few words, and never trouble you with them except on particular occasions—when I really have something particular to say—and this is one of them. Of course the nature of the few words depends upon the circumstances. A few words with one's sweetheart are worth a week's talk with one's mother-in-law, and when a man has a few words with his wife—however much he may love her—the consequences are anything but agreeable. Now, a few words at parting are naturally expected to be of a lachrymose character; but I am not sentimental, nor given to the melting mood, so you will excuse the non-appearance of my white handkerchief. As I have observed, I never say a few words except when I am going away, but, as I am always going away, you may think that I am always saying a few words. But then I am always coming back again, and I hope this will be no exception to the rule, so there really is no occasion for tears on either side. I am only going on a little pleasure trip. The weather here is very far from tempting, and I can't do better than step out of it. A severe winter is predicted, so I avail myself of the opportunity of avoiding it, and, as the Major would say, of 'enjoying my Indian summer.' It is a trip I have long contemplated. Three years ago I had nearly accomplished it, and got as far as Ceylon, but my foot slipped and I drifted over to Australia. I then determined to take India on my way back, but the wind shifted, and I found myself in the Sandwich Islands. This, however, I did not regret, for I there passed one of the most memorable evenings of my life. I played 'by command and in the presence of his Majesty Hame-hame-ha, the fifth King of the Cannibal Islands,' before an audience of Kanakas—black gentlemen, who a few years ago would have supped off me with pleasure, and who find it difficult even now to resist the occasional delicacy of a fat baby on the sly. If all goes well I calculate upon reaching Calcutta at last, and shall probably play there about Christmas time, under the patronage of the Rajah Ram Jam Cuttery Poo, or the lovely Begum Catty Fatty Bunkum Hoy, and on my return you may expect to see me riding up to the stage door of the Gaiety on my favourite elephant. Where my next trip may be is not yet settled. I am balancing between a provincial tour to the Arctic Regions and to the interior of Africa, but have to wait till the theatres there have opened for their regular winter season. However, before I go you shall, as usual, have another few words, so that you may be kept informed of my movements. I think I see before me several well-known faces, constant attendants, who have listened to a number of few words on numerous occasions. I hope I do not misinterpret them. There is a story told of a man who went every night to see Van Amburgh put his head in the lion's mouth, in order that he might be sure of not missing the moment when it would be bitten off. Who knows but that the same sort of feeling may exist with regard to my few words, and that the hope that they may be my last may animate the listener? If so, I shall try and baulk his morbid desire, and do my best to outlast him. I have beaten him so far, and will make a struggle for it still. I have enjoyed the favour of the public for forty years, and have grown all the stronger for its support. Who knows how long I may yet enjoy it? At all events, I have had the gratification of finding that even after so long a period, and notwithstanding the growth of so many young and bright intellects around me, I am still able to afford the same amusement that I did nearly half a century ago, and that I am permitted not only to play my old parts to the satisfaction of the audience, but have been allowed to write and act a new one, meeting with even more than my old success. I shall carry the pleasant remembrance with me wherever I go, and I shall hope to return and find you all as hearty and kind as ever. I have just concluded not only a most successful but a most delightful engagement, petted by the genial manager and his cordial company, and have nothing but thanks to bestow on all my friends before and behind the curtain. These are my few words, ladies and gentlemen, and I trust they are enough; at any rate they are sincere, and I can say no more. I wish you all health and happiness (including myself), and look forward with hope and pleasure to our next merry meeting."

Prolonged cheering and applause followed the address, and the favourite actor was recalled amid a renewal of hearty demonstrations, conveying good wishes for his pleasant trip and speedy return.

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DRESDEN.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The number of concerts in contemplation for next winter are considerably more than usual; indeed, quite a deluge. Besides the concerts of the Chapel Royal, and the Trio and Quartet *Soirées*, there are to be the Subscription Concerts of Musik-director Mansfeldt, also two grand concerts of the Neustädter Choral Society, at the first of which Schumann's music to *Faust* will be given, complete. Then there are a number of concerts by foreign artists in view, as usual. The concerts and musical *soirées* at the Royal Belvedère, by Capellmeister Erdmann-Puffholdt, have been particularly interesting. The following is the programme of a recent *soirée*:—War March from *Athalie* (Mendelssohn); Overture, *Lodoiska* (Cherubini); *aria* from *Il Seraglio* (Mozart); *Loreley*, Legend for Orchestra, with harp *obbligato* (C. Oberthür); Serenade, for flute, violin, and tenor (Op. 25), (Beethoven); Overture, *Turandot* (V. Lachner); "Le desir," melodie for violoncello (Stahlknecht); "Songs without Words" (Mendelssohn); "Traumbilder" Fantasie (Lumbye). The harp part to Oberthür's *Loreley* was played by Fräulein Melanie Ziech, daughter of the esteemed harpist of the Royal Operahouse, Herr Carl Ziech. The young lady produced a remarkably fine tone, and met with hearty applause. Beethoven's serenade was played, in excellent style, by Herren G. Schirmer, E. Puffholdt, and Ph. Faber. Herr H. Dechert, also, deserves special notice for his performance of the violoncello solo.

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SIMS REEVES AT BRIGHTON.

(*From the "Sussex Daily News."*)

As far as Brighton is concerned, Messrs Cramer and H. Nye Chart would appear to have a monopoly of Mr Sims Reeves' services. Whenever he sings here, it is either at the concerts of the former or at the theatre of the latter. And at the latter his brief engagement forms one of the brightest episodes in Mr Chart's annual programme. This year his engagement is briefer than usual. It comprises but two nights. But these two nights are appropriated for two of the works in which he is best known—*Guy Mannering* and *The Beggars' Opera*. In the first of these he appeared last evening. A fashionable and crowded house assembled to greet him. It is on such occasions that the accommodation of Mr Chart's elegant little theatre is tested to the utmost. No difficulty would have been experienced in admitting several hundred persons more had there been room for them. On presenting himself, the great English tenor was most cordially welcomed. He was in capital voice, and sang with all his accustomed success. "When other lips," "Tom Bowling," and "My pretty Jane," his three introduced songs, were given with that mellowness and suavity, that artistic style and refined expression, which has marked his vocalisation throughout his lengthened career. Lengthened his career has been, but nothing so long as the preposterous period put forward by a local print. According to this eminently well-informed journal, Mr Sims Reeves has been on the stage 54 years. As a matter of fact, he has not been before the public much more than half that period. Long or short, however, Mr Reeves' career has been an unexampled success among native vocalists; and, for intellectual vocalism, he is simply unapproached. All his well-known qualities of voice and style were exhibited last night. Each of his songs was followed by loud and persistent applause; and though Mr Sims Reeves set his face against encores, he could not resist the appeal of the audience to repeat the second verse of "My pretty Jane," a song which he has made peculiarly his own. The great tenor, who, of course, took the part of Henry Bertram, was well supported by Miss Fanny Heywood (Julia Mannering), Miss Annie Goodall (Lucy Bertram), Mr George Fox (Gabriel), and Mr H. Nye Chart, who sustained his old and favourite part of Dominie Sampson. The band had been strengthened for the occasion, and Mr Sidney Naylor was conductor.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The greatest hit that has been made in Paris lately is *Le Voyage dans la Lune*, the music by Offenbach, now being given at the *Gaité*. So sanguine is the enterprising manager of a long run of the "Opera féerie," as it is entitled, that he has engaged a double *troupe* of artists, in case of accident or indisposition of any of the original cast—a capital arrangement. M. Vizentini had also an eye to the public in this double-cast arrangement. He will never have to shut up the *Gaité*, and put up a notice:—"*Relâche pour cause d'indisposition.*"

Le Voyage is in four acts and twenty-three tableaux, and they *are* tableaux! No expense has been spared on the scenery, decorations, costumes, &c., and M. Cornil well deserves the hearty applause he nightly wins, for the very effective scenery he has put on the stage. The plot is not very complicated, and, as no doubt you have read all about it in the *Times* and *Telegraph*, I will not go into details. There are two very effective ballets, danced by 120 *coryphées*, Mdlle Vittorina Fontabello being the "1er Sujet." The second ballet, entitled *Les Flocons de Neige*, is unapproachable for good taste.

I see by the *Entr'acte* that M. Vizentini, the lucky lessee of the Gaité, is taking from 9,000 fr. to 9,500 fr. a night with *Le Voyage dans la Lune*.

On Nov. 7th I attended the fourth *Concert Populaire de Musique Classique*, at the Cirque d'Hiver, under the direction of M. Pasdeloup. The place was crammed; and there must have been over 6,000 persons in the building to listen to the following programme, selected from the compositions of *German composers only*:—

Symphonie in C major—Allegro, Andante, Minuet, Finale—(Beethoven); Allegro agitato (Mendelssohn); 4th Concerto pour piano, Op. 70—Allegro moderato, Andante, Finale—(Rubinstein), exécuté par M. Diemer; Fragments du Quintet, Op. 108—Larghetto, Menuet, Allegretto con variazione—(Mozart), exécuté par M. Griset (clarinette) et tous les intruments à cordes; Overture d'*Oberon* (Weber).

The whole of this was gone through under the able conductorship of M. Pasdeloup, in a manner which left nothing to be desired. M. Griset's clarinet playing also excited much applause, and a recall; while M. Diemer's pianoforte performance met with the same success.

X. T. R.

ZARÉ THALBERG AT GLASGOW.

(*From the "Scotsman."*)

Mdlle Thalberg is beyond question one of the most important accessions made of late years to the rank of leading *soprani*. She is very young, but she has a voice of great strength, purity, and uncommon range, which she manages with an ease and certainty that many vocalists of greater experience might envy, and which speaks volumes for the excellence of her trainer. Mdlle Thalberg's style is truly artistic. Her intonation is faultless, and her declamation thoroughly tasteful. The part of Dinorah gives little scope for the display of dramatic power, but her rendering gave every indication that, as an actress, Mdlle Thalberg has not much to learn, and at all events nothing to unlearn. She sang the opening *aria*, "Si Carina," very sweetly and pathetically, and gave a vivacious rendering of the sparkling duet with Corentino, which follows. Nor was she less effective in the *terzetto* with which the first act closes. Mdlle Thalberg's greatest effort, however, was the "Shadow song," one of the most exacting tests of a vocalist's power of execution in the whole range of opera. Its endless runs and shakes were all given in perfect precision, and the upper D flat was taken without apparent strain—a sweet, clear note, quite devoid of shrillness. The audience were vociferous in their applause, and insisted on an encore, which the vocalist accorded. All the other music of the part was effectively rendered, and, in fact, Mdlle Thalberg's Dinorah was entirely successful.

MDLLE TIETJENS.

We read as follows in the correspondence of the *Liverpool Daily Post*:—

"Mdlle Tietjens, our great tragic singer, has not been a success in America. It was thought that she was great enough without any attempt at getting up false public excitement. Besides, M. Strakosch had been found out in getting up beforehand similar demonstrations for Madame Patti. So he let Mdlle Tietjens come out without announcing her name. The result was that the people were cold. The critics, following suit, were cold also. They quizzed Mdlle Tietjens for her size, and spoke of her "worn out" voice, and kept the people away. The result is the failure of the concerts. When the critics were charged with unfairness, they said that they wished to force Mdlle Tietjens out in opera. The American newspapers think it right to do evil that good may come."

To this Mr Mapleson gives a smashing triumphant retort, which we subjoin:—

"(*To the Editor of the 'Daily Post.'*)

"Sir,—Being partly interested in Mdlle Tietjens' American tour, and regularly furnished with the official returns, I have read with equal surprise and amusement an extraordinary statement in your London Letter of this morning, that her concerts have failed. So far as your correspondent states that no attempt has been made to get up false public excitement he is well informed, but in every other particular he is grossly in error. Mdlle Tietjens has had the greatest reason to be delighted with her reception by the American public, with the unanimous and most graceful applause of the Press, and with the financial results of the enterprise. Not only have her own terms of £200 per concert been regularly paid her on each occasion, but in several instances she has, in pursuance of her agreement, received a further emolument in the shape of profit when the receipts touched a certain amount. There has been a cry out for opera by the influential stockholders of the New York Operahouse, but the firm adherence of M. Strakosch—who had engaged Mdlle Tietjens for "concerts" only—to his original plan has not in the least interfered with the popularity or success of her appearances.—Yours, &c.,

"J. H. Mapleson.

"*North-Western Hotel, Nov. 8, 1875.*"

This would seem (with consent of the Messrs Strakosch) to set the matter at rest.

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NEW YORK.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Mr Maurice Strakosch has written to the Press, pointing out the difficulties of establishing Italian Opera here. He refers to the losses incurred by every manager who has hitherto made the attempt. Everywhere else, he says, Italian Opera is supported either by State subventions or private subscriptions, and it cannot be carried on in New York more than anywhere else without either the former or the latter. He proposes, therefore, to start a subscription list. He promises that, if this list is filled up within a reasonable period, he will have in New York, by the 1st January, a company comprising the principal artists of Her Majesty's Opera, and that he will give a lyric season worthy the most important city in the New World. Lynx.

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S MARGARET.

(*From the "Liverpool Daily Courier."*)

"The inaugural performance of the opera season given last evening must be deemed a very great success, both in regard to the crowded state of the house and the general excellence of the interpretation. The work was Gounod's *Faust*, and the cast as follows:—Faust, Signor Gilandi; Mephistopheles, Signor Castelmary; Valentino, Signor Galassi; Wagner, Signor Costa; Siebel, Madame Trebelli; Martha, Madame Lablache; and Margherita, Madame Christine Nilsson. Madame Nilsson's assumption of the part of Margherita is undoubtedly one of the finest creations on the lyric stage. It is entirely original and invested from first to last with the strongest marks of the most intellectual study. Goethe himself never could have desired a more thorough realisation of his poetic ideal. In the garden scene the charm of Madame Nilsson's vocalisation was chiefly observable, but in the later portions of the opera, the vocal effects, grand as they were, were almost lost sight of in the magnificent acting which accompanied them; in fact, it was the universally expressed opinion, and one in which we fully concur, that this is the first time that Margherita has really been played here. Madame Nilsson's charming ideal personality of course aids her very much; but the intensity of her acting, artistically, culminating to a most exciting point in the last scene, sets the whole on a standpoint we have never seen approached by any other artist. It can only be matter of regret that the exigencies of the short season prevent the opportunity being afforded of a second rendering."

BRUSSELS.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The promised revival of *Le Pardon de Plöermel*, otherwise and more generally known, in England at least, as *Dinorah*, came off at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie, under circumstances of more than usual interest. The King and Queen were present, with his Portuguese Royal Highness, the Duke of Coimbra. The opera went off most satisfactorily, and it is open to doubt whether the part of the heroine ever found, at Brussels, a more efficient and charming representative than Mdlle Dérivis, not even excepting Mad. Boulart and Mdlle Marimon. As Corentin, M. Bertin displayed great intelligence and spirit, while M. Morlet made a deep impression in the character of Hoël. A word of praise is due to the orchestra. With the restoration of M. Sylva to health, *La Juive* has resumed its place in the bills. The fact requires no particular comment, save that M. Libert has ceded the part of Prince Leopold to M. Bertin. In consequence of illness, Mad. Pauline Lucca is not able to fulfil her starring engagement here at the time specified. It will be deferred, probably, a month or six weeks. The lady was taken ill at Cologne.

On Monday, the 1st instant, the Mass, with full band, by Sig. Giulio Roberti, was duly performed at the collegial church of St Gudule and St Michael, as was also the "Expectans Expectavi"—interpolated in the Offertorium—by M. Polak-Daniels. The critics have not pronounced a very favourable opinion, either of the larger or the less pretentious work. They find that both Roberti and Polak-Daniels are deficient in inspiration, and endeavour to conceal this under a mass of trivial details.

The Popular Concerts of Classical Music commence on the 21st, under the direction of Dupont, at the Alhambra.

The Fine Arts section of the Royal Academy of Belgium has offered a prize of a thousand francs for a Mass, with full band. The competition is open to musicians of all nations.

It is reported that M. Ullman has engaged Mad. Christine Nilsson for a tour of three months, during which she will visit several towns in Belgium.

WAIFS.

Mr John Hullah will re-publish his *Lectures on Modern Music.*

A son of Brigham Young is studying polygamy in Paris.

At the Gymnase *Baron de Valijoli* has given place to *Frou-Frou.*

The death of Marietta Brambilla, the once celebrated contralto, is announced.

M. Guillemin has published at Paris a new work on *Sound*, as connected with music.

Miss Lydia Thompson and her company will reappear at the Globe Theatre on the 22nd inst.

Frederic Lemaître is suffering from a cancer in the tongue, and his condition is precarious.

The first twenty representations of *Panache*, at the Palais Royal, produced the sum of 94,918fr.

Herr Reichardt, composer of the popular ballad, "Thou art so near and yet so far," has arrived in London.

Mr W. G. Wills's *Buckingham* will probably be produced at the Olympic towards the close of the present month.

Christine Nilsson left London for Liverpool, on Sunday, for a series of operatic performances. She next goes to Dublin.

Among the appurtenances of the Northern Pacific Railroad now offered for sale is the small item of sixty million acres of land.

Sir Robert P. Stewart, Mus. Doc., Trinity College, Dublin, has completed a set of part songs, the words by Wellington Guernsey.

Mr Fred Evans and his pantomime company, having concluded their continental tour, have returned to London to prepare for their engagement at Drury Lane.

Mr John Coleman is said to have completed arrangements for a ten years' lease of the Queen's Theatre, Long-acre, which establishment he proposes to open in December next.

Young Williamson, of San Francisco, showed he was not afraid, by touching his tongue to strychnine. His courage was duly accredited to him on a neat and inexpensive tombstone.

The Oxford Philharmonic Society are practising Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* and Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri.* The Oxford Choral Society are at work on Mendelssohn's *Elijah.*

Mr Henry Neville has again been compelled through indisposition to relinquish for a time his professional duties, but it is hoped that he will soon find in rest a complete restoration to health.

Mr Charles Mathews made his final appearance at the Gaiety, prior to his departure for India, on Monday last. Mr Mathews started on his journey on the evening of the same day.

On Tuesday Malvern could not be seen, as it was "mist."—*Malvern News.* [This is the most preposterous statement we can call to mind. We pray for more of the same liver.—A.S.S]

The Porte Saint-Martin completed its first year of the *Voyage Autour du Monde en Quatrevingt Jours* by a *matinée* for the benefit of the Dramatic Society, the representation producing 4,600f.

We hear that Mr Arthur Chappell intends, during the present season of the Monday Popular Concerts, to produce many of the posthumous works of the late Sterndale Bennett. Amongst these are several songs, and a charming set of short pianoforte pieces, illustrating every month of the year. Since Sterndale Bennett's great champion, Madame Arabella Goddard, departed to practise her profession abroad, the pianoforte music of the great English master has not been heard so frequently as it ought to have been; but Mr Arthur Chappell has now taken the matter in hand, and we are convinced the result will prove the accuracy of his judgment. Of those of Sterndale Bennett's songs which have never yet been heard in public, Mr W. Shakespeare, one of Bennett's old Academy pupils, sang "Maiden Mine" and "Dancing Lightly" at last Monday's Popular Concert. "Sunset" will be sung in the course of the season, as will also "Stay, my Charmer." The last-named song is alone, strictly speaking, a "posthumous" work, it existing only in manuscript, while the rest of the set (Op. 47) were printed, and ready for publication before the gifted composer's death.—*Saturday Programme.*

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Out-door relief—Being eased of your watch at a street corner.

Mr Sothern will play in Ireland before the close of the month, performing for a fortnight at Dublin, and for a fortnight at Belfast.

Miss Fanny Josephs, Mdlle Fanchita, Mr J. D. Stoyle, Miss Rose Massey, Mr Perrini, and Mr Worboys are engaged for *The White Cat* at the Queen's.

The programme for the Bristol Musical Festival of 1876 includes *Israel in Egypt* or *Judas Maccabæus*, *Elijah*, Spohr's *Fall of Babylon*, Verdi's *Requiem*, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Weber's overture to *Oberon* and the *Messiah*.

Miss Emma Barnett has returned from her tour with Mdme Sherrington's party. The accomplished young pianist met with deserved success everywhere, being called upon, with scarcely an exception, to repeat her solo performances at each concert.

A Pittsfield man believes there will be a separate heaven for women, as all foolishness can be traced to them. Massachusetts is becoming a heaven upon earth, as all the men are leaving it, but foolishness still remains in the person of the Pittsfield man.

Dr Stainer is slowly recovering. He can now see a faint glimmer of light if a door be opened. It is not generally known that the learned doctor has but one eye, and that the accident which happened to him lately has therefore rendered him for the time totally blind.

Mr Ricardo Linter introduced to a Cheltenham audience, at his recital of pianoforte music last week, three movements (Allegro, Scherzo, and Fugue) of Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 106). The audience received it with so much favour that Mr Linter might have played the whole of it.

Telegrams have been received announcing the death, in Calcutta, of Mr English, the well-known theatrical agent. The deceased, who expired in his 40th year, succumbed to a sudden attack of heart disease. He had recently taken out to India a carefully-chosen theatrical company composed of popular London performers.

Le Pompon, M. Lecocq's new comic opera was brought out on Wednesday night at the Theatre of the Folies Dramatiques with brilliant success. A chorus at the end of the first act, "Il a le pompon," made a great hit, and the curtain had to be raised again, the audience insisting on a repetition. The theme of "Il a le pompon" will soon be the rage.

The *Fée aux Chansons*, a piece in five acts by M. Ernest Dubreuil, has been produced at the Cluny Theatre, but with only moderate success. The idea of the piece is to pass in review all the characters celebrated by popular songs, from Monsieur de la Palisse down to Monsieur et Madame Denis, and comprising "Fanfan la Tulippe," "Madelon," "Friquet," &c.

At a meeting of the general committee, in Birmingham, the Marquis of Hertford in the chair, a report from the orchestral committee, describing the arrangements in progress for the Birmingham Triennial Festival of 1876 was read and adopted. The report set forth that the ensuing meeting, which would inaugurate the second century of these Festivals, would be presided over by the Marquis of Hertford, and that the conductorship would devolve again on Sir Michael Costa, who has just returned to this country from the South, in good health. The subject which had principally engaged the attention of the orchestral committee concerned the new works to be produced next year, which, it states, will comprise an important contribution from "England's greatest living composer, together with a secular composition by a rising and talented native musician," and will further introduce to this country "the foremost musician of that land to which Thorwaldsen and Hans Christian Andersen owe their birth—viz., Professor Niels W. Gade, of Copenhagen, who has, at the request of the committee, undertaken the composition of a new secular cantata for the Festival, and who is to visit England for the purpose of conducting it in person." The committee, it is also stated, "have arranged with Professor G. A. Macfarren for the composition and first performance of a sacred work of important dimensions, which will occupy the greater part of one of the mornings, and which, they have reason to hope, will rank in importance and musical excellence with the recent work by the same composer, *St John the Baptist*, which has been received with so much favour by the musical public." The third new work in course of preparation for the Festival is by Mr F. H. Cowen, and will take the form of a secular cantata. Negotiations were opened with M. Gounod for a new work for this Festival nearly two years ago, but, so far, they have been unsuccessful. M. Gounod, however, expresses his friendly feeling towards the committee, and intimates his willingness to negotiate on a future occasion. The Marquis of Hertford, in accepting the presidency of the Festival, expressed his intention of endeavouring to obtain the attendance of some member of the Royal Family.

A Wisconsin farmer calls his mules Facts—stubborn things.

The Bellecour Theatre at Lyons was burnt down on Wednesday night week, just before the performance commenced. The accident was caused by the gas jets in the flies setting fire to the canvas. The flames spread so quickly that the actors, who were dressing, had barely time to make their escape. One of the actresses, dressed as a Republic Conscript in M. Claretie's new drama, *Les Muscadins*, fled into the street in a shirt and the red-striped trousers of the First Republic. The losses amount to 300,000f., of which 200,000f. are covered by insurance.

The works which M. Perrin purposes bringing out this year at the Théâtre Français are as follows:—Revivals: Madame Georges Sand's *Marquis de Villemer*, Madame de Girardin's *Lady Tartufe*, and M. Labiche's *Gendre de M. Poirier*. New plays: M. Dumas's *Etrangère*, four acts; M. de Bornier's *Attila*, five; M. Paul Ferrier's *Compensations*, three; M. Lomon's *Jean d'Acier*, five; and M. Pailleron's *Petit e Pluie*, one. The rehearsals of this last have commenced, the chief parts being entrusted to Mesdames Arnould Plessis, Dinah Félix, Broisat, MM. Febre, Joilet, and Roger.

Drink and the Drama.—A letter has been published in South Wales, from Mrs Crawshay, upon "The Drama *versus* the Dram." Mrs Crawshay says that some time ago a local paper opened its columns to a discussion on the drama as a means of counteracting the pernicious influence of the dram. There were plenty who disputed the power of the stage to do this, but she feels more than ever convinced that this is its true and noble mission. After describing the play of *All for Her*, Mrs Crawshay says, "To-night I hope to enjoy this grand play for the third time. I am thankful to say we do not see the execution; but surely such a play as this, if it were possible to put it before the masses of our people, who are drinking their hearts out because they have no innocent amusements, would deter many an incipient drunkard."

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"'The Maiden's Tear,' by Lillie Albrecht, Second Rêverie for the pianoforte, is a good and useful teaching piece, calculated only to justify its title in the case of the union of two such elements as incompetency in the pupil and irritation on the part of the master."—*Morning Post, February 3rd*, 1875.

"'The Maiden's Tear,' Second Rêverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. Brilliant and full of feeling, this Rêverie may take its rank with the best of Mr Sidney Smith's compositions."—*Young Englishwoman, May*, 1875.

"'The Maiden's Tear,' Second Rêverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. A carefully conceived and well studied composition; the composer is evidently a zealous student, and she has apparently much natural ability."—*Hornet, April 28*, 1875.

"'The Maiden's Tear,' by Lillie Albrecht. After the style of Brinley Richards, this drawing-room piece is brilliant without being difficult, and shows both talent and knowledge of the laws of musical composition on the part of the composer, who is, we believe, a very young lady."—*The Drawing Room Gazette, June 19th*, 1875.

"'The Maiden's Tear,' Second Rêverie for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. This charming piece evinces in its style throughout no small share of original talent, as well as sparkling and artistic cultivation, it being full of delicate and plaintive feeling. We have no doubt that it will be very popular, both in the concert-room and saloon."—*Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, May*, 1875.

"'The Maiden's Sigh' and 'The Maiden's Tear,' two reveries for the pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht. These are both from the pen of a highly talented and proficient pianiste, and are of considerable merit. The first is a pretty little exercise, and the fingering is excellent; the second is far prettier, and as a *morceau de salon* has exceptional merit, whilst at the same time it is unconventional."—*Public Opinion.*

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GRÉTRY AND SOME OF HIS WORKS.*

On Friday, the 11th February,† 1870, *Zémire et Azor* was performed at the Theatre, Liége, to celebrate the 129th anniversary of the birth of Grétry. The opera bears date the 16th November, 1771, so that it was then nearly a hundred years old. This is a good age, is it not? Does the reader know many musical works destined to live as long?

Every great composer has three epochs: 1. The epoch when he is the fashion; 2. The epoch when he is old fashioned (*démodé*); and 3. The epoch when, being altogether beyond any question of fashion, he is no longer judged by the form of isolated pieces of composition, but by the value of his ideas. Grétry has long since reached the last epoch. Referring to *Zémire et Azor*, the composer thus expresses himself in his *Memoirs*:—

"This work occupied me during the winter of 1770; it was an almost continuous source of enjoyment to me while engaged upon it, because I felt it to be, in its expression, true and vigorous at one and the same time; I even consider it would be a difficult task to combine more truth of expression, of melody, and of harmony."

The immense success of the work justified this paternal praise. In Paris and the French provinces, people would listen to nothing but *Zémire et Azor*, and the dogged attachment of the public for it gave rise, at Marseilles, to a horrible scene, which stained the theatre with blood. In his *Essais sur la Musique*, Laborde says that, when in Germany, he went to three different performances in one day, and that *Zémire et Azor* was played at each of them, in German, Flemish, and French, respectively. In London there was an Italian translation. The only thing added was a rondo, not by Grétry. After hearing it, the audience exclaimed, "No more of the rondo; it does not belong to the piece." The revival of *Zémire et Azor* on the 28th June, 1846, at the Opéra-Comique, Paris, served for the *début* of the tenor Jourdan, of whom Brussels retains so favourable a recollection. Adolphe Adam had touched up the score on the occasion. Several pamphlets thereupon appeared, full of rage, and anathematizing Adam, whom they branded as guilty of *profanation*. The last revival of the piece took place at the same theatre on the 15th September, 1862. The music, pure from any alloy, was then given in its primitive integrity. Warot obtained a great success in it.

"The score," says M. Paul de Saint-Victor, "has grown old undoubtedly, but it has done so after the fashion of fairies, without losing aught of its charms or power of fascination. Its physiognomy is somewhat faded in one or two places, but its soul, delicate and naïve, ingenuous and tender, still preserves the bloom of its youth."

"Here at least," says Berlioz, in his turn, "we have music. The characters sing; and, if in all the numbers we find, above everything, truth (as Grétry said), and correct declamation, these qualities do not prevent us from remarking some charming melodies."

But let us go back a century. Let us open *La Correspondance littéraire* of Grimm, and allow the celebrated critic to speak, as though on the day after the representation of the opera.

"*Zémire and Azor* appeared with much success at Court during the last visit to Fontainebleau; they afterwards showed themselves in the full light of publicity at Paris, on the 16th December, 1771, where they met with the same reception. A desire was expressed to see their father and mother, that is: the pit called, with loud cries, for the authors. The composer, M. Grétry, was led forward by the actors; the poet, M. Marmontel, disappeared in time to escape the honours of a theatrical ovation. I do not know why the gentleman in the pit did not do Mad. de Beaumont the honour of calling for her too. It is in her *Magasin des Enfants* that you may have read the charming story of *La Belle et la Bête*. This is the subject put on the stage by M. Marmontel, under the title of *Zémire et Azor*. Zémire is Beauty, and Azor, the Beast. Certain wits have said *la Belle* was the music, and *la Bête*, the words; but wits do not pride themselves on being always equitable, and such points are too easily made for us to attach any value to them."

* * * * * *

"God has accorded to France that charming musician Grétry, but the tongue which he has the misfortune to interpret in music will never allow him to soar as high as the great masters of Italy. The Ausonian eagle, always dragging itself along by the side of the Limousin duck, will insensibly forget how to rise into the air, and will lose its power of soaring aloft. I fancy I remarked in *Zémire et Azor* several turns of melody after the French fashion, and these, in my opinion, augur badly. To forestall the results of these evil symptoms, M. Grétry should, from time to time, retread the road to Italy, for the purpose of refreshing there his brain and renewing his ideas; it is a misfortune for a man to be unique in his style, and the only one in his native land who can write it. There is no communication of ideas, no friction; a man expends always—continually—without ever replenishing his riches; and who can fancy himself sufficiently wealthy to stand in the long run such a drain on his resources, and guarantee himself from exhaustion?

"It is the third act which made the fortune of *Zémire et Azor*, and, in the third act, is the trio of the magic picture, between the father and his two remaining daughters. This trio is accompanied only by clarionets, horns, and bassoons, placed behind the magic picture, while the orchestra is silent; this is very charming, and produced a most favourable effect. I must, to satisfy my vanity, relate an anecdote in reference to this number. Wishing to learn my opinion of his work, Grétry asked me, last summer, to hear the principal airs in it. The day was fixed. He sat down at his harpsichord, and sang, without voice, after the fashion of a chapelmaster, that is to say, like an angel. He easily perceived the pleasure afforded me by most of the pieces. At the air of the magic picture, I said—as I had said at the preceding airs: 'That is charming.' But I said so in a very different tone, a tone of politeness rather than of feeling. I at first attributed to absence of mind on my part the little effect produced on me by the piece in question; but, reflecting the same evening, when at home, on the phenomenon, I thought I had discovered the cause of it. As the success of the air struck me as of the highest importance for the success of the opera, I called upon Grétry next morning, to communicate my reflections to him. He allowed me to finish, and then answered: 'I perceived very well yesterday that my trio did not please you, and that you praised it simply out of politeness. This worried me all night long, and I have employed the morning in re-writing the trio.' As he said this, he sat down at his harpsichord, and sang the piece he had composed a moment before. He had chosen my tone and made use of all my observations before he heard them. I embraced him, and said, as I left: 'I see very well that, with you, advisers get up too late. Do not touch that gem again; it will make the fortune of your work.' It was the piece of the magic picture which achieved so great a success, and which you will find in the score. It is made out of nothing.

"Grétry has a gentle and delicate physiognomy, and the pale air of a man of genius. He is an agreeable companion. He has married a young wife, with a pair of very dark eyes; a hazardous thing to do for any one with so delicate a chest as his. He is better, however, since his marriage;* and the Comte de Creuze† says 'we must glorify the Most High for it.'"

Most of Grétry's comic operas have been translated and played in Germany, England, Italy, Flanders, Holland, Sweden, Russia, &c. The Liége composer has found beyond the limits of France the success and the glory which appeared previously to be reserved exclusively for those Italian or German musicians whom Paris had attracted within its orbit. We may say that, from his time, French opera ceased to live circumscribed within the confines of the land of its birth. The subjoined letter speaks of the brilliant reception accorded to Grétry's comic operas in Italy. It is from Etienne Floquet,‡ who was travelling in that country to complete his musical studies, and is a praiseworthy and too rare example of deference on the part of a young artist towards a master:

"*Florence, the 13th September*, 1776.

"Monsieur Grétry,—I take advantage, Sir, of a happy and very agreeable moment to write and compliment you on the success your operas have in Italy. There has just passed through Florence a company of French actors, who have performed *Lucile, Les deux*

* From *Le Guide Musicale*.

† It was on the 8th and not the 14th February that Grétry was born, as proved by the baptismal register.

* A year previous to this, Grimm had already predicted the approaching end of Grétry, whose health was always very delicate. The composer, however, who was not then thirty, lived forty-three years longer, and was even contrary enough to bury his friend, the false prophet. The one died in 1807, and the other in 1813.

† Ambassador of Sweden at Paris, and a patron of Grétry's.

‡ Etienne Joseph Floquet, born at Aix, in Provence, the 10th May, 1750, was a musician almost unknown, and yet worthy of a better fate, for, according to M. Arthur Pougin, who devoted to him a special essay (*Revue et Gazette Musicale*, June, 1868), Floquet contributed to the progress of musical art in France.

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Avares, and *Zémire et Azor*, with astonishing success. *Zémire et Azor* excited perfect fanaticism, although represented without scenery and by mediocre singers. You are ranked here above all other composers in the same style. The Marquis de Liquiville, a relation of the Grand Duke's, and a great *contrapuntist*, told me, one day that I had gone to dine with him, that a single number of *Zémire et Azor* was worth all the Italian comic operas written for the last thirty years. All your motives are thought charming, and your airs full of grace, expression, and the finest pathos, according to the situation. The quartet in *Lucile* was recommenced three times amid astonishing applause. I relate to you, Sir, things just as they have taken place. You owe a debt of thanks *al signor Rutini*, Chapelmaster at this Court, and a man of high merit, who conducted all the rehearsals with the same exactitude as if the works had belonged to him; and, on the days of performance, himself sat down at the harpsichord to make the orchestra go properly. *Zémire et Azor* is being translated into Italian, and I think that, in a little time, it will be seen on every stage in Italy. My idea is that you should insert this letter in the public papers,* in order that our dearly loved nation may be convinced that we have fine music in France, and that it is rather useless to kill one's self in having Italian operas translated, when Italy herself translates our works. Enjoy your success. They speak of you incessantly in this country, and Italy claims you as one of her children. I have nearly reached the end of my journey, which I have endeavoured to render as profitable as possible. May I, like you, Sir, continue to please my nation, and merit the suffrages of all Europe which applauds your productions. I have the honour to be, with the most perfect consideration, etc. "FLOQUET."

MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.

(*Continued from page* 729.)

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE IX.

SECT. 1.—*Italian, German, English, and French Operas.* A season to consist of three or more weeks, of not more than six performances per week. The salary shall not be less than 35 dols. for the first, and 30 dols. for the second instruments, per week. If less than three weeks, 7 dols. for every performance per man, including one rehearsal; every additional rehearsal, 2 dols. per man. All evening rehearsals the same as a performance. Every extra musician engaged in the orchestra shall receive 7 dols. for each performance, including one rehearsal, except the band employed on the stage. For extra musicians required on the stage, 4 dols. per man, including one rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, 2 dols. per man. Leader of the band on the stage, 8 dols. for each performance.

SECT. 2.—*Operettas, or Opera Bouffe.* A season of three or more weeks, 25 dols. a week per man. Single performances, 6 dols. including one rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, 2 dols. per man. All evening rehearsals the same as a performance.

SECT. 3.—*Theatres.* All Theatres in the City, or Brooklyn, not less than 15 dols. per week. Leaders to receive not less than 30 dols., and Repetiteurs not less than 20 dols. per week. Extra performances, in proportion to weekly salaries. Any spectacular or other plays or pieces, with more than one ballet, shall, in all cases, pay the members of the orchestra twenty dols. per week, for six performances. Matinées, in proportion to weekly salaries. Evening rehearsals to be the same as performances. Museum, for six afternoon and six evening performances, not less than 18 dols. per week. Single Theatrical or miscellaneous performances, of less than two weeks, 5 dols. per night. For two weeks 25 dols. per week. Band, playing on the balcony, 12 dols. per week.

SECT. 4.—*Circuses.* 18 dols. per week for evening performances; day performances, 1 dol. 50 cents each. Leaders to receive not less than 30 dols. per week. *Menageries.* For evening performances, 15 dols. per week; day performances, 1 dol. 50 cents each. Leaders to receive not less than 25 dols. per week.

SECT. 5.—*Gardens.* For every performance, from 7.30 to 11.30 P.M., 18 dols. per week, and the customary usages, Sundays excepted. Extra time and performances in proportion. Extra musicians, employed to increase the strength of those orchestras on Sundays, or other days, for a single performance of four hours or less, 5 dols. For two performances on same day, 8 dols. Extra time in proportion.

SECT. 6.—*Watering Places.*—*a.* [Band of seven or more.] For one or two performances, one during the day and one in the evening, 20 dols.; Leaders, 40 dols. per week. For three performances, 25 dols.; Leaders, 50 dols. per week. *b.* [Band of three to six.] For one or two performances, one during the day and one in the evening, 20 dols.; Leaders, 35 dols. per week. For three performances, 25 dols.; Leaders, 45 dols. per week. *c.* [Band of two.] For one or two performances, one during the day, and one in the evening, 20 dols., and the Leader 30 dols. per week. For three performances, 25 dols.; Leader, 35 dols. per week. *d.* [One man.] For one or two performances, one during the day and one in the evening, 25 dols. per week. For three performances, 30 dols. per week. The day performances not to exceed one hour. One hop night during the week excepted. In all cases where the German is danced, 2 dols. extra per man will be charged. Board, lodging and travelling expenses to be furnished and paid by the proprietor.

SECT. 7.—*Private Parties.* Weddings and Sociables, not to exceed five hours, counted from the time the music is ordered to be present, if one man is engaged, 8 dols.; two, 15 dols.; three, 22 dols. All above that number, 7 dols. per man, and double for Leader. In all cases where the German is danced, 2 dols. will be charged per man above all other charges. One dollar per man to be charged for each hour over five as above.

SECT. 8.—*Concerts or Oratorios.* 7 dols. including one private rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, if private, 2 dols.; if public, 3 dols. per man. A season to consist of three or more weeks, of from four to six concerts per week. For six concerts, per week, 36 dols.; for four concerts, per week, 28 dols. Military, promenade, and open air concerts, 6 dols.; if any dancing after the concert, 1 dol. extra per hour will be charged for each man. Church music, in the morning or afternoon, 7 dols. per man.

SECT. 9.—*Balls.* At all theatres or opera houses in New York or Brooklyn, 9 dols. All other balls, including Kraenzdrens, in the City, Brooklyn, Jersey City, or Hoboken; surprise parties and hops at armouries, engine houses, and all public halls, 7 dols., supper or no supper. All balls not to exceed eight hours, and to terminate at 5 A.M., every additional hour, 1 dol. extra per man.

SECT. 10.—*Concerts and Balls* given by singing societies (both on the same evening), 9 dols. per man, including one rehearsal; each additional rehearsal, 1 dol. extra per man. For playing at concert only, 6 dols. per man.

(*To be continued.*)

PROMENADE CONCERT.

At the Royal Italian Opera-house, on Wednesday, Signor Arditi gave a "last Gounod night." The overture to *Le Medecin Malgré lui* (*The Mock Doctor*), the Bohemian dance, from *La Nonne Sanglante*; an entr'acte from *La Colombe*; a "Saltarello;" the grand march and the new ballet music in *Faust*; the overture to *Mireille*; the ballet music, and "Marche et Cortège," from *La Reine de Saba*; the "Funeral March of a Marionette," and the air "La Stagione arriva" (*Mireille*), arranged as a solo for the ophicleide (Mr Hughes), were the instrumental, and "Ho messo nuove" (Biondina, No. 5) and "Quando a te lieta" (*Faust*), respectively sung by Mr Pearson and Miss Alice Fairman (the latter "encored"), were the vocal pieces. The whole formed a rich treat to the admirers of the celebrated French composer's music, who mustered in large numbers, and redemanded unanimously the "Saltarello" and "Funeral March," both of which were capitally played by the orchestra, under the experienced guidance of Signor Arditi. The second part of the programme was, as usual, miscellaneous. Mdlle Anna Mehlig played Weber's Polonaise in brilliant style, and was twice recalled. A new valse "Henriette," by C. Coote, introducing popular airs, by the accomplished composer of "The King and I," and Meyerbeer's "Royal Wedding March" (Quatrième marche aux flambeaux), composed for the marriage of the Princess Royal of England, and introducing the National Anthem, were the chief features of interest.

* It was inserted in *Le Mercure de France*, November, 1776.

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MEFISTOFELE.

A New Italian Opera by a New Italian Composer.

(From a Special Italian Correspondent.)

(*Concluded from page 767.*)

To affirm to what school M. Boito belongs is a difficult matter; in strict truth, we should say that he belongs to *his own* school; but to give an idea nearer to truth we might add, however paradoxical it may seem to some people, that he stays between the *Puritani* of Bellini, the *Lohengrin* of Wagner, and the music of Chopin. He has, of the first, the delicacy of sentiment, and the calm serenity; of the second, the efficacy and strength of the symphonical descriptive element; of the last, the elegance and ideality. Never too obsequious to form, he is not even obsequious to the independence of form—he follows a logical train of thought. Where the situation requires a recitative, he makes a recitative; where it requires a melody, a melody; where a dialogue, a dialogue; where a concerted piece, a concerted piece: thus the exigences of the development of the drama determine the various forms of the poetry, and the forms of the poetry determine the form, kind, and succession of the musical pieces. The melody is abundant, easy, spontaneous, and new; melody, the source of which was thought to be dried up with the death of Bellini. Except two phrases in the fourth act, which are taken from an *adagio* of Beethoven, in the whole opera there are no reminiscences of any other musical work: and in all this novelty there is nothing abstruse to seek consideration as an original writer, nothing that thwarts the beautiful, under a pretext of following the real. When he seeks his melodies, M. Boito does not certainly consult the piano; he consults his mind, his heart, and the inward essence of the idea that is to be set to music. Thence he takes the beautiful, the spontaneity and the novelty; for every poetical thought, if we listen attentively, has its own melody.

The instrumental parts also follow the exigences of the drama, which is developing on the stage, now being reduced to a simple accompaniment, now having the advantage of a fantastic element.

As we are writing for persons who were not present at the performance of the opera, and have not the melodrama before them, it would be superfluous to give a particular examination of the pieces; therefore we shall briefly talk of the various characters the music assumes in the principal pieces.

The first part, which, as was said, is the Prologue in Heaven, is, perhaps, the best in the opera; not because the author has worked for it with more vigour than for other parts, nor because the thoughts rose more easily in his mind; but because the poetic conception is so high, that the music following it is naturally as superior to the other parts as is superior the ideality of the poetic conception. The author gave this first part the design of the classical symphony, and added to it the chorus. It begins by the sound of seven trumpets, and the booming of seven thunders, upon which follows an *adagio*, paradoxical indeed—that is the praises of God, sung by the celestial phalanxes. When the chorus is finishing, and the echoes are still representing the last notes, Mephisto appears. The piece of the wager, though it contains a clear melody, is yet opportunely dominated by counterpoint and recitative; as the wager is laid, a brief "Sanctus" rises, and then the singing of the flying seraphims—a chorus of boys. Here M. Boito found a wonderful effect in the approaching and withdrawing of the flying band, by beginning the chorus with a single note, which is repeated very softly at first, and then loudly, and then softly again, and loudly again, whilst the orchestra gives only some long notes from the string instruments. The following song of the seraphims constitutes the *scherzo* of the symphony, and finishes again by the repeated note, which vanishes little by little in the distance. At this point arises from the earth the "*Salve Regina*" of the penitent woman—a grave, imposing melody, accompanied by the organ. The celestial phalanxes join their prayers to those that rise from the earth; then the orchestra adds by little and little, from the extreme heavens; the angels return, flying, with their pretty singing, the sonority grows more and more, till, after an admirable and very striking progression, all the phalanxes, angels and archangels, burst out into the great *adagio*, by which, in the beginning, the phalanxes sang the praises of God; and among new sounds and thunders the grand piece finishes. If not present at the acting of this piece, it would be impossible for us to imagine the impression it produces; for it would be vain to seek in other authors anything that resembles it; and Schumann, who set the *Apotheosis of Faust* to music, did it on a different plan, so that there is no analogy between it and the Prologue of *Mefistofele*.

The desire of demonstrating the musical development that M. Boito has given to the other parts would carry us to tire out the patience of those who may read this correspondence; therefore we are obliged to indicate shortly the remaining parts, in which, if there is less ideality, because the action does not require it, there is, however, no less passion, elegance, and efficacy of descriptive power.

The walk at Frankfort is full of gaiety, with the sound of the bells, on which the chorus makes cadence. The music of the Ostertag is elegant and imposing—the situation where the grey monk—which M. Boito, according to the legend, substitutes for the spaniel—approaches Faust, closing him in an invisible circle. Another part equal to the Prologue, but on a different ground, is the Romantic Sabbath. In the Prologue there is the sublimity, in this Sabbath the honour; there the ecstacy, here the terror. The chorus of witches and sorcerers climbing on the steep rocks, and the tumultuous dance, by which it finishes, are fit for the ridges of Brocken.

—o—

PESTH.

(From a Correspondent.)

An appeal has been made to the public in favour of the two daughters of the Roman patrician, Polcelli, pupil of Haydn's, and, for a long period, conductor of Prince Esterhazy's musical establishment. One of the daughters, grand-daughter of the composer of the *Seasons*, is in a state of the greatest indigence. In this extremity, she has announced her wish to sell the last relics of Haydn—namely, a gold watch, with his name engraved on the case; a violin by Antonio Stradazio, of Cremona (1608), on which Haydn frequently played; and a collection of his manuscripts and letters.

—o—

TO DISHLEY PETERS, ESQ.

Sir,—It seems to me that the return of the Doctors to the *Musical World* has not been sufficiently appreciated. Personally I have been so pleased to see them back that I have composed a small poem, in three verses, on the subject. I have only written out the last line of each verse, and for two reasons.—Firstly, because anybody reading the poem can fill in the other lines as strongly as they please; lastly, because I can only think of one rhyme to Doctors, and that is Procters, which could scarcely be used right through the poem:—

The Return of the Doctors.

1.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
To welcome back the Doctors.

2.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
Back came the glorious Doctors.

3.

— — — — —
— — — — —
— — — — —
That brought us back our Doctors.

Isaac Cunning'm Griffin.

[Other Doctors have packed up portmanteau, but cannot resume office until C. L. has taken their portraits. Mr Griffin's verses are adumbrous, vague, and oversketchy—too many lines in each verse by three. We prefer those of Augustus Mayhew, Esq.:—

"Good gods! what a beautiful night,
I never saw anything similar."

But that is matter of pre-conviction.—D. P.]

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ENGLISH ARTISTS DRAWN BY A COMPATRIOT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Much as one usually desires to encourage the recent development of musical art in this country, yet it can hardly be a wise course to shut one's eyes wilfully to obvious defects, and to try and take credit for merits that we do not possess.

There is plenty of musical talent and plenty of good voices to be found in this country, and our native professional singers need never really be ashamed of competing with foreigners if they would only study their art in a more artistic spirit, and cease to pander for the applause of those who regard the merit of a singer in proportion to the vigour with which he or she can deliver a prolonged high note at the conclusion of a song. A tenor may make a great effect upon a native audience by the possession of *one* thoroughly-good, moderately-high, and sensationally-effective note in his voice; and a singer who is fortunate enough to possess three or four good notes can, by selecting songs requiring a frequent repetition of these notes and admitting of "slurring" over the weaker notes in his voice, make a very successful effect. I have heard many singers meander through three or four verses of a popular ballad very ineffectively; but who, reserving their energy for *the* effective note at the close, and prolonging this note with painful determination, have gained a storm of applause —one good round; on the strength of this, they have ventured upon a repetition of the dose, and successfully saddled a weak-minded audience with an apparently intentional encore. Reporters notice the fact of an encore. In time, a singer's fame is made; no one exactly knows how; but people hear that Miss So-and-So is a *very good* singer—"always gets encored, you know." A "very good singer," whose voice, if carefully tested, would reveal, perhaps, four moderately good and certainly effective notes, and the rest not notes at all.

Undoubtedly the cause of all this is the insane desire of an uncritical public for *bravura* singing. We constantly hear effective ballads utterly spoiled by being rendered in this melodramatic style; and it is remarkable how similar are the endings of nine songs out of every ten—generally springing from a crotchet, jumping over a quaver, on to a high breve, prolonged *ad libitum*. Sometimes the effect of these vocal gymnastics is enhanced by a throwing back of the head, a dilation of the form, and a defiant wave of the arm. In the face of the really good singing we can hear, it is surprising that so much of this kind of thing goes down; it is only a proof that "palpable effect" exercises a greater influence upon an average audience than quiet, unforced excellence. Art has a great attraction for many who never *think*. Thought is required to appreciate drama. Melodrama is more popular because, no doubt, it gives a transient pleasure to the spectator, without troubling his mental complacency.

Passing from the platform to the stage, I find English singers in a still worse plight, though hardly worse than their Italian *confrères*. It is only on the French stage, I fancy, that we find an artistic rendering of the lyric drama. Those who remember Schneider and company, at the Princess's, and M. Humbert's company in *Mdme Angot*, at the Criterion, will understand what I mean. There, in *bouffe*, which in England is buffoonery, I found true art. The minute detail, the exquisite finish, the utter absence of all conciousness of an audience, or of appealing for applause, by vocal *tours de force*.

What a lesson for all English vocalists was Mario Widmer's rendering of the ballad to Clairette. No standing over the foot-lights, no forcing of effective notes; but an artistic, dramatic rendering of a dramatic song like a musical soliloquy. Then the perfection of the *ensemble*, the art of Mdlle Delorme, Mdlle Luigini, Mdlle Raphael as Lange—a delicate character vulgarized on the English stage. It is in dealing with difficult characters of this sort that the true artist is revealed. Mdlle Raphael was the true artist. Art must pourtray, but never revolt. Lange was there. She was not inviting, but she was not offensive. Then the valse at the end of the second act. Real dancing. How many of *our* actors and actresses can *really* dance?

Opéra bouffe in English is an abomination. In French it is art—not high art, perhaps; but positively art—true art. The only kind of musical pieces which are really artistic, on the English stage, are to be found at the Strand. There is a company of artists, and their fun is real and never vulgar. *Flamingo* is very funny.

Another feature of the Humbert Company was the band. Seldom have I heard such a delicious orchestra—small, but true, well proportioned, and working as one man. In England, it appears to be forgotten that musical strength does not make an orchestra, nor the possession of great individual instrumentalists. If the members of an orchestra have not been accustomed to play together, be they the greatest living musicians, they will fail in effect. The main features of an English orchestra are: coarseness of execution, utter absence of delicate light and shade, bad proportion of instrumental selection, causing a disagreeable brassiness, and the astonishing vigour displayed by the individual who presides over the big drum and the cymbals, and who seems impelled by an earnest, but scarcely laudable desire, to demonstrate the superiority of noise over music. One of the most charming little orchestras I ever enjoyed hearing is the Reyloffs' orchestra at the Brighton Aquarium, which is remarkable for delicacy of tone and expression, and correctness and finish of execution.

F. ALLAN LAIDLAW.

—o—

TIETJENS AT BOSTON.

(From the "Boston Daily Advertiser," Oct. 21st.)

The past fortnight has been freighted with rich gifts for lovers of music in Boston; and the extraordinary course of the season now brings it to pass that one of the very greatest of living pianists is followed by a singer, who, for many years, was acknowledged to be without a superior in Europe. Mdlle Tietjens sang last night, in the Music Hall, to a large audience, and achieved a substantial and unquestionable triumph. It is impossible that she should not delight the public, for her art is of that finished sort which commands the admiration of the *connoisseur*, while it is inspired by a fulness of feeling which communicates itself to every sensitive heart. Mdlle Tietjens is more like Parepa-Rosa than any other *artiste* who ever visited this city. Such epithets as "magnificent" and "splendid," so often misapplied, find truthful exemplification in Mdlle Tietjens' singing. Her vocalization is as perfect as need be, but it seldom calls attention to itself; her phrasing is unsurpassed in majestic force and vitality, and her dramatic and expressive power has seldom been equalled. No one need be apprehensive, either, about the present character of the *artiste's* voice. Of immense volume, power and resonance, full, rich, and sweet, this voice is one which gives itself with absolute sensitiveness to the control of the directing spirit.

The pieces assigned to Mdlle Tietjens last evening were three in number, viz.:—a "Grand Valse," by Arditi; Gounod's "Ave Maria," and the aria, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," from Weber's *Oberon*. Their importance is the exact reverse of the order given them on the programme. The aria from Weber's enchanting opera is a masterpiece, and its delivery has long been recognised as an *experimentum crucis* for the singer, a union of the loftiest and most varied dramatic ability with great fulness and flexibility of voice, physical power and complete vocal culture. Mdlle Tietjens' delivery lacked in nothing, and was positively affluent and overflowing in its expressive and vocal wealth. Every phase of thought in the elaborate description of the ocean's many moods was followed with that absolute ease and graphic certainty which show the working of great dramatic genius; and, after an exact delineation of the moment of agonising fear which comes to the shipwrecked Reiza, the final burst of joy and rapture at the prospect of safety and re-union with her lover was given with electric and irresistible power. The artist was thrice recalled, and on two occasions gratified the demand for an encore, repeating a portion of the "Valse," and giving "Home, sweet home" with entire simplicity, but with searching and tender expression. Fame has, indeed, told no more than the truth about Mdlle Tietjens; and we trust that the patronage given to her concerts in Boston will do ourselves and her grand talents something approaching justice. However enthusiastic our public is, it will not be likely to be too extravagant.

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HOME MUSIC—AS IT IS, AND AS IT MIGHT BE.

(*From the "Leisure Hour."*)

I.

The dictionary defines music as "the science of combining sounds in an agreeable manner,—vocal or instrumental harmony;" in private life, however, the word has a far more limited application. While Jones's daughter tells us that she learns music, we are not to understand that she is taking lessons on the harp, or in singing, or in harmony and counterpoint, but that she is devoting her attention to the study of the pianoforte, which has contrived of late years entirely to monopolize the term. In fact, to most Englishmen the word music simply calls up a vision of a *grand* or a *square*, with a morning governess, a tuner, a music-stool, and finishing lessons at two guineas a quarter; while at the very mention of the word their ears are filled with scales in C major, and arrangements of "The Last Rose of Summer," mingled in wild confusion with five-finger exercises, and the daily studies of Czerny and Bertini.

Notwithstanding that every English girl undergoes a more or less extensive, and expensive, training on the pianoforte, it can hardly be said that English domestic music is improving, or even that it is so good as it was before the omnipresent instrument was invented; on the contrary, it may be fairly argued that the pianoforte has really been the indirect cause of the decline and fall of music as a welcome home recreation. We appeal to our readers: Where the pianoforte exists, is there not much more *practising* (this word has also acquired a sense of its own) than playing? When a *piece* (also in a technical sense) is ready for performance in the family circle, does it not always fall flat and stale on the ears of those whose fate it has been to hear the weeks of thumping that have preceded its final consummation?

The question will arise, What has brought the piano into such prominence in English domestic life? The reason is this: in the first place it forms a most convenient accompaniment for solo songs, one of the positions it fills to the best advantage; in the next place, a whole tune, by which we mean an air completely harmonized, may be produced by one person on one instrument; while, thirdly and chiefly, nearly every one, persons possessed of little, or even absolutely devoid of any musical taste, may, by dint of practice, play a tune passably, provided that it requires no more expression than can be produced by a judicious use of the right-hand pedal. Besides, owing to the facility of the execution in certain combinations—for instance, common chords arpeggioed in rapid notes—an air may be arranged so as to be at once brilliant, or what is so-called, and yet tolerably easy. Accordingly, a demand, and, we are sorry to add, an unfailing supply of these jingling, expressionless *pieces* is created, and thus it is that washy opera airs, set in ornamental filigrees of demisemiquavers, common waltz tunes in the form of *Morceaux Brillants pour Salon*, and tortured versions of the "Bluebells of Scotland," disguised as *Grandes fantaisies sur un theme Ecossais*, are poured forth on the unresisting world for the sake of girls who, possessed of the digital dexterity requisite for their performance, and nothing more, believe that in playing them they are making music, and entertaining their fellow-creatures.

When a girl has received her early training in a school like this, she finds it almost impossible to adopt a more rational style. Not only is the taste vitiated, but the left hand, which has been comparatively untrained, will either be physically unable to execute the bass part in the sonatas of Beethoven, or will drop from the keyboard, tired out, before the middle of the first movement. The effect so easily procured by merely mechanical means in the pieces of the day cannot be obtained in the works of the great masters without a sympathetic mind and a cultivated taste; in short, the soul must play as well as the fingers. How absolutely painful it is to hear a player nourished on the ordinary boarding-school pieces attempt an *adagio* of Beethoven, notably that which commences his "Moonlight Sonata" (No. 14). She will carefully give each triplet its exact metronome time, play steadily, calmly, and cold-bloodedly (if the term may be used), through to the end, with no passion, with no expression; and then wonder, as well she may, what people can ever find to admire in classical music. The consequence is that fathers, brothers, and other relations—except, perhaps, the admiring mamma, who has resolved that all her daughters, whether musically inclined or not, shall be possessed of *the* accomplishment—wearied by the horrible sameness attending every performance, never ask for a tune, and stealthily retire from the room if they perceive the signs of an impending encounter with the much-enduring instrument.

With the piano the accompanied ballad has grown up, and here, too, a supply of the most inferior trash is produced, usurping the place of the old glees, catches, canons, and rounds, which, not long ago, might be heard in every house in the country. The part-song still finds its votaries among the choral societies, but at home the alto, tenor, and bass would feel that they were being eclipsed by the soprano, were they to take the trouble to get up a part in "Crabbed Age and Youth," or "Down in a Flowery Dale." Alto, tenor, and bass ballads may be had, and the poorer the singer, the readier to show off in a solo. Thus we find the tenor revelling in the mawkish sentiment of "Kiss me, mother, ere I leave thee, nevermore to meet again," or an almost voiceless bass attempting the jubilant strains of "Oh, gay is the life of a brigand bold," with perhaps a shake on the last note but one. How is it, by the way, that the untrained amateur always does try to shake?

When a glee is attempted, the great aim seems to be to stand up and sing something. It matters not that there is no tenor present, that there are five basses and six sopranos, but only one alto; that some are not only unable to sing from music, but have never seen the glee before. Some Vandal, voiceless baritone smoothes all these difficulties with "Oh, Miss B—— will play the accompaniment, you know, and it will be all right;" the performers shout it through somehow, wandering into each other's parts, and think themselves perfect if they come in more or less together at the end, and then usually blandly encore themselves with "Let's have another try, and mind the marks of expression." The custom of publishing accompaniments to glees that were never intended to be sung with them cannot be too highly reprobated as a concession to the low ebb of modern vocal culture.

What a loss is the art of glee-singing when the time for pic-nics arrives! The pianoforte is impracticable, the guitar no longer studied, and the banjo prohibited in polite society. Solo songs are thus for the most part unavailable. Concerted vocal music always sounds delicious under the canopy of heaven; those only who have heard Mendelssohn's beautiful open-air songs can imagine the delight and pleasure they furnish at a summer out-of-door gathering; but, thanks to the rise of the ruthless piano, that lovely pic-nic music, for so it may be called, is a sealed book to all but a very few. Its place is probably taken by a song, volunteered by the humorous man of the company with what he facetiously styles a *corious*, in which the company, on his invitation, join in unison.

It will be admitted that domestic music is generally looked upon at best as a mere pastime, taken up to fill an idle moment, or as an agreeable supplement to the conversation at the stately evening party of middle-class society, and from this view of the subject some awkward mistakes are likely to occur. The writer well remembers being present some years ago at a friend's house where it was customary for a few amateurs to meet for the sake of performing and listening to good classical music. On the evening in question, two friends of the host, but strangers to the rest of the company, were present, and under the above erroneous impression as to the use of "the divine art," annoyed everyone by carrying on a vehement political debate during the first movement of a quintet of Mozart's. At the conclusion of the *allegro*, they were politely asked by the host if they did not find the room too hot, and if they would not like to walk in the garden, but replied no; they preferred to listen to the music, which was accordingly finished with an *obbligato* political accompaniment. In the next piece, however, which was a solo sonata of Beethoven's, they discovered their mistake. They endeavoured to continue their conversation with the string players, who were now at liberty; but, finding that their queries were met by whispered answers, while their observations were left unresponded to, at last realized the position, and for the remainder of the evening formed a most decorous, if not an appreciative audience.

(*To be continued.*)

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EDWARD REMÉNYI.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The Hungarian violinist, M. Edward Reményi, gave a concert here last Tuesday, of which I include the programme. As M. Reményi intends to visit England shortly, it may interest you to hear a few remarks about him. A mere glance at the programme will show you that he is either a fool or a first-rate musician. I am glad to say that he is the latter in every respect. His execution is faultless, his *technique* infallible, and he has a wonderful way of entering into a composer's spirit. He seems to become another, according to the music he is playing. I hope he may have as much success in England as he has had here.

—o—

DEAN, CHAPTER, ORGANIST, AND VICAR CHORAL.

Music does not seem to be the "food of love" in the West country even when it is associated with the "Gospel of Peace." What one of the local journals terms "a strange epidemic" has broken out among the quiet Somersetshire towns, three of which, as well as the Cathedral city of Wells, are more or less disturbed about matters appertaining to the service of song. A few weeks ago the Bishop of the diocese, with Lord Selborne as his assessor, sat in judgment upon a dispute between the Dean and Chapter on the one part and the College of Vicars Choral on the other—those bodies, instead of dwelling together in unity, having fallen out respecting the right of the Chapter to nominate members of the College. Peace being made, or, at any rate, a truce agreed upon, in this case, the parish churches caught the infection, and are now suffering grievously. Sherborne has its musico-religious quarrel, which seems, however, to be based more upon personal than public grounds. The organist, attacked, as he alleges, by illness, thought proper to reside out of the town—a step which led to high words between him and the vicar, and, in consequence of his refusal to apologise for certain expressions, to resign when called upon, the Vestry have now given the musical official three months' notice to quit. This is, no doubt, a paltry case unworthy attention of itself, but it is significant as one of a group. Turning to Crewkerne, we find that parish completely "by the ears," upon the double question as to what the musical service should be and who possesses the legal right to direct its performance. On one side stands the vicar, and on the other a large section of the inhabitants, between whom the fight rages hotly enough to justify the local boast about "plucky Crewkerne." The incumbent, it appears, sets his face against "services" and anthems rendered by a choir, and wishes to have plain chants and tunes sung by the people. This system, which the opposite side calls "congregational foolery," he endeavoured to establish; whereupon the choir resigned, and left the music of the church to "the squall of school children and the howl of a select few admirers of discord." Then the organist retired in disgust, and the parishioners held a meeting to talk the matter over, upon which they seem to have resolved that the new organist, if a vicar's man, shall be paid by the vicar. The case on their side is now before the Ordinary, pending whose decision congratulation prevails that "plucky Crewkerne" is not to be alarmed by the "futile flaunting of a parson's surplice." At Yeovil matters are in still worse case. Almost the last suit decided by the now defunct court of Arches was one instituted by the vicar of this parish to restrain his organist from performing voluntaries before and after service. Sir Robert Phillimore gave judgment in favour of the clerical pretension to regulate a matter in which, one might suppose, only perversity could see materials for dispute; but Yeovil, which supports the organist, is not at all disposed to tame submission. The vicar will not recognize the organist, and the parishioners, whose paid officer the musician is, sustain him at his post. Under these conditions of dead-lock a compromise was suggested—the organ to be played by a substitute during the vicar's absence for a year, without prejudice to the interests of either party. But the Yeovil men were stern, and resolved that the organist, their servant, should remain at his instrument and do his duty. So the matter stands; and now may we ask why this epidemic of disorder is sweeping over the erstwhile peaceful Somersetshire parishes? A Scottish Presbyterian would perhaps see in it a judgment upon those who use a "kist of whistles," and praise the Lord by machinery. Others may regard it as significant of the turmoil and distraction prevailing within the National Church, consequent upon clerical assumptions. But, whatever the cause, it is earnestly to be hoped that if the angry passions of Somerset churchmen must arise, they will find vent in other matters than that part of religious service which is specially suggestive of union and concord.

D. T.

—o—

PARIS SCRAPS.

(*From our Parisian Scrapper.*)

At the Grand Opera, Madlle de Reszké has appeared successfully as Marguerite in M. Gounod's *Faust*. Coming after so great a favourite as Mad. Carvalho in the part, the young lady's task was not an easy one, but she acquitted herself in a satisfactory manner. She was especially happy in the Garden Scene.

A new tenor, M. Stéphanne, has come out, at the Opéra-Comique, the opera selected for his appearance being *Haydée*. His voice is fresh and agreeable; his personal appearance prepossessing. He would, however, have acted wisely, had he studied a little longer before making his bow to the public. His vocal training can scarcely be designated complete. He was well received.

Le Pompon, M. Lecocq's new opera, at the Folies Dramatiques, is highly praised by all lovers of good comic music. Among the most noticeable pieces are the duet: "L'Amour est une pure flamme" the "Sicilienne" and Piccolo's couplets. The principal characters are entrusted to Madlle Caillot, Mad. Matz-Ferrare, MM. Lucco, Didier, and Milher.

The Committee formed to decide upon M. Adolphe Sax's plan for a monster operahouse have met and deliberated under the presidency of M. Emile de Girardin. In the course of the proceedings, the following letter was read. It was addressed to M. L. Détroyat, one of the chief movers in the business.

"*4th November—Saint Charles* (*My Saint's Day*).

"My dear Détroyat,—You are aware of the accident which will keep me a captive at home for a long time to come, and, consequently, prevent my responding to your summons. Still, as I have *one* hand tolerably free, I think I shall be acting rightly, and making up as much as possible for my forced absence, by sending you these few lines, which I beg you and your honourable colleagues to receive as the simple enunciation of the principal points to which, it strikes me, we should confine ourselves in the question about to occupy our attention.

"1. NOTHING COLOSSAL. This is DEATH to musical art, especially in a theatre, where too great a distance between the *singer* and his *hearers* destroys all physiognomy and all interest, reducing the singer to the necessity of exhausting himself in emptiness.

"2. We should not establish *a* lyric theatre, but re-establish *the* Lyric Theatre, that is to say: the *Normal School* where, by contact with the public and by personal experience, we may produce and form the young composers from among whom our grand lyric theatres may every day obtain recruits to maintain and perpetuate, in a national repertory worthily kept up, the honour of French music. It should be a sort of *Salon* whence the authors should rise to the *Musée*. "CH. GOUNOD."

M. Camille Doucet, in the name of the Dramatic Authors, and M. Carvalho strongly supported M. Ch. Gounod's opinion, as M. Ambroise Thomas had previously done. The same view was taken by MM. Halanzier and Victorien Joncières.

M. Emile de Girardin observed that the meeting had not been convened to take into consideration the question of the Théâtre-Lyrique, a question which would speedily receive a most satisfactory solution. The object was to discuss the feasibility of erecting a popular Operahouse of vast dimensions, where grand classical and modern works might, by low prices, be brought within the reach of the great masses. M. Adolphe Sax then explained his plan, which, however, was rejected in favour of another submitted to the Committee by MM. Davioud and Bourdais, and already approved by the Municipality of Paris, who probably will grant these gentlemen a plot of ground in the Place of the Château d'Eau, on which to build their theatre, which is designed to accommodate 9,000 persons.

M. Adolphe Sax's proposed popular Operahouse was to have been in the form of a giant-egg. I am afraid that, like the celebrated Humpty-Dumpty, of mural celebrity, that egg is irrevocably smashed.

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ACORNS, SLOES, AND BLACKBERRIES.

By Gibbs Gibb Gibbs, Esq.

No. 19.

Thomas Morley, a pupil of Bird, bachelor of music, and one of the gentlemen of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, acquired some celebrity by his treatise entitled "*A plane and easie Introduction to Practical Musicke.*" His burial service is supposed to be the first that was composed after the Reformation. This service was performed, in the year 1760, by the united choirs of Westminster, St Paul's, and the Chapel Royal, at the funeral of George II. Dr Boyce, in his collection of cathedral music, in which the whole service is printed, speaks of the beauties of this work. Morley is supposed to have died about 1604.

St Nicetius, or Nicetas, is said by Dr Forkell, in the second volume of his history, p. 197, to be the real author of the hymn *Te Deum laudamus*, commonly ascribed to Ambrosius.

Orpheus.—It is the opinion of some eminent philologers of later times that there never was any such person as Orpheus, except in Fairyland, and that his whole history was nothing but a mere romantic allegory, utterly devoid of truth and reality. But there is nothing alleged for this opinion from antiquity, except the one passage of Cicero concerning Aristotle, who seems to have meant no more than this, that there was no such person as Orpheus anterior to Homer, or that the verses vulgarly called Orphical were not written by Orpheus. However, if it should be granted that Aristotle had denied the existence of such a man, their seems to be no reason why his single testimony should preponderate against the universal consent of all antiquity, which agrees that Orpheus was the son of Œager, by birth a Thracian, the father, or chief founder, of the mythological and allegorical theology amongst the Greeks, and of all their most sacred rites and mysteries, who is commonly supposed to have lived before the Trojan war, that is in the time of the Israelitish judges; or, at least, to have been senior both to Hesiod and Homer, and to have died a violent death, most affirming that he was torn in pieces by women. For which reason, in the vision of Herus Pamphylius, in Plato, Orpheus's soul, passing into another body, is said to have chosen that of a swan, a reputed musical animal, on account of the great hatred he had conceived for all women, from the death which they had inflicted on him. And the historic truth of Orpheus was not only acknowledged by Plato, but also by Isocrates, who lived before Aristotle, in his oration in praise of Busiris, and confirmed by the grave historian Diodorus Siculus, who says, that Orpheus diligently applied himself to literature, and, when he had learned the mythological part of theology, travelled into Egypt, where he soon became the greatest proficient among the Greeks in the mysteries of religion, theology, and poetry. Neither was this history of Orpheus contradicted by Origen, when so justly provoked by Celsus, who had preferred him to our Saviour; and, according to Suidas, Orpheus the Thracian was the first inventor of the religious mysteries of the Greeks, and that religion was thence called *Thereskeia*, as it was a Thracian invention. On account of the great antiquity of Orpheus, there have been numberless fables intermingled with his history, yet there appears to be no reason why we should disbelive the existence of such a man.

Higher Development.

Nos. 5 and 6.

LISZT FERENCZ.

Hamleti tépelődés. Fausti vivődás. Mély csend. A kőhögés sohajjá lesz.

Chopin. George Sand. Visszaemlékezés. Édes ifjuság. Illat, holdsugár és szerelem.

(To be continued.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 22, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in C major, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PEZZE .. *Mozart.*

DUET, "Dolce conforto"—The Mdlles BADIA .. .. .. *Mercadante.*

ETUDES EN FORME DE VARIATIONS, Op. 13, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle ANNA MEHLIG .. .. *Schumann.*

PART II.

SONATA in D minor, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. *Rust.*

DUET, "Nel giardino"—The Mdlles BADIA .. .. *Lulli.*

TRIO in D minor, Op. 49, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (by desire)—Mdlle ANNA MEHLIG, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PEZZE .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET in A major, for clarionet, two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. SAINTON, LAZARUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PEZZE *Mozart.*

RECIT. and AIR, "Deh vieni" (*Nozze di Figaro*)—Miss ELLEN HORNE .. .. *Mozart.*

VARIATIONS SÉRIEUSES, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle ANNA MEHLIG .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

SONATA in F major, Op. 24, for pianoforte and violin—Mdlle ANNA MEHLIG and M. SAINTON .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONG, "The best of all"—Miss ELLEN HORNE .. .. .. *Schumann.*

QUARTET in E flat, Op. 38, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mdlle ANNA MEHLIG, MM. SAINTON, ZERBINI, and PEZZE *Rheinberger.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MARRIAGE.

On Tuesday, November 16th, Miss SARAH EDITH WYNNE, to AVIET AGABEG, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

DEATH.

On November 13th, ELOISE J. GIMSON, R.A.M., only daughter of the late Joseph Gimson, Esq.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD *Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expediency may suggest.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1875.

Dialogues in Purgatory.

Dr Ghost.—Dost thou affect the double bassoon?

Dr Serpent.—Avaunt!

Dr Ghost.—What is thine impression of an orchestra which numbereth in its ranks a double bassoon?

Dr Serpent.—My impression is that the surgeon nearest at hand should be sent for.

Dr Ghost.—Why *at hand?*—to perform an operation?

Dr Serpent.—Assuredly.

Dr Ghost.—I pr'ythee, what operation?

Dr Serpent *(with emphasis).*—Lithotomy!

(*Both vanish.*)

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

IT was with unmixed satisfaction that we read the following in the last issue of that wide and widely-circulated midland sheet, the *Hereford Times*:—

"We are permitted to state that at the Annual Audit Dinner the Dean of Hereford availed himself of the opportunity to express his views on the subject of the Musical Festivals. As has been already announced, the Dean and Chapter have granted the use of the Cathedral in 1876, as in former years; and it did not need this act of simple justice and common sense to confirm Dean Herbert in the respect of the citizens. Indeed, the permission to continue the Festivals on the old footing embodies the unanimous decision of the Dean and Chapter. None the less, the words of the Dean on Thursday evening—words of wisdom and force, yet expressed in the most tolerant and kindly spirit—will commend themselves to the approval of the country. The Dean said that, although the recent Worcester Festival had been a financial success, still he doubted whether it would be as successful in future years, when the excitement and emulation of recent opposition would have departed, and when the money raised for charitable purposes would be in proportion to the popularity of the Festivals. We rejoice that the Dean and Chapter follow in the footsteps of the good men who have preceded them in this diocese, and that a great charitable and religious movement is still to be helped and distinguished by the adequate rendering of some of the grandest musical and devotional conceptions of the

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human mind. The conduct of the Dean and Chapter will be approved generally throughout the country."

In this manner have the Dean and Chapter of little independent Hereford declared their entire want of sympathy with bigoted intolerance. We respect them for it; and countless others will join in the homage we thus willingly pay. The so-called "Festival" this year at Worcester was a mere farce; an attempt to promote sermons and homilies at the expense of music, which should ever be an important element in the highest manifestations of worship. It is to be hoped that Gloucester, in 1877, will follow the example of Hereford in 1876. The "financial success" of the meeting at Worcester is readily explained, inasmuch as there was very little expenditure, and as, like the hundred bouquets thrown at a *prima donna*, it was organised in advance.

—o—

"REMEMBER, my Lord," said Henry VIII. to the indignant nobleman, whom Holbein had kicked down stairs, and who, not satisfied with the offer of an apology, desired nothing less than the execution of the offending artist, "remember that I can, whenever I please, make seven Lords out of seven ploughmen, but I cannot make one Holbein of even seven Lords." Had the occasion rendered more ample explanation necessary or advisable, there is no doubt the burly patron of the Divorce Court in that age would have gone further, and owned he could not make one Holbein out of the whole Peerage. As for performing such a feat with ploughmen as material to work upon, the notion would have seemed as preposterous as the idea of effecting it through the medium of an unlimited supply of Englishmen of any class, with whom to experimentalise. In those days, no one ever thought of an Englishman's becoming a painter. So, Bluff King Hal, as the marrying monarch is termed, patronised Holbein, who, despite the Lord he had shown to the street door in such summary fashion, went on, as theretofore, painting away with his left hand, until he fell a victim to the plague in 1554. Though differing in many respects from the uxorious Tudor tyrant, Charles I. evidently shared his non-belief in Englishmen as painters, and numerous works by Peter Paul Rubens, scholar, statesman, ambassador, and artist, who received the honour of knighthood from his Majesty, exist to attest the fact. Another witness in the same cause is Anthony Vandyck, also an English knight. Then, again, it was Sir Peter Lely, who painted the Duchess of Richmond, Mrs Eleanor Gwynne, the Countess of Rochester, Lady Middleton, Lady Whitmore, Lady Denham, and a host of other fair ones, more celebrated for beauty and wit than for virtue and morality. To the foregoing adepts with palette and brush must be added Sir Godfrey Kneller, the favourite of Charles II., James II., William III., and George I., knighted by William and created a baronet by George. The list might be augmented by many other names of less note, tending to show that pictorial art was represented here almost exclusively by foreigners. England could not produce painters. Such was, in those days, the general belief both at home and abroad. At length, in 1768, the Royal Academy was founded. In what high estimation our English School of Painting is now held, or by what great men it has been illustrated, our readers need not be informed.

We have noticed the delusion about the incompetency of Englishmen as painters, because it throws an instructive light upon another hallucination, that, namely, affecting the sister art of Music. England—so, until recently, ran the parrot-cry—was not a musical nation. Nay; not only was England not a musical nation, but Englishmen seemed determined that she never should become one. As the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone remarked in the speech recently delivered by him in the Lecture Hall, at Greenwich, when distributing the prizes to the successful students of the Science and Art Classes, a person was laughed at who contended, fifty years ago, that human beings—including, of course, the inhabitants of these islands—were, as such, musical. People used to say: "I can't tell one note from another, and I don't care a bit about Music." And woe to him who did care about it, and who endeavoured to obtain proficiency in it. While Louis XIV., by an express decree, announced that members of the French nobility might appear on the boards of the Grand Opera without derogating a tittle from their high estate, we find that heartless, frigid, aristocratic prig, the Earl of Chesterfield, contemptuously warning his son against fiddling and fiddlers. For a period verging upon a couple of centuries, our forefathers considered that the study of music, like the confection of Biblical pictures in worsted, or the manufacture of pickles, preserves, and cordials, ought to be restricted to their wives and daughters. Any son of theirs who manifested a predilection for it was ridiculed as a mollycoddle. It is true that country squires in their old family-houses, or Town gallants at their taverns, were not averse to indulging in hunting songs, or political catches, but they insisted on doing so without the aid of art. Just as the upholders of the old state of things in more modern times declared that the British Officer would hopelessly deteriorate if taught to perform properly the very duties he was expected to perform, and that his courage would diminish in the exact ratio that his knowledge was increased; so their predecessors in prejudice appeared to entertain the belief that their voices would be irretrievably ruined if they were instructed how to use them. This fact was the more remarkable because the example set them at a previous epoch of our history was there to teach them better. In the reign of Elizabeth, when England was famous for every thing which renders a nation great and respected; when her statesmen were renowned throughout Europe; when her soldiers and her sailors made Victory carry the national standard before them; and when the glorious list of her poets was headed by the name of Shakespeare, the cultivation of Music formed part of every man's education, and few among the higher classes would have boasted that they did not care a pin about it, or tell one note from another.

Many of us may still entertain grave doubts as to the advisability of the course pursued by Mr Gladstone when he disestablished the Protestant Church in Ireland; others, hurried away by patriotic impetuosity, may, like the Duke of Beaufort, at the Bristol gathering recently, consider that the ex-Premier ought to be impaled for allowing Russia to tamper with the treaty of Paris; but most of us will heartily agree with what fell from his lips on the subject of Music and the remarkable impetus given to it of late years. At our Universities, at our great public seminaries, and in our private schools, the rights—we use the word advisedly—the rights, we repeat, of Music are beginning to be recognized, and in such matters *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. That first step has now been taken, and a pretty long step it is, closely resembling a stride of the celebrated Seven-League Boots in the nursery-tale. Not merely, too, have our Universities and Schools "begun it," like the kettle of which Charles Dickens wrote, but other agents have continued the task. As Mr Gladstone said—"The public mind is becoming more and more habituated to the teaching of Music; and, of course, the universal teaching of Music

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implies the universal practice of it, in one shape or other." It is for this object, namely: the universal practice of Music, that a small number of conscientious and determined men have toiled long and undauntedly in this country through good report and ill report, turning neither to the right nor to the left. Not, though, for the practice of Music "in one shape or other," but in the best shape. How successful they have been is demonstrated by more than the mere spread of Music among those to whom the art was unknown; it is shown by the purer and more classical taste exhibited by those who cultivated it previously. Rewarded by the consciousness of what they have already achieved, let these brave pioneers, who have opened up and made easy one of the most pleasant and most beautiful paths by which Civilization is advancing to her sublime goal, exert themselves with even more vigour than before. When they find that a public man, holding such a position as the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, enunciates the principle which they have ever maintained, and for which they have ever worked, that "Music is a general inheritance; that the faculty of Music is a common faculty of the people forming an intelligent community," they have, indeed, good grounds for hope, and never in this country did the prospects of Music,

"Implens affectas tacita dulcedine mentes,"

appear more bright and more cheering than now.—R. K.

—o—

Episodes on Change.

Dr Shipping. Well—what did you think of Salaman's advice to the critics?
Dr Quince. Why—nothing at all.
Dr Shipping. Well—but how nothing at all?
Dr Quince. Why—because I didn't hear it.
Dr Shipping. Well—for what reason didn't you hear it?
Dr Quince. Why—because I couldn't see it.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

—o—

CHRISTINE NILSSON IN THE *TROVATORE*.

(*From the "Liverpool Courier."*)

The combined attraction of Mdme Christine Nilsson and Mdme Trebelli in Verdi's ever popular *Trovatore* filled the house to its utmost capacity. Every seat was let, and vast numbers were unsuccessful in obtaining admission to any part of the theatre. Mdme Nilsson as Leonora achieved another triumph. It was a noble performance, elaborated with consummate art. By the force of her genius, Mdme Nilsson—without effort, without striving after original effects or new readings—in the most natural manner, invests her impersonations with a charm all her own, and an originality which removes them into a sphere altogether above comparison with the same parts as represented by other great artists. They are, in fact, finished creations, which stand alone in all their beauty and perfection, and have a distinct individuality. This is equally true both of her acting and singing. Mdme Nilsson is entirely original in phrasing and vocalisation; her style of singing is as perfect as her noble and extraordinary voice, and as completely the reflection of her mind, taste, and great exceptional gifts. Mdme Nilsson's Margherita, Lucia, and Leonora, are all alike perfect in conception and execution—all equally original and great.

Confabulations Confidential.

Dr Fox.—Charles Gounod has written a letter.
Dr Goose.—What about?
Dr Fox.—About big theatres.
Dr Goose.—*Quid tum?* (What next?)*
Dr Fox.—He likes them not.
Dr Goose.—*Cur?* (Why?)*
Dr Fox.—The one projected in "Lutetia" (Paris)* will hold from nine to ten thousand—sitters and non-sitters.
Dr Goose.—Well, why does Gounod object to that?
Dr Fox.—Sitters may be content, non-sitters anything *but*.
Dr Goose.—Granted. What has that to do with Gounod?
Dr Fox.—He likes not big theatres.
Dr Goose.—You have already said it. *Cur?* (Why!)*
Dr Fox.—He is a man of satin.
Dr Goose.—Velvet, you mean?
Dr Fox.—Satin.
Dr Goose.—Wax?
Dr Fox.—Satin!
Dr Goose.—*Quid tum?* (What next?)*
Dr Fox.—You have asked that already.
Dr Goose.—Be more explicit.
Dr Fox.—Well, in plain language, Gounod does not consider it right that more than from 800 to 1,000 sitters should hear any of his works at a time. The privilege is of such sort that it must not be lightly accorded to the globe entire.
Dr Goose.—The "terrestrial ball"—as Sir Richard Blackmore styles it, in his poem, *The Creation?*
Dr Fox.—Exactly so. You have swallowed *The Creation?*
Dr Goose.—Heugh! *Be chesm!* (On my eyes be it!)* But Richard Wagner?
Dr Fox.—Oh! that is different. Wagner, an exceptional being, has invited the Universe, including archangels, Mr Salaman, Dr Stone, and sea-serpents, to Bayreuth next year, for the Tetralogical-Trilogy.
Dr Goose.—At £45 a-head?
Dr Fox.—Exactly so. Only Dr Dannreuther will bring the "gigantic squirrel-shaped worm," together with other monsters of mythic notoriety;—and these are admitted on conscience.
Dr Goose.—Open, Sesame?
Dr Fox.—No.—O by Abs! O by Adnan! Wagner can abide no criticism but his own.
Dr Goose.—Then came Shiboob, like a male ostrich?
Dr Fox.—Precisely. Nevertheless, Charles Gounod likes not big theatres—wherein from Jacob Meyer Beer he differs. By the way, you sup with me on Christmas eve?
Dr Goose.—I can't. I have asked Dr Turkey to sup *with me*.
Dr Fox.—Come both; I shall be only too happy.
Dr Goose.—Not by no means! (*Exeunt both edified.*)

* These parenthetical translations are for the benighted critics admonished by C. Salaman, Dr Stone and Co.

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MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD'S FIRST RECITAL.

(From the New York "Touchstone.")

Mdme Goddard's recent pianoforte recital at Steinway's, revealed the superb genius of that great artist in a manner so impressive as to command the unanimous and instant recognition of a highly critical audience. Although of unusual difficulty, her programme was of the rarest excellence, affording ample scope for a full display of her wondrous powers. Beethoven, Schubert, Friedeman Bach, Thalberg, and Chopin, were interpreted by her in a manner so transcendent, so full of grandeur, beauty and sentiment, as to set all language at defiance, and give a *quietus* to that cheap generalization which charges her, amongst other things, with "coldness," as well as "want of breadth and individuality,"—terms understood among the initiated to be the safety valves of incompetent criticism.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

On the 17th November, 1842, Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix* was first produced at Vienna.

Bartolomeo Cristofori is not the only person who can lay claim, it would appear, to the invention of the piano. France advances the rights of a certain Marius—not him of Carthage—who, in 1716, presented to the Academy of Sciences models of *Clavecins à Maillets*, or Mallet-Harpsichords, in which the strings, instead of being pinched, were struck by a mechanism of hammers. Germany, on the other hand, advances the pretensions of a Saxon organist named Schroeter, who, in 1717, conceived the plan of a new harpsichord, likewise with strings struck by a hammer. If Italian musicologists are not, however, blinded by patriotism, the priority is due to Bartolomeo Cristofori, who invented, as far back as 1711, a *cimbalo a marteletti*. In order to offend no one, we may say, that as Cristofori's instrument did not at once come into use, Marius and Schroeter may very well have known nothing about it, and have each invented the piano himself.

It has been said that Rossini was as fond of cookery as of music. He pretended, at least, to place them on an equality. A writer in the *Siècle* cites an unpublished letter in which the illustrious composer owns very wittily his weakness:

"Next to doing nothing, I know of no more delightful occupation than that of eating, by which I, of course, mean eating properly. What love is for the heart, eating is for the stomach. The stomach is the conductor who governs and inspires the great orchestra of our passions; an empty stomach represents to my mind the bassoon or the small flute, grunting out discontent, or squeaking forth envy; a full stomach, on the contrary, is the triangle of pleasure and the timbals of joy. As for love, I hold it to be pre-eminently the *prima donna*, the diva singing in our brain her cavatinas, which intoxicate the ear and entrance the heart. To eat and love, to sing and digest, such, in truth, are the four acts of the buffo opera called life, which vanishes like the foam from a bottle of champagne. Everyone who allows it to evaporate without enjoying it is an utter idiot.—Rossini."

"The piano" says a Frankfort paper, "is not sufficiently appreciated. There are clever men whom its very name will put to flight. They see in the piano only wearisome concerts, an interminable series of pianists hammering through sonatas by sheer strength; and pieces profusely adorned with arpeggios to the intense delight of young ladies at boarding-schools—all things, it is true, which may well sour the human heart. But what benefits does not the instrument offer us in return for these slight drawbacks! Was it not the piano which rid us of solo-players; of flautists who twisted up their mouths to blow into a small hole; of the piston, which resembled Æolus, and the noisy utterances of which made the window-panes tremble and stunned the audience; of the violinist with his irritating first string; of the lanquishing harpist; and of the clarinet, too accessible to prolonged squeaks. At present, the piano is the instrument in most general use. It enables one to read operatic scores and reproduces all their orchestral delicacies. It renders immense services to the study of singing and harmony, as well as musical composition. All honour, therefore, to Cristofori!"

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Mrs John Macfarren, assisted by Miss Agnes Drummond and Mr Frank Holmes, gave a musical performance last Tuesday in connection with a grand fancy bazaar, which was carried out for a charitable object, under the auspices of Miss Northcroft, of St Mary's Hall, Canonbury. Miss Agnes Drummond sang "La Fioraia," Arthur Sullivan's "Evening Chimes," and Macfarren's "The beating of my own heart." Mr Frank Holmes sang "The Yeoman's Wedding," "The Stirrup Cup," and a charming new song, "Memories," composed expressly for him by his father, the eminent professor of the pianoforte, Mr W. H. Holmes. Mrs John Macfarren played a great variety of brilliant pianoforte pieces by Bach, Scarlatti, Weber, Schumann, Bülow, Brissac, and others, several of which she repeated, and the whole went off to the delight of a numerous company.

Islington.—A musical entertainment, one of a series, entitled "Monday Popular Entertainments," was given on Monday evening, at the Wellington Hall, Islington, under the direction of Messrs Alfred Bruce and Mr W. French, who presided as conductor at the pianoforte. On this occasion one of the leading vocalists was Signorina Clelia Alguro, who possesses a very fine contralto voice, has, we understand, studied in Italy, and sung at several of the theatres. She made a most favourable impression in the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*, and in Crouch's ballad of "Kathleen Mavourneen;" in both of which she was much applauded, as was also Mr Edmund Stone in Balfe's popular romance "Si tu savais." Mrs Henry Vincent, Miss Grace Blatchley, and Mr F. Crowest, gave songs by Sir Julius Benedict, Mr F. Clay, &c., with more or less success, while Mr W. French received great applause for a solo on the pianoforte. The entertainment was successful.

The Aldermanbury Musical Society held their first *soirée* on Monday last, at the Oriental Buildings, Blackfriars. The large room of that edifice, well adapted for music, was filled with an elegant and appreciative audience. The music for the *soirée*, conducted by Mr Edward Graig, was of a popular kind, including glees, madrigals, quartets, sung by the members of the society, and rewarded with true English appreciation. There were some good solo singers—Miss Heath and Miss Ainsworth, a young pupil of Signor Visetti. Mr Lionel Levy made a very favourable impression in Gounod's "Le Soir" and Reber's "Hai Luli." Mr Levy possesses a voice of good quality, and sings with taste. Herr Jacques Rosenthal played Vieuxtemp's "Reverie" with great ability. Herr Lehmeyer added to the pleasures of the evening by his fine performance of Chopin's *Nocturne* and his own Valse. The concert was altogether a success, owing to the zealous labours of the conductor, Mr Edward Graig.—A. B.

Signor Rendano's concert, given at St James's Hall on Tuesday evening, with the assistance of the "Prize Winners" of the National Music Meetings (Miss Agnes Larkcom, Miss Annie Butterworth, Mr Wharton, Mr Sylvester, and the Stepney Tonic Sol-fa Society), was highly successful, a numerous audience filling the hall, and eagerly "recalling" and rewarding the performers with hearty applause at the conclusion of each piece. Signor Rendano, who is a young Italian pianist of superior ability, did not spare himself, but played no less than nine pieces, four of which were composed by himself, and were remarkable for elegance, and their suitability for drawing-room performance. His other pieces were Mendelssohn's Prelude in E minor, Handel's variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith," a scherzo from a serenade by Jadassohn, a minuet by Mr Hamilton Clark, and Sterndale Bennett's scherzo in E minor. After each of his performances Signor Rendano was warmly applauded and deservedly recalled. The "Prize Winners" were on their "best behaviour," and, in consequence, they were highly successful in winning applause. Miss Larkcom was especially rewarded after "Casta Diva," Miss Butterworth after Henry Smart's "By the blue sea," Mr Wharton after the same composer's "Tom Hardy," and Mr Sylvester and Mr Wharton after Walter Maynard's new duet, "The red and the blue." A very charming setting by Mr Charles Salaman of old William Whitehead's quaint description of "Celia," must not be passed over without a word of praise. The Stepney Society gave part-songs by Hatton, G. A. Macfarren, Festa, Spofforth, and Bishop. Between the parts Mr Augustus Tamplin played some pieces on Mason and Hamlin's "new orchestral organ" in masterly style, and well deserved the unanimous applause and recall awarded to him at the conclusion of his performance. Mr Hamilton Clark accompanied the vocal pieces on the pianoforte, and Mr W. G. McNaught conducted the part-songs.

The conductors of one of the Parisian Cafés Concerts are offering prizes for new compositions, which they undertake to produce.

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Englishmen are not at present sufficiently continentalised to pocket, on leaving a Café, the sugar for which they have paid but which they have not consumed with their *demi-tasse*. They have, however, become wise enough, when a couple of them dine together, not to esteem it snobbish to divide one portion into two, and thus increase the variety of the dishes without augmenting the price. Let the same sensible plan be introduced into matters theatrical. Both managers and the public would profit thereby. R. K.

Episodes on Change.

Dr Shipping.—Why—I don't believe a word of it.
Dr Quince.—Well—what don't you believe?
Dr Shipping.—Why—that Tietjens was interviewed.
Dr Quince.—Well—Bülow was interviewed.
Dr Shipping.—Tietjens did not say that "Arabella" was a "mere automaton."
Dr Quince.—Nor that "Sterndale" was a "Mendelssohn in miniature"; but ——
Dr Shipping (*hastily*).—But what?
Dr Quince.—Zaré Thalberg?
Dr Shipping.—And Christine Nilsson?
Dr Quince.—Well—I don't believe a word of that either.
Dr Shipping.—Why—of course not!
Dr Quince.—Let us be consoled.
Dr Shipping.—How consoled?
Dr Quince.—I don't know.
Dr Shipping.—Nor I.
Dr Quince.—Well—I suppose 'tis all right, or wrong?
Dr Shipping.—Why—or *vice versâ*.
Dr Quince.—Poor Bülow!
Dr Shipping.—Poor Tietjens!
Dr Quince.—Poor Sterndale!
Dr Shipping.—Poor Arabella!
Dr Quince.—We shall see!
Dr Shipping.—Why—what shall we see?
Dr Quince.—Well—what we SHALL see.
(*Exeunt severally—"about Turkish."*)

Madame Essipoff's Recitals.—We reserve until next week our remarks upon these brilliant and interesting performances, which are now the talk in all high class musical circles.

Sacred Harmonic Society.—On Friday next, this society will perform Handel's oratorio, *Deborah*. A work containing the Double Chorus, "Immortal Lord," and "See the proud chief," and airs, "In the battle fame pursuing," and "Tears such as tender fathers shed. Mdlle Levier, Miss Elton, Mr M. Smith, and Mr L. Thomas are the vocalists. On the following Friday (17th inst.), the forty-fourth annual Christmas *Messiah* performance will take place, when Mdme Nouver, Miss Enriquez, Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Fabrini, and Herr Behrens will sing, and Sir Michael Costa will conduct. The performance will be given at Exeter Hall.

Meiningen.—Herr Leopold Grützmacher has accepted the post of first violoncellist in the Grand-Ducal orchestra at Weimar, for which town he will leave at the commencement of next year.

Eisenach.—According to the report just issued by the Committee, the amount already received, and temporarily placed out at interest, for the erection of a bronze statue here to Johann Sebastian Bach, has reached 33,600 marks. As at least 48,000 marks are requisite, the Committee earnestly beg all admirers of the great master to aid the work as much as they can, by getting up concerts, and adopting other suitable means, so that the monument may be inaugurated, at the latest, in 1885, on the 200th anniversary of Bach's birth.

Confabulations Confidential.

Dr Fox (*gaily*).—So von Bülow has been interviewed?
Dr Goose.—Yes, poor fellow!
Dr Fox.—By whom?
Dr Goose.—By the interviewer of the *New York Sun*.
Dr Fox (*meditatively*).—That interviewer has a memory?
Dr Goose.—It serves him at pinches—column and half or so at pinch.
Dr Fox.—He writes shorthand?
Dr Goose.—No;—long.
Dr Fox.—How could he remember all von Bülow said?
Dr Goose.—He didn't; Ullman and Palmer did.
Dr Fox.—I am at wit's end.
Dr Goose.—Chickering 'gainst Steinway.
Dr Fox.—Old Hall 'gainst Young Hall?
Dr Goose.—Ullman 'gainst Strakosch.
Dr Fox.—Old Brush 'gainst Young Brush?
Dr Goose.—Aged brushes both.
Dr Fox.—Bülow finds all wrong in England?
Dr Goose.—He *didn't* find all right.
Dr Fox.—He smokes cigarettes.
Dr Goose.—So does Sainton.
Dr Fox.—But why is Sterndale a miniature Felix?
Dr Goose.—Why Arabella a mere automaton?
Dr Fox.—What has atmosphere to do with music?
Dr Goose.—London is fairer than Berlin!
Dr Fox.—England than Prussia!
Dr Goose.—Rhine excepted.
Dr Fox.—As Jolly had it, in an opera, at the Surrey,—

"I care not for its waters,
But I dearly love its wine."

Dr Goose (*earnestly*).—I can't imagine Bülow saying anything of the kind.
Dr Fox.—Too much of a gentleman to speak in disparaging terms of a lady he had never heard or seen.
Dr Goose.—Too much of an artist to say, what the interviewer reports him to have said, about an English composer whose music he frequently played in public.
Dr Fox.—Of his own free will—not at Bennett's solicitation?
Dr Goose.—The idea of Sterndale soliciting any body!
Dr Fox (*tenderly*).—May I repeat that I can't imagine it?
Dr Goose (*with equal tenderness*).—You may. I am with you.
Dr Fox.—Sup with me to-night?
Dr Goose.—Not by no means!
(*Exeunt cordially—but severally.*)

Trieste.—*I Lituani* has been produced very successfully at the Teatro Comunale. Sig. Faccio conducted. The composer, Sig. Ponchielli, was called on twenty-seven times the first night, and thirty-two the second.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

In describing a recent performance, under Mr Charles Hallé, of Mendelssohn's *St Paul* (in the Free Trade Hall), the *Manchester Guardian* of 26th November speaks as follows about Mr Sims Reeves's singing:—

"Last night, for the first time for some years, we had the pleasure of hearing the tenor music—with the exception of the narative recitatives—sung by Mr Sims Reeves. Amongst the whole range of declamatory sacred music nothing finer than the oration of Stephen can be found, nor could be sung in a finer manner than by Mr Reeves. With him it is really a speech—he does not read it from his book like some, as if fearful of his next note; now he reasons, now persuades, and when, warming to his subject, he reminds them how—hard of heart like their fathers who persecuted the prophets—they themselves have slain the Just One, he rises to accents of scornful indignation which are interrupted—most naturally as we feel—by the muttered 'Stone him to death,' which, at first suggested by a single voice as it were, soon becomes the unanimous cry of the excited mob. While Mr Reeves can sing he will, in the intellectual character of his performances, be apparently without a rival; and the pleasure he thus produces is fortunately in a large measure independent of mere beauty of voice."

We hear that Mr Henry Gadsby has no less than three cantatas in MSS. ready for production, viz.: *The Golden Legend*, *Alice Brand* (words by Sir Walter Scott), and a setting of the 130th Psalm. We think this fact well worthy the attention of Mr Townshend, the honourable and experienced director of the Hereford Festival, who would do wisely (as he will, no doubt), to produce some novelty at what, for evident reasons, we cannot but by anticipation call the "Glorious meeting of 1876."

The Governing body of Eton College have acceded to a proposition that the acquirement of the rudiments of music shall be made compulsory upon all boys in the lower division—more than one fourth of the school. As nearly every boy passes through that division, this is equivalent to making it obligatory on the whole school. The school numbers a thousand boys, the majority of whom may, in the course of a few years, be filling the highest positions; it will, therefore, be evident how great an advantage is gained by making them practically acquainted with the principles of an art hitherto neglected by our rulers and governing bodies.

A series of the "National Music Meetings," for competition in high class music of every branch, will henceforth, we are informed, be held annually at one or other of the great central towns of England. Winners of prizes are expected, when occasion happens, to compete in London—which, as Mr Willert Beale, inventor and now sole conductor of the scheme, appropriately says, must thus become the final text of excellence. If managed with spirit and discretion, there is no reason why these National Music Meetings should not be productive of much good. The difficulty will be to get the judges so far from London as, for instance, Manchester, where the meetings are to held next year.

After announcing that three Italian composers, namely: the Cavaliere Lauro Rossi, Sig. Moralea, and Sig. Bonamici, are engaged in setting operas entitled *Cleopatra*, some Italian papers inform their readers that there have already been three operas with the same name, one written by Cimarosa in 1775; one by Anfossi, in 1776; and one by Guglielmi, in 1798. On this the *Trovatore* remarks that the number of *Cleopatra* operas already performed is not three only but thirteen. P. Daniele Castrovillari produced a *Cleopatra* at Venice in 1662; in 1704, Herr Mattheson wrote one, with a German text, for the Theatre, Hamburgh; Herr G. H. Graun composed another, also with German text, in 1742, at Berlin; a *Cleopatra*, by Danzi, was performed at Mannheim, in 1779; a *Cleopatra* by Weigl was brought out in 1807, at the Scala, Milan; and one by Paer at Paris in 1809. In 1813, yet another *Cleopatra*, from the pen of Sig. Nasolini, was produced by the Italian company in the same capital; there was one by Sig. De Combi, at Genoa, in 1842; one by Herr Truhn, at Berlin, in 1853; and one by the Baroness De Maistre.

The receipts at the Grand Opera, Paris, from the commencement of January to the end of October, this year, amounted to 2,772,891 francs for 148 performances, making an average of 18,000 francs each performance. As the total expenses were only 11,000 francs a-night, M. Halanzier's gains in ten months have been half-a-million of francs. Fortunate M. Halanzier.

In a recent number of the *Perseveranza*, Sig. Filippo Filippi, the eminent musical critic, relates the following anecdote:

"When, last year. M. Halanzier came to Milan, for the purpose of engaging Mdlle de Retzké, who has since proved so valuable an acquisition for the Opera, I had the honour of accompanying him to the Scala, and of describing to him the singular administrative system pursued there. The poor man could understand nothing of such a strange and complicated organization, in which everyone, including the Mayor, the Municipality, and the Committee, have a voice. He assured me that he himself would not submit to such an arrangement for four and twenty hours. 'I must be everything or nothing!' he exclaimed. Such an assertion," observes Sig. Filippi, "is very strong from the manager of a subsidised theatre, but no one can deny that, if things are to be done well and quickly, an *impresario* ought to enjoy as much freedom as possible."

We now know why King Ludwig, of Bavaria, paid, last August, his mysterious visit to the ancient city of Rheims. A few days since, he had Schiller's *Jungfrau von Orleans* performed, without the slightest curtailment, *for himself only*, at the Court Theatre, Munich. The performance lasted from 6 p m. to midnight. The object of his Majesty's trip to Rheims in the summer was simply to inspect the celebrated Cathedral where the Kings of France used to be crowned. Shorty after his Majesty's return, Herr Qualiglio, scenic artist at the Court Theatre, Munich, received instructions to proceed to Rheims, and make the sketches necessary to paint a grand and thoroughly exact representation of the Cathedral for the fourth act of Schiller's drama. The scene painted in obedience to these instructions was first used at the private performance mentioned above. According to his custom on such occasions the King made valuable presents to the artists engaged in the performance.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

Town Hall, Poplar.—A musical entertainment was given on the 24th ult., in aid of the funds of a local institution. A long and varied programme was well rendered by the members of the Trinity Mutual Improvement Society, assisted by Misses Hughes, Evans, and Harding, and Messrs Charles and Ernest Durham. Miss Hughes, a young lady with a pleasing "high mezzo-soprano" voice and good method, sang "Little Maid of Arcadee," and "It was a dream." Mr Charles Durham had a good opportunity for the display of his fine voice in "Qui sdegno," an opportunity which he did not lose sight of. Mr Ernest Durham played with his accustomed neatness and precision Mendelssohn's "Andante and Rondo," besides accompanying some of the vocal numbers in a thoroughly artistic manner. S.

Mrs John Macfarren gave a pianoforte and vocal recital, in connection with the South Western Railway, at Brunswick House, Vauxhall, on Tuesday last. The accomplished pianist, who has been heard here on several occasions, was cordially greeted on her appearance, and enthusiastically applauded throughout the evening. She played a widely contrasted selection of pieces, to each of which she imparted a special charm by the brilliancy and artistic finish of her execution. The vocal portion of the programme was effectively given by two very promising students of the Royal Academy of Music, Miss Marion Williams and Miss Reimar, who sang Mendelssohn's two part-song, "I would that my love," and Professor Macfarren's duet, "O sweet summer morn," the latter being vociferously encored. Miss Marion Williams had to repeat Mr Arthur Sullivan's "Let me dream again," and Miss Reimar, Vincent Wallace's "Sweet and low."

Kew.—A Bazaar in connection with the Flower Mission, which, it may be remarked, is a thing of itself, and in no way connected with any special religious movement or party, was held here on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, under the distinguished patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge and H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, &c., &c. The principal promoters of the Bazaar were the Hon. Mrs Hodgson, of Kew Palace, and Mrs Walker, of Cumberland Gate. The stalls were attended to by Mrs Hodgson and Mrs Walker respectively. The Hon. Mrs

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MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The first of Mr Hallé's Choral Concerts of the present season, on Thursday last, was made memorable by the revival of Handel's *Saul*, and it is pleasant to be able to say that the oratorio was heard with unquestionable interest—with an attention, too, that increased during the performance. To mention all the impressive numbers of this oratorio would be to review the work, but I may say that *Saul*, as given by Mr Hallé, was in no sense either dreary or monotonous. The unusual interest of the oratorio is continuous; and, though the raising of Samuel, and the beautiful lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan, are perhaps the finest portions of the oratorio, the choruses and airs in the earlier parts include some of Handel's grandest inspirations. The performance was admirable; and, if Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, by her singing of the air for the "Witch of Endor" gave us one of the most splendid examples of sacred dramatic singing ever heard, it may be said that the singing of all her colleagues was worthy of the occasion. The other singers were Miss Katherine Poyntz, Madame Patey, and Messrs Lloyd, Foli, and Lovatt. The band and chorus were both efficient, and the success of the oratorio with the audience was frequently testified by loud applause.

Here is the programme for this week's concert:—

Overture, *Die Zauberflöte* (Mozart); Cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," *Il Barbiere* (Rossini)—Mdlle Zaré Thalberg; Caprice, Allegro giojoso, pianoforte, in E, Op. 22 (W. S. Bennett)—Mr. Charles Hallé; Air, "Batti, batti," *Don Giovanni* (Mozart)—Mdlle Zaré Thalberg; "Suite," No. VI. in C, Op. 150, first time (Franz Lachner); Overture, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Mendelssohn); Solo Pianoforte, (*a*) Nocturne, in F minor, (*b*) Grande Polonaise, in A flat (Chopin)—Mr. Charles Hallé; Entr'acte, from *Manfred*, Reinecke; Aria and Valz, *Fra Diavolo* (Auber)—Mdlle Zaré Thalberg; Overture, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (O. Nicolai).

Mr Carl Rosa commenced his third campaign of English opera at the Theatre Royal on Monday last. The *Marriage of Figaro* was given, with the same cast as in London, and last night (Tuesday) a splendid performance of *Fra Diavolo* followed. Mr Santley, as the brigand chief, achieved a great success.

New York.—The English Opera season at Booth's Theatre began with *Mignon*. Miss Kellogg was the heroine; Miss Beaumont, Frederick; Miss Julia Rosenwald, Fillina; Mr Castle, Wilhelm Meister; and Mr Peakes, Lothario. Verdi's *Ernani* followed, with Mdme Van Zandt as Elvira, Mr Geo. A. Conly as the Duke, Mr Carlton, Don Carlos, and Mr Castle, Ernani; and then came Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*. Miss Kellogg, as Arline, never sang better in her life, and Mrs Seguin, as the Gipsy Queen, fairly shared the honours with her. Mr Maas has improved immensely, and his performance of Thaddeus was one that had not been equalled in this city for some years. "When other lips," and "The fair land of Poland," very narrowly escaped triple encores. *Faust* was the next opera, Miss Kellogg representing Marguerite. Miss Kellogg's performance was a splendid one. Mr Maas again charmed the audience by the freshness of his voice. He is graceful and earnest in everything, and controls his voice with admirable discretion. Mr Peakes was Mephisto, Mr Carleton, Valentine, and Mrs Seguin, Siebel. This was followed by Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, Mdme Jenny Van Zandt assuming the part of Valentine and achieving a success far beyond anything anticipated. Miss Anne Montague, of Baltimore, made her new York *début* as Margherita. Mrs Seguin was Urbano, Mr Conly, Marcel, and Messrs Castle, Carleton, and Peakes, Raoul, Nevers, and St Bris. The *Bohemian Girl* was repeated at a *matinée*, and in the evening *Fra Diavolo* was given, with Mdme Van Zandt as Zerlina. The operas announced are *Il Trovatore*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Martha*, and, first time in America, Sir Julius Benedict's *Lily of Killarney*, Miss Kellogg being the Eily O'Connor, and Mr Henry Allen (his first appearance), Myles-na-Coppaleen.—The *New York Herald* says of Miss Kellogg's Marguerite:—Acting with more than usual care, and avoiding a propensity to indulge in by-play, the lady presented a charming ideal of Goethe's heroine. In the garden scene and at the death of Valentin, the beauty and compass of Miss Kellogg's voice were shown in all their brilliancy; Mr Maas as Faust was clear and conscientious, and he sang well. Indeed, this artist improves upon acquaintance, for he possesses the faculty of reserving his force, and thus maintains his part with honour. Mr Carlton was Valentine, and Mr Peakes, Mephisto.—*(From a Correspondent, with leanings.)*

GOUNOD AND BIG THEATRES.

(From the "Graphic.")

M. Gounod, who, we are pleased to learn, is gradually recovering from the effects of an accident that might have put his life in imminent peril, already shows himself able to enter with warm interest upon discussions affecting the art of which he is one of the chief existing ornaments. He firmly repudiates the idea of a vast opera house, capable of accommodating from 9,000 to 10,000 spectators at cheap prices. Among other passages contained in his vigorous disclaimer, it will be enough to cite the following:—

"Pas de Colossal.—C'est la MORT de l' art musical, surtout au théâtre, où la trop grande distance entre le chanteur et l' auditeur supprime toute physionomie et toute intérêt, et reduit le chanteur à se surmener dans le vide."

We entirely agree with M. Gounod, with the addition that his objection applies just as powerfully to concert rooms as to theatres, and this notwithstanding the fact of M. Davioud and M. Bourdais (both men of science), the former from an optical, the latter form an acoustical point of view, protesting that the scheme of a "*vaste salle d'Opera populaire*" is quite feasible. The idea originated with M. Adolphe Sax, inventor and manufacturer of the family of wind instruments appropriately styled "Saxophones."

—o—

EDMOND ABOUT.

Edmond François Valentin About was born in 1828, at Dience, and is therefore 47 years old at the present date. He early evinced fondness for metaphysical speculations, and at 20 bore off the honours and prizes in philosophy at the "Charlemagne." At this age he entered the Normal College, which he soon abandoned for the French school at Athens. In this city he worked assiduously, employing even his leisure in studying the archæology and the contemporary history of Greece. His first volume, *La Grèece Contemporaine*, was a trenchant satire upon Greek life, and created a considerable sensation. Athens was especially enraged at the slurs alike upon the ancient courage and the modern honour of the Hellenes. The volume was applauded by the *Revue des deux Mondes*, which published the succeeding work of the young author,—a novel, entitled, *Tolla: A Tale of Modern Rome.*

This book excited criticism afresh, and it was asserted that the entire narrative had been borrowed from an Italian work published in Paris in 1841. About acknowledged, in the concluding paragraphs of his book, his indebtedness to the Italian story—which was a true one, by the way—for the materials of his romance; but, as the original publication had been suppressed on its issue, it was impossible to say how much he had borrowed and how much invented. *Tolla* was, at all events, a fascinating work, and for a time monopolized the conversation in the Parisian *salons*.

The next literary attempt of About was in the direction of the drama, but proved an absolute failure. In 1855 he published a work on art-criticism, styled *à Voyages Travers l'Exposition des Beaux Arts*, and in 1856 a popular collection of stories under the name of *Les Marriages de Paris*. He now became one of the staff of *Figaro*, and afterwards found a place on the *Moniteur*, contributing romances and *causeries*, the latter often made up of art criticisms, afterwards reprinted in a volume. In 1857 About was one of the editors of the *Learned Ass*, a singular and short-lived sheet containing every variety of eccentric literature. In 1862 About published a second drama, which was withdrawn after four representations in Paris of the most "tumultuous character." The piece was played for several weeks in provincial towns, exciting the liveliest manifestations. At this time About was connected with the *Constitutionnel* as well as the *Moniteur*.

After extensive travels in Italy in 1858 and 1859, About produced *La Question Romaine*, a political effusion advocating the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope. In 1858 he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour from the Emperor, in whose service he had for some time been. During the Franco-Prussian war About acted as special correspondent, but his exciting letters were suddenly cut short, or rather modified, by his incarceration in a German prison. About married in 1864.

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WAIFS.

Madame Arabella Goddard gave a matinée at Steinway Hall, on Thursday afternoon, the 21st ult., before a select and critical audience, who listened to a very classical programme with profound attention. Mdme Goddard's selections were: Fantasie, Op. 78, Franz Schubert; Thirty-two variations on an original air, Op. 36, Beethoven; Fantasie, W. Friedeman Bach; Waltz, Op. 34, No. 2, Chopin, and "Study in E flat," Thalberg. The fair artist laid out for herself a good deal of hard work, but she proved herself full able to sustain the pressure with honour and success. In all she did Mdme Goddard exhibited careful and intelligent study, and a fine appreciation of her authors, together with a rare refinement of expression. Her touch is exceedingly beautiful, being at once delicate, sensitive, firm and nervous. Her performance throughout was received with tokens of warm admiration, and the desire to hear her again was proven by frequent recalls and implied encores, to which she rarely responded. Mdme Goddard was assisted by Mr Tom Karl and M. Sauret.—*Watson's Art Journal.*

Howard Glover.—The death of this well-known English musician, at New York—on the 28th ult., in his 57th year—is announced in the local papers. Howard Glover was second son of the once celebrated actress, Mrs Glover. In his earliest youth he showed a predilection for music, and was sent both to Italy and Germany to pursue his studies. He attained marked proficiency as violinist, composer, and singer, adding to this a mastery of languages, and a general culture, that not too many of his fellow artists could boast. In England Mr Glover was chiefly occupied as a teacher, imparting to others the practical experience he himself had gained after years of diligent application. He, at the same time, won no small distinction as a composer. The works by which he is principally known are an opera in three acts, founded upon Victor Hugo's *Ruy Blas*, of which he wrote both libretto and music; and a characteristic cantata, called *Tam O'Shanter* (first produced at the Birmingham Festival), for which the immortal poem of Robert Burns supplied the theme. He was, however, also author of many beautiful songs, set to verses by Shelley and other poets. Seven years ago Mr Glover left England for America, whence he never returned. He has left a large family. —*Graphic.*

Rejected lover—"But couldn't you learn to love me?" Young lady—"I might, if I never saw you again."

Mr Val Prinsep, the artist, has written two or three dramas, one of which will be produced at the Court Theatre.

The Shreveport *Times* refers to a contemporary as "a sickly jackass who edits a paper half the size of his ears."

M. Gounod has almost entirely recovered from his late accident. The last bandages have been taken off his shoulder.

The subscriptions to the proposed memorial of Lord Byron, in London, amount to £2,000. Further help is required.

The publication of the first volume of a large work on Haydn is announced at Berlin. This author is Herr C. F. Pohl.

At a concert at Florence recently a "grand fantasia" for 12 pianos was executed by twice as many young ladies playing at on ce.

The charming Miss Ada (she should have been Aïda) Cavendish has been giving a series of performances at the Brighton Theatre.

After nearly three years' absence from New York, Mr Edwin Booth has made his reappearance at Fifth Avenue Theatre as Hamlet.

The Abbate Franz Liszt will pass the winter at Rome. He has scored his "Hungarian Rhapsody" for the Pinelli Orchestral Society.

Mr Arthur Sullivan's comic cantata, *Trial by Jury*, was represented for the first time in America on the 22nd of October, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

Déjazet is again seriously ill. She was forced to take to her bed after the performance on behalf of M. Grenier, and has since been growing gradually worse.

Mdlle Ida Corani, the young vocalist whose successes in Italy and Spain have been frequently mentioned, is to make her *début* in England, at the Crystal Palace, early next month.

The Messrs Gatti have re-engaged the principal members of their orchestra for the autumn and winter of 1876—a tolerably fair test of their success this year. Sig. Arditi is again to be the conductor.

The Dean and Chapter of Hereford have granted the use of the cathedral for the festival of the Three Choirs, to be held next year in that city. At the Annual Audit Dinner the Dean expressed himself strongly on the subject.

A complimentary benefit will be given to Mr Edmund Falconer, at Drury Lane Theatre, on Wednesday, November 24th. The performance will commence at two o'clock. The piece selected for the occasion is the *Colleen Bawn.*

Mr and Mrs Charles Mathews left town last week for Brindisi *en route* for Calcutta.

Madame Marie Jaëll, the pianist, has just composed a quartet for piano and stringed instruments.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, on the occasion of their late visit to the Haymarket Theatre, honoured Mr Buckstone by inspecting a picture painted by Mr Buckstone, jun., and expressed themselves in very complimentary terms upon its merit.

There is a chance that Herr Edward Reményi, the Hungarian violinist, may pay London another visit, after an interval of a good many years. We have many foreign violinists and many foreign pianists among us just now. One the more, however, can make little difference.

The new work of M. Victor Hugo, *Pendant l'Exil*, has been published by Michel Levy. It is the second part of *Actes et Paroles*, and is summed up by three lines on the title page:—"The Exiles.—The Graves.—The Scaffolds.—The Wars of Peoples.—The Fêtes of Kings.—Struggles for Liberty and Peace."

Miss Kate Gordon, the pianist, brought an action against the Metropolitan District Railway Company, claiming damages for an injury to one of her arms, consequent upon an alleged attempt of a guard to drag her out of a carriage she had entered. The jury returned a verdict in favour of the Railway company.

Miss Mary Fisher, a daughter of the popular comedian, Mr David Fisher, and herself a pianist of no ordinary ability, gave a *matinée musicale* at Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, on Saturday week. The concert was rendered more interesting by the fact that Mr Fisher, whose talent as a violinist is well known to the public, joined with his daughter in the performance of a grand sonata of Beethoven.

It is to be hoped that the marriage of Miss Edith Wynne, which was solemnized on Tuesday afternoon, in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, will not deprive our musical public of the artistic services of a lady, whose bardic title, "Eos Cymri" (Welsh Nightingale), so well befits her. We are not so rich in singers that we can afford to lose the eloquently sympathetic interpretess of Schubert's "Young Nun," and so many other beautiful things.—*Graphic.*

The Duke of Edinburgh lately visited the works for the construction of the New Grand National Opera House on the Victoria Embankment. He was received by Mr Mapleson and Mr Francis Fowler, the architect. His Royal Highness expressed his surprise at the great progress made on the building, and at the scope and excellence of the design. Six hundred workmen are now engaged on the edifice, and are assisted by ten steam engines.

The Executive Committee of the Ladies' Educational Association, in connection with University College London, have issued invitations to a musical lecture, to be given on Tuesday evening, November 23rd, in the Botanical Theatre of University College, Gower Street, by Professor Bernardin Rahn, in illustration of a new method of learning musical composition. Professor Rahn will be assisted by Herr Theodore Frantzen (pianist) and Herr George Werrenrath (vocalist).

Italian papers continue to speak very highly of the Young English basso, Mr Frank Foote (Francesco Franceschi). He has, during the month of October, been singing with great success at the Theatre at Monza, as Fra Cristofori in *I Promessi Sposi*, and Metello Pio Arciflamine, in *La Vestale*. He was much applauded, and called before the curtain after each piece. He is engaged to sing, this Carnival, at one of the principal theatres in Milan, and will make his appearance as the Count in *La Sonnambula*.—(*Communicated.*)

Roscoe Conkling's father was for many years a prominent man in public life, and to the last preserved a full sense of his importance. He was on one occasion present at a great public meeting where his son had entertained the delighted crowd in his usual eloquent style. An officious friend led the veteran to the front of the platform and introduced him with a great flourish as "the father of Roscoe Conkling." "Good Heavens?" said the disgusted old man. "United States Minister to Mexico, and over twenty years judge of the United States Court, and now known as the father of Roscoe Conkling!"

There's not much in a name after all,—especially in the name of a stock. The prettiest names on the California Stock Board, for instance, are not the most highly valued. The Silver Cloud and the Golden Chariot Companies have seemed to illustrate the homely maxim. Both of them are in financial difficulties, clamouring for assessments. At a recent meeting of the Golden Chariot stockholders a very indignant capitalist rose and said: "Permit me to say that I have owned Golden Chariot stock for two years; that I paid 19 dols. 50 cents a share, and have paid 9 dols. 50 cents assessments, and 'm d—d if I pay any more."

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A disturbance occurred three evenings back at the Opera House of Lyons. The piece was *Lucia di Lammermoor*. At the moment the orchestra commences the overture, cries arose from all parts of the house of, "Away with the manager!" and a shower of missiles were hurled on the stage. The police had to interfere.

At the Arch Theatre, Philadelphia, Tennyson's *Queen Mary* has been performed. Great preparations had been made for its production, and public interest was aroused to its highest pitch. It was a most lamentable failure, the adapter having taken great liberties with the text. It was withdrawn at the end of a week.

M. Garnier, the architect of the Grand Opera, is about to leave Paris for Bordighiera, a small village between San Remo and Vintimille. The climate there is exceptionally mild and beautiful. Frost and snow are unknown. The object of his trip is to construct a palace with a theatre attached to it for a millionaire friend.

Miss Purdy has been singing at Brighton with success. "At a recent concert given in the Pavilion"—the *Brighton Herald* says—"Miss Purdy, who has a rich and well cultivated voice, sang Sullivan's ballad, 'Guinevere,' and Gounod's 'Maid of Athens,' with great expression."

"The arduous part of Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*"—says the *Liverpool Post*—"was more than sustained; it was made both touching and brilliant by Mdlle Bianchi, who bore off the palm as a singer, being delightfully sympathetic, as well as charming in execution." Signor Naudin is also highly praised by the same authority for his rendering of the part of Don Ottavio.

Le Pompon, the new work composed by M. Lecocq, and produced but recently at the Folies-Dramatiques, if we may rely upon the judgment of Parisian critics, approaches nearer and nearer the style of "opéra comique," leaving the "opérette" and "opéra-bouffe" further and further in the background. Thus progressing, M. Lecocq may one day fairly lay claim to the title, "Adolphe Adam the Second."

Wagner has arrived at Vienna, to superintend the getting up of his *Tannhaüser*, which is to be given without curtailments. If the Viennese find their patience tried with nearly five hours of music, they will enjoy an opportunity of appreciating the work at its intrinsic value. It is said that Wagner intends to pass the winter at Vienna with his family, *Lohengrin* and other operas of his being in preparation.

Alexandra Palace.—During the Cattle Show week, commencing on Monday next, Romah, the famous athlete, will give his performances at the Palace daily. On Tuesday, Miss Lydia Thompson will appear in Farnie's successful burlesque of *Blue Beard*. This will be the last theatrical entertainment previous to the 20th inst., when the Christmas Pantomime will be produced, and when Mr George Conquest will appear, embodying the extraordinary and novel feats for which he is so celebrated. On Saturday next Handel's Oratorio, *Esther*, will be repeated, under the conductorship of Mr H. Weist Hill, with an increased orchestra and chorus; and the members of the German Gymnastic Society will give one of their peculiar and admirably-conducted displays.

The welcome accorded to Mdlle Zaré Thalberg on her entrance as Zerlina showed that, either for the sake of her father's well-cherished memory, or in compliment to her already considerable reputation and charming, piquant looks, her appearance was regarded as the principal event of the night. As yet she has not succeeded in throwing much practical coquetry into the business of the part; but so pretty a young lady cannot but please, and her singing is of high merit and still higher promise. A voice often silvery and always bell-like in its pure and transparent clearness, is employed with a skill which speaks of careful training and great natural talent. Encored in "La ci darem" and "Batti, batti," Mdlle Thalberg shone chiefly, in our judgment, in "Vedrai carino." She was inundated with applause and bouquets.—*Liverpool paper.*

If we are to credit all we hear, the 15th of the present month, Monday next, will be marked with a white stone amongst us, inasmuch as an artist, said to be the greatest of living pianists, is to make his *début* before a New York audience at Chickering Hall. That he is a man of extraordinary powers there can be no doubt, but whether his genius is of an exalted character,—whether he plays from within or from without, remains to be decided by those who are competent to judge. Upon this point we can, of course, venture no opinion as yet. We may, however, observe, that all the education, practice, and study of which the human mind and organism are capable—that fingers swift as lightning, and with a touch as delicate as that of a falling rose-leaf,—that a grasp filled with harmonious thunders, and as true and as certain in its operations as the course of the stars, will not impart one spark of genius, or make a pianoforte player in the most exalted acceptation of that term. We may remark that Doctor Bülow is doubtless possessed of all the inner light necessary to give true life to his great art.—*New York Touchstone.*

The great organ erected by the well-known French manufacturer, Cavaillé-Coll, for the Palace of Industry, at Amsterdam, was "opened" a short time since by M. Guilmant, an organist fully equal to the occasion. The new instrument, under the hands of this esteemed professor, surpassed expectation, and is praised by the Dutch critics, which, when we remember they possess such organs as those at Haarlem and Rotterdam, is saying no little.—*Graphic.*

Organ Recital.—Dr A. L. Peace gave the first of his tenth annual series of organ recitals at the University, Glasgow, on Saturday, 27th November, 1875. The following is the programme:—Organ concerto, G major (introduction, allegro, adagio, allegro, finale), Handel; Air, with variations, for the organ, Adolphe Hesse; Bourée, and Fugue (on a subject by Corelli), B minor, J. S. Bach; Larghetto (Ninth Quartet), Mozart; Gratulations (menuet), Beethoven; Overture in F, Schubert.

La Reine Indigo of Johann Strauss, son of the prince of waltz composers, Ferdinand Strauss, and husband of Jetty Treffz, whose merry *refrain*, "Trab, trab, trab," at the late Jullien's Promenade Concerts, still lingers in the ear of many an amateur, has been revived at the Renaissance. Strauss is likely to become a formidable rival to Offenbach, Lecocq, &c. At the general rehearsal of *La Reine Indigo*, the Italian actor, Sig. Rossi, a fanatical admirer of the music of Strauss, was conspicuous among those present.

Mdlle Tietjens has been singing in Montreal after her success having been variously estimated in Boston. Mme Arabella Goddard declined, we learn, to accompany Mr Strakosch to Canada. She rejoins his company, however, at Albany. Like those of the distinguished German cantatrice, her performances also were made the subject of conflicting opinions at the "Hub"—the headlong Wagnerian critic of the *Gazette* denouncing them *in toto*, while the more discriminating and refined pen of the *Transcript* took the opposite extreme.—*Correspondence of the "New York Touchstone."*

As much interest is felt in the proceedings of the Royal Albert Hall at the present time, we have been requested to state the position of its affairs. At the last annual meeting the council was unanimously instructed to apply for an Act of Parliament to provide funds for the maintenance and working of the hall. This Bill has now been draughted, and provides that the council shall annually prepare an estimate for the maintenance of the structure, and lay this before a general meeting of seat-holders, who may, if they desire, rate themselves for a further sum to work the hall; but it is provided that both sums shall not exceed £2 per seat. The Bill also provides for the purchase of seats on equitable terms from seat-holders who object to the rating powers of the Bill.—*Times*

Musical Copyrights.—A sale of important Musical Copyrights—being the Stock of Messrs. Duff & Stewart, the well-known publishers, of 147, Oxford Street—has just been concluded by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. The sale extended over five days, and brought together a large attendance of gentlemen connected with the music trade and profession. Subjoined we give a list of the high prices obtained for some of the more prominent lots. Lot 28, Baker (Lady), "When the bairnies are asleep," £40 (Stewart); lot 114, Diodonato, "Good night, sweet mother," £47 (Brewer); lot 160, Virginia Gabriel, "My lost darling," £42 (Hime); lot 164, ditto, "Only," £516 (Metzler); lot 170, ditto, "Parted," £40 (Morley); lot 186, ditto, "Waiting," £38 (J. Williams); lot 187, ditto, "Weary," £195 (Metzler); lot 191, ditto, "Would you be a sailor's wife?" £78 (J. Williams); lot 302, Bernard, Break of day Schottische, £160 (Hime); lot 354, Glover (S.), Songs of the Elements, £134 (J. Williams); lot 355, ditto, Songs of the Seasons, £223 (ditto); lot 359, ditto, "The good-bye at the door," £264 (J. Williams); lot 375, ditto, "Will you love me then as now?" £88 (Hime); lot 381, Gounod's "O that we two were maying," £51 (Hime); lot 405, Hatton, "A bird sang in a hawthorn tree," £147 (Hime); lot 469, Hime (E. L.), "Something to love me," £48 (ditto); lot 509, Hobbs (J. W.), "Nina," £95 (J. Williams); lot 514, ditto, "The brave old Temeraire," £47 (Hime); lot 610, Glover's Heather Wreath, for the Pianoforte, £290 (Hime); lot 772, Levey (W. C.), "Esmeralda," £546 (Hime); lot 775, ditto, "Maritana, gay Gitana," £85 (Ashdown and Parry); lot 780, ditto, "The magic of music," £66 (Hime); lot 814, Loder's "Philip the falconer," £64 (J. Williams); lot 867, Hime's "Parfait amour," £150 (Ashdown and Parry); lot 975, Lover's "I'm not myself at all," £40 (Hutchings and Romer); lot 1005, ditto, Twelve songs of "Handy Andy," £248 (J. Williams); lot 1015, ditto, The fisherman's daughter," £46 (ditto); lot 1044, ditto, "The whistlin' thief," £41 12s. (ditto); lot 1123, Pinsuti's "I love my love," £454 (ditto); lot 1124, ditto, "The raft," £130 (ditto); lot 1184, Rochard's Amusing Sketches, £395 (Hime); lot 1185, ditto, Favourite Melodies for the Pianoforte, £256 (ditto); lot 1379, Tours (Berthold), "The angel at the window," £210 (Ashdown and Parry); lot 1537, Gounod's Biondina, £96 (Metzler.) Total—£11,000.

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W. M. LUTZ,

ORGANIST OF ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, SOUTHWARK.

CONTENTS.

1	1st Sunday in Advent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
2	2nd Sunday in Advent	Deus tu converteus	Qrtt. or Chorus	Henry Smart
3	3rd Sunday in Advent	Juste et ple vivamus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
4	4th Sunday in Advent	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
5	Any Sunday during Advent	Rorate	Chorus & Solo	Webbe
6	Christmas Day	Adeste Fideles	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
7	Sunday within Octave of Christmas	Attolite	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
8	Circumcision	Tui sunt coeli	Ten. So. & Chor.	A. Sullivan
9	Epiphany	Reges Tharsis	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
10	Sunday within Octave	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
11	Holy Name	Jesu dulcis	Qrtt. & Chorus	Beethoven
12	3rd Sunday after Epiphany	Dextera Domini	Chorus	Schumann
13	Septuagesima Sunday	Bonum est	Solo & Chorus	Benedict
14	Sexagesima Sunday	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
15	Quinquagesima Sunday	Super flumina	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
16	1st Sunday in Lent	Ecce nunc tempus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
17	2nd Sunday in Lent	Preces populi	Chorus	Webbe
18	3rd Sunday in Lent	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
14	4th Sunday in Lent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
19	Passion Sunday	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Webbe
20	Palm Sunday	Improperium	Chorus	André
21	Easter Sunday (Gradual)	Hæc dies	Chorus or Trio. T.T. & B.	Webbe
22	,, ,, (Offertory)	Victimæ	Chorus	Webbe
23	Low Sunday	Angelus Domini	Chorus	André
24	2nd Sunday after Easter	Deus misereatur	Chorus & Soli	Webbe
25	3rd Sunday after Easter	Lauda anima	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
10	4th Sunday after Easter	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
26	5th Sunday after Easter	Benedicimus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
27	Ascension Day	Ascendit Deus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
28	Sunday within Octave of Ascension Day	Rex Gloriæ	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
29	Whit Sunday (Gradual)	Emitte / Veni sancte spiritus	Trio or Chorus / Duet or Chorus	Webbe
30	,, ,, (Offertory)	Confirma hoc Deus	Soli or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
31	Trinity Sunday	Benedictus est	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
32	1st Sunday after Pentecost	Intende voci	Chorus	André
33	Corpus Christi (Gradual)	Lauda Sion	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
34	,, ,, (Offertory)	O sacrum convivium	Solo	Webbe
35	2nd Sunday after Pentecost	Domine convertere	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
36	3rd Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
37	4th Sunday after Pentecost	Illumina	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
38	St Peter and St Paul	Roma felix	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
39	5th Sunday after Pentecost	Audi hymnum	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
14	6th Sunday after Pentecost	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
40	7th Sunday after Pentecost	Sicut in holocaustis	Qrtt. or Chorus	Mozart
41	8th Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria	Bass Solo	Webbe
18	9th Sunday after Pentecost	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
21	10th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett	Webbe
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exurgat Deus	Chorus	Webbe
43	Assumption	Assumpta est	Chorus	Neukom
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Chorus	Eybler
45	13th Sunday after Pentecost	In te speravi	T. So. (& Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
36	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
13	15th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum est	Solo or Chorus	Benedict
46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavere	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
55	Nativity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
56	Holy Name	Ave Maria	Solo	Cherubini
57	Seven Dolors	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Gregorian
4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
58	Purity	Succurre miseris	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
4	Patronage	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
59	Confessor	Ecce sacerdos	Duet	Webbe
60	Martyrs	Qui seminant	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
61	One Martyr	Justus ut palma	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
63	Virgins and Holy Women	Diffusa	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
64		Asperges	Chorus	Gregorian
65	In Paschal time	Vidi aquam	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
66	Prayer for the Queen	Domine salvum fac	Chorus	Martini

APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Coeli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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Ominous.

GREGORIAN FESTIVAL.

(From the "Richmond and Twickenham Times," November 20.)

One of the most remarkable services that has ever taken place at the Richmond parish church was the Gregorian festival, on Thursday evening last week. The introduction, or rather the revival of Gregorian music in the Established Church of this country has been watched with great interest both by friends and foes, and this gave an unusual importance to the festival. Centuries ago the Catholic Church, including its English branch, had a kind of plain song or chant for every part of divine service when rendered chorally, and in England, as well as other parts of the Western Church, the system which prevailed was called the Gregorian Chant (*Cantus Gregorianus*), from St Gregory the Great, who was Patriarch of Rome at the end of the sixth century. It must not be implied from the name that all the music of this system was composed by St Gregory, for a considerable portion of it is known to have been contributed in later ages, while there can be but little doubt that the Gregorian chants for the Psalms were derived from those used by the Jews of old. The chants of the versicles and responses and the monotone of the collects have been retained in our cathedral and collegiate churches to the present day, and several of the Psalm chants were in daily use at least down to the time of the Great Rebellion. Various causes have been assigned for their falling out of use, most prominent among them being the preference for music in harmony, and the light, and some think, improved taste in music which prevailed after the Restoration. The plain song of the Holy Communion and a number of Gregorian hymn tunes had never, till of late years, being set to English words, though perfectly capable of such adaptation. The London Gregorian Choral Association, under whose auspices the festival at Richmond was given, have already succeeded in spreading a taste for this kind of music, and, whilst holding the principle that modern tunes are adaptable to modern hymns, they seek to promote the use of the ancient tunes, tones, or music of the Church, to her ancient songs and hymns. The festival of which we now have to speak was the last of a series of four which have been arranged to be held in various churches in London preparatory to the grand festival service which the association hopes to celebrate in the spring of next year. By the consent of the churchwardens, the whole of the seats in the church were thrown open, and before the service commenced they were fully occupied. The choirs who took part in the service were those of St Mary Magdalene, Richmond; St Mary the Virgin, Soho; St John the Evangelist, Hammersmith; St Matthias, Stoke Newington; St Stephen, Lewisham; Selhurst; St Mary Magdalene, Paddington; St Ambrose, Paddington; St Barnabas, Rotherhithe; St Peter, Bethnal Green; St Agatha, Finsbury; Christ Church, Endell Street; St Agatha, Beckenham; and St Gabriel, Newington. The procession entered the church in the following order:—

Processional Cross.
Boys of the Plain-song Choir.
Boys of the Harmony Choir.
Banner of the Cross.
Band.
Men of the Plain-song Choir.
Banner of the Cross.
Men of the Harmony Choir.
Banner of St John the Evangelist, Hammersmith.
Cantors.
Lay Reader.
The Clergy.
The Vicar.
Banner of St Mary Magdalene.
The Bishop.

Mr C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac., presided at the organ, and, in addition to this, there was the band mentioned above, consisting of four brass instruments. The music for the festival was selected with great care, and the way in which it was rendered reflected credit not only on the choirs who sang, but also on Mr. Warwick Jordan, who is the honorary organist of the association, and who personally conducted the rehearsals for the service. The processional canticle was *Benedicite Omnia Opera*, set to the well-known 1st ending of the 5th tone; and, as the tone was one to which the congregation of the parish church are well accustomed, it was immediately taken up with spirit by those in the church. The versicles and responses were a harmonised adaptation from the Mecklin *Recitatorium* and *Processionale Parvum*. The plain-song or melody was sung by the choirs in the body of the church, and the accompanying harmonies by those in the chancel. The Proper Psalms were xxix., xlv., and cxxxiv., sung to the 5th, 8th, and 3rd tones respectively. The Psalms were sung in unison throughout, the boys and men taking alternate verses, but the *Glorias* were in four-part harmony, the plain-song being in the tenor in the last verses. The *Magnificat* was an elaborate setting of the *Tonus Peregrinus* with the festival intonation, harmonised by the great composer Bach in the *Vierstimmige Choralgesange*, and, after the *Te Deum*, was undoubtedly the most difficult piece of music in the service-book. The variation in the voices was particularly pleasing in this canticle, some verses being sung by the harmony choir only, others by all the choirs in unison, others again by the boys, and others by the men only. The band also assisted, with magnificent effect, and many sat down at the conclusion of the *Magnificat* with the conviction that for grandeur of effect Gregorian music is unsurpassed. The *Nunc Dimittis* was set to the 1st tone, 4th ending, harmonised by W. H. Monk, the musical editor of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. This chant, subdued and almost plaintive in its character, was sung very sweetly by the choirs, the contrast from the swell of the organ, combined with the band and voices in the preceding canticle, being peculiarly impressive. The anthem was the only piece of modern music in the service-book, the composer being Dr Stainer. It was sung by all the choirs, accompanied by the band and organ with precision and effect. The hymn before the sermon, "Lucis Creator Optime," from the *Salisbury Hymnal*, was sung in unison by boys and men in alternate verses. The gem of the service-book, however, was generally considered to be the hymn after the sermon, "Jesu Dulcis Memoria." This hymn, called the Jubilus of St Bernard, and known to mediæval writers as the "Rosy Hymn," was sung to a most beautiful sequence from the Salisbury Gradual. The melody, although varied in every verse, preserved its identity to the end; and, while listening to the hymn, it was difficult to believe that the music should have been composed hundreds of years ago for the English Church, and yet should have passed into obscurity in these modern times. The *Te Deum*, sung after the Benediction had been given by the Bishop, was a very strict Gregorian composition. The arrangement was an adaptation from the *York Processional* of an old English form of the original melody. The alternate verses were sung by the harmony choir, the other verses being taken by both choirs in unison. We can understand that the *Te Deum* might be found too severe for any who may have heard it on this occasion for the first time. We were assured, however, that a more intimate knowledge of the music would soon overcome any possible objections from ordinary critics of church music. The service was concluded by two recessional hymns—viz., "There is a blessed home," sung to the melody *Anue Christe* from La Feillée, and the well-known *Urbs Beata Hierusalem*, the latter printed for use at this the last of the four great autumn Gregorian festivals.

(To be continued.)

Reminiscences of a Gourmet.

HOTEL DE RUSSIE. (DREXEL FRÈRES.)	HOTEL JUNGFRAUBLICK.
MENU.	MENU.
1 heure.	
Consommé aux Croutons.	Consommé au Vermicelle.
Turbot Sce Maximilien.	Filet de brochet à la Orly.
Roastbeef à la Flamande.	Gigot de Mouton à la Piemontaise.
Vole-au-vent marinière.	Tête de veau frite.
Haricôts verts.	Pigeons aux champignons.
Poulets rôtis.	Épinards aux croûtons.
Salade.	Chapons du Mans.
Poudding à la Reine.	Salade.
Flancs de Mirabelles.	Poudding à la Victoria.
Dessert.	Patisserie.
	Desserts divers.
Francfort, s/M. 13 *Aout* 1875.	*Interlachen*. 29 *Aout* 1868.

MILAN.—*Der Freischütz* has been performed at the Teatro Carcano, but so disfigured by cuts and alterations as to be scarcely recognisable. The principal characters were sustained by Signore Blume, Bardelli, Signori Atry and Cornago.

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CAMBRIDGE.

EXAMINATION FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF MUSIC.
(DR G. A. MACFARREN—*Professor.*)

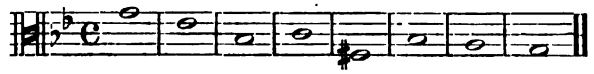
Tuesday, December 7, 1875.

1. Add three parts above the following bass according to the figuring; and state, on an extra staff beneath, the root of each chord, and its Diatonic or Chromatic position in the key of A minor—as Tonic, Minor 2nd., and Dominant, &c.

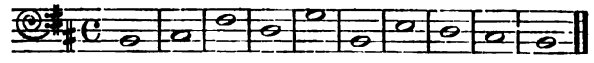
2. Add three parts below the following treble, limiting the choice of harmony to the Diatonic or Chromatic concords or discords in the key of F minor; figure the bass; and state, on an extra staff beneath, the root of each chord and its Diatonic or Chromatic position in the key of F minor.

3. Write a counterpoint of the first species above the following subject. Write another below the subject. In each case, figure the bass. There will be no figuring for the common bass. There will be no figuring for the common chord, except when needed to denote the inflection of one of its intervals, or else to displace some other harmony on the same bass note.

4. Write a counterpoint of the third species (with four notes against one) above the following subject. Write another below the subject. Figure the bass.



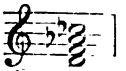
5. Write a counterpoint of the fifth species, for second soprano, above the following subject, and fill up the harmony with parts for first soprano, alto and tenor (each in its proper clef) in counterpoint of the first species, in which the crossing of parts must be avoided. Figure the bass.



6. Continue the following as a canon for 2 in 1 in the 8th below, and make the canon perpetual. Add a free coda of one or more bars. Figure the bass.

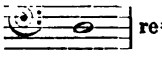
Either use the following conclusion, or not, at discretion.

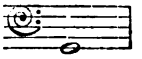
7. Write the answers to the following fugal subjects; state whether they are real or tonal, whether authentic or plagal.

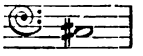
8. Write three enharmonic changes of this chord  State what is the root of each of the four, and resolve each on the chord of the key-note (direct or inverted) of which its root is the dominant.

9. Transpose the following into the key of D, making such modification of the parts for violins and viola as will bring the notes within the respective compass of these instruments.

[*The example here proposed consists of the opening four bars of introduction to Mozart's famous symphony in E flat.*—ED.]

10. State the pitch of this note  respectively on an 8-ft. stop, a 16-ft. stop, a 4-ft. stop, a 32-ft. stop, and a 2-ft. stop, of the organ.

11. State the pitch of this note  on a Twelfth, or Duodecima stop.

12. Write the scale of the Ecclesiastical Phrygian Mode for one octave, beginning from 

TO CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Not in Italia was thy beauty born,
Nor gave Hesperides thy golden hair;
But from a sterner clime thy graces rare
Flashed with the Norse star to the southern morn.
And twin kind fairies on thy natal day conspire,
And with their priceless gifts they thee endow,
Melpomene with laurel wreaths thy brow,
While Orpheus, willing, sends the sacred lyre.
Who that has seen thy Marguerite can say
He has not smiled with her when she was gay?
Or, when deserted, frantic, and in tears,
Has not grieved for her and her blighted years?
To genius do thy many charms belong,
Ideal actress!—peerless Queen of Song!

Glasgow, 30th November, 1875. D. D. ROBERTSON.

MUNICH.—Herr Edmund Kretschmer's new opera, *Die Folkunger*, has been produced at the Theatre Royal. The composer has taken for models *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. The second act is the best. The composer-conductor, Herr Levy, and representatives of the principal parts, especially Herr and Mad. Vogl, were much applauded.

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Ominous.

GREGORIAN FESTIVAL.

(From the "Richmond and Twickenham Times," November 20.)

(Continued from page 797.)

The first part of the service was intoned by the Rev. C. T. Procter, followed after the anthem by the Rev. H. W. Miller, and the lessons were read by Mr E. Cecil Hertslet, licensed reader, and the Rev. H. Walter Miller.

The Right Rev. Bishop Jenner, D.D., preached from the words, "Because he gave not God the glory." After some introductory observations the preacher said that, as a rule, people did not, or would not, understand the objects of the London Gregorian Choral Association. There were not only misunderstandings but prejudices, and often misrepresentations of their motives. That was one reason why, on almost every occasion when a preacher was required, or privileged, to address a mixed congregation on the subject of that association and its objects, a tone more or less apologetic was assumed, and seemed almost to be demanded. They might say that their principles needed no apology; they spoke for themselves. They might know what their intentions were, but so long as these prejudices existed, so long, in short, as they were—as no doubt they were at present—in the minority, so long would this tone of apology and defence of their principles be required. They also needed to be perpetually reminded themselves of what their principles were, and what they pledged them to. Many had forgotten this, and many who were with them at first had thought the principles of plain song and Gregorian psalmody dull and heavy. They had wearied of them and turned aside, if they might so use the Apostles' words, to "vain jangling." That was because they had not given their hearts to it, for this music must be apprehended far more by the heart than by the ear. It was often thrown in their teeth that they made Gregorian music a kind of religion, and indeed it was a kind of religion. There was no attempt at ear tickling; there was no hankering after novelty, because there was no need to be perpetually stimulating musical talent. It represented a religion of self-restraint and self-denial, and what was that religion but Christianity itself? They might say that Gregorian music had a beauty of its own which might be apprehended by all cultivated musicians; it had a grandeur of its own, but if they wanted merely to gratify their musical taste they should choose something very different. A quarter of a century ago it was said that a man who liked Gregorian music was one who preferred bad music to good. They knew better than that, and by such meetings they hoped to convince such that there was something in Gregorian music which had a merit and could be apprehended by the heart, if men would only set aside their prejudices. The Bishop then proceeded to urge the singers before him to give God the glory in all their singing, and not to consult their own tastes and preferences. The music to which they had devoted themselves was pre-eminently calculated to set forth the glory of God, but was it having that effect? It breathed the very minds of the saints, it was like them—calm and self-possessed. Even if it were true that it was harsh and monotonous outwardly, was it not, to speak reverently, in this respect like Him of whom it was said that when they should see Him there was "no beauty that they should desire Him." They were making progress with their churches, but they must also see that the hearts of the people were improved. He could not help remembering the time—more than six-and-thirty years ago—when he was an habitual worshipper in that church; and to see the improvement in the arrangements and in the heartiness of the service in which they had just joined was something almost miraculous. But still, they mus see that the improvement of their hearts kept pace with that o their churches. In conclusion he exhorted the choristers and organists not to think of their own ability, but to give God the glory.

The decorations of the church were very pretty. Above the altar, at the base of the east window, there was a thick bank of banvardias, white chrysanthemums, heaths, arums, scarlet geraniums, and ferns. Rising from this bank was a large cross composed of white chrysanthemums and scarlet geraniums. The altar bases contained white camelias, eucharis, gardiniers, white chrysanthemums, scarlet geraniums, white hyacinths, maiden hair fern and white lilac sent specially from Nice. Above the white and gold hangings on each side of the altar were white chrysanthemums, scarlet geraniums, ferns, &c. The prayer desk, pulpit, and gas standards were decorated with roses, white chrysanthemums, scarlet geraniums, hyacinths, arums, white lilac, and ferns. A cross of white chrysanthemums rose from the font, and at the base of the cross were lovely arums, white chrysanthemums, and rare ferns.

—o—

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S VALENTINE.

(From the "Glasgow Herald," December 2.)

Last night, on the occasion of Madame Christine Nilsson's benefit, when she appeared in the Theatre Royal as Valentine in the *Huguenots*, the enormous house was crammed in every part. Additional seats were put down all over the place, and standing room was eagerly paid for; yet the crowds, clamorous for admission, could not be accommodated, and in consequence many had to be refused admission. When Madame Nilsson intimated her intention of appearing in London as Verdi's Leonora there was a considerable shaking of heads at a step which many considered would prove disastrous to the fair *prima donna*. The din then raised, however, was mildness itself to the storm which burst over Mad. Nilsson's head when it was announced that she would essay the great part of Valentine. Never was hue and cry more vigorously raised, and for the time Mad. Nilsson became a martyr. All sorts of reasons were adduced why she should not and could not satisfactorily undertake the *rôle*. First of all came the plea of "vested rights"—that Mad. Nilsson ought not to attempt to occupy ground so long possessed by others. This line of argument could not stand reflection; but another was readily found. It was said that Mad. Nilsson's *physique* was not suited to the character. On consideration, however, it was found that this objection was even weaker than the other, for no law had been laid down whereby it was enacted that none but certain *prime donne* should be even permitted to try and give a reading of Meyerbeer's greatest creation. Nothing daunted by the growlings with which her intention was received, Mad. Nilsson, by reason of indomitable pluck, which on many occasions has stood her in good stead, stuck to her resolve, and in July last year appeared on the Drury Lane boards in the part over which there had been so much wrangling. A notice of the memorable performance, written at the time by one of the first critics of the day (after explaining that at first, for several causes outside of Mad. Nilsson's performance, the issue was doubtful) said among other things:—

"There only remained to save the performance the great duet for Valentine and Raoul, and this Mad. Nilsson did by an effort which we can only recognise as splendid. Throwing herself heart and soul into the situation, singing with a passion and tenderness rarely surpassed, and acting with a natural power sufficient to place her in the first rank of tragic artists, Mad. Nilsson laid the audience at her feet in an attitude of homage. No victory more complete was ever gained in so short a time."

Subsequent representations tended to strengthen the favourable opinion thus expressed.

The story of *Les Huguenots* is so well known that our duty is restricted to a brief account of last evening's performance. From the very outset of the opera it was apparent that the immense assembly had gathered almost for no other reason than to hear Mad. Nilsson. At all events, the whole of the first act, except when Mad. Trebelli appeared, was listened to with indifference. Neither Signor Gillandi (Raoul) nor Herr Behrens (Marcel) could obtain more than a respectful hearing. Indeed, it was not till the grand duet for Valentine and Marcel in the third act was reached that interest was fully aroused. Here, however, there was no resisting the splendid singing and spontaneous acting of Mad. Nilsson, which richly merited the ovation awarded to her. Still this was only the means to an end, for it was not till the grand love duet between Valentine and Raoul that Mad. Nilsson displayed her full strength. Then she had the audience under absolute sway, and, as movement followed movement of the most impassioned of love scenes, the audience were enraptured, and at the termination of the act a second ovation of greater length and intensity was offered to the fair Swede. She was called out three times—a marked honour rarely witnessed so far North.

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BIRMINGHAM.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The first of Mr Stockley's third series of "Orchestral Concerts" was fairly but not fully attended, and justified the remark that the Birmingham public requires the attraction of "stars" to ensure anything like financial success. True, the band, mainly composed of local professors, is far short of perfection, their opportunities for combined practice being, like angels' visits, "few, and far between;" but, were greater encouragement accorded to the spirited efforts of such caterers as Mr Stockley, concerts of a high-class character would be more frequently given, and a proportionate improvement expected. The most important feature in the programme on this occasion was Mendelssohn's incidental music to Shakspere's *Midsummer Night's Dream;* and, as the immortal bard was a Warwickshire man, and the equally immortal musician's fame is no less closely allied to the county, by his great work, *Elijah*, having been first introduced to the world at a Birmingham Festival, the "eternal fitness of things" could have hardly been more adequately celebrated. That the execution of this marvellous production of genius left much to be desired, on the score of delicacy and requisite attention to light and shade, cannot be denied, the absence of the first oboe, the defective intonation of the horns (notably in the Notturno), the substitution of cornets for trumpets (whereby the Wedding March suffered considerably), being all more or less drawbacks to the general effect. An overture by Suppé, entitled *Poet and Peasant*, consisting mainly of two waltz movements and a romance for violoncello (charmingly played by Herr Daubert), reminded me of a remark once made by that excellent musician, Molique, who, on hearing an overture named "Peace and War," observed, "Which was the peace and which was the war, I have not know." Sullivan's tuneful overture, "Di Ballo," written for the Birmingham Festival of 1870, and Mozart's overture to the *Clemenza di Tito*, were also included in the scheme, as was Handel's Concerto in F major (No. 4), for organ and full orchestra, the solo instrument being in the able hands of Mr Stimpson. Strange to say, this was the first time in the annals of Birmingham that an organ concerto has ever been heard in its entirety. Herr Daubert contributed Schumann's *Abendlied* for violoncello (exquisitely played), with the accompaniments by Herr Joachim, who has therein shown himself as thorough a master of orchestral resources as he is *facile princeps*, emperor indeed of the violin. Miss Blanche Cole was called back to receive the plaudits which followed her rendering of Gounod's *Ave Maria*, in which the violin and organ *obbligati* were ably sustained by Mr J. M. Abbott and Mr Stimpson respectively, the work (a false start allowed for) going, on the whole, fairly well. Mr Barton McGuckin, a new tenor, whose voice is more euphonious than his name, created a favourable impression in the recitative, "And God created man," and subsequent air, "In native worth," from Haydn's *Creation;* being later on encored in Balfe's serenade "Good night, beloved." Mr McGuckin (who is said to hail from Manchester, but of Irish extraction) possesses an organ of good quality and compass, well worth cultivating, but at present somewhat crude and amateurish, which defects diligent study and continuous practice will no doubt go far to correct and improve.

Messrs Harrison's Second Popular Concert was densely crowded, Mr Sims Reeves having been originally announced to take part in it. Unfortunately the cold caught during his recent engagement at the Brighton Theatre prevented our great tenor from appearing—a fact which was, on the morning of the concert, duly notified in all the local daily papers; and Mr Cummings, at the shortest notice, ably filled the place of the absentee, singing "Deeper and deeper still," "Waft her, angels," "Good-bye, sweetheart," etc., with his accustomed care and musicianly skill. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Madame Patey fully sustained their reputation, and well deserved the applause which waited upon their respective efforts. The instrumental portion of the programme was, however, more than ordinarily conspicuous by the fact of Madame Essipoff making her first appearance before a Birmingham audience, and, it need hardly be said, with most complete and unqualified success. Her solos included "Nocturne," "Mazourke," and "Etude," by Chopin, and Liszt's "Chant Polonais," and "Ronde des lutins," in addition to which she took part in Schubert's trio in B flat, with MM. Sainton and Lassere, and Beethoven's sonata for pianoforte and violin, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2. Since Madame Arabella Goddard last delighted us with her presence, no such pianist as Madame Essipoff has been heard in the Town Hall; and the wish was earnestly expressed that, in their next series of concerts, the talented Russian (or Polish?) lady may not be omitted from the engagements made by Messrs Harrison. M. Sainton is an old and deserved favourite here—as, indeed, he is everywhere—and his Romance and Tarantelle were received with deserved favour and hearty applause. Mr Lindsay Sloper fulfilled the office of accompanist, besides taking part in Reissiger's trio with MM. Sainton and Lassere, with credit to himself and satisfaction to his hearers.

The third concert of the series will take place on December 21st, when Madlle Albani, Madlle Zaré Thalberg, and Herr Wilhelmj are announced among the principal attractions. As the Town Hall will, early in the ensuing year, be given up to the decorators and builders, important alterations in the entrances, waiting-rooms, etc., having to be made before the Festival of 1876 can be held, the musical season will have to be concentrated into a shorter space of time than usual. D. H.

—o—

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The fourth of the new series of Saturday Popular Concerts took place last Saturday, the 20th inst., and was well attended—better, perhaps, than were the equally attractive Summer Concerts during the past season. A glance at the list of music for performance showed that the spirit of enterprise which characterised the direction of these entertainments from the first is by no means abandoned. Including, among other well-known works of celebrated composers, Sterndale Bennett's beautiful overture, "The Naiades," the concert was agreeably varied by vocal contributions from Mdme Blanche Cole, Miss Emily Mott, and Mr Edward Lloyd. Out of fourteen pieces in the programme, no less than four were comparatively new to an English audience. Of these the first—a "Pièce Symphonique," by M. Devin-Duvivier, a composer who, by his birth on British soil, his French parentage and proclivities, might be claimable both sides of the Channel—bore out its title of "Le Triomphe de Bacchus," in so far that it included a triumphal march and a rustic dance, cleverly if not very attractively orchestrated. The second—a Preludio e Tempodi Valse, for pianoforte with orchestra, played and composed by Signor Tito Mattei in the brilliant and showy style naturally to be expected of the author of the popular "Valse de Concert" and other pianoforte pieces—abounded with executive intricacies so effective that the composer-executant was rewarded by a unanimous recall. The third was a "Tarantella" for stringed instruments, by M. Halberstadt, which will be better judged after a second hearing; and the fourth, a "Suite" for orchestra, by the French composer, M. Jules Massenet, leads us to hope for further acquaintance with his works. Each of the four movements—"Marche," "Air de Ballet," "Angelus," and "Fête Bohême,"—marred as they are in several instances by over-anxiety to produce the effect desired by the composer—owe their refined grace, their touching charm, to poetical genius. Except in the "Air de Ballet," where the scheme of modulation is more original, the mannerism which is so monotonous in the works of many modern French composers is almost unpleasantly conspicuous. The "Fête Bohême," long before its close, quits the realm of music for that of noise; and there are other defects that prove how genuine the power must be that, weighted with such drawbacks, can yet be intensely felt. It is not a matter of wonder that, when such novelties as these are produced at the Alexandra Palace, week after week, that a preponderance of musicians should be *de règle* among the audience. For many years the works given by our various orchestral societies have been heard to repletion, and the selections from the modern German school, so repeatedly given, merely serve to make the public accept gratefully its former pleasing, if monotonous fare. Therefore, when a skilled conductor like Mr Weist Hill makes use of his powers to refresh the wearied public ear, and console it with the promise that "Melody yet reigns, and the day of future chaos has still to dawn," a vote of thanks is due to him from musicians collectively, while individually few will fail heartily to bid him "Go on, and prosper!" Z.

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A STUDY OF *HAMLET*.*

This book is a striking instance of the veneration of Shakspere entertained at the present day, in contrast to the not always continuous respect paid to him in the last century. How would Johnson, Malone, and Stevens have stared had they read the words which Mr Marshall put on the very first page of his preface!—"*Those I would fain have as my readers are those who love Shakspere as one who has added to the beauty and happiness of life; who reverence his mind as one of those precious gifts of God to the world; whose beings, born of Fancy indeed, but, nevertheless, real in their nobleness and purity, may spring to gladden the hearts of those whose earthly lot it is to find few friends save in the realms of imagination.*"

The language may be somewhat high-flown, but any one imbued with the modern spirit may perceive that it exactly corresponds to the feeling of the time. The rage for seeing Shakspere on the stage seemed to be dying out till it was resuscitated at the Lyceum Theatre a twelvemonth ago; but the reverence for Shakspere as a poet whose works are to be accepted as something almost beyond criticism is a plant of comparatively recent growth. Our play-going fathers took the plays mentioned in the programme as a matter of course, but whether they had the genuine article, or a mixture towards which Cibber, Garrick, or Tate furnished ingredients, was a question which troubled them little, if at all.

Mr Marshall's "Study," which is in four parts, sprang from a couple of lectures, which he gave before the Catholic Young Men's Association, and which he felt were too short to comprise all that he wanted to say. He modestly confesses in his preface that, though he has studied *Hamlet* more or less for the last 14 years, he never knew till he began sincerely to bring his work to the shape which it now bears how scanty was his knowledge of the subject he had undertaken to illustrate. He says:—"*One of my principal objects will have been gained if I can induce any of my readers to study the text of Shakspere's plays more carefully and with a higher aim than mere verbal criticism; they will find that he is himself his best commentator, and that such study will open to them new fields of enjoyment.*"

Mr Marshall, to perform his task, takes the play into his hand, and expounds it to his readers scene by scene, we may almost say, speech by speech, as if he were making them acquainted with something of which they knew nought before Dr Johnson's remark with reference to the tragedy, that "the incidents are so numerous that the argument of the play would make a long tale," here receives full illustration. The argument, as given by Mr Marshall, is indeed a very long tale, further lengthened by his exposition, always shrewd and to the purpose, of the motives of the personages. Whatsoever they say or do he is close upon them, prepared to explain what they are saying or doing. Opinions may differ as to the correctness of his portraiture; that he has produced a highly-finished and consistent picture of character no one can doubt.

That in portraying the idiosyncrasy of the Royal Dane he has been guided by the lamp of Goethe is obvious enough, though, as he shows upon occasion, he has but scant respect for his illuminator. The man with a big task set before him, and with weak resolution to perform it, with which the world was first made really acquainted when "Wilhelm Meister Lehrjahre" was a new book, is here presented to the view, depicted with the utmost regard to detail; but Mr Marshall strikes out for himself a new path when he constantly draws attention to the intrinsic nobility of Hamlet's nature. He admits that the Prince has his shortcomings when action is required of him; but he will not have his moral rectitude called into question. The revolting sentiments expressed in the soliloquy, "Now might I do it pat," &c., he attributes (rightly, we think), not to fiendish malignity, but to a desperate attempt to find a motive for inaction; though, be it observed, he recommends the omission of the scene in which the speech occurs. The assertion of Dr Johnson, that in the apology made to Laertes in the last scene of the play ("Give me your pardon, Sir," &c.), Hamlet shelters himself in falsehood, inasmuch as he excuses a manifest outrage on the plea of a madness, which was only assumed, is met by Mr Marshall with the counter-assertion that the madness to which the Prince here refers is not the "antic disposition" he deliberately "put on," but another madness, the "sore distraction" into which the calamities of his life had driven him, and, above all, the anguish which he felt on suddenly hearing of Ophelia's death. He contrives to make as good a case as he can out of the death of the two courtiers, Rosencrantz and Guilderstein, though here he obviously finds himself in a difficulty. "It is possible that Shakspere meant to mark as strongly as he could the hatred of a noble, honest nature for that complicity in crime which is the result of wilful blindness and self-interested negligence."

The possibility to which Mr Marshall refers cannot be called in question, but the defence is not very strong after all, especially when it comes from an advocate who shows himself so powerful in the prosecution of Laertes as one of the worst of scoundrels. To this Mr Marshall is stimulated by the very lenient manner in which Laertes is treated by Gervinus, and few, we think, will deny that he has the best of the argument. Mr Marshall's definition of the irresolution proper to Hamlet, to which Goethe first gave due importance, is accute. It may be attributed to moral timidity, or it may be attributed, as it is by Mr Irving, to a tenderness of nature which shrinks from the commission of murder. Prompted by a remark made to him by Signor Salvini in the course of a private conversation, "L'Amleto c'è il dubbio," Mr Marshall arrives at the conclusion that the principal flaw in the Prince's character is the want of humility, and consequently of faith, meaning by humility "a complete subordination of one's own prejudices and desires and will to some great purpose, and a belief so thorough and unquestioning in the justice of that purpose as to render any hesitation in one's efforts to accomplish it impossible." Had Hamlet been endowed with this quality, he would have been convinced that the Ghost's charge of vengeance was to be fulfilled at any cost. "Such humility," he cautiously observes, "does not always lend itself to the accomplishment of great or good ends; the fanatic shares it with the enthusiast, the assassin with the liberator." Let us add that the duty which Hamlet is enjoined to perform is the duty of assassination, wholly unrecognised in the civilised Europe of the present day, and of very dubious stringency in the 17th century. The Hamlet of the play does not belong to the mythical period of which Saxo Grammaticus was the historian, and in which a Corsican *vendetta* may be presumed to have existed, in consonance with the natural order of things, but lives at some imaginary Court, with the sentiments of which an English Elizabethan gentleman might be supposed to sympathise.

The fair fame of Ophelia is triumphantly cleared by Mr Marshall of the imputations cast upon it by Goethe, who is, to a certain extent, followed by Gervinus. This is done in an appendix; but we may here take occasion to remark that the appendices which follow the "study" are, for the most part, as important as the text which they supplement, and comprise an "early life of Hamlet," most ingeniously constructed out of materials furnished by the play. One curious inaccuracy in the estimation of Goethe's comment upon Ophelia should not, however, pass unnoticed. "'Wilhelm Meister,'" says Mr Marshall, "is a work written by one advanced in years, in which we find all the cynicism and selfishness of old age coupled with an amount of animal passion which youth alone could excuse." No doubt there is plenty of cynicism and of animal passion to be found in the world-famed romance, but it was not written by one advanced in years. The composition of "Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre," to which the animadversion would alone apply, was frequently interrupted, and extended over a period beginning with 1777, when the author's age was 26, and ending in 1796, when, consequently, his years numbered 47. Mr Marshall has, probably, been misled by the date of the sequel, "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre," which was not completed till 1821, and reconstructed in 1829. However, the vindicator of Ophelia carries out his main point, and gives good reason for his opinion that she is "Shakspere's most perfect picture of virginity, as Desdemona and Imogen are his faultless pictures of true wifehood."

Those who are in earnest with their *Shakspere* may profitably pass an hour or two in the perusal of this very interesting "study."—*Times.*

* "A Study of *Hamlet*." By Frank A. Marshall. London, Longmans. 1875.

At Stoney Stratford.

PURPLE POWIS.—What, dear Baylis, in a musical sense, is the difference between "solicitor" and "attorney?"

BAYLIS BOIL.—Dear Purple, I don't know.

PURPLE POWIS.—What, dear Boil, is the difference between law and equity?

BAYLIS BOIL.—Ah! dear Powis, that's easy:—

Equity's not Law, and Law's not Equity.

(*Exeunt, troubled in their minds.*)

COLOGNE.—In the course of the winter, the Association for Sacred Music will, under the direction of its conductor, Herr Eduard Mertke, give three performances with solos, orchestra, and chorus. Among the more important works will be a "Magnificat" by Philip Emanuel Bach; Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and *Ein Deutsches Requiem*, by Johannes Brahms. In order to place the concerts within reach of the masses, the prices of admission will be lowered.

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BRUSSELS.

(From our Correspondent.)

In consequence of Mad. Lucca's inability to put in an appearance owing to the accident which lately happened to her, *L'Africaine* has been produced at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie with another lady, Mdlle Vanden Berghen, as Selika. Mdlle Vanden Berghen is a great favourite here, but she would never have become so, had she made her *début* in this character. The other characters were represented by MM. Warot and Devoyod.

After a lapse of some seventeen or eighteen years, Grisar's little comic opera, *Les Travestissements*, has been revived. It was not very well received. Mad. Morlet, like Mdlle Vanden Berghen, in *L'Africaine*, was not strong enough for the leading female *rôle*. The lady acts well; but something more than acting is needed in opera. Then, too, the orchestra left much to be desired. The rough manner in which they played Grisar's light and airy music suggested the action of a man who should set about engraving a delicate drawing on wood with a mason's chisel.

Offenbach's *Madame l'Archiduc* has been brought out at the Fantaisies Parisiennes, with Mdlle Théo in the principal part.

—o—

PARIS SCRAPS.

(From our Parisian Scrapper.)

While tolerably certain of saving M. Faure's life, Dr Lowe was far from feeling the same assurance that his patient's voice would not suffer irretrievably. Fortunately, all fear on the subject has been dispelled. Faure has returned triumphantly to the Grand Opera in the full possession of his vocal resources. Such being the case, it is superfluous to say how he sang. His acting, too, was as fine as ever. The opera was M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*. Faure had a tremendous reception from the public, who seemed scarcely to know in what manner they could testify sufficiently their pleasure at greeting so popular and deserving a favourite. Mad. Carvalho resumed her part of Ophelia, and shared the applause so lavishly bestowed on Faure. Mdlle Rosina Bloch proved a satisfactory substitute for Mad. Gueymard, as the Queen. The latter lady had been suddenly summoned to Brussels in consequence of the death of her father, M. Paul Lauters, a highly-esteemed and well-known painter, who expired in that capital on the 12th inst., after a long illness.

At the Opéra-Comique, *Carmen*, the work of that promising young composer, Georges Bizet, so prematurely snatched away from art, has been revived, with every mark of success, before an audience that filled every part of the house. Mad. Galli-Marié sustained her original character of the heroine, and Mdlle Chapuy that of Michaela. Mesdlles Nadaud, Bell, MM. Potel Duvernoy, Bouhy, Lhéri, and Barnolt, also, were included in the cast.

M. du Locle, who has been in a bad state of health for a considerable time, has gone to pass a month in Egypt. Meanwhile, M. Charles Nuitter will replace him as manager af the Opéra-Comique.

La Reine Indigo has been revived at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, with Mad. Peschard in the part created by Mdlle Zulmar Bouffar, when the opera was first brought out. Herr Johann Strauss desired very much to attend the rehearsals. He was prevented by illness from doing so. He will, however, visit Paris this winter to superintend the production of his new opera.

The Théâtre-Lyrique has at length found a home. The home in question will be the Théâtre de la Gaîté, and the manager, chosen by the Committee of the Academy of Fine Arts, is M. Albert Vizentini. The transformation, however, will not be actually effected until after the run of the *Voyage dans la Lune*, and when that will be it is impossible to say. It was necessary to settle several important points before M. Vizentini's appointment could be officially ratified. In the first place, there were his engagements with his predecessor, M. Offenbach, and the proprietors of the Theatre, and, dependent upon these engagements, the question of the rate at which he was entitled to receive the subsidy voted by the Assembly for the new lyric establishment. In addition to these knotty points, at present satisfactorily solved, the entire company has to be formed, and so has the repertory. All things considered, it appears scarcely probable that the first season of the resuscitated Théâtre-Lyrique will begin, as some persons say it will, next March.

The following letter has been addressed by the Minister of Fine Arts to Sig. Rossi:

"Department of the Ministry of Public Instruction, Worship, and Fine Arts.

"Sir.—May I beg you to accept the Sèvres tazza, which I forward herewith, as a memento of your visit to Paris, and as a mark of homage which I am happy to pay to your distinguished talent.—I remain, Sir, etc. "Wallon."

Accompanying this flattering epistle was a handsome vase in Sèvres china.

DEATH OF HOWARD GLOVER.

(From Watson's "Art Journal"—New York.)

To Mr. Henry C. Watson.

Mr Howard Glover, the well-known British composer, died, on the 28th inst., at his residence; after a severe and lingering sickness, which had grown rapidly worse within the last two or three weeks. The scene at his deathbed was one which leaves an impression on the minds of those who witnessed the sad affair which time can never erase. Surrounded by his sorrowing family and a few friends, Howard Glover suffered the most intense agony for twelve hours previous to his death. All night long this truly great and much-abused man lay upon his bed of pain, and tried hard to speak a parting word to his family, but, added to his many other misfortunes, his loss of speech rendered him perfectly helpless. Standing by the bedside of this man, whom it was the will of God to take away in the very prime of life, many sad reflections came into the mind of the writer. The inevitable separation of this peaceful and hitherto happy family; the heart-rending conviction that other lives may be swiftly shortened by this misfortune; the thought of these friendless girls thrown out upon their own resources, in this cold world, to battle against jealousy, hatred, scorn, and disappointments—all left their life-long impressions on the mind.

Misfortune has followed Mr Glover since he first came to this country, seven years ago. The many beautiful songs and ballads composed by Mr Glover, and published by Messrs Peters, Ditson, Pond, and Hall, may be found in the parlours of our most refined society; also numerous operas, and other large musical works. In some cases the honours due to Mr Glover for his compositions have been attributed to other parties. The effect upon his mind produced by these things had a tendency to shorten his days. In his last rational moments he spoke of Mr John Brougham in affectionate terms. Mr Glover was a man of tender feelings, and appreciated the friendship of Mr Brougham. He was fond of his home and his family, of an affectionate, kind-hearted, and forgiving nature.

It is a most unfortunate circumstance that Mr Glover, after his life of toil and deserved honours, should pass his last moments in poverty and misery. Mr Glover's family are celebrated as theatrical people. He descended from the well-known family of Betterton, of British fame. His daughter, Miss Nellie Glover, has for years been under his instruction, and is deserving of much credit for her musical talent. She has exhibited a love for the divine art from early childhood. Mr Glover was born in London, England. He was 56 years of age.

Oct. 29, 1875. Thomas Pearsall.

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CRITERION THEATRE.

On Saturday afternoon the first of a series of three private performances (having no connection with the regular business or the regular company of the theatre) was attended by a numerous and select audience. The entertainment consisted of a comic opera in three acts, the music composed by Herr Adolph Gollmick, for many years favourably known in this country as a teacher of the pianoforte, and also as a composer for that instrument. Herr Gollmick, like others in the same position, would fain take a higher flight. To compose operas, and have them performed in public, is the aspiration of many a professor condemned by circumstances to employ his time almost exclusively in less ambitious pursuits. Herr Gollmick respects his art, and desires to make known that his powers are not limited to one particular sphere. If *Doña Constanza*, played for the gratification of his friends on the present occasion, be not a masterpiece, it at least shows capacity to excel in operatic composition, which, with more frequent opportunity, might lead to results not inconsiderable. Herr Gollmick exhibits more than ordinary skill in writing for voices, as well as in the treatment of orchestral instruments; and throughout *Doña Constanza* the hand of a practised adept is apparent. There are no choruses; but the voices of the leading singers are frequently brought together in the most effective manner—as an instance of which may be cited the *finale* to Act 1st, when the *dramatis personæ*—seven in number—are both separately and simultaneously engaged. We have heard less spirited pieces signed by names more widely recognized. In fact, there is a great deal of genuine concerted writing in each of the three acts—not merely clever, by the way, but occasionally even dramatic. In addition to this, more than one solo might be named that, if heard from time to time, could scarcely fail to meet with general approval. Into closer particulars it is needless to enter. Herr Gollmick has not been furnished with a libretto admitting any great variety of musical development in the style conventionally accepted as "comic opera." The materials upon which it is constructed borne in mind, it is drawn out to unreasonable length; and the issue can be readily anticipated before the plot has advanced half way. The scene, as may be guessed from the title, is laid in Spain; and the story, somewhat improbable, and for the most part wanting in dramatic interest, is of the simplest. To give a detailed account of it would be filling space to no purpose, and we must be satisfied with congratulating Herr Gollmick on having made so much out of so little. The performance, though by no means irreproachable, was in many respects good. Miss Annie Sinclair, whose appearance again on the London boards is welcome, sang and acted the part of the heroine, Doña Constanza, with grace and animation; Miss Emily Pitt, as Doña Barbara Munez, was an excellent "*comprimaria*;" while the remaining characters were more or less effectively sustained by Miss Dolores Drummond, Messrs W. Courtenay, F. Penna, Connell, and Wakeford. The orchestra, though comparatively small, was efficient, and its part in the performance, one of responsibility, was all that could be desired. The opera was throughout favourably received, and the composer summoned forward at the conclusion.—*Times*.

From Tewkesbury.

Could it but be that thou loved'st me
Could it but be that thou loved'st me
The Heav'ns above would blaze
With scorching blinding rays
The stars would meet and kiss
In fiery godlike bliss
The moaning trees would cease
The flowers again have peace
The midnight deathdark stream
Would brighten into gleam
The trembling soul would leap
Like broken heart from sleep
The whisp'ring leaves would breathe
Of hope to all that grieve
The waves flow into each
The pow'r of love to teach
The sea would hush and smile
To love with me awhile
Could it but be
Could it but be
Could it but be Ame-Alas!

COPENHAGEN.—Niels Gade, born in 1817, celebrated lately his twenty-fifth anniversary as conductor of the Musical Association, the members of which presented him with 9000 crowns.

Higher Development.

Nos. 7 and 8.

LISZT FERENCZ.

Dante. A pokol. Az elkárhozottak (köztük a zongora is) jajgatnak. Lázas izgatottság. A pokol kapuit bevágja a szélvész. Bum!

Csak játszott. Nem csak nekünk, de velünk is. Imponáló szerénységgel hajtja meg magát. Csattogó taps, kábító díjon.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE SEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON
WILL TAKE PLACE ON
MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 29, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in A minor, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PEZZE .. *Schubert.*

SONGS, { "Auf der Wanderschaft" .. .. *Mendelssohn.* / "Wenn ich früh in dem Garten geh'" .. .. .. *Schumann.*

Mdlle FRIEDLÄNDER.

SONATA in A minor (No. 10 of Hallé's Edition), for pianoforte alone—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN .. .. *Mozart.*

PART II.

SONATA in E flat, Op. 12, No. 3, for pianoforte and violin—Miss AGNES ZIMMERMANN and Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONGS, { "Willst du dein Herz mir schenken" .. .. .. *Bach.* / "Schlummerlied" .. .. *Schubert.*

Mdlle FRIEDLÄNDER.

QUARTET in B flat, Op. 76, No. 4, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PEZZE .. .. *Haydn.*

Conductor .. .. Mr ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in E flat, Op. 44, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PEZZE *Mendelssohn.*

SONGS, { "An die Leyer" .. .. *Schubert.* / "Ich wandre nicht" .. .. *Schumann.*

Mdlle SOPHIE LÖWE.

TOCCATA *Bach.*

IMPROMPTU in B flat { For pianoforte alone } .. .. .. *Schubert.*

Mdme ANNETTE ESSIPOFF.

SONATA in A major, for violin—Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA .. *Handel.*

SONGS, { "Mignonne" (Rousard, XVIe Siècle) / "Attente" (V. Hugo) } .. .. *Wagner.*

Mdlle SOPHIE LÖWE.

SONATA in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin—Mdme ANNETTE ESSIPOFF and Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA .. *Beethoven.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HYPERCROTCHET.—For Generali read Mosca, and for Mosca read Generali—*crescendo a crescendo.*

D. C. L.—Mr Townshend Smith's address is "The Close, Hereford." It is there (*D. V.*) he will conduct the Festival of 1876.

GROGNON.—Certainly, on the Felsted School argument, we—until better reasons are given—hold with Mr Grignon. Another instance of the advisability of harmony (that signifies Music), being diligently taught in public schools.

DR TURTLE.—No. Dussek died in 1812, Mozart in 1791, Mendelssohn in 1847. On every other point Dr Turtle is wrong. Pixis was *not* Kalkbrenner (good thing for both), *nor was* Kalkbrenner Pixis (good thing for either).

DR QUERY.—The overture to Lord Byron's *Corsair* was dedicated by its composer, Hector Berlioz, to his friend, J. W. Davison—as may be seen by the printed score. Dr Query is wrong about *Il Giuramento*, which was composed, not by Pacini, but by Mercadante. The *Schiava in Bagdad* was, no doubt, Pacini's; but not *Aureliano in Palmyra*, the veritable composer of which opera was Rossini. In every other respect Dr Query has been misinformed.

TOM FLYM.—Read (if you can) Balzac's *Modeste Mignon*, and you will see that people can write to people without knowing what "people" means. Read also *Louis Lambert*, and you will see that the Swedenborgian faith is not without charm. Read, moreover, *Le Père Goriot*, and you will see that there can be a Lear without a Cordelia. Read, finally, the *Recherche de l'Absolu*, and you will admit that Balshazar Claes was but one of many fools. Mr Flym confounds Pulci with Ariosto.

DEATH.

On November 18th, at 6, Albert Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W., the infant son of Madame Marie Roze Perkins.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the* MUSICAL WORLD *Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from* TIME TO TIME, *as expediency may suggest.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

The Porter of Havre.

[*Knot* Robson, but Santley. May Santley live, to do old Robson's work!—D. P.]

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE *MUSICAL WORLD*.

SIR,—Curiosity plays a great part in the affairs of this world. In fact, we may very fairly apply to it the lines—

"Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres,"

written by Horace of something else to which wretched Humanity is subject. It was curiosity which prompted the last Mrs Blue Beard to enter a certain chamber, of which she dropped the key, a circumstance resulting in the discovery by Blue Beard of what she had done, and of her being doomed by him to instant death. It is curiosity which induces juvenile horticulturists to dig up, after the lapse of a day or so, the seeds they have sown, that they may see how the said seeds are getting on. Curiosity has caused many a pair of bellows to be cut open, that the operator might learn whence the wind came; and to curiosity must be set down the fact that so many dolls are eviscerated in their prime, and shed their life's sawdust prematurely on the floor of the nursery.

The same feeling, only purified and ennobled by reverence and admiration, renders us so desirous of learning all we can about great and justly-celebrated individuals, not regarded as Emperors, Kings, Generals, Statesmen, Poets, Painters, Divines, or Musicians, as the case may be, but considered as men. When we have read about high deeds of arms or peace, which have changed the aspect of the world, we would fain extend our knowledge of those by whom they were effected. The recollection of Trafalgar impels us to peruse, again and yet again, the adventure of a young midshipman, named Horatio Nelson, with the Polar Bear, in the ice-bound regions of the far North. With what delight do we not treasure up every detail connected with the "grit bare-legged laddie" who was so fond of animals; who had tame blackbirds flying unconfined about the poor cottage in which he lived; and who, as George Stephenson, the famous engineer, has given a fresh impetus to civilisation throughout the globe! Who would have missed the account which informs us how a young scapegrace once climbed to the top of the lofty steeple of Market Drayton Church, and terrified the inhabitants by sitting complacently on a stone spout near the summit! But then the name of that young scapegoat was Robert Clive, without whom, and without certain victories, among which was one achieved at a place called Plassey, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, would not, in all probability, have been hunting lately with the *cheetah*, or pig-sticking with the Guikwar, at Baroda.

Genius sanctifies, as it were, every one and every thing with whom or which it comes in contact. Like the prophet's rod, at whose touch the water poured forth from the sterile rock, it enables us to derive the keenest enjoyment and profoundest delight from objects which we should otherwise have treated with indifference. The veriest trifle, if it ever belonged to or emanated from a Shakspere or a Cromwell, a Beethoven or a Michael Angelo, is, for loving minds, a priceless treasure. It is with a firm conviction of this truth that I beg to bring under your notice the following letter. I am sure it will be gratefully received by every one who admires the immortal composer of *Don Giovanni*, and *Die Zauberflöte*, of *Le Nozze* and the *Requiem*. Here it is:—

"*A* MADAME COSTANCE DE MOZART, *à Baaden.*

"*bey* HERRN SYNDIKUS *abzugeben.*

"LIEBSTES BESTES WEIBCHEN!—Mit unbeschreiblichen Vergnügen erhielt ich die Nachricht des sicheren Empfangs des Geldes;—ich kann mich nicht erinnern dass ich Dir geschrieben hätte, Du sollst *alles* in Richtigkeit bringen? Wie könnt ich denn das als ein vernünftiges Geschöpf schreiben?—ist es so—so muss es sehr in Gedanken geschehen sein! Wie es dermalen, da ich so viele wichtige Sachen im Kopfe habe, sehr möglich ist. Das übrige ist für Deinen Gebrauch, und was dann noch zu bezahlen ist, wozu ich schon so meine Rechnung gemacht habe, werde selbst bei meiner Hinkunft in Ordnung bringen. Eben wird Blanchard entweder steigen—oder die Wiener zum 3ten male foppen! Die Histoire mit Blanchard ist mir heute gar nicht lieb—sie bringt mich um den Schluss meines Geschäftes—N. N. versprach mir bevor er hinaus führe zu mir zu kommen—kam aber nicht—vielleicht kömmt er wenn der Spass vorbey ist—ich warte bis 2 Uhr—dann werfe ich ein Bischen Essen hinein—und suche ihn aller Orten auf. Uns ist ein nicht gar angenehmes Leben. Geduld! es wird schon bessern—ich ruhe dann in Deinen Armen aus!

"Ich danke Dir für Deinen Rath mich nicht ganz auf N. N. zu verlassen. Aber in dergleichen Fällen *muss* man nur mit *einem* zu thun habe—wendet man sich au zwei oder drei—und das Geschäft geht überall—so erscheint man bey den andern, wo man es dann nicht annehmen kann, als ein Narr, oder unverlässlicher Mann.

"Nun kannst Du mir aber kein grösseres Vergnügen machen, als wenn Du vergnügt und lustig bist—denn wenn ich nur *gewiss weiss* dass *Dir* nichts abgeht—dann ist mir alle meine Mühe lieb und angenehm; denn; denn die fatalste und verdreteste Lage in der ich mich immer befinden könnte, wird mir zur Kleinigkeit wenn ich weiss dass Du *gesund* und *lustig* bist—und nun lebe recht wohl.

benutze Deinen Tischnarren—denkt und redet viel von mir—liebe mich ewig wie ich Dich liebe, und sey ewig meine Stanri Marini, wie ich ewig seyn werde Dein.

"Stu!—Knaller paller—
"schnip—schnap—schnur—
"Schnepepal.
"Spai!—

"Gieb dem N. N. eine Ohrfeige, und sag Du hättest eine Fliege tod schlagen müssen, die *ich* sitzen geschen hätte! adieu.

"pass auf—fang auf—br—br—br 3 Büsserle, zuckersüsse fliegen daher!

"*Mittwoch, Wien, den 6ten Juli* 1791."

For those of your Readers who are not conversant with German, I append an English version:

"*To* MADAME COSTANCE DE MOZART, *Baden.*

"*Care of* HERR SYNDICUS.

"DEAREST, BEST, LITTLE WIFE!—It was with indescribable pleasure that I received intelligence of the safe reception of the money;—I cannot recollect having written to say you were to settle *everything*.—How could I as a reasonable being write so?—if I did—it must have happened when I was deep in thought!—This, at present, is extremely possible, as I have so many important things in my head.—The surplus is for your own use, and what then remains to be paid, for which I have pretty well allowed, I will arrange on my arrival.—Blanchard will ascend directly—or have a joke at the Viennese for the third time!—I do not at all like the affair with Blanchard to-day—it will spoil the conclusion of my business—N. N." (the name is scratched out here, and "N.N." written above) "promised he would call on me before he drove out—but has not come—perhaps he will come when the joke is past—I shall wait till two o'clock—then take a snack of something—and go and look for him everywhere.—Ours is by no means a pleasant life—Patience! it will improve—then I shall repose in your arms!

"I thank you for your advice not to rely entirely upon N.N.—But, in such cases, you *must* have to deal only with *one*—if you apply to two or three—and business is everywhere—you appear with the others, from whom you cannot accept it, a fool or a man who is not to be depended on.

—You cannot afford me greater pleasure than by being pleased and merry—for if I only feel *certain* that *you* want for nothing—all my trouble is welcome and agreeable; for—for the most desperate and most intricate position in which I could possibly be placed is a trifle, if I know that you are well and cheerful.—And now a fond, fond farewell.

"Profit by your *Tischnarren*. Think and speak a deal about me.

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—Love me always as I love you, and be always my Stanri Marini, as I shall always be your

"Stu! knaller paller—
"Schnip—schap—schnur
"Schnepapel.
"Spai!—

"Give N.N. a box on the ear, and say you were bound to kill a fly which *I* had seen there! Adieu.

"Attention—catch—br—br—br—3 kissy-wissies, as sweet as sugar, which are flying to you!—

"*Wednesday, Vienna, the 6th July*, 1791."

I cannot explain the allusion to Blanchard—he may have been an acrobat, the Blondin of the last century. Nor do I know what is meant by *Tischnarren*—I suspect it is a fault of transcription—but that does not prevent my reading easily and distinctly in the above lines the character of him who penned them. What tender affection! What childlike simplicity! What innocent gaity! How different is such a letter from the effusions of certain would-be celebrities who depict themselves in their correspondence exactly as they love to be depicted by others in their portraits, with their eyes cast up to heaven, with their hair in admired disorder, and with a pen, a brush, a scroll, or something of the sort, in their hand, the whole surmounted by an abnormal development of forehead, perfectly in keeping with their inflated pretentions, but ludicrously too expansive for their supply of brains—a sort of frontal Pantechnicon to house a pauper's furniture. How different is the tone adopted by genius—grand, sublime, and passionate genius!

Who can refrain from being moved by the eager solicitude which Mozart exhibits for his "Dearest, best, little Wife;" by his protestations how he would endure any extremity rather than that she should not be happy; by his assurance that the reward to which he looks forward, after all his troubles, is to rest once more in her arms, and then to know, as we do know, that, almost

"Within a month,
A little month,"

the being to which he was so devotedly attached—

Marie Louise was faithless to the memory of only an Emperor, but Mad. von Nissen—

Poor, kind, tender-hearted, divine Mozart!

N. V. N.

—o—

Episodes on Change.

DR SHIPPING. Well—anything new?

DR QUINCE. Why—not that I know of.

DR SHIPPING. Well—then, propound me a riddle;—*What's the difference between the late King Solomon and Salaman, admonisher of critics?*

DR QUINCE. Why—I give it up.

DR SHIPPING. Well (*knowingly*)—Solomon was wiser than other men; *and*——

DR QUINCE. Why (*interrupting him*)—*and*, Salaman was otherwiser!

(*Exeunt in convulsions.*)

BOLOGNA.—A new opera, *Ettore Fieramosca*, words by Professor Enrico Panzacchi, music by a young composer, Sig. Cesare dall'Olio, has been successfully produced, with Signora Giovanni-Zacchi and Sig. Campanini in the two leading characters.

FROM COLNEY HATCH.

(*To Dishley Peters, Esq.*)

MY DEAR D. P.,—Now that you have returned from visiting the "*Mudidis Euri resolutæ flatibus Alpes*," as our Lucian has it; now that, after revelling, during the late most hotestest (new form of superlative, introduced by me into the neologisms of the English idiom, to meet the meteorological exigences of last summer), I repeat: now that, after revelling, during the late most hotestest weather, in those pleasantest regions ("*Acris sævit ubi frigore semper hyems*"), you are once more back in the classic neighbourhood of Tadcaster, I haste to greet you, and to request——that (&c.). As Wright observed, in days of yore, when there was a question of the kind of malt liquour to be fetched:—"Make it Ale!" So I say: "Make it HALF AND HALF!"—Yours, obsequiously, Paul Moist.

The Hatch—November, 18—.

[Sorry for Mr Moist, who is evidently disturbed.—D. P.]

—o—

CHRISTINE NILSSON IN DUBLIN.

(*From "Freeman's Journal," Nov.* 20.)

The benefit of Madame Nilsson last night was unparalleled in many ways. At seven minutes past seven the popular portions of the house, galleries and pit, were absolutely packed; and, in addition to this phenomenon, all those who had booked "chairs" were seated so as to have the advantage over those who had taken tickets for the corridor. About seventy stools were put into nooks in the circle, and even then there were two or three scores of people outside who were in sight of the stage at a very sharp angle indeed. For fifty minutes the crowds thronged in, and never, perhaps, were the galleries so overwhelming in appearance and gesticulation. Their conduct, however, was comparatively very good, and their singing not worse than usual. Their vociferous manner of applause was checked, for the first time in our experience, in a very novel manner, and by no less a person than Madame Nilsson herself. Twice or thrice during the evening she peremptorily raised her hand, and silenced them as if by magic, and this with a sweetness and grace which could not be denied. Once, indeed, the comic blundering of a god defeated her. It was in the "Miserere" scene, which was superbly given. The applause was tremendous, and Madame signalled to Signor Li Calsi for a repeat. Slience was quite restored, and one might have heard a sigh in the house. Madame paused; and then there came from the gallery, quite *sotto voce*, and in an accent of unmistakable Tipperary, "Go on, now!" The lady looked up for an instant, and then burst out laughing, and the whole house roared *secundum*. This merry hitch excepted, the opera was performed throughout with rapidity and order. It is almost needless to dwell upon the singing of Madame Nilsson. It was quite superb—a marvel of sweetness and light, grace and power. She was frequently encored, and was in a very generous mood. The "Tacea la notte," the "Di tale amor," the "Miserere," the "D'amor suli' ali rosee," were each and all sung with wonderful feeling, while the action was that of intelligence and grace. In the matter of dress, Madame Nilsson outshone all her predecessors; she was brilliantly costumed. The opera concluded in a perfect *furore* of applause for Madame Nilsson, and, although she appeared twice in obedience to the peremptory thunders of the gods, they would not be appeased. They cried and shouted for the "Last Rose of Summer," and for a considerable time they kept up the demand. Meantime, hundreds had assembled at the stage-door to drag her home in the approved fashion. While the shouting was going on inside, and the enthusiasts were waiting outside, a closely-muffled figure might have been seen gliding along the corridor of the dress-circle among the general public. 'Twas Madame Nilsson, and in quite a swift manner she descended to her carriage, and was probably at home before her admirers had ceased to shout for the Irish melody.

RAVENNA.—A number of musicians and vocalists, headed by Signors Montanari and Gordini, visited, on All Souls' Day, the tomb of the late Sig. Mariani, and laid a crown of laurel upon it. Sig. Montanari, also, read a funeral oration.

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OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MDLLE TIETJENS and Madame Arabella Goddard are at present in Canada. Their first concert (at Montreal) was an extraordinary success.

SIGNOR AND SIGNORA VASSELLI, to whose family Donizetti's wife belonged, have made a present of the composer's piano to the Municipality of Bergamo. The instrument will be placed in the Town Library, and to it will be affixed an extract from an autograph letter in the possession of the Vasselli family, which proves the authenticity of the gift.

M. L. A. MALEMPRÉ, the eminent sculptor, who made the fine statue of Balfe which stands loftily erect in the Drury Lane Theatre vestibule, is now engaged upon a similar work for the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, to be erected in Sheffield, our great musician's native town. It is a fact worth noting that M. Malempré never saw either Balfe or Bennett.

AT the "St Cecilia Festival," in St Paul's Cathedral, the organists were Dr Stainer, Mr G. Martin, Mus. Bac., and Mr C. Warwick Jordan, Mus. Bac. Some inconvenience was experienced in consequence of the choir seats being taken possession of by persons admitted into the chancel, and some difficulty was felt by the ticket holders not finding places owing to want of correspondence between the numbered seats and ticket holders—a difficulty increased by the enormous quantity of applicants for admission.

A MUSICAL amateur of Berlin has just made the Emperor Wilhelm a most valuable present, a collection, namely, of manuscripts by celebrated composers. The collection includes two Quintets by Spohr; a setting of an Italian Song, with Orchestral Accompaniment, by C. M. von Weber; a Symphony by Schubert; and four volumes containing the first plan of the Eighth Symphony by Beethoven. Some passages are written in ink, others in pencil, black or coloured; at times the writing is hurried, and then again it is most scrupulously neat. The entire sketch presents an exceedingly varied appearance, and is extremely difficult to decipher. Certain portions are entirely erased with the remark: *So wird es nie etwas* ("That will never be worth anything"); or: *Das ist nichts* ("That's worth nothing"). In one place we read: *Ob ich das wiederhslen lasse?* ("Shall I repeat this?) These indications of the way in which the composer's first ideas were gradually modified are highly interesting.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

SOUTH LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION.—The members of this society held their first subscription concert at the Walworth Lecture Hall, on Monday evening, before an appreciative and demonstrative audience. The soloists were Miss Josephine Cravino, Mad. Arthur, and Mr Fryer. The various pieces were well chosen, and among those deserving special commendation were a recit. and aria from *St Paul*, charmingly sung by Miss Cravino, and Mad. Arthur's rendering of "Lo, here the gentle lark" with flute *obbligato*. The best choruses were "Oh! the pleasure of the plains" *(Acis and Galatea)*, and Haydn's "Come, gentle spring." Mr Leonard Venables conducted. At the next concert the *Messiah* will be given.

BRIXTON.—The Brixton Choral Society opened their winter campaign last week, with a performance of *Elijah*, at the Angell Town Institution. The Society appeared to great advantage in the choruses, most of which were given in a manner that left little to be desired. There might, perhaps, have been a little more vigour in the dramatic "Baal, we cry to thee," and the two subsequent choruses; but, on the whole, there was not much to find fault with. The solos were safe in the hands of Miss Poyntz, Mdme Poole, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Wadmore, and in each case the rendering was deserving of the highest praise. Mr Wadmore sang the music of the prophet carefully and well, and fully bore out the promise he gave some time ago. The quartets were well sung, with the assistance of Mesdames Stroud, Cubitt, and Smith, and Messrs Barber and J. H. Boardman. The singers were ably supported by a small orchestra, and Mr Lemare conducted with his usual care; Mr Boardman presiding at the organ.

THE second of Mr William Carter's present series of concerts, at the Albert Hall, took place on Monday, the 18th inst., and drew a large attendance of visitors—the cheap tariff of admission having its natural influence in producing this result. The miscellaneous public never fail to enjoy Haydn's *Creation* when it is set before them with reasonable efficiency; and such was the case upon the present occasion. There are few choral bodies of any numerical strength unfamiliar with this most agreeable work. Its light and easy tunefulness has long since made it the property of all amateur societies; and hence it is seldom given by associations of this class in an imperfect or unworthy manner. The large choir, presided over by Mr W. Carter, has too often been engaged in this particular performance not to have earned for itself a special credit, and to have achieved in it a reputation for bright and truthful singing, hardly to be surpassed by that of its more pretentious rival at Exeter Hall. Mr Carter's energy as a conductor is well known, and to this may be chiefly ascribed the executive proficiency which is hereby witnessed. Amendments, however, might possibly be made in the dramatic expression belonging to certain of the pieces, by a more vivid exemplification of the contrasts of which the sentiment is susceptible. As a series of musical pictures the choruses of Haydn's charming oratorio are, doubtless, among the best of their kind; but they fail in their legitimate effect if they are handled with but partial reference to their descriptive and pictorial character. Mr Carter's readings, as musical exercises, are unquestionably clear and vigorous, but are occasionally wanting in those *nuances* in which there is meaning as well as grace. But this, by the way. The two well-known choruses, "The heavens are telling" and "Achieved is the glorious work," could not have been better received by the audience than at this hearing. They were both delivered with suitable breadth; and, in the former case, as usual, a repetition would not have been distasteful to the majority of the listeners. The exponent of the principal soprano music was Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, who invested the two airs, "With verdure clad" and "On mighty pens," with her customary charm and beauty. Singing purer in taste, or more satisfying as examples of art, could not well be imagined. Her associate in the soprano duties was a Miss Julian, but whose obvious timidity proved a stumbling-block, and delayed the good opinion that will, perhaps, by and bye await her. To Mr Edward Lloyd and Signor Foli were assigned the tenor and bass music, and as both sang carefully and steadily, the result was everything that could be wished.

PROVINCIAL.

THAMES DITTON.—A concert took place on November 19th, and was in every way highly successful. An excellent string band played several operatic pieces with effect. Miss Robinson, Miss Hester Robinson, Mr Stonard, and Mr Mathias sang some part-songs in excellent time. Mr Charles J. Bishenden, the popular bass, gained encores for his well-known singing of "The brave old oak" and "The Wolf." Great praise is due to the givers of the concert, Messrs Bailey and Smith, for their excellent arrangements.

BRIGHTON.—The Brighton Philharmonic gave a capital performance of *Elijah* on Saturday the 13th inst., under the direction of Mr F. Kingsbury. Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli, were the principal vocalists, assisted by Miss Saidie Singleton, Miss Thekla Fischer, Mr G. T. Carter, and Mr H. Pyatt. Several pieces had to be repeated. The band and chorus were first rate, and Mr Willing was the organist. Mr Kuhe has given his third recital of pianoforte music, assisted by M. Paque, with whom he played Mendelssohn's Sonata for violoncello and piano, and the Misses Allitzen, two young vocalists who, it may be remembered, made a very favourable *début* last season in London. Unfortunately, one of the sisters, being taken unwell, was unable to get through her task, so we trust soon to have another opportunity of hearing and judging of her talent. Miss Allitzen, the contralto, sang the "Three Fishers" with such dramatic force and touching pathos—says the *Brighton Gazette*—that an encore was the result, when the lady sang with equal success "Many a time." This was quite a feature of the concert, and the audience appeared electrified by the feeling she threw into the two ballads. Her emphasis might have been a little too forced sometimes, but this fault escaped notice in the general effect she produced. Madame Essipoff has given a "recital," and quite won the hearts of her audience. She is truly a most charming artist. Mr Charles Halle and Madame Norman-Neruda announces a "recital" for Tuesday morning; and next Wednesday evening Mr George Watts announces the last of his present season of orchestral and choral concerts. Mr Sims Reeves is to be the "attraction," and the great tenor will be assisted by Madame Blanche Cole, Miss Singleton, Madame Patey, Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foli, and Mr D'Alquen. Mr Watts may safely calculate on a "full house."

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Mdlle Albani is so great a favourite in Liverpool, and has won such golden opinions amongst us by her admirable singing at the festival last year and at various concerts, that her *début* on the local stage was anticipated with great interest, and the house, as a matter of course, was very full. Mdlle Albani's impersonation of Lucia was exquisite from first to last, elaborated with the greatest skill, and enacted with infinite delicacy and refinement—it was a complete triumph, culminating in such a realistic and touching representation of madness as once seen can scarcely be forgotten. Following so soon after Madame Nilsson's great representation of the same part, it is almost impossible to avoid comparisons, but in point of fact the two impersonations admit of no comparison. They are both distinct creations, essentially diverse yet equally great—thought out from a different point of view and each perfect in its way. The Lucia of Madame Nilsson is sublime in its tragedy, but the softer emotions are not brought into such prominence as in that of Mdlle Albani, which is all tenderness and yielding gentleness; it is indeed a most charming idealization histrionically, whilst vocally it is simply perfect—nothing more delicate, refined, and artistic can be conceived than Mdlle Albani's singing throughout the work; the brilliancy of her execution was only equalled by her exquisite phrasing, pure intonation, lovely voice, and breadth of style.—*Liverpool Daily Courier.*

By the St Cecilia service at St Paul's the great fact was elicited, which glows through all the clouds of failure, that an immense interest has been now established for musical celebrations of this kind. Crowds thronged to the Cathedral beyond its enormous capacity, and will no doubt do so again upon similar invitation. Forgetting, then, the mishaps of a first revival, except as lessons for the future, it may be well, even thus early, to look forward to another year; for it is only by looking well ahead that such undertakings can be properly carried out. It is not perhaps the business of the College of Organists so much as of the Cathedral authorities, to provide against a recurrence of a breakdown in the arrangements for seating band, choir, and congregation. These large musical services are happily by no means infrequent now; they have gravitated to St Paul's naturally and fitly; no one, we suppose, would now wish to discourage them. Attention ought, therefore, at once to be given to providing some special accommodation for the band and choir on such occasions; for, leaving out of sight the particular failure of St Cecilia's day, the provision for orchestral services is at no time satisfactory in the Cathedral. As we have already hinted in reporting one of these services, the construction of some kind of staging, easily moveable, and easily contractible or expansible, should be, in these days, a project not insuperable; and we can hardly imagine a more legitimate expenditure of capitular funds than such a recognition of, and provision for, our great musical church services. But leaving the engineering portion of the problem to others, some forecast of the artistic features which another celebration of St Cecilia's day should possess may not be premature. It was, perhaps, but prudent, on the occasion just past, to do nothing more than reproduce old work. But the historic traditions of the day suggest more than this; and we hope that, at a second celebration of the patron saint of church music, the art will assert its vitality by presenting some new composition of a calibre worthy to characterize the taking up of the dropped thread of St Cecilia anniversaries. Nothing is more full of life amongst us than church musical composition; and another feast of the saint around whom have been woven musical traditions should not pass without the production of an original work to mark the occasion.—*Musical Standard.*

EISENACH.—A performance of Schumann's *Paradise und Peri* was lately given by the Musical Union.

LISBON.—*Un Ballo in Maschera*, with Signore Sass, Rossi, Signori Augusti and Rota, has proved a great hit.

PESCIA.—A monument was inaugurated a short time since, in the Cathedral, to the memory of the composer, Pacini.

STETTIN.—Herr Theodor Hentschel's opera, *Das Märchen der schönen Melusine*, will shortly be produced at the Stadttheater.

BUENOS AYRES.—Verdi's *Requiem* has been given here by Signore Escalante, Mantilla de Lopez, Signori Vanzetti and Lombardelli. Sig. Bimboni was the conductor.

LEIPSIC.—Herr V. E. Nessler's three-act historico-romantic opera, *Irmingard*, has been accepted by Dr Förster, the new manager, for representation at the Stadttheater.

GENOA.—A new four-act opera, entitled *Atahualpa*, words by Sig. A. Ghislanzoni, music by Sig. Carlo Enrico Pasta, has just been produced here, with tolerable success.

CARE AND MIRTH.*

Care with heavy step doth jog,
Mirth doth wear a dancing shoe;
Care will stick in every bog,
Mirth will lightly foot it through.
Keep, O, Care, thy clog of woe,
I with Mirth will early go.

Care doth bear a heavy pack,
Stuff'd with sighs, and fears of pain;
But Mirth hath so straight a back,
Every load slips off again.
Keep, O Care, thy bag of woe,
I with Mirth will early go.

Care counts pebbles on the way,
Looks no higher than his knee;
But as Mirth trolls out his lay,
Flow'rs do blow, and sun shines free:
Earth-bound eyes no wisdom show;
I with Mirth will early go.

Care makes troubles quick of pace,
Crying out, while miles from Sorrow;
Mirth will hood her wrinkled face,
Passing her with light "Good morrow!"
Cross, O Care, a hand with woe,
I with Mirth will early go.

Barnet, Herts. MRS H. VAN LANDEGHEM.

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Confabulations Confidential.

Dr Fox.—By Abbs! that's a queer report.
Dr Goose.—What?—about old Slimbottom?
Dr Fox.—No—bother old Slimbottom!
Dr Goose.—About what then?
Dr Fox.—About C. Salaman.
Dr Goose.—How about C. Salaman?
Dr Fox.—He revises his "*Admonition.*"
Dr Goose.—You don't say!
Dr Fox. (*loudly*).—I *have* said. By Abbs!—it wanted revision.
Dr Goose.—By Adnan! it did.
Dr Fox (*quietly*).—You hunt with the hounds this winter?
Dr Goose (*undecidedly*).—Ye——s.
Dr Fox (*stealthily*).—With harriers?
Dr Goose.—No—with beagles. I stay a week with the Marquis d'Attrape-Renard, an enthusiast for the brush.

(*Exit Dr Fox, hurriedly. Dr Goose remains, astonied.*)

TIETJENS IN *ELIJAH.*

(From the "Boston Transcript" of November 9.)

The production of *Elijah* by the Handel and Haydn Society on the occasion of the visit of Mdlle Tietjens, as one of the greatest living interpreters of oratorio, to this city, will be a red-letter day in the annals of our Music Hall. The great *prima donna* sang in the double quartet with a due sense of the native dignity of her art, and made no effort to maintain more than her position as the leading voice of the eight; and yet her voice seemed almost to equal in volume the voices of all the rest. The same gracious reserve and absence of parade characterised her performances throughout. There was never any straining for effect or any eagerness to "bring down the house," and it is evident that, had the oratorio been one to better display the leading soprano than does *Elijah*, there would have been only the calm and entirely self-possessed pouring out of that matchless voice, too grand to require more than the chastest decoration of art, such as has been noted in her concert performances. In the dramatic passage, between the prophet and the widow, Mdlle Tietjens' expressiveness of phrasing was most satisfyingly exhibited and quickly recognised by the audience. Another incident was the singing of the trio "Lift thine eyes," in which Tietjens, while again artistically refraining from concentrating attention on herself, made her full melodious and ringing voice bear up all the rest.

After the performance, Mdlle Tietjens was awaited on by a number of gentlemen of the society in parlour No. 3, Revere House, who presented her with a magnificent silver epergne. Mdlle Tietjens, in accepting the gift, spoke of the enjoyment she had felt at the manner in which the oratorio had been produced, and intimated her desire to sing in future concerts in Boston.

MUSIC IN CALCUTTA.

(From our Correspondent.)

Miss Alice May has become the greatest favourite ever known here. She has excellent "notices" from every paper published in Calcutta; in fact, they have almost given up criticism in her case. The *Indian Statesman* says:—Criticism on Miss May's performances is apt to become monotonous, for, in simple justice, it has to consist of a continuous song of praise;" and *The Englishman* says—"As Elvira, Miss Alice May did the fullest justice to a part which contains some very difficult passages. Her singing was thoroughly artistic, and in her execution of some of the more florid parts she was really wonderful."—Apart from the interest felt in the company, there is considerable sympathy shown, in consequence of the "Corinthian" company being unable to carry out the contract made through their agent in Melbourne and Mr Allen. It appears that this gentleman and the directors do not agree in their views of the case, and the latter, therefore, repudiate the contract. After some law, it was found unadvisable to proceed, as the company "had no funds," and, therefore, Mr Allen had to take the theatre off their hands. However, it may turn out a better speculation for the management than had the contract been carried out; but it, nevertheless, warns all who are asked to visit India to be more than sure that the parties engaging are *able* to carry out their contract.

October 20th, 1875.

MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr Hallé's last concert was in many respects interesting, though the promised appearance of Mdlle Zaré Thalberg did not take place. The young lady had taken cold in Liverpool, and Mr Gye sent Mdlle Bianchi and Mdlle Ghioti to replace her. A "Suite" by Franz Lachner was the novelty of the evening. It was generally admired, and not least by those amateurs who are jealous of any departure from the traditions of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. Sterndale Bennett's delightful "Allegro giojoso" was splendidly played by Mr Hallé and the orchestra; and, in the second part, Mr Hallé was no less successful in a Nocturne and Polonaise by Chopin.

At Mr De Jong's concert, on Saturday, Mdme Nouver and Signor Foli were the singers, and the lady and gentleman both distinguished themselves. A flute solo by De Jong was enthusiastically encored. Among the orchestral selections were the overture to *Oberon* and Gounod's Funeral March of a Marionette.

At the Gentlemen's Concert, on Monday last, Mdme Essipoff appeared for the first time in Manchester, and played Rubinstein's 4th Concerto and Liszt's arrangement of Weber's Polonaise. It is, of course, unnecessary to say that the fair pianist achieved an unquestionable success, and the critics are unanimous in recognising the firmness of her touch, the brilliancy of her execution; and her originality was not less admired than her artistic conscientiousness. Haydn's letter T symphony, and Cherubini's overture to Lodoïska, were also in the programme. Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington sang a new scena, *Saffo*, by Randegger, with rare insight and admirable vocal skill. The scena itself was quite worthy of the fine interpretation. Mr Ed. Lloyd charmed the audience by his singing of a song from Loder's "Night Dancers," and he was no less successful in Bennett's beautiful air from *The Woman of Samaria*, "His salvation is nigh."

Mr Carl Rosa has been gleaning fame, if not gold, by the admirable performances of his opera company. *Fra Diavolo* has been the most effective of them, though *The Bohemian Girl*, we believe, drew the largest house. As yet Mr Rosa has given us no novelty; but *The Siege of Rochelle* and *Zampa* are promised. Mr Santley has appeared in *The Marriage of Figaro*, *The Trovatore*, and *Fra Diavolo*. Miss Gaylord has made a most favourable impression in *Fra Diavolo* and *The Bohemian Girl*, and Mdlle Torriani and Miss Josephine Yorke are also valuable additions to the company.

St Paul will be given at Mr Hallé's concert this week. Mr Sims Reeves is engaged for the tenor music, and Mrs Osgood for the soprano solos.

November 24, 1875.

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WAIFS.

Civil cabmen, like the brave, best deserve the fare.

Illustrations of the Power of the Press.—Cider.

Curious Geographical Fact.—Wales is at present in India.

Mr Gilbert's new fairy play will be brought out at the Court Theatre before Christmas.

Mr Henry S. Leigh is turning *La Chatte Blanche* into *The White Cat*, for the Queen's Theatre.

Mr J. P. Goldberg has been appointed a professor of singing, in the Royal Academy of Music.

The title of the new annual by the authors of *The Coming K—*, &c., will be *Edward the Seventh*.

Herr Schuberth has left town to fulfil some engagements in Holland, Germany, and Brussels, &c., &c.

Mr J. H. Cowen has left London for Binacre Hall, Suffolk, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Dudley.

Mr Sothern is expected shortly to leave England, so as to reach New York in January, to fulfil a professional engagement.

The Bristol Musical Festival of 1876 has been fixed for October 16th, and following days. Mr Charles Hallé has accepted the conductorship.

The prospectus has been issued of a new Gaiety Theatre contemplated at the west-end of Brighton, for the production of opera-bouffe, ballet, and comedy.

M. Beer, formerly a music-publisher in New York, but resident for some years in Paris, has been made an officer of the Persian Order of the Lion and the Sun.

Ferdinand Hiller proposes to give, at the Gürzenich concerts, this season, Verdi's *Requiem*, Carissimi's *Jonah*, Bach's *Matthew Passion*, and Handel's *Alexander's Feast*.

A new drama by Mr Wilkie Collins will, it is said, shortly see the light at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. Miss Ada Cavendish will represent the heroine.

Up to the present time, the band-masters of the Italian army have been ranked as corporals. The Minister of war has announced his intention of giving them in future the grade of officers.

An old author quaintly remarks :—"Avoid arguments with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted; and, when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up."

According to the *Voss'sche Zeitung* the luxurious Wahnfried Villa which R. Wagner erected at Bayreuth, to symbolise the peace (*Fried*') which he obtained on getting of his illusions (*Wahn*), is advertised for sale. The price asked is 15,000 thalers.

Balzac says that Parisian ladies have a genius for graceful walking, and seem to imprint in the fold of their robe the mould of their tiny feet. When an English or a German lady atempts this step, he states, "they have the air of a grenadier marching to attack a *redoute*."

M. Henri de Bornier, the successful author of the *Fille de Roland*, the play which is acted nearly every other night at the Théâtre Français, is a candidate for the seat left vacant in the French Academy, by M. de Rémusat's death. M. Jules Simon is also a candidate for the seat.

An engineer in Liverpool when going on board his steamer was accosted by a son of Erin's Isle, "Got all your hands engaged, sur?" "Well, no. What can you do?" "Sure, an' I can either trim or foire." "Have you ever been at sea before?" "D'ye think I came from Ireland in a cart?"

Some Milanese journals speak in enthusiastic terms of a new baritone singer, by name George Walker, Italianised into Giorgio Valcheri. They say that his voice is of extraordinary beauty, resonance, power, and compass, and that he sings and acts like an artist of the highest culture.

Investigation has shown that not only persons of great mental capacity, but also lunatics, occasionally possess brains which are considerably heavier than the average brains possessed by ordinary but sane people. Tell this to the man with a big hat when he next remarks upon the capacity of his head.

The *Morgen Post*, of Vienna, in their "Personal Nachrichten," says that their highly-esteemed countryman, Mr J. P. Goldberg, has just left Vienna for London, where he has been staying for a short time, on a visit to his aged mother, who had been suddenly taken seriously ill, but, we are glad to say, is now out of danger.

A new ballet entitled *India; or, the Prince of Wales's visit to our Eastern Empire*, is in preparation at the South London Palace of Amusement, and will shortly be produced on a scale of great magnificence.

John Bright makes the sweeping assertion that in mental power girls are not inferior to boys. There is room for discrimination here. Girls differ from boys as one star from another in glory; and it would be a mistake to say that the constellation Virgo is either inferior or superior in power to the constellation Aries.

Six busts of the finest white marble, representing the first six Roman Emperors, have been placed in the Louvre recently. They were discovered in Africa, and, although evidently many centuries old, they are as perfect as if chiselled yesterday. The modelling of the faces is said to be very fine, the profile of the Augustus especially so.

The police of San Francisco recently captured and locked up a Chinese theatre—actors, spectators and all—for violating a city ordinance which requires all places of amusement to close at 1 o'clock. The Chinese, for whose benefit the ordinance was particularly intended, disregarded it, and kept up the infernal tom-tom night after night until early morning.

Spitz, Spitze, Spider, Crab, is the title of the forthcoming pantomime at the Grecian Theatre. Mr George Conquest is to be the Crab. The famous pantomimist has, for something like eight months, turned his studies in the crab direction. He has made more than a dozen models, has passed a week in the Brighton Aquarium, and has listened to the sage counsel of Mr Frank Buckland.

We give the following exactly as we have received it :—"*Sir, I have a hold dog that is worn out and I ham going to have it disstroyed but I wish to try an experiment upon it first Sir I wish to see how it wold act upon ratts when it was mad if you will oblige me by leting me know what will do it through your paper I should feel thankfull.*"—If the society of such an amiable owner does not drive the poor dog mad, we do not know what would.

Mdlle Tietjens has been somewhat astonished at Americans, and especially disgusted with some of the critics. A few days after her arrival, says an exchange, she wanted to go home, and begged Mr Strakosch to release her from her engagement. And with good cause; for the present critics on the New York daily press seem unusually stupid. Thus: the *Times* man heard her sing the "Last Rose of Summer," and criticised it as "Home, sweet home."

The programme of competitions for the Great National Welsh Eisteddfod of 1876, at Wrexham, is now completed, and the adjudicators have all been selected and published. The programme embraces Welsh and English subjects in poetry, prose, translations (Welsh English, and Latin), music (vocal, instrumental, and composition), art, science, and history, and others, for which nearly £1000 is offered in prizes. An art exhibition on a large scale is being arranged to be held in connection with the Eisteddfod.

"At a swell-wedding lately in England," observes the *Chicago Tribune*, "the Ladies Gwendoline and Muriel Talbot wore mob-caps. The mob-cap is a loose bag of net, edged round with a broad frill, and tied between the frill and the crown with a gray ribbon, and having a bow in front. Our girls would call the mob-cap dowdy and trying, but, on a girl with any kind of a rolling eye, it wears a saucy and piquant expression. Ladies Gwendoline and Muriel may have looked cute and sweet in them, but not all the blue blood of all the Howards and Talbots combined can resuscitate the fashion of mob-caps, except for night furniture."

"As Vesta was descending," a very fine specimen of the madrigalian school, is remarkable for the admirable counterpoint in the development of the subject introduced with the words, "Long live fair Oriana." This is taken up consecutively by second tenors, first sopranos, second sopranos, basses, first tenors, altos, when basses are heard singing the subject in notes eight times lengthened, with imitative points going on in the other parts. Further on, another effect is produced by basses giving subject four times lengthened. Thomas Weelkes, Mus. Bac., Oxon., was organist of Winchester Cathedral, and afterwards held same post at Chichester.—T. Duff Short.

Mdlle Victoria Bunsen was unanimously and deservedly recalled after Rossini's beautiful cavatina, "Oh, Patria" (*Tancredi*), at the last Crystal Palace Saturday Concert. The beautiful contralto voice of this young Swedish lady has greatly improved during the last year or two. She has just returned from a tour in her own country, where she has been serenaded and generally received as an artist worthy to maintain the credit already achieved by her compatriots. With the patriotism peculiar to the Swedes, Mdlle Bunsen's second contribution consisted of national melodies, when she was accompanied by her sister, Mdlle Felicia Bunsen, who is a talented and accomplished pianist.—*Court Circular*.

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M. NIEDZIELSKI, having just finished several Provincial Engagements, the most recent of which was at Brighton, where he was enthusiastically received, can now accept ENGAGEMENTS, Singly, or with his Vocal and Instrumental Concert Party, in London or the Country. The *Coventry Standard* says: "The great Polish violinist, M. Niedzielski, cannot be too highly praised. Suffice it to say that his marvellous execution upon the violin evoked deserved and enthusiastic applause, the performer being brought before the footlights again and again." He has also been as highly praised by foreign and London journals. Address, Care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

HERR MEHL (Baritone) is open for ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Oratorios, Private Soirées, &c., and to receive Pupils. Address—21, Percy Villas, Bridge Avenue, Hammersmith, W.

MDME ANTOINETTE STERLING begs to announce that she will be detained in New York by Engagements there until Christmas, and cannot return to London until early in January. In the meanwhile, all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS after that time addressed to her at her residence, 9, St George's Square, Belgravia, W., will receive immediate attention.

MADAME EDITH WYNNE has returned to Town, and requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS be addressed direct to her residence, 18, Bentinck Street, Manchester Square, W.

HERMANN FRANKE (Concertmeister, from Dresden) Principal Violin and Soloist of Mr Edward De Jong's Orchestra, Manchester, begs that all applications for ENGAGEMENTS as Soloist, and for Lessons, in London and elsewhere, be addressed to Mr W. B. HEALEY, care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W. HERR HERMANN FRANKE will play "FANTAISIE CAPRICE" (VIEUXTEMPS), at Bolton, This Day, Dec. 11.

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"The most interesting feature was, perhaps, the singing by Mdme Nilsson of two songs by Mr J. W. Davison, a gentleman who, in his capacity of composer, is much too little known. The ballads we allude to were 'I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden,' one of a set of vocal illustrations of Shelley, and 'Sweet Village Bells,' words by the late Desmond Ryan; the music in either case being of high artistic merit, and worthy the notice of the famous artist to whom the public are indebted for their acquaintance with the compositions. Mdme Nilsson's success was unequivocal, the vocalist being recalled to the platform no less than three times."—*Concordia*.

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R. WAGNER, HIS SWAN, AND HIS LITTLE SPEECHES.

The principal event of the week has been the performance of *Tannhäuser* in its lengthened form. That it might fill the most capacious ear, the performance lasted something over four hours, with the co-operation of a Swan, several horses, a pack of hounds, and all the Wagnerites sojourning in Vienna. The horses and hounds behaved very becomingly; the Swan, however, behaved most unbecomingly. It took Leda under its wing and so annoyed her with its importunities, that, probably, such an exhibition for the instruction of the public in Mythology was never before witnessed in a Court Theatre. To the pure, we know, all things are pure; it is for this reason that females who sing chansonnetes and such like improper compositions, are invited to the drawing rooms of the high aristocracy, for the purpose of there pouring forth their immoral strains. But the allusions must not be too plain, and there are limits even for a Swan. Since, however, an Imperial and Royal Operahouse Swan conducts itself in so unseemly a fashion, fathers of families who think of taking their daughters to a new opera, or an old one revived, will, in future, be under the necessity of first enquiring: "Can you tell me, if you please, whether there is a Swan in the new opera?" Young ladies who were present at the last performance of *Tannhäuser* will, perhaps, when they next visit the Town-Park, and stroll past the pond, conceal their faces in what is termed the bosom of their Governess, as they anxiously exclaim: "Ah! Mademoiselle! a swan, a swan!" and those who have the care of the Park will, in order to spare the just susceptibilities of fair visitors, end by being compelled to furnish all the swans with trousers. Thanks to my intimate relations with the management of the Imperial Operahouse, relations which, as I scarcely ever go to see a performance and never write about one, are based upon mutual respect, I have become acquainted with the fact that the Swan which in *Tannhäuser* plays company to Leda is the same that in *Lohengrin* is harnessed to the boat of the Knight of the Holy Graal. Our expectations, however, that on taking leave of the Swan, Leda would favour us with Lohengrin's well-known song: "Nun sei bedankt, mein lieber Schwan!" were not fulfilled.

As a matter of course, the Master was called for, and we cannot help thinking that he set an example worthy of imitation by not appearing on the stage after every call, in order, according to the custom of authors, to wag his coat-tails thankfully, and, by a few capers, to express, mimically, his deep emotion at the approbation of the public, that is, of the claque. It was not till after the conclusion of the performance that the Master allowed himself to be carried away by his feelings into returning thanks from the stage. As Nature, however, has fashioned him very delicately, so that we might almost believe that, at his creation, she had in her mind the proportions of the Bayreuth Theatre rather than those of a theatre in a large capital; as his appearance might not have been observed; and as, furthermore, it would have clashed with theatrical tradition for his wife to have taken him up in her arms for the purpose of showing him to the assembled multitude, he was obliged to make a short speech, in order that, if not seen, he might, at least, be heard.

But Herr Wagner is as unfortunate in his speeches as the Pope in his telegraphic blessings, or the late low comedian, Scholz, with the new pieces he selected for his benefit, or our own Stuwer with his fireworks, or Ernst Eckstein, the literary old-clothesman, with his stories. Whenever the Pope has blessed a sick person by telegraph, he has always been unfortunate enough to have the telegraphee die forthwith; when Scholz chose a piece for his benefit, he had the misfortune of always seeing it prove a failure; when Stuwer announced a display of fireworks, he had the misfortune of being favoured with rain which gradually developed into a general and copious downpour; when Ernst Eckstein throws a new story on the market, he has regularly the misfortune of finding the purport of his story related much better in an old Meidinger anecdote; and, when Richard Wagner makes a speech in public, he has the misfortune of always deeply insulting some one or other. Thus, on the present occasion, he insulted the ladies and gentlemen who sang in his opera, when he assured the public of his readiness to enchant them with his other operas, "so far as the existing means of execution would permit."

When any one has sung himself hoarse for four hours, and expects that, at the conclusion of the performance, the thankful composer, a prey to emotion, will hand him a packet of sweetmeats, it must certainly be very painful to be treated to a box on the ear in the shape of the assertion that he is a miserable duffer. However, although the *maestro* is not on principle averse to indulging in such playful surprises, we believe that on this occasion he was misunderstood. When, in an opera, six horses, nine hounds, and a swan, are employed besides the singers, the latter cannot be so brazen-faced as to assert that the charge of insufficiency is to be understood as applying to them alone. It is possible that Herr Wagner may contemplate shortly introducing in one of his operas from the Sagas of the Northern Divinities fifteen tame Polar bears, and that he is tortured by melancholy apprehension lest the resources of Vienna in bears may not be equal to the performance of the opera.

In a speech to the offended artists, however, Herr Wagner endeavoured to calm their excitement. Of course, in so doing he had the misfortune deeply to insult some one else. Fortunately, on this occasion, it was only the journalists who were the sufferers, and an insult offered to them may always calculate on meeting with thankful ears in the artistic world. In his speech to the singers, Herr Wagner exclaimed: "I hate the newspapers, because they endeavoured to render my efforts ridiculous; I never read a newspaper!" If the *maestro* had declared: "I hate journalists, because they endeavoured to render *me* ridiculous!" every one would find such a course intelligible; every great man does not possess the calm soul of Socrates, who, when Aristophanes tried, in *The Clouds*, to turn him into ridicule, rose laughingly from his seat, so that the public might the better compare the original with the caricature. But that, because, some one has now and then in a newspaper laughed at the composer's exaggerations, Herr Wagner should resolve to know nothing of the insurrection in the Herzogovina, or of the Sonzogno trial, or of Prince Bismarck's speeches, or, in short, of the other interesting topics contained in a newspaper, strikes us as, in the highest degree, comic.* On calm reflection, he will be compelled to admit that it was he himself who on several occasions provoked the humour, and if, because people often find the comical points in his character comic, he no longer reads a newspaper, it is just as if a man, because his companion in a railway carriage once made a joke on his long nose, should resolve never to travel again by rail. Yet it is not so easy to break one's self of a long nose as of other objectionable things.

The *maestro's* susceptibility is the more striking as he is fond of giving the reins to his own comic vein, and has repeatedly endeavoured to cast ridicule on the efforts of others. Let anyone only read his jokes on the composer of *Les Huguenots*, and other eminent men. It is true that Meyerbeer cannot avenge himself and declare in a public speech: "I hate Richard Wagner for attempting to render my operas ridiculous, and I no more read his writings than I listen to his operas," because Meyerbeer is dead. And this is an advantage always enjoyed by the satirist who makes the Dead ridiculous, over him who lashes the weaknesses of the Living.—*Neue Freie Presse.*

MADRID.—Signora Fossa and Signor Stagno, as Selika and Vasco di Gama, respectively, have made a very favourable impression at the Italian Opera.

PESTH.—The Abbate Franz Liszt is expected here about the middle of January. He is at present busily engaged, at Rome, in completing an oratorio.

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* Considering, however, that Jupiter Wagner really reads, in his earthly residence at the Hôtel Impérial, all the papers of Vienna, he will have been able to see that on this occasion the leading critics have been unanimous in praising the admirable manner in which *Tannhäuser* has been put upon the stage. His hate, as unjust as fiery, will, therefore, in no way affect us. This laughable language about newspapers is held by every one, from individuals of the very highest rank down to the most insignificant nobody who has to appear in a public capacity. There is not a single ambitious, vain man who will admit he reads the papers; and yet every such being suffers from insupportable nervousness if the paper is accidentally wanting. This is an old story, which will remain new as long as the little Gods of Earth are untruthful to themselves, and badly behaved children break the looking-glass because it does its duty, and faithfully mirrors the reality.

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CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

Going steadily and in masterly style through the Beethoven series, Mr Manns presented last Saturday the fourth symphony, which was executed it is needless to say how perfectly. The next most important instrumental work was Gounod's overture to *La Nonne Sanglante*—interesting and graceful, like everything Gounod has written, and very dramatic—one may even say melodramatic—in character. Having but little faith in the descriptive power of music, and being quite unable to understand a story told in music, unless previously instructed through the medium of ordinary language as to its drift—never, moreover, having read *The Bleeding Nun*—we cannot tell whether the overture to *La Nonne Sanglante* is dramatic in the highest sense of the word; but it is full of contrasts, and it suggests mystery. It conveys hints too of the supernatural world or—what comes to the same thing—of the incantation music in—*Robert le Diable*. Whether "the bleeding nun" was brought again to life like the full-blooded and fascinating nuns who were resuscitated by Robert, M. Gounod's elegant music does not clearly make known. But, like all music worth hearing, the overture to *La Nonne Sanglante* is self-sufficing and interesting for its own sake. It would form an equally appropriate introduction to the *Castle of Otranto* or the *Mysteries of Udolfo*. Of course, there are passages in it which remind one of *Faust*, as, indeed, there are in everything M. Gounod has written.

The solo instrumentalist of the day was Mr Holmes, who played the violin part in a concerto of his own. All eminent violinists seem to have been composers; and the early violinists, the Viottis and Corellis, are known in the present day not merely by their historical reputation, but by their written works. Continuing in some measure the ancient and respectable tradition, Tartini, Paganini, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, Sivori, Joachim, Wilhelmj, and Holmes have each and all written for their own particular instrument; and it would be impossible to disguise the fact that most of these distinguished artists have produced works unworthy of their talent as executants. Madame Norman-Néruda is the only violinist of high merit we can call to mind who has never written the smallest "elegy" or "romance"—not to speak of those sonatas and even concertos in which the more daring spirits indulge. For that reason we shall always honour Madame Norman-Néruda. Alone among violinists she has composed nothing for the violin; which does not prevent her from playing every piece of violin music she undertakes with as much feeling as though she herself had produced it. As for Mr Holmes, he proclaims himself to every one who hears him a brilliant performer. He is a musician, too, in every sense of the word. Perhaps, for that reason, his works are more likely to be appreciated by musicians than by the general public. The worst of violinists' music is that it contains such an abundance of passages for the violin. Thus what is called a concerto often turns out to be little more than a long series of exercises more or less skilfully put together, and furnished with an orchestral accompaniment. This remark is not intended to apply specially to Mr Holmes' composition, in which the orchestra is often very effectively handled where the solo instrument is silent. Many composers, less studious and less able than Mr Holmes, have written more agreeable music. But England does not possess so many composers that she can afford to dispense with the labours of the brothers Holmes; and it must be admitted that the violin concerto of the one brother, like the recently produced cantata (*Jeanne d'Arc*) of the other, found plenty of admirers at the Crystal Palace.

The vocal music at this concert was contributed by Madlle Ida Corani, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli. Madlle Corani is a *débutante*, so far as England is concerned, and she sang on Saturday for the first time in this country. In spite of her youth, she has filled leading parts for at least one season at the principal Italian theatres; and, if she were to appear next summer at either of our Operahouses as Amina, Lucia, Linda, or, above all, as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, she might reckon beforehand on the most complete success. The music of Oscar in *Un Ballo in Maschera* would also be perfectly suited to her clear transparent voice of the purest soprano type and to her equally brilliant and sympathetic style. On the occasion of her first appearance before a London public (Sydenham is, we believe, included by our statisticians within the limits of what is called "Greater London"), Mdlle Ida Corani sang the cavatina of *La Sonnambula*, in which her expressive delivery of the slow movement at once gained for her the favour of the audience. In the concluding movement the young artist displayed remarkable facility of execution. Indeed, only a consummate vocalist can sing this familiar but always beautiful air from beginning to end as it should be sung, and as it was sung on Saturday by Mdlle Ida Corani. The new singer was afterwards heard in two well-chosen lieder — one by Taubert, the other by Brahms—both of which she delivered with good enunciation in English. Taubert's little song, for beauty and finish, may well be called a "gem"—and a gem perfectly set. There is much pathos, too, in the simple ballad (a species of lullaby) by Brahms, of which the second verse, sung throughout *mezza voce*, has a charming effect. Such compositions as these are better fitted for the concert room than any kind of operatic air; and so perfect was Mdlle Corani's *mezza voce* in Brahm's cradle song, that she was called upon to repeat both verses.

It seldom happens that at a high-class instrumental concert, such as those of the Crystal Palace, vocal music is so well represented as it was at the concert of Saturday. The tenor, Mr Edward Lloyd, was worthy of the admirable soprano, and the bass, Signor Foli, worthy of both. The former distinguished himself by his excellent singing of the beautiful tenor solo in Bennett's *May Queen* (we should have been glad to hear the entire work, with Mdlle. Ida Corani, Mr Edward Lloyd, and Signor Foli in the principal parts), the latter was heard to great advantage in the air for Eleazar in *La Juive*.

SHAVER SILVER.

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MUSIC IN MANCHESTER.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

The rival Italian Opera performances came to an end on Saturday evening. The Queen's Theatre was crowded to excess every time Mdme Nilsson played; and your readers only require to be told that she sang in *Faust*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Les Huguenots*, to understand the effect she produced. One of the great sensations of the week was Madlle Albani's Elsa in *Lohengrin*. Of the performance of this opera generally I will only say that it was at least better than we expected; but with Madlle Albani's singing and acting as the heroine every one was more than charmed. I hear but one opinion about it. Madlle Varesi won universal praise as Lucia, Gilda, the Queen in *Les Huguenots*, and as Donna Elvira in *Don Giovanni*, at the Queen's Theatre, where Mdme Trebelli sang in nearly every opera—how, it is perfectly unnecessary to say. Herr Behrens has made very great progress, and his Marcel and Leporello were both admired. I ought not to forget Signor Brignoli, who sang magnificently in *Don Giovanni*; and perhaps never, since his return from America, did this fine singer produce greater effect than by his thoroughly artistic delivery of "Il mio tesoro," which narrowly escaped the honour of a double encore. At the Prince's Theatre, where Mr. Gye's company played *Lohengrin*, MadlleZaré Thalberg appeared twice with unquestionable success, once as Zerlina, and once as Dinorah, in which this exceedingly clever and highly gifted young lady acts with far more animation than in *Don Giovanni*. One of the most agreeable performances of the week was that of the *Figlia del Regimento*, at this theatre, in which Mdlle Bianchi had a success, of the kind, I believe, it is the fashion to call "enormous." M. Maurel greatly pleased our local amateurs, but M. Naudin was not in sufficiently good voice to do justice to himself.

Mr Hallé's concert, last week, was very pleasant, and the band gave one of the finest performances of the Scotch Symphony ever heard in Manchester. Mr Hallé, himself, played Beethoven's C minor concerto with unfailing insight and irrepressible execution. Mdlle Bianchi and Signor Medini were the only singers. Last night there was a concert of classical chamber music, at the concert-hall. I am sure I need do no more than give you the names of the executants—Madame Norman-Néruda, Messrs Hallé, Straus, and Vieuxtemps:—

Trio—violin, viola, and violoncello, Serenade in D (Beethoven); Glees, "Thy voice, O harmony" (Webbe), and "Blow, blow, thou winter wind" (Stevens); Duet—pianoforte and violin, Sonata in A, No 17 (Mozart); Part-song, "Come, Dorothy, come" (Swabian volkslied); Solo violin, Sonata in D (Corelli); Glee, "Ye spotted snakes" (Stevens); Quartet—pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello, in E flat (Rheinberger).

The *Messiah* will be given, in the Free Trade Hall, this week, on Thursday and Friday, conducted by Mr Hallé, with Mdmes Sherrington and Patey, Mr Cummings and Signor Foli as principal singers; and, on Saturday (conducted by Mr De Jong), with Mdme Blanche Cole, Miss D'Alton, Mr Barton McGuckin, and Signor Foli as the soloists.

December 15, 1875.

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MUSIC AT ETON.

(From "Concordia.")

Eton College has just come before the public in a manner not altogether suggestive of the peace and harmony which should reign within such classic precincts. It does this now and then. Needs must that an institution with which the welfare of many persons is bound up should become the scene of occasional jarrings and strife, and as the College occupies a quasi-public position, the temptation is to wash its dirty linen full in the eyes of the world. With this, however, we have nothing to do. Mr Browning's relations to Dr Hornby are no concern of ours, and we only refer to the matter for the sake of contrast. Yonder are the Eton masters squabbling among themselves, writing to the papers, signing "round robins" and what not besides. That is one picture. The other is presented by Eton College in the act of submitting to a new law which practically makes the study of music an obligation upon its pupils. Every boy in the Fourth Form, according to Dr Hornby's vigorous edict, must go through a course of musical study; and, as nearly all reach that moderate eminence, it follows that only an insignificant minority, if any, will quit Eton without learning something of the art. Even if we look at the advance thus made with reference to Eton alone, we cannot fail to recognise it as a subject for congratulation—*auspicium melioris ævi*. This is no ordinary school which adds music to its necessary studies, and these are no ordinary boys who are required to submit to the regulation. Of course we do not mean that the capacity for excellence in music or anything else is found to a greater extent beneath the shadow of Windsor Castle than at Harrow or Rugby, or, indeed, at any elementary school. The accidents of life confer rank and wealth upon a limited class, but the higher gifts of mind and soul are bestowed by nature with an impartial hand. More than this, it must be held, as Mr Gladstone holds, that genius in art is oftener a possession of the humble and poor than of the rich and great. We shall not be mistaken, therefore, when we refer to the distinctive position held by Eton College and those who are educated within its walls. Nobody expects any amount of musical teaching there given to produce composers and artists, but it may do service quite as useful. We will endeavour to show how.

In the first place, the absolute recognition of music at Eton will impress a sense of its importance upon an influential class of society. For years past the art has had a kind of half-footing within the school, being treated with a contemptuous tolerance more harmful than absolute exclusion. The boys who chose to learn it were permitted to do so after a fashion; and those who did not were equally free to let it alone. Music, in point of fact, occupied a lower position, regarded as a branch of training, than the various forms of physical exercise which our "golden youth" have lifted to the rank of a muscular religion. A boy who held aloof from the playing fields and the river—if any did so—was regarded as an infidel. He who shunned the music-class did a thing so common that the fact was never noticed. The influence of this upon the pupils scarcely needs to be pointed out. An art appeared of little value which the rules allowed them to neglect, and the idea thus formed was conceived at the most impressionable age by young men destined, for the most part, to occupy places of influence in society. Instead of being a centre of "sweetness and light," Eton, as regards music, was rather a hot-bed for the propagation of Philistinism. It countenanced and sustained a form of snobbery prominently represented by the letter-writing Earl of Chesterfield, whose son was, very likely, an Etonian, and who himself is the type of an order by no means extinct. Music, certainly, was to him, as it still is to not a few patricians and their imitators, a thing of value enough to render tolerable the existence of necessarily low people its professors, whose pursuits, however, no gentleman could join in without losing caste. "Let the fiddle alone," counselled the Earl, "it is all very well for fiddlers, but you, my son, are," &c., &c. Doubtless this stupid prejudice has long been waning—a fact which hardly needed the apparition of a Royal Prince fiddling on a public orchestra to demonstrate. But contemptuous tolerance of music still exists among the *jeunesse dorée* to a greater extent than is, perhaps, allowed to appear, and this is why the new Eton law assumes an importance stretching beyond its direct action. Upon its immediate results we will not insist, though a professor like Mr Barnby inspires confidence in the thoroughness of the teaching, and the earnestness which will pervade the music-room. What seems to us of more value is the fact that henceforth the art stands before the eyes of Eton youth clothed with the dignity of a recognised branch of study, and essential to the training of a gentleman.

It is a pity that the musical reform at our greatest public school has come so late in the day. *Interdum vulgus rectum videt.* The study of music at Eton is made an essential after its importance has long been recognised in the education of the poorer classes. One of the earliest acts of the School Board for London was to appoint an Inspector whose business it is to stimulate and direct the energies of the teachers in the matter of musical training; and we know as a fact that, with regard to the "divine art," most of our boasted public schools are behind many of those called into existence by Mr Forster and the "wisdom of Parliament." A contrast so humiliating will not long affect Eton. Mr Barnby has now all the liberty of action he can desire, and, unless we are greatly deceived in him, he will soon make musical education at that illustrious school a real thing. When Eton leads, other institutions of a like character must follow, and the probability is that a wave of zeal on behalf of music will now sweep over the England of education. It is time. Too long have we given ourselves up to what are called "material interests," running after wealth and position, as though such things were the end and aim of life, to the neglect of that gentle culture which makes of faculties common to all a source of undying pleasure, and lifts us to the true dignity of manhood—a dignity which the peasant may, in his degree, share with the prince. Every step that nears a change for the better in this respect is one to be received with a hearty welcome; wherefore we congratulate Eton upon taking its place as a school of music, and wish it in that capacity "long continuance and increasing."

FRAULEIN ANNA MEHLIG'S RECITAL.

One of the most enjoyable concerts of this season, was the one which Fräulein Anna Mehlig gave on Thursday, 9th inst., at St James's Hall, with the assistance of Mdme Annette Essipoff, Fräulein Sophie Löwe, and Herr Wilhelmj. The concert commenced with Bach's Praeludium and Fugue in G minor, finely executed by the fair artist, who was subsequently heard in Weber's Sonata in A flat, which she played with a delightful appreciation of its beauties. The softness and delicacy of her *pianissimo* passages, in the last movement of this beautiful sonata, were particularly admired. Mdlle Mehlig's other solos were a Nocturne by Chopin, and one of the "Soirées de Vienne," arranged by Liszt, both of which were capitally played. A most charming performance was that of Schubert's Rondo in B minor, for pianoforte and violin, by Mdlle Mehlig and Herr Wilhelmj. It was given with a dash and vigour that could scarcely be surpassed. The admirable qualities of Herr Wilhelmj's playing were so much appreciated that, after his performance of the Romance from Chopin's Concerto in E, he was "recalled," when he gave one of his own composition. Among the most interesting items in the programme were the joint performances of Mdme Annette Essipoff and Fräulein Mehlig, in Herr Reinecke's "Impromptu" for two pianofortes, on a theme from Schumann's *Manfred*—played in such a manner that the listeners might have fancied Thorwaldsen's "Graces" had associated themselves with Anderssen's "Fairies"—and Schumann's "Andante con variazione," also for two pianofortes, both performances being perfect. The performers did not gratify the desire of the audience, who wished to hear both pieces over again—a desire that was also expressed after each of Mdlle Mehlig's solo performances. The vocalist was Fräulein Sophie Löwe, a daughter of Herr Feodor Löwe, one of the most renowned German actors. Fräulein Löwe gave Brahm's "Ruhe Süssliebchen" and "Sonntag," and Nos. 1 and 2 of Schumann's "Frauenliebe und Leben," accompanied by Sir Julius Benedict, and was called upon to repeat Brahm's "Sonntag."

Before concluding my report of this delightful concert, I think it my duty to acknowledge the graceful kindness Mdme Essipoff showed to her colleague, by giving her valuable assistance to a concert which their joint efforts rendered so successful. Such a sign of congeniality between great performers on the same instrument is most agreeable to record. SIGMUND MENKES.

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ALEXANDRA PALACE.

The favourable reception accorded some time ago to the revival of *Esther* fully justified the second performance given on Saturday. The production of Handel's first English oratorio confers high credit on those who superintend the management of the Saturday Concerts now held week after week in the lesser music-hall of this vast and splendid building. Special acknowledgments are due to Mr H. Weist Hill, responsible adviser in all the arrangements connected with this particular department. To more competent hands such an office could hardly have been intrusted. Mr Hill is not merely a well-informed musician, but an excellent conductor, as has already been proved, both in his direction of choral and orchestral works. He has under control an orchestra strong alike in numbers and efficiency, and he uses the "*bâton*" with the ease and surety of an experienced practitioner. His chorus, too, which may take just pride in the title of the "Alexandra Palace Chorus," is evidently trained to answer all purposes. Each has been fairly tested in a work which, though exhibiting all the characteristic mannerisms of Handel, may be regarded as something comparatively new. To earnest students of Handel, and to amateurs of his Biblical lyric dramas, to which in so many instances the now somewhat vague term "oratorio" is applied, the pieces that make up *Esther*—not alone its frequently played overture, but its other numbers—are more or less familiar. True, the original autograph manuscript has been hidden, like a half-buried classic, in a library not usually open to general inspection; but the printed editions, from those of Walsh and Arnold down to those of Lucas and Chrysander, varying as they materially do, have been at the ready command of all those who choose to seek them out. Many other oratorios, from the same exhaustless pen, have, time out of mind, lain on the shelf, only to be consulted by eager votaries; and *Esther* has suffered no worse neglect than some of these, which—instance *Balthazar*, *Deborah* (performed the other night at Exeter Hall by the Sacred Harmonic Society), &c.—are of equal, if not superior, power. It was a happy thought, nevertheless, on the part of the Alexandra Palace Directors, as musical archæologists, to revive the work; and it is not at all unlikely that we shall hear more of it, inasmuch as it offers not a few occasions for the "solo" vocalists to show their capabilities. True, that the choral portions have, for the most part, a far higher significance; but it will be generally admitted that a considerable majority, however imposing they may find the choruses, entertain a sly predilection for the songs, duets, &c.—in oratorio as well as in opera; and, after all, if this were not the case, what would become of our famous sopranos, tenors, contraltos, baritones, and basses?

The second performance of *Esther* at the Alexandra Palace—in spite of some disappointments—was manifestly superior to the first. The execution of many of the choruses being remarkable for precision. We may single out from the rest "Ye sons of Israel mourn," one of those pathetic outbursts in which Handel has scarcely known a rival, and which, but that it comes again after the air "O Jordan, sacred tide!" (admirably sung by Madlle Enriquez), would have certainly been repeated, in obedience to the unanimously expressed desire of those among the audience unaware that it forms the sequel and brings the first part of the oratorio to an end. "Virtue, truth, and innocence," the peroration to Part II., the "Invocation," "He comes to end our woes," at the beginning of Part III., and "The Lord our enemy has slain," which, notwithstanding a certain diffuseness, attributable to the episodical interruptions of the solo voices, is conceived and developed in Handel's most impressive and magnificent style, were also among the choral displays most worthy recognition. The orchestra throughout left little or nothing to desire. The "additional accompaniments" to the original score, supplied by Mr J. Halberstadt, are for the greater part unobtrusive and judicious. The "disappointments" to which reference has been made were the absence of Mr Vernon Rigby and Mdme Blanche Cole, who were respectively set down for the principal tenor and soprano parts. But the young and rising artist, Mr William Shakespeare, was an excellent substitute for the former, and Mdme Nouver, with real ability, took the place of the latter. The melodious duet, "Who calls my parting soul," was so well given that a repetition was asked for too emphatically to be declined. The other parts were assigned to Messrs Howells and Wadmore—the latter a baritone from our Royal Academy of Music, and one of the "prize-winners" at the National Music Meetings instituted by Mr Willert Beale at the Crystal Palace. Both obtained well deserved recognition.—*Times*, Dec. 6.

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BIRMINGHAM.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

When my visits to the metropolis of the midlands were confined to a period of once in three years, and taking up my abode at the "Queen's," I beheld the success, artistic and pecuniary, of the great and justly celebrated triennial festivals, in common with many others I was under the impression that Birmingham was a really musical town, musical in the highest acceptation of the term. Some years of residence, and a literally regular attendance at its concerts have, however, served to dispel that fond illusion, and I have gradually and surely (if reluctantly) arrived at the conclusion that the Birmingham public does not care for music in its best sense. If argument or illustration be wanted to prove this assertion, could anything more striking be adduced than the fact that the Festival Choral Society, established as far back as 1845, and which has rendered such eminent service, and contributed so largely to the musical results of the Festivals, fails to command more than a scanty audience but half filling the Town Hall, and is year after year a financial failure. Take their second concert for instance. If there are any two names illustrious in the divine art, and which should attract above all a Birmingham public, for whom such masterpieces as *Elijah* and *The Woman of Samaria* were expressly written, it should surely be Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett; and yet when the *Loreley* of the one, and the *May Queen* of the other are announced with thoroughly capable artists, and the super-added inducement of a new cantata by a clever and rising townsman, what does one see? The great gallery nearly empty, the side galleries sparsely filled, and the floor a "world too wide" for its few occupants. Whether, under these adverse and discouraging circumstances, the society will much longer continue its struggling existence is an open question. Nor is it the Festival Choral Society alone that has suffered by the indifference of Birmingham to music of the higher order. Messrs Harrisons and Messrs Adams and Beresford could tell a tale of how, season after season, they had given chamber concerts with artists of recognized position, such as Mdme Norman-Neruda, Charles Hallé, &c., and failed to clear their expenses; while, in former years, Messrs Flavell and others made equally futile attempts to improve public taste. The complaint, therefore, is one of old standing, and, judging by present symptoms, one not very likely to be speedily cured.

In the *May Queen* the solo parts were sustained by Miss Jessie Jones, a soprano with a pleasing, if not powerful, voice; Miss Dones, a contralto of some promise; Mr Edward Lloyd, who has fairly and honourably earned the position he holds as one of the best of English tenors; and Mr Hilton, a painstaking bass; one and all exerting their powers, with credit to themselves and satisfaction to their hearers, in the ever charming and delightful pastoral of our greatest English composer; while in Mendelssohn's fragment of his, alas! unfinished opera, Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington worthily sustained her well-won reputation. Mr Anderton has chosen for his cantata a subject peculiarly amenable to musical treatment, the familiar poem of Cowper, *John Gilpin;* and, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the words, has produced a work well worthy the notice of choral societies in particular, and the approbation of the public in general. Tuneful and flowing, humorous without the least suspicion of vulgarity, light without being frivolous, and solid without being heavy; the instrumental parts illustrative, yet properly subordinated to the vocal; the whole work has, to use an expressive term, a "go" about it rarely met with; and the thoroughly hearty and unanimous call for the composer was as genuine as it was well deserved, and not, as is too frequently the case, a mere idle compliment, but bespoke something more than a bare *succès d'estime*.

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Of the twelve numbers which make up the cantata three were encored; the chorus "John Gilpin kissed his loving wife," quartet "The Dogs did bark," and the soprano air (given with considerable archness by Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington), "At Edmonton his loving wife." In addition to the lady named, Miss Dones, and Messrs Lloyd and Hilton contributed their share as soloists, while band and chorus rendered their parts *con amore*, Mr Stockley conducting with his accustomed care and skill.

The society will give its usual Christmas performance of the *Messiah* on the 27th inst., with Mdme Blanche Cole, Mdme Patey, Messrs Vernon Rigby and Whitney as principals, Mr T. Harper being engaged for the solo trumpet. D. H.

TANNHAUSERIANA IN VIENNA.

On the evening of the 20th November the general rehearsal of *Tannhäuser* took place at the Imperial Operahouse; the first performance was announced for the 22nd; between the two came a performance of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, "Eingekeilt in drangvoll fürchterliche Enge" ("Indriven like a wedge with fearful closeness,") we might almost exclaim with Schiller. The general rehearsal was gone through in the presence of a number of visitors, most of whom had been invited by the composer. As is the case previous to all grand Wagner displays, there was no want of little conflicts behind the scenes. These conflicts actually rendered it dubious whether the rehearsal would be held at all. As, however, everything was at last amicably arranged, it is not now worth while speaking of the "Minstrel's War upon the Wartburg" before it was represented to the public.

On the 22nd ult., then, the performance, which had been magnified into a grand event, really took place. As the bills announced, the old opera was given "according to the new version, and with new scenery." It lasted from half-past six to nearly half-past ten, but a portion of the audience found it too long, and left before the end. After the earlier acts, Wagner, despite loud calls, did not appear upon the stage, but merely bowed from the box which he occupied on the pit tier with his wife and Madame von Dönhoff. At the termination of the opera, however, he appeared upon the stage with the principal artists, Ehnn, Materna, Labatt, Bignio, and Scaria, and thanked the audience in the following short address: "Next May it will be about fifteen years since I first heard my *Lohengrin;* it was played before you, or at least before many of you. You then awarded my efforts a friendly reception, and it seems as if something similar were being repeated to-day, when I am endeavouring, as far as the existing means of execution permit" (!!), "to render my works still more plain to you. I return you my cordial thanks for your encouragement." After this speech, a gigantic laurel-wreath fell at Wagner's feet, while the artists began to fret and fume. After all the sacrifices they had made, they received, in the words, "as far as the existing means of execution permit," the moral box on the ear which the master never fails to administer in every transaction wherein he is personally engaged. Concerning the mode in which this storm in a tea-cup was with difficulty appeased, by Wagner's giving a complimentary explanation, with which he combined another box on the ear (the second being death to the newspapers), we refrain from writing anything more, so as not to fall into the domain of scandal. We will merely reproduce from the *Wiener Fremdenblatt* that part of Speidl's notice which relates directly to the performance itself. This is what the writer says:—

"If we are asked whether Wagner's new version, on the one hand, and the restoration of the original score, on the other, are improvements, we must, as far as concerns the work as a whole, answer with a decided: 'No!' The new scenes in the Venus-Grot are based upon the Paris score, but the composer has freely remodelled them. While, in the Paris version, the overture is played to the end, and the first scene commences independently, the Vienna score—for so we may henceforth designate the new version—breaks off the overture in the middle, or rather, as the curtain goes up, takes it uninterruptedly into the scene of the Venusberg, and allows it to discharge itself into the ballet-music. The ballet, which Wagner arranged expressly to satisfy a want felt in Paris, doing so, too, against his own better feeling, is, to our mind, not only superfluous, but utterly the reverse of pleasing. The idea of the entire opera, the passionate struggle between Heathendom and Christendom, between sensual delight and peace of soul, is here to be symbolised by so many legs. Drunken Satyrs, full of lust, rush upon dancing Nymphs and thyrsus-waving Mænads, for the purpose of bending them to their own will; the mild presence of the three Graces, however, appears intended to exercise a pacificatory influence, while Christian angels contend in the air with bow-armed Cupids. All this is accompanied by the howling and screeching of an unheard of kind of music, inexhaustible in cutting dissonances, as well as, at the same time, of the coarsest and most far-fetched sensuality. We hear the buzzing of the Spanish flies, while the beverage retailed by the Satyrs is schnaps flavoured with cayenne pepper. It will be difficult even for Richard Wagner to reproduce such a fearful and filthy musical mess. The situation is, as regards music, thoroughly exhausted and thoroughly exhausting, in strict keeping with Wagner's latest transcendentalism. There is scarcely anything which does not bring Venus before us. Wagner himself perceived that, with such a deluge of animal feeling, he needed some more than usually firm support, and so he makes Tannhäuser sing his hymn three times (instead of only twice as formerly). By this over-manipulation, Wagner has completely destroyed the homogeneous style of his opera, and blindly sinned against his youthful work, the scattered beauties of which we need not again enumerate here. On the other hand, by ignoring cuts which had become traditional, and which were thoroughly justified, he has proved almost demonstratively the connection between his own creation and the old style of opera. We find—and all such reminiscences cling to a conductor who is much employed—traces of Spontini, Donizetti, Lortzing, nay, even—O, what deep degradation!—of Mozart. Greatly to their disadvantage, the duet and finale of the second act are given unabridged, while Elizabeth's prayer in its extended form, as at present restored, gives us the foretaste of an eternal, if not a blessed, life. Wagner has consented to one omission; in the Contest of the Minstrels he has closed Walther's lips, and this silence is golden. The new version of *Tannhäuser* tends essentially to spoil the work, and, in the interest of good taste, as well as of human acoustic capabilities, it will be necessary, sooner or later, to return to the old arrangement."

The restored *Tannhäuser* reached in safety two performances. The third, fixed for the 20th November, did not come off. The reason assigned was that Herr Lebatt, the hero of the piece, had fallen ill for an indefinite period. Such a thing may very well happen, and, at any rate, is preferable to the lot of Schnorr von Carolsfeld. It accidentally, however, came to pass that A. Fürstner, the Berlin publisher of the additions to the opera, had resolved to appeal to the law-courts for an injunction to prevent the performance of the 30th, since, according to his agreement, he believes he has some claims to a percentage on the receipts, claims which Wagner disputes. The delay still continues, and people ask whether the obstacle is Herr Labatt or Herr Fürstner. What a plebeian freak of Destiny! To think that an Imperial Court Theatre can be affected by such influences!

The first two performances were, it must be confessed, brilliantly distinguished by rare precision and correctness of execution, as well as by extraordinary scenic effects. Wagner's personal co-operation had been exerted for the benefit not only of musicians and singers, but, also, for that of supernumeraries, members of the ballet, machinists, and scene-painter, so that everything as "far as the existing means of execution permit," went like clock-work. What a pity these winged words ever escaped from between the barriers of the composer's teeth! They have been everywhere attacked. Though the artists to whom they were applied are apparently appeased, this is not the case with other persons. Reference is made to them in every notice and in every letter published by the Press.—*Berlin Echo.*

DÜSSELDORF.—The fine new Stadtheater was recently opened. The proceedings commenced with a spirited overture by Herr Skraup; then came a clever prologue, written by Herr Emil Rittershaus, and spoken by the manager, Herr Scherbarth. This was followed by Beethoven's *Coriolan* Overture, which introduced Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*. The first opera performed in the new house was Beethoven's *Fidelio*.

DESSAU.—Herr Hermann Götz's opera, *Die bezähmte Widerspenstige*, will be produced here almost immediately. The composer, a native of Königsberg, resides at Hottingen, near Zurich. He is engaged on another opera, entitled *Francesca di Rimini*, which will be completed this year, and first brought out in Vienna. Herr Götz has for a long time been a great sufferer. His lungs are affected, and he dares scarcely speak.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON OF MDLLE MARIE KREBS AND SIGNOR PIATTI.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in G major, Op. 58, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Spohr.*

SONG—Mr SHAKESPEARE .. ..

SUITE DE PIECES, in E major (with Variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith"), for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Handel.*

PART II.

SONATA in D major Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

SONG—Mr SHAKESPEARE .. ..

QUARTET in F, Op. 77, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Haydn.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

LAST SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 18, 1875.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in G minor, Op. 25, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mdme ANNETTE ESSIPOFF, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. ZERBINI and PEZZE .. .. *Brahms.*

SONG, "I'm a roamer"—Mr THURLEY BEALE .. .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

CARNAVAL, Scenes Mignonnes, for pianoforte alone—Mdme ANNETTE ESSIPOFF (her last appearance this season) .. .. *Schumann.*

SONG, "There is a green hill far away"—Mr THURLEY BEALE .. *Gounod.*

QUARTET in E flat, Op. 71, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PEZZE .. .. *Haydn.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

BIRTH.

At Gowan Bank, Dundee, on 11th December, the wife of ALEX. SIMPSON, Musicseller, of a son.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1875.

"MUSICAL WORLD"—NEW YEAR'S NUMBER.

ON NEW YEAR'S-DAY, *January* 1, *a* DOUBLE NUMBER *of the* "MUSICAL WORLD"—*consisting of thirty-two pages—will be issued.*

The impressions in which Mr Charles Lyall's portraits of Messrs J. L. Hatton ("Hesperus"), Carl Rosa (as "Conductor"), Santley ("The Porter of Havre"), and Sims Reeves ("Come into the Garden, Maud")—together with Franz Liszt (eight exemplifications of "Higher Development" in pianoforte playing)—appeared, having been exhausted, these illustrations will all be reproduced in the NEW YEAR'S NUMBER *of the* "MUSICAL WORLD," *with others of more or less interest, as well as original articles on various subjects.*

To be had, price 4d. (by post, 5d.), of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; Allen, Warwick Lane; Kent, Paternoster Row; W. H. Smith & Son, Strand; Vickers, Strand; and by order of all music-publishers. Early applications from the country and elsewhere will be attended to.

At St James's Hall.

(*By permission of Pluto, Esq.*)

DR SERPENT.—"Madame Tussaud!"—Eh?

DR GHOST. "Automaton!"—Eh?

DR SERPENT.—Why, then, Bülow is a bycicle?

DR GHOST.—No!—a meteor. Let's hear the sonata; Essipoff, the Enchantress, is going to play.

Wraith of Dussek.

WRAITH OF DUSSEK (*sepulchrally*).—Arthur Chappell—where's my "*Plus Ultra*"?

DRS SERPENT and GHOST.—Alas! poor Wraith!—as Joseph Bennett says.

WRAITH OF DUSSEK.—Where's my "*Invocation?*"

DRS SERPENT and GHOST.—Poor Wraith! Nowhere!

(*Wraith of Dussek vaporates.*)

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Wraith of **Woelfl.**

WRAITH OF WOELFL.—Where's my "*Ne Plus Ultra*"? (bother Dussek, with his "*Plus*"). Where my "C minor"?

DRS SERPENT and GHOST (*in a scarcely audible tone*).—Alas! poor Wraith!—as Joseph Bennett says. (*Wraith of Woelfl vaporates.*)

Wraith of **Hummel.**

WRAITH OF HUMMEL.—Where's *my* "106"?

DRS SERPENT and GHOST (*with voices carefully subdued*).—Poor Wraith!—He thinks *his* "106" equal to Beethoven's!

WRAITH OF HUMMEL.—Arabella played it.

DR SERPENT (*maliciously*).—Yes, but no one else.

WRAITH OF HUMMEL.—Mine is in D.

DR GHOST.—And Beethoven's in B flat. There's the difference.

(*Wraith of Hummel vaporates.*)

Wraith of **Moscheles.**

WRAITH OF MOSCHELES.—Where's my Beethoven sonata?

DRS SERPENT and GHOST.—That's in E.

WRAITH OF MOSCHELES.—And my *Sonate Melancolique?*

DRS SERPENT and GHOST.—That's in F sharp minor.

(*Wraith of Moscheles vaporates.*)

Wraith of **Pinto.**

WRAITH OF PINTO.—Where are my sonatas?

DRS SERPENT and GHOST.—Nowhere. They wont have 'em in Yankee-land.

(*Wraith of Pinto vaporates.*)

Wraith of **Mozart.**

WRAITH OF MOZART.—Where's my concerto in B flat?

DRS SERPENT and GHOST—Gone to Yankee-land, with Arabella; but Strakosch and Mapleson object.

WRAITH OF MOZART.—Why?—it's my best!

DRS SERPENT and GHOST.—No. D minor.

WRAITH OF MOZART.—No. B flat.

(*Wraith of Mozart vaporates.*)

Wraith of **Schubert.**

WRAITH OF SCHUBERT (*in a sepulchral tone.*)—Where's my sonata in D?

DR SERPENT.—Gone, with Arabella, to Yankee-land; but they will have nothing but Liszt and Co.

WRAITH OF SCHUBERT.—Annette is in London. She saw me t'other night in vision.

DR GHOST.—What Annette?

WRAITH OF SCHUBERT.—Annette Essipoff. *She* can play't. Why not?

DR SERPENT—D. A. C. serves her out the "three R's."

WRAITH OF SCHUBERT.—Who, by Abbs! are the "three R's"?

DR GHOST (*emphatically.*)—Rubinstein, Raff, and Rheinberger.

(*Wraith of Schubert vaporates.*)

DR GHOST.—Serpent, hadn't we better go back to Purgatory?

DR SERPENT.—Why ——

Wraiths of **J. S. Bach, Friedemann Bach, D. Scarlatti,** *and* **Handel.**

WRAITH OF HANDEL.—Where are my Six Fugues that don't belong to the *Suite de Pièces?*

WRAITH OF J. S. BACH.—Where my fugues and preludes that don't belong to the 48?

WRAITH OF FRIEDEMANN BACH.—Where my unearthed fantasias?

WRAITH OF DOMENICO SCARLATTI.—Where my fugues in F minor and D minor?

DR SERPENT.—O by Abbs!—let's get out of this!

DR GHOST.—O by Adnan!

THE FOUR WRAITHS (*in unison*).—Where?

DRS SERPENT and GHOST (*in unison*).—All in Yankee-land with Arabella. (*Wraiths vaporate.*)

DR SERPENT.—We have had enough.

DR GHOST.—They are going to play a trio by Joachim —

DR SERPENT (*interrupting him*).—Joseph?

DR GHOST.—No; Raff.

DR SERPENT.—O by Abs!

DR GHOST.—O by Adnan!

Wraith of **Beethoven.**

WRAITH OF BEETHOVEN.—Where's my Op. 106?

DRS SERPENT and GHOST (*trembling before that Shade*).—Hans has taken it to Yankee-land.

WRAITH OF BEETHOVEN.—I confided it to Arabella. No one else can play it.

DR GHOST.—Mortier de Fontaine?

WRAITH OF BEETHOVEN.—No.

DR SERPENT (*shivering*).—Hallé?—Bülow?

WRAITH OF BEETHOVEN.—Hallé plays everything. He is my disciple. But he takes three movements slower than I thought. Bülow plays fantastically—with rapidity; but encores himself in the fugue when any body hammers outside.

(*Wraith of Beethoven vaporates.*)

DR SERPENT.—Ghost, come along.

DR GHOST.—All right—but ——

Wraith of **Mendelssohn.**

WRAITH OF MENDELSSOHN.—Arthur Chappell, where are my Posthumous works? Where's my B flat Sonata? Where are my Studies? Where's my Sextet?

DRS SERPENT AND GHOST.—With Arabella, in Yankee-land.

WRAITH OF MENDELSOHN.—But she don't play 'em?

DRS SERPENT AND GHOST.—Strakosch and Mapleson object.

WRAITH OF MENDELSSOHN.—Why not in London?

DRS SERPENT AND GHOST.—Study in F requires fingers of lightning; *scherzo* of sonata, *staccatissimo pianissimo* unparalelled.

WRAITH OF MENDELSSOHN.—Is not Annette Essipoff with you?

DRS SERPENT AND GHOST.—Yes; but she's engaged (like Annchen Mehlig, t'other prodigy), on Liszt and the "three R's."

(*Wraith of Mendelssohn vaporates.*)

DR SERPENT.—Ghost, come along. I never was haunted so.

DR GHOST.—All right, I am ready to ——

Wraith of **Sterndale Bennett.**

WRAITH OF STERNDALE BENNETT.—"G. G.!" Where are my concertos?

DRS SERPENT AND GHOST.—Lucky "G. G." isn't here.

DR GHOST.—Raff him!—I wish he were.

WRAITH OF STERNDALE BENNETT.—August Manns!—where are my concertos?

DR SERPENT.—I am getting tired. Only Arabella cares about playing them, and she's in Yankee-land.

WRAITH OF STERNDALE BENNETT.—Perebo played the F minor at Boston?

DR GHOST.—Mass.?

DR SERPENT.—Yes; Boston (Mass.); but J. S. Dwight abused it.

(*Wraith of Sterndale Bennett vaporates.*)

Wraiths of **Clementi, Steibelt, Eberlin, Albrechtsberger, Padre Martini, John Field,** *&c., &c.*

WRAITHS (*in unison*)—Where? Where? Where? Where? (&c.)

DR SERPENT.—This catalogue will never end.

DR GHOST.—Let's skedaddle. I shan't say another word. (*Wraiths vaporate.*) Come———

Wraith of **Sigismond Thalberg.**

WRAITH OF THALBERG.—Who plays my music?

DR GHOST.—Arabella.

DR SERPENT.—Even in Yankee-land.

(*Wraith of Thalberg vaporates.*)

DR GHOST.—I never heard of such a catalogue.

DR SERPENT. Nor any one else. Yet Bülow put Arabella among Mdme Tussaud's wax figures!

(*Enter* **Dr Ferdinand Hiller, Sir Julius Benedict, Billy Holmes,** *and other living composers.*

DR SERPENT.—Oh!

DR GHOST.—Ah! (*Vanish precipitately.*)

—o—

"BY Jove!"——

Before proceeding, however, I must be allowed to digress a little. Reader, should you be pressed for time; should you feel disinclined to peruse aught not strictly relevant to the subject-matter, properly so called, of this article; should you resemble that unromantic, albeit useful, member of society, a Bagsman, otherwise a Commercial Gent, whose sole anxiety is to push on, as quickly as possible, from one town to another, without caring to turn his head so that he may admire the fine landscape through which he is being

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whisked by the express, far less to stop an extra hour in a place for the purpose of examining some object of historical value or antiquarian interest; should you aim exclusively at going right ahead, like one of those who, to a saunter along green country lanes and picturesque cross-roads, prefer the shortest route, because it is the shortest route, though it run like a Continental highway, for miles and leagues, between two monotonous rows of lanky, feebly-swaying poplars—skip all that intervenes between this warning and the next paragraph. I want to make a remark or two about the adjuration, "By Jove!" Why, I would fain learn, should we, in the nineteenth century, continue invoking old Father Zeus? If there exists a valid, though occult, reason for our attachment to Heathen Mythology, why have we selected Jupiter, and not any other denizen of Olympus—Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, for instance, or, with due regard to our national mission of ruling the waves, Neptune? Bob Acres informed his friend, Captain Absolute, that he swore according to a well-defined plan. Generally, however, Britons follow in their objurgatory moods a system of unreflecting haphazard. When an Englishman says, "By George, Sir, I'll tell you what," etc., I recognise a certain propriety in the expression. It is an implied appeal to our Patron Saint, whose mounted effigy triumphing over the Dragon adorned the obverse of our guineas, and has recently appeared on our sovereigns. But when the same Englishman, a moment afterwards, breaks out with "By Jingo!" I own I feel puzzled. There is, though, another department, branch, or section of our swearing about which there is no mystery. "Egad!" "Zounds!" and "Ecod!" formerly, like "Dang it!" "Dash it!" and "Drat it!" of more modern diction, prove irrefutably the existence of many people who,

"Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'"

and afraid of employing a "good mouth-filling oath," such as Hotspur recommends to his wife, endeavour to gratify their natural taste for malediction without shocking their own conscience or outraging the ears of those who listen to them. These people patronise mock swearing as others wear sham jewelry and false hair. With this, I repeat, "By Jove!" and add that which, save for my digression, would have immediately followed, to wit:

"Just fancy! Last week Sig. Orfeo Buonsuono's new opera, *Delitto e Vendetta*, was produced at the Teatro delle Muse, in Milan, and the composer was called on forty times! Forty times! What a tremendous success!"

Such, or something to the same effect, we may reasonably assume, would be the language held by an uninitiated person coming across the above account, in an Italian paper, of one of the operatic triumphs achieved from time to time by Italian composers. The conclusion drawn by him would prove the speaker utterly unacquainted with the state of things now obtaining in the dominions of King Victor Emanuel. Forty recalls no more necessarily mean a tremendous success than the dish-covers exposed to view in an ironmonger's shop-window necessarily conceal hot fish, flesh, or fowl beneath their convex and resplendent surfaces. Sig. Buonsuono's *Diletto e Vendetta*, may be a meritorious production, nay, more: a production of unusual excellence; at the same time, despite the forty recalls which greeted its composer, it may hardly be worth the paper on which it is written, and never destined to be heard of again a month after the first performance. Even if we take a more favourable view of the case, and suppose that Sig. Buonsuono's work was not a failure, we shall, probably, not be far wrong in comparing his success, as heralded in the local papers, to a dish of whipt cream. One need not be a Francatelli or a Soyer to know that an exceedingly small quantity of cream makes a marvellously large show.

When a Spanish Gentleman, bowing to a Spanish Lady, gravely utters the salutation: *A los pies de Vd, Señora* ("At your feet, Lady"), and the Lady replies in equally pure Castilian: *Beso á Vd la mano, Caballero* ("I kiss your hand, Cavalier"), the Don does not go down upon his knees, and his fair companion does not act up to her words by performing the osculatory process intimated. They are both using set forms of speech tantamount respectively to: "Good day, Madam; I trust I see you quite well!" and "Thank you, pretty well. I hope you are the same." It is in this spirit that we must interpret the endless recalls which keep an Italian composer continually trotting from behind the scenes and back again during the first performance of his opera before an audience of his fellow-countrymen. We must be on our guard against the glowing reports of triumphs like that of which we have been treating. Otherwise we may be unconsciously imitating the swarthy children of Africa, who, in their transactions with disinterested and philanthropic European traders, give fabulous sums for a few glass beads, or gladly pay the price of a small estate for a pair of old military epaulets and a battered cocked-hat.

It is the fashion to ascribe to Italian climate and Italian temperament the exuberant manifestations of delight characterising Italian audiences. The explanation cannot be accepted as sufficient. Exaggerated enthusiasm is by no means limited to what is termed the Sunny South. We find it in countries much farther north, though its objects are there, perhaps, different. Instead of being expended upon the composers, it takes the form of homage to artists. How many fair vocalists have been escorted to their hotels and serenaded by frantic admirers inhabiting other latitudes than the latitude of Florence or Naples? Popular Prima-Donnas have, ere this, had their carriages drawn by bipeds instead of horses on the other side of the Atlantic, while, at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, some few years ago, the public would suffer scarcely a scene, and seldom an act, to pass without the business of the stage being brought to a standstill in order that first one favourite and then another might advance to bow and smile in return for plaudits not always quite spontaneous, and bouquets sometimes purchased, not by those who flung, but by those who received them. At length the nuisance, which, like opium-smoking or dram-drinking, grows upon those who indulge in it, became so rampant that an official decree was issued, forbidding any artist from responding to a call except between the acts or until after the final fall of the curtain.

When applause is lavished thus profusely, it loses its value as a test of merit. If mediocrity receives outrageous marks of approbation, what is left wherewith to reward true genius? The evil has not yet taken root in England, though signs may be discerned of its having reached our shores. Let those who possess the ability and the power see that it does not spread. Let them educate the British audience as Mr Disraeli educated his party, and let them never tire of advocating one great virtue: discretion. The Victoria Medal must be sparingly and judiciously conferred, if we would not have it degraded to a mere bauble. Extraordinary applause in art should be given only on extraordinary occasions, and as a guerdon for extraordinary efforts, otherwise it runs the danger of degenerating into mere

"Sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

B. K.

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Confabulations Confidential.

Dr Fox.—By Abbs! I've an *afflatus!*
Dr Goose.—By Adnan! Send for a doctor.
Dr Fox.—Don't want doctor. I've composed an epigram.
Dr Goose.—By Abbs! What about? About Annette Essipoff?
Dr Fox.—By Adnan! No.—It's entitled Mira Bianca Colé.—Shall I recite?
Dr Goose.—Don't want to hear it.
Dr Fox.—By Abbs! You shall.
Dr Goose.—Well!
Dr Fox.—*We've singing flames and singing dames some bright and some p'raps paler but on the whole the singing Cole by Jingo she's a Naylor.*
Dr Goose.—There's not much in that. I've got a better. Shall I recite?
Dr Fox.—Don't want to hear it.
Dr Goose.—By Adnan!—you shall. It's about our Stradivarian Prince.—*I've seen him playing the fiddle raising his tone I've seen him under a tent laying a stone.*
Dr Fox.—Why, that means Stone for Tone?
Dr Goose.—Precisely.
Dr Fox.—I've got a better. Come sup to-night, and I'll recite it?
Dr Goose.—Not by no means!

—o—

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

The Spanish papers have just published the baptismal certificate of the celebrated Adelina Patti, Marquise de Caux, born in the Calle de Fuencarral, at Madrid, and baptised in the Parish Church of San Luis. The following is the document:

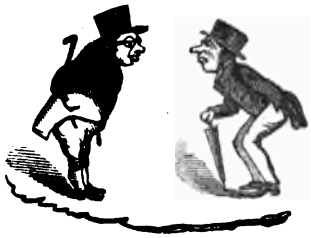
"Book of Baptisms, No. 42, leaf 153, second side.—In the town of Madrid, district and province of the same name, the 8th April, 1843, I, Don José Losada, vicar of the Parish of San Luis, have solemnly baptised a female child, born at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th February of the current year, and legitimate daughter of Sig. Salvator Patti, Professor of Music, born at Catania in Sicily, and of Signora Caterina Chiesa, born at Rome; the grandfather and grandmother by the father's side being Sig. Pietro Patti and Signora Concepcion Marino, natives of Catania; and, on the mother's, Sig. Giovanni Chiesa, born at Venice, and Signora Casseli, born at Marino, in the States of the Church. The child was named Adela Giovanna Maria.

"There were present at the baptism, as godfather, Sig. Guiseppe Sinico, Professor of Music, born at Venice, and, as godmother, Signora Rosa Manora Sinico, born at Cremona, in Lombardy, whom I admonished of the spiritual relationship they assumed by this act; and, as witnesses, Juliano Huezal and Casimiro Garcia, born at Madrid, sacristans of this parish.

"In attestation whereof I have drawn up, signed, and delivered the present certificate the 8th April, etc. José Losada."

Adelina Patti's parents were artists highly esteemed at the Grand Opera, Madrid.

Episodes on Change.



Dr Shipping.—Jans?—No!
Dr Quince.—Jans?—No! No!
Dr Shipping.—No! No! No!
Dr Quince.—No! No! No! No!
Drs Shipping and Quince *(ensemble).*—No! No! No! No! No!
Dr Shipping.—*Credo quia impossible?*
Dr Quince.—*Non credo quia possible.*

(Exeunt severally.)

—o—

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A series of "Saturday Evening Popular Concerts" has been announced at Langham Hall, Great Portland Street, under the management of Dr. Bernhardt. The first took place on Saturday last, when the following artists assisted:—Vocalists—Miss Mary Grace Erica, Mdlle. Mellanie Uttella, Miss Kate Ormond, Miss Helene Arnim, and Mr Percy Rivers; instrumentalists—Mr Jacques Rosenthal, Mr Lutgen, Mr Aenton Hartvigson, the sisters Arneni and Lilly. The vocal music was accompanied on the pianoforte by Herr Lehmeyer, Mr Nils Chrisander, and Mr. J. W. Bernhardt.

A grand evening concert took place Dec. 10, at the Horns Concert Rooms, Kennington Park, by the South London Musical Society, the principal vocalists being the Misses Coghlan and Cockburn, Mr S. Braden, and Mr Ch. J. Bishenden, the popular bass. Amongst the best vocalisms were "Looking back," sung by Miss Cockburn; "Let me like a soldier fall," Mr Braden; "The brave old oak," given in fine style by Mr Bishenden; in response to a hearty encore, he sang "To the woods;" Mr Bishenden was accompanied by the full band in "A warrior bold," and, as an encore, repeated the last verse. Several glees were also included in the programme. A violin solo, by de Beriot, was played by Mr Beckwith; an instrumental quartet, by Messrs Benson, Schomberg, Mackie, and Rhodes, and a pianoforte solo by Mr Kirby. The accompanists were Messrs Wareham and Cox. Mr Mackie conducted.

The Musical Artists' Society had their fifth trial for the season 1875 of new compositions, on Saturday evening last, at the rooms of the Royal Academy of Music, by the kind permission of the committee of management. The following is a list of the compositions played and sung:—Quartet, in D, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (J. Lea Summers), Messrs. Ralph, Rendle, Webb, and Pettit; "A song of the sea" (W. H. Sangster), Mr. Walter Bolton; two sketches for pianoforte "The watermill," and "The wreathed garland" (J. Parry Cole), Mr. Henry Baumer; two songs, "Serenade" (J. Raff), and "In a distant land" (Taubert), Miss Mary Davies; song (R. O'Leary Vinning), Miss Mary Davies; quartet, in A flat, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (H. Westrop), Mrs. Algernon Bathurst, Messrs. Ralph, Webb, and Pettit; ballad, "The ebb of tide" (Miss O. Prescott), Mdlle. De Harpe, accompanied by the composer; impromptu, in A flat (Eaton Faning), Mr. Eaton Faning; song, "The pine-tree" (C. H. Couldery), Mr. Walter Bolton; duet, serenade, "If thou art sleeping, maiden" (L. N. Parker), Miss Geddes and Miss Russell; quartet, in A major, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Jacob Bradford), Messrs. Ralph, Rendle, Webb, and Pettit. At the pianoforte, Mr. Arthur O'Leary. The rooms were well attended, and the audience were both attentive to the performances and encouraging to the artists. The Society deserves the support of all interested in rising musical talent; and who is not?

On Thursday, the 2nd inst., a concert was given at the Masonic Hall, Wood Green, under the direction of Mr H. Weist Hill, in aid of the three assistant masters of St John's College, who suffered so severely at the late fire at Mr Crudan's establishment. The singers were Mdlle Stella and Mr Hugo. Mr H. Weist Hill's violin playing was received with rapturous applause. Miss Nellie Sabal cleverly accompanied him on the pianoforte. Mdlle Stella and the Misses Sabal, met with warm applause, the former after her songs, and the

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latter after their pianoforte performances. Mr Heine Hugo, the moving spirit in getting up the concert, after singing the "Yeoman's Wedding," received a burst of applause such is but seldom heard—says the *North Middlesex Chronicle*—and many would have liked to have heard it a third time, although, perhaps, the greatest effect was produced, and certainly his voice was heard to greater perfection, in "A warrior bold." Notwithstanding the state of the weather, the hall was crowded, and we trust that a considerable sum may be found to have been raised by the united efforts of those who took part in the proceedings.

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PROVINCIAL.

EDINBURGH.—ORGAN PERFORMANCE.—A very enjoyable organ recital was given on Thursday afternoon the 9th inst., by Professor Oakeley, in the University Music Class-room. The opening piece—says *The Scotsman*—was one of the most universal favourites among Handel's organ concertos. A bright, melodious minuet from Mozart's Divertimento, for strings, followed. The remaining numbers, were—the slow movement of Beethoven's sonata Op. 7, No. 4, the so-called "Pilgrim's March," and the minuet from Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, the Prayer from Mosé in Egitto, the Gavotte from Bach's sixth violin sonata, and a very effective march from the *Martyrdom of St Polycarp*, an oratorio produced some twenty years ago by Sir F. Gore Ouseley. All the pieces were played with the performer's usual taste and skill; the impassioned earnestness in Beethoven's Largo was well brought out; and the orchestral effects in the minuet and trio of Mendelssohn's Symphony were wonderfully rendered. Interesting and beautifully got-up analytic programmes, profusely illustrated with musical type, were circulated in the class-room.

DERBY.—Under its new title, the Midland Musical Society (formerly known as the Derby Glee and Madrigal Society) gave its opening concert for the season on the 7th inst. Mr Kempton, organist of All Saints', is the energetic and excellent conductor. On the occasion referred to he was ably assisted by Mr Houseley, as organist, and a small string band; Mr J. H. Gregory, Mus. Bac., presiding at the pianoforte. The principal artists were Mdme Billinie Porter, Miss Edith Clelland, and Mr Kenningham. The first part of the concert consisted chiefly of Sullivan's *On Shore and Sea*, the final chorus of which had to be repeated. The duet, "Here on thy heart," was beautifully rendered by Mdme B. Porter and Mr Kenningham. The second part consisted of sundry glees, four-part songs, &c. The concerted music was well sung. In the valse, "L'Ardita," Mdme B. Porter was warmly encored, and responded by singing, "Within a mile of Edinboro' town." Macfarren's "My own, my guiding star," sung by Mr Kenningham, was enthusiastically applauded, and Miss Clelland was fairly successful in the songs rendered by her.

WORCESTER.—The second of Mr Spark's series of concerts was given at the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, the 7th inst. The performances of Madame Lemmens Sherrington, Miss Jessie Jones, Miss Emily Dones, Miss Emma Barnett, Mr Bernard Lane, Mr Robert Hilton, and Chevalier Lemmens excited great interest, and the programme was exceptionally attractive. The chief feature was a selection from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, very efficient aid—says *Berrow's Worcester Journal*—being contributed by Miss Barnett and Chevalier Lemmens, who played the accompaniments. The second part was miscellaneous, and commenced with the quartett, "Un di si ben," *(Rigoletto)*. Then came one of the gems of the concert, a pianoforte solo (fantasia on *The Ancient Mariner*), by Miss Emma Barnett, a sister and pupil of Mr J. F. Barnett. "Miss Barnett's recent performances in London have placed her in the first rank of rising *artistes*. The part she took in the concert on Tuesday, both as accompanist and soloist, was worthy of her reputation, and that of the talented composer by whose instructions she has so greatly profited. In mere mechanical manipulation she is thoroughly accomplished, while the well-directed taste, the delicacy and firmness of touch, and the legitimate way in which all her effects were made, procured her an enthusiastic encore."

BEDFORD.—Mr H. R. Rose is to be congratulated on the highly successful issue of his first public recital. As an aspirant for a share of popular favour—says the *Bedford Times*—he showed himself to be an accomplished pianist, and created a favourable impression as an interpreter of classical music. A large audience assembled in the New Corn Exchange to support the *débutant*, who was assisted by two fellow students at the Royal Academy of Music, Miss Mary Davies (Welsh Union Scholar), and Mr Howells. Mr Rose (who is the son of Mr Rose, organist of St Paul's), opened the concert with Mendelssohn's Introduction and Fugue in E minor (Op. 35), his execution of which piece was easy and effective. Blumenthal's song "The Message" was then very gracefully rendered by Mr Howells. Schubert's "Impromptu in G" (Op. 90) was well played by Mr H. R. Rose, and the "Toccata" (Op 38) of Sterndale Bennett was brilliantly rendered. Miss Davies sang "Voi che sapete," accompanied by Mr Rose, sen., and a hearty *encore* was given, which was acknowledged only by a bow. A "Study" by Henselt and another by Chopin, in F, were played by Mr Rose with great effect, almost entirely from memory. A pleasing duet was sung by Miss Davies and Mr Howells, "O that we two were maying." The second part opened with two "Bourrées" (in A major and A minor), by Bach, spiritedly rendered by Mr Rose, and received with much applause. Miss Davies then sang Sullivan's "Let me dream again" admirably. An enthusiastic recall was the result. Mr Rose played two valses (in C sharp minor, and D flat major), by Chopin, with his usual ability, after which Mr Howells sang "Come into the garden, Maud." The fantasia on the Prayer from *Mosé in Egitto*, by Thalberg, was a fine performance, and won an *encore*. The recital of Mr Rose was successful in a professional and in a popular sense. It enabled him to display his best qualities as a pianist to the highest advantage.

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PIANISTS PAST AND PRESENT.

To but few members of the audience of any musical performance of importance is that performance "just itself, and nothing more." Held, as concerts of note generally are, in those chief temples that are Music's halting-places in her flights about the earth, it becomes the first of a long vista of memories whose vanishing-point is determined by the listener. Therefore, when aspirants to public favour ascend any of those platforms consecrated by that favour to the service of musical Art, they challenge measurement with their predecessors, against whose shadowy figures in the background they must stand in striking relief, or fail.

That some artists seize upon, and retain, the public taste, while others, who, by their equal development, seem to be also equal in their natural gifts, produce but a transient impression, is indicative of the existence of some power in the one, too subtle for its absence to be fairly detected in the other. Two artists may be heard in the same work (let us say a *classical* work, admitting but little legitimate variation in the treatment), they may evince such uniform understanding and capability to produce an echo of their conceptions in the minds of their hearers, that the critic finds difficulty in his classification of their merits: yet the public seems to feel no difficulty in the matter, almost coolly overlooking the one, and awarding lavish marks of approval to the other.

Why? The public does not *wish* to be unjust, and justice is proverbially to be had from the human multitude. There must be some reason for this spontaneous discrimination, and a valid reason too. We imagine it to be this. The effect of certain music, interpreted with care and judgment, would be much the same, were its executant the possessor of moderate talent, or extraordinary gifts; but the moderate talent would not be able to conceal that it was exhibiting its ultimatum, while the extraordinary gifts would peep out of the prescribed bounds, showing that its doings were but specimens of a rich mine of wealth.

On reflection, most of the executive artists who have left their impression upon the general mind will have proved themselves possessed of an uncommon power, whether their *exercise* of that power has been admirable or not. It is a deplorable fact that genius in many cases disposes its possessor to the erratic and eccentric, rather than the legitimate; deplorable because that genius compels an audience to yield up their calm judgment and accept its standard, true or false, whether they will or no. In a long list of pianists who have more or less influenced the pianoforte-playing world during the last twenty years, two or three well-known names occur which, to the real musician, are synonymous with error, error all the more dangerous because plausible and superficially brilliant. The bearers of these names have disputed popularity, perhaps, with artists penetrated with the sap of the pure and true; but the unlawful genius has carried the day and the general taste in a wrong direction. Why will those genius-possessors stifle that sense of responsibility which should be the foundation of all art-work?

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A brilliant list, in spite of its dashes of imperfection, containing, among a host of others, such names as Thalberg, the gentleman-artist, whose refined politeness seemed a barrier to his free inquiry into the mysteries of the Muse; Rubinstein, with the savage daring that made him like a Tartar chief, marshalling and arraying the notes like hordes of barbarians; Clara Schumann, of big conceptions and imperfect deeds; Hallé, the tone-mathematician; Pauer, who, if the expression "*beauté de diable*" were applicable to art, possessed it to the full when he made his first appearance in London in 1851; the brothers Andreoli, Jaëll, Ritter, Lubeck—all the production of "foreign lands,"* a fact that would put us to the blush had we not a single name with which amply to shield ourselves from the imputation of pianist-barrenness—a name now of equal significance in both hemispheres—that of Arabella Goddard, the gentle link between the great minds that are gone and ears that are.

Of late the fair sex has borne away a goodly share of the laurels that are to be won by the aid of that ungainly, long-bodied monster, the concert-grand. The principal attraction to amateur pianists last summer was the charming exposition of classical composers by Madlle Marie Krebs, which has been before reviewed in these columns. A pure artist, free from national warp or personal prejudice, deserves success; and Madlle Krebs has, fortunately, the means at command to obtain it. The autumn brought us two other distinguished foreign ladies—Madlle Anna Mehlig and Madame Annette Essipoff.

Of the former we have much to say in praise. Touch, style, and execution bear traces of a minute labour which few would have the courage to bestow, even upon a much-loved art. A tendency to the dreamily romantic was indicated by her choice of music, no less than by her interpretation of it. Of her selection for her last recital (when with Mdme Essipoff she played Schumann's and Reinecke's duets for two pianofortes), containing a sonata of Weber, a rondo of Schubert, Bach's prelude and fugue (arranged by Lizst), a nocturne of Chopin, and Schubert's "Soirées de Vienne" (Lizst), her most successful effort was undoubtedly "Soirées de Vienne." The interpolated waltz in *pianissimo* was given with the swing and caprice which makes the German rendering of the waltz a thing apart—inimitable. In the duets with Mdme Essipoff that rare little dame produced a sound that for volume and richness rivals anything that has been yet heard from the pianoforte. Were it lawful to apply the predicable "luminous" to any subject outside the visionary sense, it would better explain the effect of Mdme Essipoff's tone than any in strict justice its own. It was difficult to believe the atmosphere unaffected by those large, resonant sounds.

In conclusion, we will only suggest that we can hardly hear too much of either of these interesting artists. FLAMINGO.

[Our readers must be apprised that the opinions of "Flamingo" are the opinions of "Flamingo."—D. PETERS.]

THE last Saturday concert at the Crystal Palace, for the present year, comes off to-day. The 18th of December being the anniversary of the birth of Carl Maria von Weber, the programme is exclusively devoted to selections from the works of that ever memorable composer.

The last of Mr Arthur Chappell's Saturday Popular Concerts, which, for reasons unnecessary to explain, rival in popularity those of the long-established evening "Mondays," takes place to-day. The pianist on this occasion is Mdme Annette Essipoff, who is going to take a conspicuous part in the "*Carnaval*," so humorously depicted by Robert Schumann. That, despite her mask (or on account of it, perhaps), Mdme Essipoff will be one of the most eagerly sought out, as the veritable *Domino Noir* of the occasion, can hardly be doubted.

TURIN.—The operas at the Teatro Regio during the approaching season will be Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, Verdi's *Aïda*, and *Cleopatra*. There will be two ballets: *Lionna*, o *La Vita parigina*, by Sig. Borri, and *Ermanzia*, by Sig. Pratesi.

* It is to be understood that only artists of *general* and *continental* renown are alluded to, not musicians entirely resident in England.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT BIRMINGHAM.

(*From our Correspondent.*)

A few lines must for the present suffice to record the unqualified success of the great Swedish songstress, who has appeared as Marguerite in *Faust*, and Leonora in *Trovatore*, to large audiences, at the Theatre Royal, being supported by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signors Brignoli, Gillandi, Castelmary, &c. Madame Marie Roze has also played Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*, creating a highly favourable impression. Further particulars of the performance next week.

D. H.

WAIFS.

True, time flies fast, but every musician of any note can beat time.

Mr Alfred Wigan denies the report that he is about to return to the stage.

M. Vizentini has gone to Belgium, with the object of recruiting artists for the future Théâtre-Lyrique.

Miss Lucy Buckstone makes her first appearance in London, on Boxing-night, at the Haymarket Theatre.

Miss Lillie Albrecht is among the pianists engaged to play at the coming season of Mr John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts.

A movement is on foot in Dublin to get up a musical festival there on a large scale in July next.

The Italian masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries knew more about recitation of songs, if not more about the construction of the human voice, than we know.

L'Universo Musicale has the following: "Una lettera di Porto Mahone ci da ragguagli del bel successo ottenuto dai comigi Sabatini e Trafford (tenore e soprano), nel *Rigoletto*.

A paper by Professor Adams, on the late Sir C. Wheatstone's discoveries in acoustics and inventions in music, is to be read at one of the coming meetings of the Musical Association.

A man over one hundred years old recently died in Brooklyn. As he did not use tobacco, nor drink spirituous liquors, it is supposed his untimely death was caused by some disease inherited at his birth.

The Jubilee Singers are at present fulfilling a round of engagements in the north of England. They sang recently at Chester, having in the afternoon been most hospitably entertained at Hawarden Castle by Mr Gladstone.

An influential section of American writers, headed by the poet William Cullen Bryant, have offered themselves as members of the Association to Protect the Rights of Authors, with which Mr Charles Reade is connected.

The thanks of her Majesty the Queen have been sent to the Rev. M. Bennett of Aberdeen, for a copy of a new ballad entitled "The Banks o' Dee" written by him, and composed by Mr William Crawford, of Glasgow.

Special Christmas Services are to be held in St Anne's Church, Soho, on Wednesday evenings, the 22nd and 29th Dec., at which a portion of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, with full orchestral accompaniment, will be sung as an anthem.

Mr Arthur Sullivan has returned to London, from Glasgow, to which emporium of Celtic enterprise and commerce he will go back early in January, being appointed director *in perpetuum* of the classical concerts at the newly erected Music Hall.

The editor of the *Examiner* states with reference to the remark that the poem: *Jonas Fisher*, was "written either by Mr Buchanan or the Devil," that the phrase did not originate with that journal, which merely discussed a previous rumour to that effect.

Mr Martin F. Tupper has written a drama called Washington, which he hopes to have associated with the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia next year. Arrangements have been made for its production in that city, and Mr Tupper is going over to superintend the preparations.

A new gavotte for full orchestra, the composition of Mr W. F. Taylor, was included in the programme of the orchestral concert at the Crystal Palace on Monday last, and was much admired. A *scherzo* for full orchestra by the same composer is announced to be given there shortly.

After the revival of the *Timbale d'Argent*, to which will succeed that of *Madame l'Archiduc*, the first novelty at the Bouffes-Parisiens will be an operetta, called the *Trois Margots*, of MM. Bocage and Chabrillat, music by M. Cœdes. The principal character will be played by Madame Théo.

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The new theatre in Edinburgh, now approaching completion, on the site of the late Southminster, is to be known hereafter as "The Queen's."

A pianoforte manufactory on an extensive scale is about to be started in Vienna, under the auspices of the Abbé Liszt. The president will be Prince Lichtenstein, the vice-president Herr Hanslick, the well-known critic, and many eminent musicians are on the committee of direction.

Mr Wilkie Collins' new drama, *Miss Gwilt*, founded on incidents in his well-known novel of *Armadale*, has been produced at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool. The leading characters were sustained by Miss Ada Cavendish, Mr Arthur Cecil, Mr R. C. Lyons, Miss Alma Santon. The piece was well received.

At the Concert given in St James's Hall last Saturday night a new song by Sir Julius Benedict, entitled "I look not towards the setting Sun," was sung by Madame Samson. The fair vocalist was "recalled" four times to receive the applause due no less to the merits of the song than to the charming way in which it was sung.

A gentleman who had left his wife alone in the theatre while he went out to get a whiff of fresh air, apologized on his return, "Dear me," said she, "I thought you went to give me a chance to flirt with that man with the lovely black moustache." She has had no cause to complain of any want of attention from her husband since.

The following are the names of the candidates for the degree of Bachelor of Music in the examination at Cambridge on the 7th, who are approved: St John's College—Henry Fisher, Francis Edward Gladstone, John Shepherd Liddle, George Marsden; Trinity College—Henry Cotter Nixon; Queen's College—Joseph William Westbrook.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—During the whole of next week the attractive performances of the Jackley Troupe of gymnasts, of Romah, the celebrated athlete, and of Miss Anderson, in her light and dark *séances*, will be continued. Adonis, the marvellous miniature man from South Africa, will hold his daily receptions in the Saloon adjoining the Central Hall. On Tuesday, the grand Christmas Pantomime, entitled *Harlequin the Yellow Dwarf; or, the King of the Gold Mines*, will be produced, and in this Mr George Conquest will appear. On Saturday (Christmas Day) the Palace will be closed, and the Park only will be open to season ticket holders.

Mr Campbell Clarke, who so worthily represents in Paris the *Daily Telegraph*, and has just been created a member of the Legion of Honour, for the active share he took in the English Subscription in favour of the sufferers by the French inundations, is well known to artists and literary men on both sides the Channel. It is Mr Clarke who, by means of a telegraphic wire, laid down at his office in the Place du Nouvel Opéra, transmitted to London notices of the first performances at our Paris theatres the very night they have taken place, so that next morning the Paris papers are frequently distanced by the *Daily Telegraph*. It is hardly necessary to observe that this electric wire transmits, before aught else, Mr Clarke's political and financial messages, but the stage, also, profits by it, in the most cordial and sympathetic manner; for the representative of the *Daily Telegraph* is passionately fond of art and literature.—*Le Ménestrel*.

"SIR LUCIUS" IN A HURRY.—A few days since Mr Charles Wyndham left Brighton for the Crystal Palace, to play Sir Lucius O'Trigger in *The Rivals*. The performance commenced at three o'clock, and was not concluded till a quarter to six. Mr Wyndham was in a dilemma, knowing that he had to catch the five minutes to six express from the Low Level Station (which is ten minutes' walk from the Palace) to Brighton, in order to appear, at eight o'clock, as Bob Sackett, at the Theatre Royal. He dared not disappoint the Brighton audience, and, having no time to change Sir Lucius O'Trigger to Mr Charles Wyndham, he at once crammed his private attire into a bag, rushed through the crowd to the train, and just managed to seat himself in a first-class carriage before the guard blew his whistle for the start. Great was the surprise of the other five occupants of the compartment on seeing a gentleman of the last century, with crimson velvet coat and vest, white breeches, silk stockings, gorgeous knee buckles, and powdered hair (Mr Wyndham generally preferring this to a court wig), with a fashionable overcoat of the present day. There was a general buzz. Was he a mountebank or a madman? The mysterious stranger, caring little for the curiosity he had excited, enveloped himself in his rug and sank to sleep. At Brighton he jumped out of the train into a carriage, and dashed from the station, before the passengers had time to ask the guard what the vision signified. Soon afterwards Sir Lucius was transformed into Bob Sackett, declaring of each fair damsel he encountered, "The more and more I see her, the more and more I love her."

It appears from the British volumes of patents that a patent for a sewing machine exactly like that of Elias Howe was granted in 1790 by his Majesty King George III. to Thomas Saint, of Greenhill's Rents, in the Parish of St Sepulchre, county of Middlesex, England. It is described in the specifications as "a machine for stitching and sewing."

Mr Tom Taylor's historical play, *Anne Boleyn*, is now in rehearsal, and will be produced at the Haymarket Theatre on the 17th of January. Miss Neilson, as the heroine, is provided with a strong part. Miss Dietz and Miss Walton are also included in the cast, which is a very large one. Mr Arthur Matthison has been engaged to sustain the character of Sir Thomas Wyat.

Mr Cave's Christmas piece at the Alhambra will be an operatic extravaganza founded upon the loving ballad of "Lord Bateman." The music will be partly composed and partly selected by M. Jacobi. The scenery is being painted by Mr Albert Calcott. The costumes have been designed by Mr Alfred Maltby. The libretto is written by Mr Sydney French, and the entire plot and *mise-en-scène* constructed and placed upon the stage by Mr J. A. Cave.

The book, as a companion, is always at your service, always willing and pliable. You meet with men of service, good thinkers, good speakers, and you do not know how to draw them out, but a book is always open to your wish, and shuts when you desire, something which your professor might not do. In saying these things for books, I do not forget that they are merely secondary. When the mind itself opens, they have to stand aside. Their greatest benefit is that by causing this same opening of the mind they save us from themselves.—EMERSON.

STRALSUND.—*Der Haide Schacht*, the favorite opera by Herr Holstein, has been well received here.

COLOMBANO.—Sig. Ignaazio Pasini, the once celebrated tenor, died in this, his native, place, on the 8th inst. He was 79 years of age.

STUTTGART.—The Brothers Louis and Willy Thern, assisted by Mdlle Manuela Simon, recently gave a concert in the new Liederhalle, or "Hall of Songs."

CARLSRUHE.—Herr Ferdinand Langer's opera of *Dornröschen* has been successfully performed at the Grand Ducal Theatre. The composer was called on four times.

DRESDEN.—At a meeting of the Elgausängerbund, lately held here, it was determined to offer three prizes of 300, 200, and 100 marks respectively, for the best three-choral compositions by German composers.

VENICE.—The bust of Carlo Goldoni was solemnly inaugurated on the 2nd inst., in the vestibule of the theatre bearing the poet's name. It is a present from Prince Giovanelli, and the work of the sculptor, Sig. Giuseppe Soranzo.

ST PETERSBURG.—M. Saint-Saëns has been stopping with M. Adantschweski, Director of the Conservatory. At the conclusion of one of his Concerts for Chamber Music, he was warmly congratulated by the Grand Duke Constantine, who invited him to dinner.

BAYREUTH.—It is reported that Wagner has given up all notion of visiting London this winter, as he intended. He is much fatigued by his recent exertions in getting up *Tannhäuser* at Vienna.

MILAN.—The season at the Scala will be inaugurated by Verdi's *Vespri Siciliani* and the ballad of *Michelangelo Rolla*. The list of operas to be given includes *Gioconda*, by Sig. Ponchielli; *Luce*, by Sig. Gobati; *Charles VI.*, by Halévy; and *La Favorita*, by Donizetti. The second ballet will be *La Source*, by M. St Léon.

NAPLES.—At the suggestion of the Cavaliere Florimo, Director of the Musical Archives, a Committee, headed by the Cavaliere Lauro Rossi, Director of the Conservatory of Music, has been formed for the purpose of erecting a statue to Bellini. The Cavaliere Florimo has offered to head the subscription list with the sum of 1,000 francs.

LISBON.—Signor H. L. Bellini, of the Royal Italian Opera House, London, made his *début* last month, as the Marquis in *Linda*, with success, assisted by Signore Vitali, Augusti, and Rossi; Signori Rota, Corsi, and Vidal. The season commenced on the 29th of October, with *Lucrezia Borgia*, with Signore Sasse and Rossi; Signori Rota and Corsi. *Faust* was the next opera given, with Signore Vitali and Rossi; Signori Vidal, Augusti, Bardoni, and Reduzzi. This was followed by *Rigoletto*—Signore Vitali and Rossi; Signori Corsi and Barboni taking the chief parts. After *Rigoletto* came the *Ballo in Maschera*, in which Signor Augusti (tenor) made a good success. The placing of the opera upon the stage is very primitive for a "grand theatre." A new opera, *L'Elisi di Giovinezza*, by Vicont de Arneiros, is in rehearsal. Signor Bellini is to have a very important part in it, and is studying it under the composer's direction.

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CONTENTS.

1	1st Sunday in Advent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
2	2nd Sunday in Advent	Deus tu convertens	Qrtt. or Chorus	Henry Smart
3	3rd Sunday in Advent	Juste et pie vivamus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
4	4th Sunday in Advent	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
5	Any Sunday during Advent	Rorate	Chorus & Solo	Webbe
6	Christmas Day	Adeste Fideles	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
7	Sunday within Octave of Christmas	Attolite	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
8	Circumcision	Tui sunt coeli	Ten. So. & Chor.	A. Sullivan
9	Epiphany	Reges Tharsis	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
10	Sunday within Octave	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
11	Holy Name	Jesu dulcis	Qrtt. & Chorus	Beethoven
12	3rd Sunday after Epiphany	Dextera Domini	Chorus	Schumann
13	Septuagesima Sunday	Bonum est	Solo & Chorus	Benedict
14	Sexagesima Sunday	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
15	Quinquagesima Sunday	Super flumina	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
16	1st Sunday in Lent	Ecce nunc tempus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
17	2nd Sunday in Lent	Preces populi	Chorus	Webbe
18	3rd Sunday in Lent	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	4th Sunday in Lent	Ad te levavi	Bs. Solo or Qrtt.	Webbe
19	Passion Sunday	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Webbe
20	Palm Sunday	Improperium	Chorus	André
21	Easter Sunday (Gradual)	Hæc dies	Chorus or Trio. T. T. & B.	Webbe
22	,, (Offertory)	Victimæ	Chorus	Webbe
23	Low Sunday	Angelus Domini	Chorus	André
24	2nd Sunday after Easter	Deus miseretur	Chorus & Soli	Webbe
25	3rd Sunday after Easter	Lauda anima	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
10	4th Sunday after Easter	Jubilate	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
26	5th Sunday after Easter	Benedicimus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
27	Ascension Day	Ascendit Deus	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
28	Sunday within Octave of Ascension Day	Rex Gloriæ	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
29	Whit Sunday (Gradual)	Emitte / Veni sancte spiritus	Trio or Chorus / Duet or Chorus	Webbe
30	,, (Offertory)	Confirma hoc Deus	Soli or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
31	Trinity Sunday	Benedictus est	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
32	1st Sunday after Pentecost	Intende voci	Chorus	André
33	Corpus Christi (Gradual)	Lauda Sion	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
34	,, (Offertory)	O sacrum convivium	Solo	Webbe
35	2nd Sunday after Pentecost	Domine convertere	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
36	3rd Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
37	4th Sunday after Pentecost	Illumina	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
38	St Peter and St Paul	Roma felix	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
39	5th Sunday after Pentecost	Audi hymnum	Solo & Chorus	Webbe
14	6th Sunday after Pentecost	Perfice	Solo or Chorus	Webbe
40	7th Sunday after Pentecost	Sicut in holocaustis	Qrtt. or Chorus	Mozart
41	8th Sunday after Pentecost	Tu es gloria	Bass Solo	Webbe
18	9th Sunday after Pentecost	Justitiæ	Chorus or Qrtt.	Mendelssohn
1	10th Sunday after Pentecost	Ad te levavi	Solo or Quartett	Webbe
42	11th Sunday after Pentecost	Exurgat Deus	Chorus	Webbe
43	Assumption	Assumpta est	Chorus	Neukom
44	12th Sunday after Pentecost	Benedicam	Chorus	Eybler
45	13th Sunday after Pentecost	In te speravi	T. So. (& Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
36	14th Sunday after Pentecost	Protector	Duet	Webbe
13	15th Sunday after Pentecost	Bonum est	Solo or Chorus	Benedict
46	16th Sunday after Pentecost	Domine in auxilium	Soli & Chorus	W. M. Lutz
47	17th Sunday after Pentecost	Oravi	Soli & Chorus	Dr Crookal
48	18th Sunday after Pentecost	Timebunt	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
49	19th Sunday after Pentecost	Si ambulavere	Bs. Solo (Chor. *ad lib.*)	W. M. Lutz
15	20th Sunday after Pentecost	Super flumina	Chorus	Webbe
50	21st Sunday after Pentecost	Vir erat hus	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
51	22nd Sunday after Pentecost	Recordare	Solo & Chorus	Führer
52	All Saints (Gradual)	Tibi omnes angeli	Chorus	Webbe
53	,, (Offertory)	Justorum	Solo	Webbe
54	23rd Sunday after Pentecost	Hæc dicit Dominus	Soli & Chorus	Webbe
55	Nativity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
56	Holy Name	Ave Maria	Solo	Cherubini
57	Seven Dolors	Stabat Mater	Chorus	Gregorian
4	Rosary	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
55	Maternity	Beata	Chorus	W. M. Lutz
58	Purity	Succurre miseris	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
4	Patronage	Ave Maria	Solo or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
59	Confessor	Ecce sacerdos	Duet	Webbe
60	Martyrs	Qui seminant	Duet & Chorus	Webbe
61	One Martyr	Justus ut palma	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
62	Apostles	Gloria et honore	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
63	Virgins and Holy Women	Diffusa	Qrtt. or Chorus	W. M. Lutz
64		Asperges	Chorus	Gregorian
65	In Paschal time	Vidi aquam	Duet or Chorus	Webbe
66	Prayer for the Queen	Domine salvum fac	Chorus	Martini

APPENDIX.

67	Magnificat	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
68	Alma (from 1st Sunday in Advent till the Purification)	Solo & Chor.	Webbe
69	Ave Regina (from the Purification till Maunday Thursday)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
70	Regina Coeli (from Holy Saturday till Trinity Eve)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
71	Salve Regina (from Trinity Eve till Advent)	Soli & Chor.	Webbe
72	O Salutaris	Chorus	Webbe
73	O sacrum convivium	Dt. or Chor.	Webbe
74	Tantum ergo	Chorus	Webbe

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POPULAR CONCERTS.

(*From the "Times."*)

The concert at St James's Hall on Saturday afternoon was one of very considerable interest. It began with the quartet of Johannes Brahms, in G minor (Op. 25), for pianoforte and stringed instruments, performed by Mesdames Annette Essipoff and Norman-Neruda, MM. Zerbini and Pezze. This quartet, like most of the works of its composer, gains by closer familiarity, and, in the hands of the artists above-named, we need scarcely add that the execution was everything that could be wished. Madame Essipoff, thoroughly familiar with the modern school of pianoforte music, now so much in vogue, in resorting to Brahms went to the best and most fruitful source. The quartet was listened to from beginning to end with great attention by an audience that filled every part of St James's Hall, and each successive movement was applauded. The piece selected by the accomplished Russian pianist for her solo display was Schumann's "Carnaval," from which, with great judgment, she picked out the most attractive numbers. The "Carnaval" is one of the early productions of Mendelssohn's Leipsic contemporary, friend, and, as some would make him, rival. As it stands in the original, it is a lengthy and more or less disjointed series of fragments. But it contains much that is beautiful, and, if discreetly abridged, can hardly fail to please. Madame Essipoff enters into the spirit of the music heart and soul, and makes nothing of the difficulties that here and there place it beyond the reach of ordinary executants. She gave to each division of the work its characteristic significance, which, considering the marked individuality of expression demanded by movement after movement, is no easy task. Mechanical facility was combined with still higher qualities. Schumann himself would have been satisfied. Madame Essipoff was repeatedly applauded, called three times at the end of the performance, and compelled, by the unanimous desire of the audience, to play again. Instead of repeating the "Carnaval," however—which would have been too great a tax—she substituted another piece, her choice falling upon one of the most graceful and charming bagatelles from the fluent and productive pen of Dr Ferdinand Hiller. This was Madame Essipoff's last appearance for the season, and she had every reason to be satisfied with so hearty and genuine a leave-taking—or, as every amateur of finished pianoforte-playing must wish, "*au revoir.*" With so much of the new school in the programme, it was wise to finish with one of those long-accepted masterpieces which must remain ever fresh while art endures, and upon which, to employ the well-known phrase of Byron, "Time writes no wrinkle." Haydn has bequeathed to us not a few of such masterpieces, and the stringed quartet in E flat, which brought Saturday's concert to an end, is by no means one of the least remarkable. It was admirably given by Madame Norman-Neruda, MM. L. Ries, Zerbini, and Pezze. No violinist reads Haydn's music more truthfully, or plays it with more grace, facility, and unaffected expression, than Madame Norman-Neruda. She shines in it as in the music of Mozart, and, to name one particular example, in the plaintive and beautiful "A minor" quartet of Schubert. There is nothing exaggerated in this lady's playing; all is pure and genuine, without any attempt at individual display. Absorbed in the task before her, she is unconscious of self. Thus, and thus only, ought such music to be rendered—music which seems to spring unbidden from the exhaustless fountain of melody, and yet coming only to the gifted few. The singer at this concert was Mr Thurley Beale, a "barytone bass" who makes progress both in his art and in public opinion. The accompanist was Sir Julius Benedict—how often shall we have to say, *facile princeps.*

Mr Arthur Chappell's ante-Christmas series of performances has been more than usually interesting, and not the less so because the programmes have been in a large measure drawn from the works of those great dead masters for the popularisation of which the "Monday Popular Concerts" were especially instituted. We have had but two novelties of any consequence—viz., a pianoforte trio in D minor, by Herr Bargiel, and another, in C minor, by Herr Joachim Raff, neither of which is entitled to any marked consideration. As pianists, we have had Madame Essipoff; Mdlle Anna Mehlig, slowly but surely, advancing to the highest rank in her profession; Mr Charles Hallé, who, with Madame Arabella Goddard, Herr Joseph Joachim, and Signor Piatti, may be said to have laid the first stone of the now solid edifice; and Miss Agnes Zimmermann, whom the public is always only too glad to welcome. As leading violinists, may be named Herr Wilhelmj, of whose exceptional talent it would be superfluous to speak; Herr Ludwig Straus, and Madame Norman-Neruda. The first Monday Popular Concert of the new year is announced for the 10th of January, when the pianist is to be Mdlle Marie Krebs, and Signor Piatti, violoncellist of violoncellists, again will take the post which, with rare intervals, he has occupied from the beginning.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1875.

And Christmas day has come again,
Sweet bells ring merrily;
Glad souls respond to every peal
And hail the sounds with glee.

Ah! day of sad, sad memories
In many an aching brain,
What scenes of long departed years
Will start to life again?

I mind a time, a golden time,
When hearts would light hearts greet,
The sudden burst of those sweet bells,
And every pulse would beat.

When friends and kin were wont to meet
In bonds of unity;
Ah! Christmas days of auld lang syne
Were sunny days with me.

With harmless mirth at even-tide
To wile away the hour;
Oh! those were happy, happy nights,
Those Christmas nights of yore.

No more, no more, by my lone hearth
I brood o'er visions flown,
Though some perchance might wish me near,
I sigh to be alone.

I know I feel that it is wrong,
On this blest favoured day,
To let one cold ungrateful sense
With higher thoughts hold sway.

But spite of all our loftiest hopes,
Our struggles to forget,
Some haunting ills will still intrude
And wring the schooled heart yet.

ADA LESTER.

RATISBON, BAVARIA.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The "Musikverein" of Ratisbon began its season, on the 11th, Mr Kreiscassier Spörl, providing an unexceptional programme, the first part of which included Beethoven's Symphony in D major, which, under the direction of Music-Director Carl, was well performed, and received with enthusiasm. The second part began with C. Oberthür's overture *Rübezahl*, which meritorious work is well known in the chief cities of the Continent. It was played here with its usual great effect. Mr Oberthür, whose exceptional talent has been admired by us in former years, played his brilliant harp fantasie, "Souvenir de Londres," in a manner that could not fail to be followed by a vehement recall. Fräulein Marie Gottlieb, from the Royal Opera, Munich, then sang an *aria* from Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, with great success; after which followed *Loreley*, a legend for orchestra and harp *obbligato*, by C. Oberthür, who himself played the harp part. This work abounds in beauties, and its orchestration was pronounced by *cognoscenti* as masterly. Fräulein Gottlieb sang two songs by Brahms and one by Kirchner; she produced great effect with the third song, and was deservedly recalled. Mr Oberthür then played his descriptive piece, "Clouds and Sunshine," and, being unanimously recalled, gave another brilliant solo, "La Cascade." The concert ended with Weber's overture to *Oberon*. It was so well attended that it tested severely the capacities of the large room in the Neuhause.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

It is perhaps safe to say that never in the history of the Royal Academy of Music has a concert been given more worthy of its name and pretensions than that which took place at St James's Hall last Wednesday evening week. A very few years ago the abilities of the students were shown under conditions by no means satisfactory, and to contrast what was then done in Hanover Square with the scene presented in St James's Hall is to form a vivid idea of genuine progress and healthy life. Once, it may be allowed, the state of the Royal Academy suggested some excuse for setting up a rival institution. At the present time it furnishes the strongest possible argument against any such course.

The orchestra and chorus employed on the occasion of which we speak consisted exclusively of past or present students of the Academy. So far an old rule was adhered to, but never did the vocalists and instrumentalists give so much reason for pointing to the fact with pride. In strict truth, the band, led by Mr Burnett, one of our ablest violinists, and including such well-known artists as Messrs Watson, Waud, Pettit, White, Svendsen, Horton, Lazarus, Waetzig, and the brothers Harper, was of first-rate quality, while the fresh young voices of the chorus, aided by exceptional individual skill, secured an *ensemble* of rare excellence. Mr Walter Macfarren conducted with much ability, and nothing was wanting to make the entire executive force able, like the great Duke's Peninsular army, to "go anywhere and do anything."

The first part of the programme contained several interesting examples of the students' powers of composition. First among these as to order was the opening movement of a symphony in C minor by Mr Eaton Faning. If we mistake not, this had been previously heard, but none the less were the audience impressed by the ability it displayed. Mr Faning has not yet acquired a style of his own, many of the details of his work showing the influence of Mozart, while the broader features suggested that of Beethoven. But the composer is very young, and we have no right to demand more from him than evidence of those powers of expression which will serve him in good stead when he has distinctive things to say. The next work was a MS. cantata on the subject of the divine attribute of mercy, composed by Mr A. H. Jackson. This is an ambitious effort, but the result proved that in sanctioning its performance Professor Macfarren was well advised. The cantata contains five numbers, of which two, capitally sung by Mr Wadmore, are written for baritone solo, and one is a choral recitative. It may be objected that the work needs relief, but that is simply due to a choice of texts which erred on the score of sameness in character. The composer could be no other than true to his theme, and, within the limits it afforded him, he has done very well indeed. We need not comment upon the numbers in detail. Enough that the impression made generally, and especially by the beautiful chorus, "The Lord is nigh to them," was of a most favourable character. We shall watch Mr Jackson's future efforts with interest and hope. The stuff is in him of which composers are made, and, as far as we are concerned, he shall not want the encouragement which may stimulate him to turn his endowments to the best account. A performance, by Mr Walter Fitton, of Mendelssohn's Rondo Brillante in E flat for pianoforte, with orchestra, was fluent and accurate, but seemed to lack power. On the other hand, no objection can be made to the singing, by Miss Kate Brand, of a somewhat uncommon song, "Love and Laughter," the work of Miss Oliveria Prescott. Another success was achieved by Miss Amy Turner Burnett, in Hummel's Introduction and Rondo, "Le Retour à Londres," although the fair young artist might easily have devoted her time to the study of a more interesting work. The second part of the concert was wholly taken up by Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* solos by Miss Marie Duval, Miss Mary Davies, and Mr Guy. An orchestra of veterans could hardly have rendered the symphonic movements with greater taste and precision. The result, indeed, was surprising, and reflected the highest credit upon everybody concerned. We might repeat this observation with regard to the vocal numbers, all of which were smoothly and effectively given. Miss Duval sang throughout with true feeling, and gave promise of great future excellence. Miss Davies did good service in an unobtrusive manner, and Mr Guy, though not in his best voice, won applause for his rendering of the tenor solos. To sum up, the concert was a brilliant success, and put the Royal Academy before the public, at a critical time, in the most favourable light. "By their fruits ye shall know them," and to judge the institution according to what was done on Wednesday night is to form the highest estimate of its value.

——o—— D. T.

NOTES UPON NOTES.

DEAR MR MUSICAL WORLD,—From your last Saturday's number, it appears you have a licence to deal in Spirits.—I am half seas over, on "a merry key," at the idea of our Arabella "coming back to (a) Hearing," in "merrie England;" for tho', like a young "Chic-err'ing," she will come back from a-Broad (to St. John's) Wood; for, altho' with rings from her fingers on Broadwood's Grand, she could have Music wherever she goes; yet she has discoursed so often and so eloquently on "Home, sweet Home"—that, although, in coming back, there would be sailing "Over the dark blue waters"—which, by the way, sounds very pretty as a quartet in *Oberon*, but in reality, with the politest of stewards and stewardesses, is worse than a week's five-finger Exercises at Leipsic—(*sic*). 'Tis a disgrace to the sect; we go to Chappell—we have the analytical programmes to open our *ears* and *hearts*—we can then listen, with all our eyes and ears to the good things provided by that admirable Musical Missionary, King Arthur, supported by his Knights of the Round Table, &c.; then read a well written critique upon the actual performances, when there is such a powerful means of public instruction—to increase intelligent listening, and just appreciation of fine music and fine performances. Where are the hearts, and where are the ears (that deserve pulling) for letting *our grand and great* pianist leave our shores after so long "talking to us with *her* fingers"—"Fairy Fingers, whispering Music;" and with such honeyed tones saying, "Where the bee sucks, there lurk I," appealing to hundreds of Benedicts, besides the gifted composer himself? Was it in an ironical mood that the Popular Concerts were *established* during the Cattle Show, and the admirable "Fish Concerts" at a fashionable *watering* place? I cannot say for certain what the Beasts may have to say on the subject; nor (although you are kind enough to consider me a Spirit—and that Spirits can be called from the vasty deep, without water) yet, not being on sufficient terms of intimacy with the Fish, except an occasional ramble with a Shrimp or two, I cannot say much about the Fish. Neither have analytical programmes, &c., &c. Yet they seem to understand as well as the bipeds who let Madame Arabella Goddard leave them. Pray, come back—we will try and behave better. *Daily Telegraphs* will, we trust, bring *Daily News* of the *Hour*, when, "Wild" with delight, we shall welcome the *Life* of the pianoforte, and as she has so often told us—"Life let us cherish." Even figure 0, which amongst figures (not wax) is nought—very naughty and very nice—"Cherubino" would make a grand crescendo. No, as a ghost or spirit, I had made a mistake. Cherubini made a long crescendo in the overture to *Anacreon;* was it the first invention?—many kind young ladies, I suppose, out of contradiction (and ladies are, I believe, as a *rule, rather* contradictory) to the "Music of the Future," desire to play like the Ancients, without *fortes* or *pianos*. Cherubino, the Page, would turn over a new leaf; and, although betting is, I believe, not allowed amongst spirits, I could lay *"Betts"* on Madame Arabella being welcomed on all hands, for *her* hands—proving that, with her, sense is associated with sound, and feeling with judgement—perfection. As a Ghost, you place me in greater company than I could aspire to in a worldly point of view. You call me "Billy;" so I send this *billet-doux*, as I am home for the holidays.—I remain, yours all right and tight (spirits have a tendency that way), W. H. HOLMES.

Dec. 22, 1875.

P.S.—On re-reading your article of Saturday, I find I am not a spirit. I am very glad of it. Glad on't—as E. J. Loder's Bath aunt used to say, when she went upstairs.

[The genial merriment and hearty kindness of our dear old friend and honoured master are in suit with Christmas; but he has reckoned without his "Arabella." She is *not* coming back.—D. P.]

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

Christmas performances of Handel's greatest oratorio are always well attended, and scarcely need the co-operation of eminent aristes to secure that result. Apart from such help, however, it may be doubtful whether the public, in numbers sufficient to fill the vast area of the Albert Hall, would have braved the disagreeable weather of Monday night, and taken a more or less long journey to Kensington. The added attraction, it must be owned, was very great. Not often during the season of oratorio do amateurs have a chance of hearing the *Messiah* solos interpreted by vocalists of such eminence as Madame Christine Nilsson, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Mr Lloyd, and Signor Foli—a quartet of rare distinction, if not, as regards all its members, thoroughly trained in the style of music they had to sing. Madame Nilsson and Madame Trebelli belong emphatically to another school than that of Handelian oratorio, but the fact will hardly be disputed that when artists of such powers address themselves conscientiously to any task the result is interesting and attractive as a matter of course, while it may offer features of a peculiar value. Such an audience as then listened to the *Messiah* do not unanimously bestow favour without very good reason, and the encores exacted for Madame Trebelli's "He shall feed His flock," and demanded, but not granted, for Madame Nilsson's "I know that my Redeemer liveth," are better testimony than any we could give to the merit of those performances. Miss Anna Williams rendered efficient help in the soprano solos of less importance; Mr Lloyd was, as always, thoroughly satisfactory; and the superb voice of Signor Foli gave much effect to the music he had to sing. The band and chorus were so far up to their work that only on rare occasions have the concerted numbers been more satisfactorily presented. A good choral performance of the *Messiah* is looked for with perfect justice, and any result less than good entails no ordinary disgrace; but it sometimes happens that the very familiarity of the theme leads to fatal carelessness in its treatment. On this occasion the rendering of the choruses was, generally speaking, above the average, and deserved proportionate eulogy. Dr Stainer did excellent service at the organ, and Mr Barnby was a conductor with whom it would be hard to find fault.

—o—

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Faust, in which Madame Christine Nilsson made her first appearance on the Birmingham stage, is one of those operas best calculated to display the varied powers of the famous Swedish songstress. Every phase of the character, from Marguerite's first entrance in the "Kermesse" scene, where, with downcast eyes and maidenly reserve, she declines the proffered attentions of the handsome cavalier, through the love passages in the Garden scene, gradually increasing in tenderness and fervour, the horror at her brother's death after the duel, the agony at her unsuccessful efforts to pray in the church, the remorse and madness in the Dungeon—one and all enlisted the sympathies and held spell-bound the attention of the audience. She was worthily supported by Madame Trebelli-Bettini, who gained an "encore" for her charming rendering of Siebel's song. These, to some extent, made amends for the not altogether perfect singing of Signor Gillandi as Faust, and the grotesque impersonation of Mephistopheles by Signor Castelmary. Signor Galassi was a fairly good Valentino, Madame Demeric-Lablache an excellent Marta, and Signor Costa a creditable Wagner. The chorus, particularly in the first act, left much to desire; while the *mise-en-scène* was incongruously comic. The "Kermesse" was backed up by a sort of Greek temple (which, at first sight, might have been taken for the Birmingham Town Hall), and buildings of hybrid architecture; while one Gothic wing was faced by an old English shop front, with the legendary "*M. Brown, Butcher.*" The church scene was represented by wings of a banqueting hall, with Norman arch at the back, seen through which was a table with dingy red cloth, surmounted by a tea-tray with painted cross. The brass band of the soldiers was evidently native talent, the big drum displaying the words "Police Band" in gilt letters; so that the scenic illusion was not entrancing.

What I recently said as to taste for music was borne out when *Don Giovanni* was played to about half the audience attracted by *Faust*. Yet the "cast" was efficient—Madame Marie Roze being an excellent Donna Anna, Mdlle Varesi a good Elvira, and Mad. Trebelli-Bettini (transposition of music allowed for), a lively Zerlina, winning encores for "La ci darem," "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai Carino." Signor Gillandi seemed acquainted with the traditions of the part of Ottavio; and Signor del Puente obtained an encore for the serenade, "Deh vieni;" Herr Behrens, as Leporello, did at least justice to the music; while Signor Zoboli, as Masetto, and Signor Costa, as the Commendatore, each contributed to the effect of a performance deserving of better support. The *Trovatore* came next; and it is enough to say that Leonora was represented by Madame Nilsson in a manner which delighted all hearers; that Azucena was Madame Lablache, who created a genuine "sensation"; and that the other parts were sustained by Mdlle Bauermeister, Signori Brignoli (Manrico), Galassi (Il Conte), Costa, and Rinaldini. Signor Li Calsi deserves praise for his conducting, and the chorus was better than on the first evening.

D. H.

—o—

Christmas Waits.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—When Heaven, o'erladened with eternal blessings, bent down to earth, a choir of herald angels led the way. Can it be that that celestial band is represented in the present year of grace by the Waits, who now make midnight hideous? Are these harsh tones the echoes, carried down the course of ages, of that heavenly song which broke upon the ears of the enraptured shepherds on the fields of Palestine? No! such cannot be. Sublimity is burlesqued, and the holy Incarnation parodied by brayers and brawlers. Where are the guardians of our sacred mysteries? Why are they silent at the travesty? Where are our musical authorities? The Royal Academy of Music, doubtless, deem such a national matter beneath its lofty consideration, and altogether too low for the occupation of its half-guinea-an-hour professors. Happily it is understood that the National Training School of Music will take the subject under its special protection, and its management will thereby secure the sympathy and support of all corporate bodies. To make our waits angelic, and their strains seraphic, are objects worthy alike of musical mayors and artistic princes. By next Christmas Kensington may turn out groups of performers who will make the welkin ring with sweet carols and glorious songs. In the meantime, while the present order of waits stops the way, I venture to ask, where are the police? Cannot they demand and enforce silence in my court? If they fail, I must apply to the Home Secretary, for I have good reasons for believing these wretched waits are engaged in a vile conspiracy, of which I am the victim. In a few words I will tell you my case. Like most professional gentlemen, I have a large circle of creditors, with whom I have lived for a long time on friendly if not amicable terms; for I have never neglected the subtle uses of "free admission," pleasant manners, and copious promises. In spite of all my tuneful efforts, however, dire discord has appeared. Rough sounds are heard in my doorway, and uncouth noises in my hall, calling for money. No hour of the day have I been able to keep out the ugly Caliban ditties. My annoyance has been extreme—such as only a sensitive and high-souled musician can appreciate; but I have been firm and hard with them, yes, as a bloodless stone. The sneaks, having failed to torture me to madness by day, now try the night. Would you believe it? They have engaged the Waits to repeat their demands in the dead of the night. Yes, yes, I hear the butcher's voice in the ophicleide, the baker's in the trombone, the tailor's in the cornet, the grocer's in the clarinet, the greengrocer's in the hautboy, and all squeal, bray, and roar at me—now in vile unison, and now in hysterical harmony—"money, money. pay us our money!"

May I venture to ask you, my very dear Mr Editor, to suggest means for laying these ghosts, or help me to expose this abominably wicked conspiracy?—Yours truly,

Giovanni Braun.

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MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

Two events, furnishing two fruitful topics of conversation, have recently occurred in connection with the Imperial Operahouse. The first concerns the manager, Herr Jauner, personally. That gentleman has received, from a very high official personage, what is familiarly termed a "wigging," drawn up in high official form, concerning the manner in which the scene of the Venusberg, in R. Wagner's opera of *Tannhäuser*, is represented. He is informed that it is highly objectionable, and that it is not permissible to introduce into an Imperial establishment the stage business of some low theatre in the suburbs. The reprimand is richly merited, but it should have been addressed not to Herr Jauner but to Herr R. Wagner, for it was he who got up the opera, with all its objectionable details. What Herr Jauner should have done would have been at once to put his veto upon such stage business. The second occurrence to which allusion has been made regards Herr Beck, who, relying upon the terms of his engagement, has refused the part of Telramund in *Lohengrin*. At first, the manager was inclined to insist that Herr Beck should withdraw his refusal, but, on looking into that gentleman's engagement, it was found he was legally justified in the course he had adopted. The matter, of course, has lost nothing in the telling. Like all other such matters "*vires acquisivit eundo*." It was reported that R. Wagner had, in Herr Jauner's presence, grossly insulted Herr Beck, who had in consequence applied for a warrant against him.

A comical incident, not included in Herr R. Wagner's stage business, happened in the hunting-scene of the first act during the last performance of *Tannhäuser*. As he was mounting his gallant steed, one of the singers trod on another artist—a member of the pack which figures among the personages of the drama. The four-footed performer began barking loudly with pain. His canine companions followed his example, and then the whole pack modulated into a continuous howl, which ran through the entire finale. The great mass of the audience laughed, but some ardent Wagnerites were highly indignant at the endless melody thus unexpectedly contributed by the hounds.

A few days since, a journeyman shoemaker, named Carl Sladek, managed to make his way into the apartments occupied by Herr Wagner, at the Hôtel Impérial, and to steal a gun, the property of Mdlle Brunhilde Wahnfrida Utechk, lady's maid to Mad. Cosima Wagner. The thief did not, however, touch two stall-tickets for the next performance of *Tannhäuser*, though they were lying close to the gown. Sensible thief! By the way, did Miss Utechk rejoice in the high sounding names of Brunhilde Wahnfrida from infancy, or has she been nominally mediævalised, since she has devoted her energies to attending on Mad. Cosima's back-hair?

The general rehearsals of *Lohengrin* at the Imperial Operahouse are well advanced. Mad. Friedrich-Materna, Herr Scaria, and Say retain their old characters. Herr Müller impersonates the hero. Great difficulty was experienced in finding representatives for Elsa and Telramund. The choice has at length fallen upon Mad. Kupfer and Herr Nollet, respectively. Herr Wagner talks of leaving Vienna about the end of the present month. A month earlier than he originally intended. Ominous! The world will be favoured, it is to be dreaded, with a second *Communication to my Friends*. Poor translators!

At the end of the year, Mad. Louise Dustmann will cease to be a member of the company at the Imperial Operahouse, and retire on a pension. A complimentary benefit will be given her. Though she leaves the stage, she will still sing at concerts.

MUSIC IN BRUSSELS.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The principal, and, indeed, the only fact at the Théâtre de la Monnaie worth recording lately has been the production of Verdi's *Messa da Requiem*. The solo vocalists were Mesdes Léon Duval, Barlani-Nini, MM. Léon Achard and Povolei. Signor Muzio conducted. The critics praise the work very highly, but the public did not at first manifest much desire to hear it. At any rate, they did not flock in crowds to the earlier performances. A writer in the *Guide Musical* remarks:

"The execution of Verdi's *Requiem* was not fortunate enough to draw many people to the Monnaie, despite the attraction naturally belonging to a new work signed by an illustrious name, and despite the success by which it had been preceded. The Brussels public, as a rule, care very little for artistic solemnities, which, in addition to æsthetic gratification—a very subordinate consideration in their eyes—do not, at the same time, offer other sources of amusement in the probable case of the public's being bored. They will gladly pay ten or fifteen francs for the favour of being present at a gala performance. On such an occasion they can, at all events, ogle a varied collection of shoulders more or less resembling alabaster, and admire, in the Royal box, the luxurious ornaments of the reigning princes of Honolulu or Monomotapa. But a musical work, without these incentives to curiosity, never strikes them as worth so exorbitant a price.—'What! Fifteen francs to hear a mass at the theatre!' said a worthy lady, who enjoys the reputation of being a patroness of art. 'Very much thank you! In a church it costs only five centimes.'"

This character of the people of Brussels is drawn by one of themselves. After two performances, the managers, wiser and sadder, fell back upon the ordinary prices. The theatre was crammed. Hereupon the same writer remarks:—

"This success, due to the reduced prices of admission, is extremely characteristic, and may serve as a lesson for the managers. What induced them to believe that the people of Brussels would gladly give fifteen francs to hear an extraordinary work was that, despite the same augmentation, the receipts were magnificent whenever Faure, Patti, or Nilsson have sung here. But the cases are *not* similar. The Brussels public do not refuse to indulge in a little sacrifice to hear some undisputed artistic celebrity, of whom everyone is speaking, who fills the papers with the noise of his or her exploits, and the extreme rarity of whose appearance among us enhances his or her merit. Fashion, too, has a great deal to do with the matter. There is no one who will not pay heavily for the pleasure of saying to a friend: 'I have heard Patti,' or 'I have heard Nilsson.' This is only a particular form of *amour propre*. Such is not the case with regard to the *Requiem*. True, people had talked about it—but cursorily and without attaching much importance to it. There was something to be said both for and against it. Neither *amour propre* nor fashion were involved—the less so as the notion of a Mass for the Dead shocks persons of timid and pusillanimous disposition. All this was attended with danger, and there were reasons for fearing that the enterprise would turn out a semi-failure. Such has been the result. We have seen that the question of money had a great deal to do with the matter. These considerations would lead us, if we dared, to call the attention of the managers to the point, with especial reference to the approaching performances of Mad. Lucca, who is far from being as famous as Mad. Patti and Mad. Nilsson."

The *Guide* evidently does not entertain a high opinion of his fellow-citizens, nor is what he says concerning Lucca likely to find acceptance—with Lucca.

The first concert of the Instrumental Union took place in the large Hall of the Grande Harmonie. The instrumental performers were MM. Brassin, Wieniawski, Cornélis, Kes, Joseph Servais, Galkine, Cats, Schnitzler, and Bonman. M. Reubsaet, sang some of Anton Rubinstein's "Mélodies Persanes."

At the second concert of the "Association des Artistes Musiciens," the instrumental features were Beethoven's Overture to *Egmont*, Hector Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain," a Gavotte by Bach, scored for full band by M. Gevaert, and the "Turkish March," from *The Ruins of Athens*. There were many vocal pieces, the singers being Madlle Dérivis and M. Bertin and the members of the Choral Society.

STETTIN.—A "secular oratorio," *Otto der Grosse*, by Dr Lorenz, has been produced.

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HERR WILHELMJ'S CONCERT.

A programme more than usually attractive was, as a matter of course, expected for the first concert Wilhelmj gave in London. May we say it at once? Expectations were not by any means disappointed—rather, perhaps, surpassed. For an artist like Wilhelmj it cannot, it might be thought, be a difficult matter to gather a number of accomplished colleagues for his support. This is, however, not the case. It is true there are, at this time of the year, many foreign artists of great repute in England. Those, however, make their engagements for many weeks in advance. It is, therefore, not easy to obtain a powerful staff at short notice. In this respect, however, Herr Wilhelmj was lucky. Although his concert had to be organised in very short time, he was assisted by artists of acknowledged standing, and was fortunate enough to secure the services of no less admirable a pianist than Mdme Essipoff.

The concert took place at St James's Hall, on Friday evening, the 17th inst., when, despite inclement weather, a large audience was attracted, who must have been pleased to hear so interesting a novelty as Johann S. Svensden's stringed quartet in A minor. The Swedish composer is a man of distinguished talent; but we cannot pronounce a definite opinion of the merits of his quartet after a single hearing. Herr Wilhelmj is no less an admirable leader of chamber music than a brilliant solo player. Nothing more satisfactory than his reading of this quartet, and other concerted pieces—including the *andante* with variations from Schubert's quartet in D minor, and Schumann's trio in the same key—could be wished. In Messrs Pollitzer, Zerbini, and Daubert, Herr Wilhelmj found able coadjutors. Herr Oscar Beringer, one of the most eager prophets of the "Higher Development," gave the pianoforte part in Schumann's beautiful trio, with intelligence, spirit, and perfect mastery over its technical difficulties. A *bravura* piece of the most legitimate kind was selected for the solo display of the concert-giver, who, in all he does, proves himself a genuine artist, disdaining to win applause by trickery. Ernst's *Airs Hongrois*, with variations for violin and orchestral accompaniment, is a piece instinct with melodious charm and romantic sentiment. The variations, trying and difficult as they are, seemed child's play in the practised hands of Wilhelmj. Rarely have we listened to a more masterly exhibition of mechanical facility, rarely to a burst of applause more spontaneous and general than that which brought the great performer back to the platform, and induced him to play his own familiar "transcription" of the *Romanza* from Chopin's Pianoforte Concerto in E. The accompanist, as in the *Airs Hongrois*, was Herr Wilhelm Ganz, who in both instances showed marked ability. In conjunction with Mdme Essipoff, Herr Wilhelmj was heard in a series of charming "Feuilles d'Album," which were composed by Ernst and Stephen Heller, and published as "Pensées Fugitives," or "Gages d'Amitié." The *ensemble* of the two great artists was in every respect perfect. Mdme Essipoff chose for solos Chopin's *Berceuse*, a study by the same master, and Rubinstein's "Valse Brilliante." Nothing could surpass the delicacy with which the first-named was given, or the spirit that characterised the last. After several recalls, Mdme Essipoff acceded to the loudly expressed desire of the audience, and performed another piece—Schubert's Serenade—which she interpreted as poetically as the composer had poetically conceived it. This, too, to judge by their enthusiastic expressions of approval, the audience would only have been too pleased to hear again. The vocalists were Madlle Nita Gaëtano, and Signor Urio; the lady selecting Mozart's "Non più di fiori," and Pergolesi's "Ogni pena," the gentleman an air by Handel (encored), and Balfe's "Good night, beloved." Sir Julius Benedict conducted; and everything went off so well that very few can have left St James's Hall without regret that Wilhelmj's first concert for the season should also be his last.

SIGMUND MENKES.

FLORENCE.—Signor Leopoldo Costoli has completed the model for the statue of Rossini, which will be carried out in marble, and placed in the vestibule of the Teatro della Pergola. The arrangements for lighting the theatre with gas are nearly finished.

AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

It is no part of our duty to criticise what was done at the concert given by this body in the Albert Hall on Saturday evening. The occasion assumed to be of a private character—in itself a sufficient reason for not treating it as public; but apart from this, it would be unfair to judge the performance of amateurs by the high standard which is alone applicable in view of the works performed. When a non-professional orchestra attempts to play symphonies, criticism of the result is necessarily determined by the degree of merit such music exacts; wherefore it is kinder not to criticise. Considerations like these, however, do not affect the historic portion of our task, and it may be stated that in the Amateurs' programme were several works of undoubted interest. The selection began, for example, with Gounod's Symphony in D, continuing with Handel's third sonata for violin (Mr Enthoven) and pianoforte (Miss Enthoven), the overtures to *Don Giovanni*, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Haydée*, and the Gavotte (which had to be repeated), from Thomas's *Hamlet*. It will be inferred from this list that the members of the orchestra have not abated one jot of confidence or ambition, and as easy is it to see that their powers were severely tested. However we look at the result, the spectacle of so many gentlemen striving to do great things in a noble cause gives satisfaction, and encourages a belief that musical life in amateur circles is sound and healthy. The vocalists were Miss Robertson and Mr Mansfield, each of whom obtained the favour of the audience—the lady carrying off exceptional honours. After "Una voce" Miss Robertson was called three times, and then compelled to repeat the air. A like result attended her in an air from Gounod's *Mireille*, so impressed were all present by the beauty and compass of her voice. Miss Robertson was accompanied on the piano by Signor Randegger. D. T.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I'm in bed, I'm in bed, with a cold in my head!
Yet the tips of my fingers do freeze;
My feet covered with blains, my back aching with pains,
And so do both shoulders and knees.
And I could not be worse—Oh! this climate's a curse!
Such language excuse if you please,
For ah! nobody knows the extent of my woes,
And how much I snuffle and sneeze.
Then, I pray, let us fly to a country that's dry,
Where the frost does not nip to the bone,
Where north winds do not blow, and they never have snow,
And colds in the head are not known.

Sphinx.

[One hundred pounds for a meaning.—A.S.S.]

WEST BROMWICH.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The West Bromwich Choral Society may be congratulated on the success of its first concert, when some hundred-and-twenty members made their *début* in a series of part-songs, executed in a manner conferring credit upon the singers, and reflecting honour upon the conductor—Mr William Hartland—whose energy and perseverance have effected wonders. Scarcely three months have elapsed since the society held its first practice, and many members were altogether novices. It is needless to specify the various numbers; suffice it that Henry Smart, Henry Leslie, Pinsuti, &c., were the composers, and that one and all were rendered with due expression; the "Troubadour" being encored. The principal soloists were Miss Banks and Mr W. H. Cummings, the former being encored in "Over hill, over dale," the latter in "The Thorn," "There's nae luck aboot the house," in one instance, and "Sally in our alley" in the other, being substituted. A similar compliment was paid to Mr Larder, in "I'm a roamer" and the "Wolf." Mr Hartland, besides directing the choir, gave two pianoforte solos—Chopin's *Fantaisie Impromptu* and Gottschalk's *Pasquinade Caprice*—displaying a neat execution and refinement worthy notice. As accompanist, Miss Hartland left nothing to desire. At the next concert Arthur Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* will form the attraction. H. D.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,

ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON OF MDLLE MARIE KREBS AND SIGNOR PIATTI.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1875.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET in G major, Op. 58, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. *Spohr.*

AIR, "Bella adorata"—Mr SHAKESPEARE .. .. *Mercadante.*

SUITE DE PIECES, in E major (with Variations on "The Harmonious Blacksmith"), for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Handel.*

PART II.

SONATA in D major Op. 58, for pianoforte and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Mendelssohn.*

SONGS, {"Du bist wie eine Blume" .. .. *Schumann.* {"Sing, maiden, sing" .. .. *Bennett.* Mr SHAKESPEARE.

QUARTET in F, Op. 77, No. 2, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. .. *Haydn.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 15, 1876.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET in D minor (No. 2 of the set dedicated to Haydn), for two violins, viola, and violoncello—Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI.. .. .. *Mozart.*

AIR, "Adelaide"—Mr SIMS REEVES .. .. *Beethoven.*

SONATA in A flat, Op. 26 (with Funeral March), for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS .. .. *Beethoven.*

ALLEMANDE, LARGO, and ALLEGRO, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment—Signor PIATTI .. .. .. *Veracini.*

SONGS, {"The Savoyard" {"The Kiss" } Mr SIMS REEVES .. .. .. *Beethoven.*

TRIO in G minor, Op. 8, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mdlle MARIE KREBS, Mdme NORMAN-NERUDA, and Signor PIATTI .. .. *Chopin.*

Conductor .. .. Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

MARRIAGES.

On the 11th inst., at St George's, Tuffnal Park, HARRY HEALEY, fourth son of the late Thomas Lea, of Highgate, to MARTHA JANE, elder daughter of Lewis Thomas, the vocalist.

On the 18th inst., at Holy Trinity Church, North Malvern, by the Rev. the Vicar, ARTHUR ROWLEY WARD, of Newtown, Great Malvern, to HARRIET WINK, of North Malvern.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the* MUSICAL WORLD *is at Messrs* DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, *Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

"MUSICAL WORLD"—NEW YEAR'S NUMBER.

ON NEW YEAR'S-DAY, *January* 1, *a* DOUBLE NUMBER *of the* "MUSICAL WORLD"—*consisting of thirty-two pages—will be issued.*

The impressions in which Mr Charles Lyall's portraits of Messrs J. L. Hatton ("Hesperus"), Carl Rosa (as "Conductor"), Santley ("The Porter of Havre"), and Sims Reeves ("Come into the Garden, Maud")—together with Franz Liszt (eight exemplifications of "Higher Development" in pianoforte playing)—appeared, having been exhausted, these illustrations will all be reproduced in the NEW YEAR'S NUMBER *of the* "MUSICAL WORLD," *with others of more or less interest, as well as original articles on various subjects.*

To be had, price 4d. (by post, 5d.), of Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; Allen, Warwick Lane; Kent, Paternoster Row; W. H. Smith & Son, Strand; Vickers, Strand; and by order of all music-publishers. Early applications from the country and elsewhere will be attended to.

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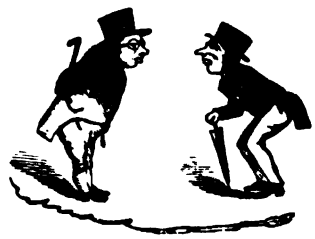
Episodes on Change.



DR SHIPPING.—Why—Bülow never heard her!
DR QUINCE.—Well—what of that?
DR SHIPPING.—Why—how does he know?
DR QUINCE.—Well—he doesn't know.
DR SHIPPING.—Why—how then can he say?
DR QUINCE.—Well—he can say because he doesn't know.
DR SHIPPING.—Why—what's the truth?
DR QUINCE.—Well—what Bülow doesn't know and didn't say.
DR SHIPPING.—Why—what's the untruth?
DR QUINCE.—Well—what Bülow *did* say, although he didn't know.
DR SHIPPING.—I did not say, "*Credo quia impossible,*" last Saturday?
DR QUINCE.—I did not say, "*Non credo quia possible.*"
DR SHIPPING.—I said, "*Credo quia impossibile.*"
DR QUINCE.—I said, "*Non credo quia possibile.*"
DR SHIPPING.—The other is not Cat-Latin, much less Dog-Latin.
DR QUINCE.—It is not even Mouse-Latin, much less Rat-Latin.
(*Exeunt severally, enraged*).

—o—

UNVEILING THE BUST OF STERNDALE BENNETT.

(*From the "Sheffield and Rotherham Independent," Dec.* 21.)

A ceremony, simple in its form, and unostentatious as the kindly gentleman in whose memory it was performed, was witnessed yesterday in the Cutler's Hall by a numerous company. It was the unveiling of a marble bust of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, whose name will be always cherished by lovers of music, and whose distinguished career as a composer has conferred such honour on this

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his native town. Nine months ago, not very long after his death, a meeting was held in the School of Art to consider the desirability of erecting a memorial in Sheffield of his worth. The speakers, one and all, spoke tenderly of the great but modest musical genius who had sunk out of life, and Mr W. Smith, who has taken the greatest possible interest in the memorial, adverted to the name of Sir Sterndale Bennett in these words :—

"Life is short; art is long; and the utmost most of us can hope for is that our memory may linger amongst those who have known us during life; but the name of Sir Sterndale Bennett will be much more enduring, for it will remain to future ages, embalmed and preserved from decay by that divine art of which he was one of the chief priests; and the more that art is cultivated, the wider, the firmer, and the loftier will be his fame."

It was decided at the meeting that the memorial should take the form of a bust on a pedestal, and subscriptions were soon forthcoming. The work was entrusted to Mr L. A. Malampré, of London, and well he has carried out his trust—although he has laboured under the disadvantage of never having seen Sir Sterndale Bennett. The bust, placed on a pedestal of Sicilian marble, stands in the old dining hall, beneath the portrait of Mr Wilson Overend, that being a position which commands the best light. In the centre of the pedestal is a slab of dark yellow marble, bearing the words :—

"Sir William Sterndale Bennett, M.A., Mus. Doc., D.C.L., Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. Born at Sheffield, April 13th, 1816; died February 1st, 1875. Interred at Westminster Abbey."

The ceremony was performed at three o'clock yesterday afternoon by Mr E. Stirling Howard. Amongst those present were the Master Cutler (Alderman Tozer), Alderman Bragge, Alderman Grundy, Mr W. Fisher, Mr W. Smith (president of the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce), Mr C. Atkinson, Mr J. Hobson, Mr H. F. Crighton, Mr W. H. Brittain, Mr H. Colley, Mr W. Short, Mr Schöllhamer, and many other admirers of the late composer.

Mr Stirling Howard, after stating that they had met to unveil the bust of Sir Sterndale Bennett, gave a short history of the movement which had led to the completion of the memorial, which was not only a great credit to the town, but to the artist. They could with pride see it placed amongst the paintings and the sculpture of the eminent men around, for there it would take no unworthy place. Eminently a classical and refined composer, the works of Sir Sterndale Bennett would, he felt sure, be more appreciated in the future than they were in the present age; and he believed that, if there had been a fund in the country to enable men of great genius to employ their time in works of the highest art, the late composer, their common friend, would have left a large number of works behind to entrance the people. As it was, he was obliged to employ the greater part of his time in teaching; but here his kindly disposition crept out, and never, through all the weary hours he spent with his pupils, did he repine. Straightforward, genial, sociable, and modest withal, he was one whom they all might have been proud to call their friend. The bust was then unveiled by Mr Howard, and formally handed over to the Cutlers' Company.

Mr. W. Smith said he trusted the bust was destined to remain in the hands of the Cutlers' Company, and, in order to show how it got into their possession, he had prepared a document containing that information. It was to this effect :—

"Be it remembered that this 20th day of Dec., 1875, a marble bust and pedestal, executed by Mr L. A. Malampré, of London, was placed in the hall of the Cutlers' Company of Hallamshire, (Edward Tozer, Esq., master), to perpetuate the memory of Sir Sterndale Bennett, M.A., D.C.L., Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and a native of this town. The cost of executing this testimonial was defrayed by a subscription of some of Sir Sterndale's fellow-townsmen, whose names are here recorded :—Messrs. W. Smith (chairman of the committee and hon. sec.), Bernard Wake, Rev. Rowley Hill, W. Fisher, J. Jowitt, H. Rodgers, W. Baker, C. Smith, Mark Firth, Leader and Sons, F. T. Mappin, John Newbould, C. K. A. Chadburn, W. Bragge, W. Short, E. Firth, P. Phillips, C. Atkinson, Miss Ray, C. Harvey, Tennant Brothers, E. S. Howard, H. Stephenson, W. K. Peace, Miss M. H. Parkes, Herr Schöllhamer, G. Wilson, T. Turner & Co., A. Brooksbank, T. W. Rodgers, W. Chesterman, S. Roberts, W. G. Blake, H. J. Dixon, Thos. Jessop, John Hobson, T. R. Gainsford, E. Tozer, T. Heiffor, S. Jackson, H. Colley, and W. H. Brittain."

After reading the document, Mr. Smith handed it to the Master Cutler, with a request that he would place it in the archives of the company.

Alderman Tozer, on behalf of the Cutlers' Company, said he had great pleasure in accepting the bust, which was a beautiful specimen of work; and, referring to his personal intercourse with the late composer in connection with the mooted festival at the opening of the Albert Hall, spoke of him in the most eulogistic language. Sir Sterndale Bennett did not visit Sheffield very much during the latter part of his life, but always had a loving remembrance of the town, and he was sure that the Cutlers' Company would treasure the memorial of his worth and genius.

Alderman Bragge, in moving a vote of thanks to Mr W. Smith, chairman of the committee, said, had it not been for his (Mr Smith's) energy and perseverence in connection with the memorial they might not have had in their little but growing Pantheon this beautiful work of art, this interesting memorial of such a worthy fellow-citizen. The vote was put without any further formality, and carried with applause.

Mr W. Smith referred to the cordial response which the movement had met with, and, after thanking the gentlemen who had given him their ready help and support, congratulated the artist on the successful way in which he had carried out his work. That beautiful bust, and the excellent likeness it conveyed, would remain for generations to show through the medium of the eye what "manner of man" he was when he lived amongst them. But, after all, the greatest monument of Sir Sterndale Bennett was one more appreciable than that through the eye. It came to them through another sense. Viewed by the eye, it was simply a number of black dots and strokes, scattered in a strange, cabalistic manner over a sheet of paper; but these, when properly interpreted and taken up by the hands of the musician, appealed through the ear; and it was to that sense that Sir Sterndale Bennett would be most present to posterity. He thoroughly endorsed the remarks made by Mr Howard, that the works of Sir Sterndale Bennett would be much more widely appreciated in the future. The cause of musical education was progressing in the country; it had been introduced into our Board Schools; and before long the question as to whether England was or was not a musical country would be solved beyond all doubt. It might be said of the works of Sir Sterndale Bennett that they were destined to last all time whilst the human race existed; they would be found more enduring than tradition, and more lasting than marble. A vote of thanks, on the motion of Mr W. Smith, seconded by Mr C. Atkinson, was then passed to the Master Cutler for accepting the bust, who suitably acknowledged the vote, and the proceedings concluded with a vote of thanks to the artist.

Shortly after the bust had been unveiled, Mrs Holt, Miss Ferrier, and the Rev. J. Gabriel sang "God is a spirit," an unaccompanied quartet from *The Woman of Samaria*. Very sweetly they sang it; like a *requiem* for an old friend it came, and it seemed hard to think that he who had composed it had passed from our midst, and was lying still in death.

—o—

WHEN, some five and thirty years ago, before a select audience at Willis's Rooms, Thomas Carlyle broached his theory of Hero Worship, he did not start a new creed. Hero Worship is as old as the hills. All Carlyle did was to treat the principle as Linnæus, Humphrey Davy, or Buffon, treated a plant, a chemical element, or an animal. He gave it a fixed and definite name. Hero Worship has existed as long as man has existed. Adam was a hero, doubtless, in his own eyes. What man is not? He was more fortunate, too, than many of his descendants. He had no *valet-de-chambre*, no gentleman's gentleman, who could exhibit any

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scepticism, and call his master's semi-divinity into question. We are all Hero Worshippers. Hero Worship is not confined to one nation or one country. It is universal, and the indiscriminateness exhibited in the exercise of it must sorely vex the soul of the Philosopher of Chelsea.

Mankind are not sufficiently scrupulous about the persons whom they select as heroes, and at whose shrines they fall down and worship. Let us take a particular case. To judge from actual experience, what qualities are considered by the masses in England, especially the rising generation, to be such as entitle their possessors to a place in the *Livre d'Or* of Heroism? On glancing cursorily over the list, we find the names of Marlborough, Alexander the Great, Robinson Crusoe, Wellington, Nelson, Drake, Napier, Garnet Wolsley, and Frobisher; but mixed up with them, on a perfect equality, are those of Jack Sheppard, Captain Kydd, Three-Fingered Jack, Dick Turpin, Jonathan Wilde, and, though last, not least in iniquity: Clown.

It is a sad and humiliating confession, but it must be made. The juvenile members of the community—who will, in due course, as we are often, somewhat unnecessarily, reminded, furnish our future Legislators hereditary and elected, our Ministers of State, Generals, Admirals, and Judges, besides providing, as we are not so frequently informed, our future pickpockets, burglars, promoters of sham joint-stock companies, bubble financiers, and other swindlers—worship, for some weeks, or even months, at this season, every year, one Hero exclusively. That Hero is the painted reprobate we have mentioned. Why should they? And why should their Elders, instead of resolutely forbidding them to visit a theatre while Clown reigns supreme there, absolutely supply them with the means of witnessing his vagaries? As Hamlet says: That is the question. We will endeavour to answer it. Conjurors extract heaps of flowers from an ordinary hat, and Faraday used to procure for his hearers marvellous stores of knowledge from the consideration of a penny candle. Similarly, if it is allowable

"Parvis componere magna,"

we may derive a useful lesson from studying the character of Clown.

In forming our estimate of this utterly abandoned and shameless representative of our national drama, we enjoy a most unusual advantage. We know him not only *ab ovo*, in the general acceptation of the phrase, but even at an earlier period. His existence is invariably dualistic. It is a metempsychological problem worked out before our eyes. When we first make his disreputable acquaintance he is not Clown. He is somebody else. And who is that somebody? A wicked Baron, an Ogre with dreadful proclivities towards cannibalism, a tyrannical Sovereign, a domineering Beadle, or some equally objectionable personage, whose mission and delight it is to persecute, bully, and render miserable every innocent creature with whom he comes in contact.

"Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind."

After his chrysalis state is, at length, past, and he appears with his capacious, baggy small-clothes, offensive wig, and pigeon-toed walk, Clown greets his gaping audience with the unfailing remark: "Here we are again." Besides being perfectly superfluous, for we are aware he is there again, the remark at once betrays the inherent vulgarity of his mind. Actually when addressing the public he must couch his thoughts, such as they are, in the form of trivial familiarity. Under like circumstances, Mr Fechter, in *The Duke's Motto*, was accustomed to say: "I am here!" How much more dignified! How much more noble! But then Mr Fechter was a man of refined and cultivated taste, while Clown is just the reverse. And what, from this point, is the career which so fascinates British youth? Alas, one long career of vice! Who ever knew Clown to do, or, as *he* might, with diabolical sarcasm, express it, be guilty of, a good action? Who ever knew him to suffer the slightest twinge of conscience, if merely to prove that he possesses a conscience? We do not pause for a reply, because we do not require one. No human being with the smallest germ of a conscience could behave as Clown behaves, and no human being could behave so on this side the float without a prompt introduction to the sitting magistrate at the nearest Police Court, and without subsequently being, in exchange for a fixed daily modicum of manual or pedal labour, boarded and lodged during a lengthened period of years at the public expense. Mark Mr Clown as he roams about with his tongue in his cheek and a leer in his eye. How utterly unprincipled is his conduct to every nurserymaid, or other female, if of prepossessing exterior, whom he may come across. How seductive his blandishments; how false his protestations! He is as bad as a Life-Guardsman. How cruel is his treatment of children. With what callousness he flings them out of perambulators, and smashes them flat under heavy chests of drawers. How unconcernedly he knocks off Policemen's heads, and with what carelessness he puts them on again wrong side foremost, so that his unfortunate victims are completely unfitted to go on duty any more, unless they have a Divisional Surgeon extraordinarily expert in cephalic cases. Clown's persecution of that lithe and sparkling member of society, Harlequin, as well as of Harlequin's charming partner, bewitching Columbine, is unwarrantable. His want of reverence towards old age, as exemplified in his dealings with the long suffering, and rather imbecile, Pantaloon, is revolting. The manner in which he backs out of a quarrel, too, when he meets with a determined opponent, and the alacrity with which he leaves others to settle by blows a misunderstanding he himself has caused, seem to point to the conclusion that his courage is apocryphal. He is over-fond of the maxim—

"He who fights and runs away
Lives to fight another day."

That young people should be drawn towards this besmirched criminal is, perhaps, natural. They are attracted by the glare of his success, as moths are fascinated by the flame of a candle. But why, to repeat, in another shape, our second question, do their parents and guardians afford them opportunities for gratifying a taste which it is the duty of all parents and guardians to suppress? They do so on principle. They may not know this, any more than the Bourgeois Gentilhomme knew he had been talking prose all his life, but so it is. Or, to put it still more forcibly: they do so on instinct. "Instinct is a great matter," to use the words of Sir John Falstaff. They treat their offspring and young charges to see Clown, as the Lacedæmonians used to treat their juvenile Spartans to the sight of a Helot disguised in liquor, so as to instil in them a horror for drunkenness. In taking their progeny to the Pantomime, English Patresfamilias are instinctively discharging a solemn obligation. They are inculcating in the breast of young England a profound and lasting hatred of wickedness and sin, however alluring the garb in which those horrors may be presented.

Impressed by this great truth, we trust that Pantomime may long continue to flourish among us, and Clown long continue his course of immorally moral teaching. He is an indispensable factor in the ethical system of the World. And,

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peradventure, there may lurk somewhere about him a little spark of a better nature; *latet forsitan virtutis scintilla*, for we believe that, with all his faults, he is sincere when he wishes his audience, as we now wish our Readers, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. R. K.

—o—

Dialogues in Purgatory.

Dr Serpent.—Glad to be home again—eh?
Dr Ghost.—By Adnan!—Yes.
Dr Serpent.—Arthur Chappell has sent two tickets.
Dr Ghost.—For the "Pops"?
Dr Serpent.—By Adnan!
Dr Ghost.—There will be more wraiths?
Dr Serpent.—By Abbs!—what matters? Only Weber.
Dr Ghost.—I want to hear Marie Krebs.
Dr Serpent.—I want to hear Piatti.
Drs Serpent and Ghost (*ensemble*).—Then we shall hear Piatti and Krebs. (*vanish.*)

—o—

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Wagner's Tetralogical Trilogy, at the National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre, Bayreuth, absorbs for its performance the services of no less than twelve *prime donne*, and eleven leading artists of the sterner sex, tenors, barytones, and basses.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The examinations for the Westmoreland Scholarship and Potter Exhibition were held on Monday, the examiners being the Principal (Professor Macfarren), Mr F. R. Cox, Mr M. Garcia, Mr H. C. Lunn, Mr Walter Macfarren, Mr Brinley Richards, Dr Steggall, and Mr A. Randegger. The results were as follows:—Westmoreland Scholarship.—Miss Marie Duval, elected; highly commended, Miss Kate Brand and Miss Rachael Jessopp. Potter Exhibition.—F. W. W. Bamfylde, elected; highly commended, T. Silver and T. A. Matthay.

A WONDERFUL STRADIUARIUS.—The eminent violin maker, Herr Thomas Zach, visited London a few weeks ago with a splendid collection of old Italian violins; several Guadanini's, Amati's, Ruggi's, and one Stradiuarius—the finest instrument, perhaps, of its kind in Europe. This violin has been with an old family in Italy for nearly a hundred years, without being played upon, and is in the same condition as when it came from the great maker's hands, in 1715. The unique instrument has been purchased by a Greek amateur, Mr Casavedi, at a very high price. Several connoiseurs—for example, Herr Wilhelmj, Messrs Hill, Withers, Laurie, and others—have given their estimate of this rare *article de vertû*.

LETTERS expressive of surprise, regret, and disapprobation pour in upon us from all sides, provoked by the decision of the Finance Committee, ratified by the Town Council, to refuse Mr Best the extra amount which was proposed to be granted for the improvement of the programme slips given away at his organ performances. The amount at stake must be very small, but the principle is evidently of great concern to many of the public; and it is not easy to avoid the conclusion that the Town Council has made a signal mistake. The pleasure afforded to persons who ignorantly listen to fine music is as nothing compared with that which is enjoyed by those who hear it intelligently, and when the intelligence of ordinary listeners is helped by comments which elaborate the beauties of the compositions played, while at the same time they give information as to the author and his aims and his general characteristics, many ideas are added to the general stock, and, on other points besides musical merit, useful and interesting information is conveyed. Why for so small a saving the Finance Committee should curb Mr Best's zeal and hamper his efficiency and usefulness we cannot imagine. There are many fine organists who are incapable of such literary neatness and tact as the preparation of these little programmes requires. In Mr Best we have not only an organist of unsurpassed brilliancy and erudition, but a man of general culture and taste, the energies and fertility of whose pen ought not to be checked by penny wise considerations so long as they are judiciously exercised for the instruction of the public.—*Liverpool Dragon.*

PETER PINDAR once sent the following lines to Shield, the composer, for the loan of his ivory ticket of admission to a concert:—

"Son of the String (I do not mean Jack Ketch,
Though Jack, like thee, produces dying tones),
Oh! yield thy pity to a starving wretch,
And, for to-morrow's treat, pray send thy bones."

The lines are distinguished neither for particularly fine wit nor particularly fine feeling, and are more adapted to the taste of the past generation than to that of the present.

Lohengrin was first produced at Vienna on the 19th August, 1858. Since then it has been performed there 114 times. The following is a list of the actors who have successively sustained the principal parts: Heinrich der Vogler—Herren Schmid, Mayerhofer, Hablawetz, Rokitansky, Scaria; Lohengrin—Herren Ander, Walter, Grimminger, Adams, Niemann, Müller, Labatt, Jäger; Elsa—Mesdes Dustmann, Krauss, Harriers-Wippern, Zimmermann, Bosse, Ehnn, Löwe, Breifeld, Mallinger, Kupfer-Berger; Telramund—Herren Beck, Rudolf, Halraneck, de Vignio, Krauss, Betz, Schaffganz, Degele; Ortrud—Mesdes Csillag, Ellenger, Sulzer, Destinn, Wilt, Materna, Singer Brandt, Jaide.

—o—

To H. Peters, Esq.

SIR,—I read the subjoined in the *Illminster Period*:—

"PARISH—BEADLE—On the 8th inst., at L'Eglise Le Temple, Neuchatel, Alfred Parish, Esq., of Erith, to Kate Martha youngest daughter of the late Charles Beadle, Esq., also of Erith, Kent."

This extraordinary Parish Beadle marriage, although thrashing my understanding, might interest Farmer Point. The motto of the young couple should be, "United we sit." Yours, humbly,

CUNNING'M GRIST (M. D.).

[Dr Grist ought to understand that it involves simply a question of Beadle and Beadle on one side, and of Parish and Parish on the other. His near relative, Verdant Green, who buys so many copies, at various prices, of a song which he disapproves, could have told him that much. Farmer Point has long since been gathered to his fathers—all Points.—D. P.]

MADAME ANNETTE ESSIPOFF, after playing in a concert at Hastings on Monday, left England for Paris, where she is to appear at one of the concerts of M. Pasdeloup. She afterwards has a tour in Germany, and (we are only too glad to hear) returns to us in April, to play again at the Monday Popular Concerts, &c.

MR VERNON RIGBY, who has been compelled to give up all engagements for some time past, on account of severe indisposition, has now—our readers will be glad to know—quite recovered.

MDLLE MARIE KREBS and Signor Piatti are to appear at the next Monday Popular Concert—on Jan. 10th.

CREDAT JUDÆUS.—The largest sum ever offered to an *artiste* for a single occasion of the exercise of her powers has recently tempted in vain Mdlle Tietjens. She was offered the sum of £1,000 to sing five songs at a special concert organized for the purpose of hearing her. Mdlle Tietjens was obliged to decline. Her health is, however, now quite restored. She sang last week at Baltimore, Harrisburg, and Cincinnati, to enthusiastic crowds (*at how much a song?*).—*Daily Papers.*

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CONCERTS VARIOUS.

A PERFORMANCE of the *Messiah* was given at Tolmer's Square Church, Hampstead Road, by Mr T. Pettit's choral society, assisted by Miss Jessie Royd, Madame Alice Barnett, Mr H. Guy, and Mr Wadmore. The choruses—"For unto us," and "The Lord gave the word"—were sung with great precision. The solo vocalists were much applauded. Mr. T. Mountain presided most efficiently at the organ, and Mr T. Pettit conducted.

THE first concert this season given by the St Matthew's Choral Society, Brixton, took place on Tuesday evening, the 14th inst., at the Schools, Church Road, Brixton, under the conductorship of Mr George Shinn (organist of St Matthew's Church). The programme was of a miscellaneous character, and consisted of choruses and part-songs for the choir, solos for Miss Mary Davies, Signor Rizzelli, and Mr S. Crome, and two trios executed by Mr Michael Henry (violin), Mr H. A. Hawkins (violoncello), and Mr George Shinn (pianoforte). Mr S. Fisher was the pianoforte accompanist, Mr J. B. Gaunt presiding at the harmonium.

A CONCERT took place in the Church Room, St Mark's, North Audley Street, under the direction of Mr A. D. Miles, the Organist, being the third of the winter series of entertaiments. The vocalists were Miss Marie Duval, Miss Joyce Maas, Mr W. A. Howells, and Mr Thurley Beale. Mr Arthur Cecil's song, "I hear thee speak of a better land," was charmingly sung by Miss Duval; Miss Maas was greatly applauded for her rendering of Sullivan's, "Let me dream again," and Mr Thurley Beale was very successful in a new song, "The Gladiator," by Mr C. E. Tinney, accompanied by the composer. Alice Mary Smith's duet, "Maying" (Miss Duval and Mr Howells), and Macfarren's Trio, the "Troubadour" were well received. The programme included violin and flute solos by Mr F. B. Smythies and Mr Miller. Pianoforte solos and duets were given by Mr H. A. Branscombe and Mr A. D. Miles. The attendance was good, and the whole performance gave the greatest satisfaction.

MR GEORGE RUSSELL gave his annual concert, at Croydon, with his usual deserved success. The Demoiselles Badia and Mr William Shakespeare were the vocalists, and Mr George Russell, Mr Henry Holmes, and M. Paque the instrumentalists. The following is the programme:—Grand trio in D minor—Mendelssohn; aria, "Un aura amorosa" (*Cosi fan tutte*)—Mozart; scherzo, "Midsummer Night's Dream"—Mendelssohn; duetto, "Maria Padilla"—Donizetti; romance in F (violin)—Beethoven; trio in A major (MS.)—G. Russell; song, "If fondest wishes"—G. Russell; duo, "Per Valli"—Biangini; solo (violoncello), "Caprice Hongrois"—Paque; aria, "Spirto gentil"—Donizetti; solos (pianoforte), Nocturne in A flat, Chopin, and Spinnlied—Litolff. All the foregoing pieces are well known, but Mr Russell's trio may be new to many of our readers, although its accomplished composer has, we think, played it on a previous occasion at Croydon. With regard to the instrumental performances, the *Croydon Advertiser* says:—"The solos were on a par of excellence with the concerted pieces. Mr Holmes has made Beethoven's charming romance completely his own; it seems, as it were, to be a part of him, and he certainly nowhere more fully proclaims himself the finished artist. The animated 'Caprice Hongrois' was received, as on a previous occasion, with the greatest enthusiasm. It is quite a *cheval de bataille* for M. Paque. Mr Russell's powers are too well-known to our readers to need lengthened comment. Suffice it that, whether in the intricacies of Mendelssohn's Scherzo, in the pathos and passion of Chopin's lovely Nocturne, or in the restless *arpeggios* of the Spinnlied, we never heard him do himself greater justice." The vocalists were received with great favour; the Misses Badia won "encores" and golden opinions by their charming duet-singing; and Mr Shakespeare met with a success that must have highly gratified the young tenor. The concert altogether gave general satisfaction.

TO DR TAYLOR SHOE.

DEAR SHOE,—I enclose a small original poem, but don't know whether it is worth insertion in the New Year's number. Was it of Dr Brandies that Aug. Mayhew said, on seeing the Doctor eat a small piece of lemon-peel after smoking: "Then I inwardly exclaimed, The paths of the virtuous are as pleasing as dividends, but lemon-peel shall not cloak the breath of the vicious; the smell of smoke shall cling unto him like a burr"? O, by Abbs!—what Doctors last week, and O, by Adnam!—what Wraiths.

SIMPLER SEMPLE MIDGE.

[No, it was of Dr Schnaps. Dr Brandies is gathered to his grandmothers.—S. T. SHOE.]

STRALSUND.—Handel's *Samson* was lately performed by Dornheckter's Vocal Association.

PROVINCIAL.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—A most successful society has lately been started here under the title of the "Newcastle Amateur Vocal Society," with Hilton Philipson Esq., as President; John Pattison, Esq., as Vice-president, and Wm. Rea, Esq., conductor. Mr R. B. Brentnall is the Hon. Secretary. The society has taken up Cherubini's *Requiem* (in C minor), and G. A. Macfarren's *May Day* for practice.

LIVERPOOL.—The private choir organised by Mr J. J. Monk, gave a miscellaneous concert on Thursday evening the 16th inst, at Hope Hall. Mr Monk—says the *Daily Mercury*—is fast establishing a reputation both as a composer and an executant, and his efforts to infuse a musical taste amongst the class within his own range is being rapidly rewarded with success. His private choir, composed for the most part of his own pupils, produced for the first time in Liverpool, Mendelssohn's operetta *Son and Stranger*. The work abounds with beautiful melody and true Mendelssohnian harmony, the transitions affording no easy work for the amateur vocalists. There was a lack of vivacity in the execution of the choruses, but the solos were very creditably sung. Not the least interesting portion of the evening's entertainment was the performance of some of Mr Monk's own works, and Sullivan's *Trial by Jury*, which concluded the concert. Mrs Connell presided at the pianoforte, Mr E. T. Driffield at the harmonium, and Mr Monk was the conductor.

UXBRIDGE.—The first concert of the Uxbridge Choral Society for the present season, was given at the Public Rooms, and was a complete success from a musical point of view; but we fear it was hardly a financial success, for, although the reserved seats were pretty well occupied, the second seats and gallery were by no means full. The chorus has improved, both in tone and in confidence, since their last appearance in public, and the music allotted to them was gone through with scarcely a hitch. In praising the members of the choir—says a local journal—we must not omit to point out how much they are indebted to their conductor, Mr Miles; for, however good the material, the efficiency of the class as a whole depends, in a very great measure, on that of the instructor. The solo singers were Miss Jessie Jones and Mr W. Shakespeare, who is fast creating for himself a reputation as a tenor. He sang faultlessly a new song, "Chi è?" by Mr Walter Austin, and, creating quite a *furore*, the audience would not be satisfied without its repetition. Mr Lewis Thomas was the *basso*, and his rendering of "Honour and Arms" was indeed a treat. He was still more appreciated in "Largo al factotum," which he gave with all the volubility and animation due to the "Barber." This was encored, as well as Randegger's trio, "I naviganti," which richly deserved it, being sung with true artistic feeling.

HUDDERSFIELD.—One of the most successful concerts ever given by the Huddersfield Choral Society took place in the Armoury, Ramsden Street, when Handel's *Messiah* was performed. This was the 160th concert of the society since its formation, and the Armoury could not well have been better filled. The orchestra and vocalists—the former number forty-eight—included representatives from the orchestras of Mr Hallé and Mr De Jong, and the latter over 160. The concert passed off without a hitch, and for this the credit is due to a great extent to Mr Joshua Marshall, the conductor, who, at the commencement, was presented with a splendid ivory gold-mounted *bâton*, in morocco case with blue silk lining, by Mr J. J. Grist, the senior vice-president, on behalf of the committee. Of Mdlle Jose Sherrington, so much has been written and said in praise of her vocal powers that nothing we might say can enhance her reputation, but to listen to "I know that my Redeemer liveth," rendered with exquisite taste, was a treat seldom experienced. Throughout the evening she sustained her voice with the greatest apparent ease in the most telling airs and recitatives, and gained the warmest applause. Miss Fairman ingratiated herself in the favour of her auditors, more especially by the pathos with which she gave "He was despised." Mr Lloyd has now attained a degree of popularity in Huddersfield that has made him quite a favourite. Of Mr Rickard we have often spoke in the highest terms. His voice was heard to advantage in "Why do the nations?" and the "Trumpet shall sound." The chorus was extremely well balanced, and the instrumentalists—specially noticeable in the "Pastoral symphony"—perfect.

TEIGNMOUTH.—Madame Liebhart and her talented party gave an evening concert in the New Assembly Rooms, Bank Street. Mdme Liebhart is universally acknowledged to be an artist of the highest reputation. Her singing of the grand aria in *Der Freischütz*, "Leise, leise," is so well known that it is only necessary to say that it was in her best manner. The ballad, "Little bird so sweetly singing," accompanied by Mr R. Blagrove on the concertina, still further exhibited the capabilities of Madame Liebhart's voice, especially in

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the cadenzas, where the voice and concertina revelled together in shakes, turns, and all kinds of airy ornamental passages. This was re-demanded. For her last song Madame Liebhart gave the favourite Scotch ballad, "Within a mile of Edinburgh town," which met with hearty applause. Miss Marian Severn was much admired in the "Drummer's Song," composed by Madame Sainton-Dolby, and in that very pretty duet of Blangini, "Per valli per boschi," in which Mr Henry Guy joined, but most of all in the ballad, "She wore a wreath of roses." This was encored and repeated. Mr Henry Guy, who had already been heard and admired in Teignmouth, confirmed the favourable impression he had created on his first visit. The duet for concertino and piano was an unusual treat. When we add that Mr Richard Blagrove holds the position of the first concertina player of the day, and that Mrs Blagrove is a well-known and favourite pianist, it can easily be imagined how beautifully their duets were executed. Miss Hincks played Thalberg's fantasia on *Lucrezia Borgia* and the "Moto continuo" of Weber. The concert, in an artistic sense, was an undoubted success, but we regret to say (owing to the bad weather) the speculation was anything but remunerative.

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MUSICAL MUTUAL PROTECTIVE UNION.

(*Concluded from page* 840.)

RULES OF ORDER.

SECT. 1.—The President having taken the chair, and called the meeting to order, the business shall be conducted as follows:—(*a*) Calling the roll of officers. (*b*) Reading minutes of the last regular and special meeting. (*c*) Report of the Executive Committee. (*d*) Reports of Treasurer, Trustees, and Secretary. (*e*) Reports of Special Committees. (*f*) Communications. (*g*) Unfinished business. (*h*) New business.

SECT. 2.—No question shall be entertained unless moved by two members, nor open for consideration until stated by the Chair.

SECT. 3.—When a question is before the meeting, no motion shall be received, except to adjourn, to lay on the table, commit the previous question, to postpone to a particular time, to postpone indefinitely, to amend; which several motions shall have precedence in the order in which they are named; the first four to be decided without debate.

SECT. 4.—When a question has been postponed indefinitely, it shall not be acted upon again unless by a two-third vote.

SECT. 5.—When a blank is to be filled, the question shall be first taken on the highest sum or number, or the longest time proposed.

SECT. 6.—Any two members may call for a division of a question, when the sense will admit of it, before a decision is rendered.

SECT. 7.—The yeas and nays may be called for by five members, when all qualified members present shall vote, unless excused by a three-fourth vote.

SECT. 8.—After a question (except one indefinitely postponed) has been decided, two members who voted with the majority may, at the same or next meeting, move for a reconsideration; but no discussion of the main question shall be allowed, unless reconsidered. A motion to reconsider the question a second time shall not be entertained.

SECT. 9.—All questions not otherwise provided for, shall be determined by majority vote.

SECT. 10.—When a member intends to speak on a question, he shall rise, address the Chair, confine himself to the question, and avoid personalities. Should more than one rise at the same time, the President shall decide who is entitled to the floor.

SECT. 11.—No member shall speak more than twice on the same question, or more than once until all others have had an opportunity, nor more than five minutes, unless by special permission of the President.

SECT. 12.—The President, while presiding, shall state every question coming before the meeting, and immediately before putting it to vote shall ask—"Is the meeting ready for the question?" Should no member rise to speak, he shall rise to state the question, and after he has risen, no member shall speak upon it unless by consent of the President. He shall pronounce the votes and decisions of the meeting on all subjects. When his decision has been appealed from, the question shall be stated thus: "Will the meeting stand by the Chair in its decision?" Which appeal must be decided without debate.

SECT. 13.—A member may be called to order while speaking, when the debate must be suspended, and the member take his seat until the question of order is decided.

SECT. 14.—The President may speak to points of order in preference to others, and shall decide questions of order. Any member may appeal to the meeting, which appeal must be decided without debate, and the objectionable words shall, if required, be taken down in writing.

SECT. 15.—After a motion or resolution has been stated by the Chair, or read by the Secretary, it may be withdrawn before a decision of amendment by consent of the meeting. An amendment to a motion under consideration must be accepted by the meeting or by the mover of said motion before it is embodied in the original.

SECT. 16.—Every motion shall be reduced to writing, should the Chair or Secretary so desire it.

SECT. 17.—An amendment to an amendment is in order, but none further.

SECT. 18.—No question shall be put or a vote taken while a member is speaking.

SECT. 19.—All Special Committes to be appointed by the Chair, unless otherwise ordered or provided for.

SECT. 20.—No other business can be transacted at a special meeting except that set forth in the call.

SECT. 21.—All reports of Special or Standing Committees must be made in writing to the meeting, unless otherwise ordered.

SECT. 22.—All rules of order not herein provided shall be governed by parliamentary usages.

SECT. 23.—Any of these rules may be added to, altered, repealed, or suspended, at any regular or special meeting of the members, by a majority vote of two-thirds of the members present.

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MR BEST AND HIS PROGRAMMES.

(To the Editor of the "Daily Post.")

SIR,—The value of annotations in programmes has of late years been so generally recognized that the resolution of the Liverpool Finance Committee with regard to those initiated by Mr Best will not raise the judgment and taste of the Corporation of Liverpool in public estimation. In artistic circles it will afford another instance of the contempt of art, especially musical art, which distinguishes most municipal bodies, and it is certainly an insult to by far the greatest organist of the day. Your correspondent "Bourdon" writes to attribute the shabby proceeding of the committee to an annotation which appeared in the organ programme of Saturday afternoon, October 10th; and, in the course of his remarks, argues that an amateur is more likely to get up and conduct efficiently a good church service than a professional man, who, he insinuates, too often looks upon his church engagement as a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. His argument, such as it is, falls to the ground when these "persons of other pursuits" receive payment, as they do in Liverpool, and may, therefore, with equal justice, be accused of undertaking church engagements for pounds, shillings, and pence. Such persons are of a hybrid genus; they cannot properly be styled "amateurs," and yet they are not "professors." In fact, "Bourdon's" reasoning entails the conclusion that a person who has been educated for a profession, and devotes himself entirely to it, knows less about it than an individual who picks up his knowledge in the few hours he chooses to spare from business and pleasure.

The working of the system to which Mr Best alludes is exemplified by the small repute of the church services in Liverpool. It would facilitate comparison with other towns if the musical services of the two parish churches, St Nicholas' and St Peter's, were recorded in the lists published in *Concordia* and the *Musical Standard*. Hitherto, Liverpool has been conspicuous by the omission of all notices of the musical proceedings of any of its churches. Are they worthy of being chronicled?—Yours, &c., SCRUTATOR.

LEGHORN.—Lauro Rossi's *Contessa di Mons*, will be performed at the Teatro Rossini in the winter season. The other principal works will be *La Forza del Destino* and *I Lombardi*.

WEIMAR.—The first performance of *Rosamunde und der Untergang des Gepidenreichs*, libretto by W. Fellechner, music by Richard Metzdorff, took place on the 25th inst., at the Grand-Ducal Theatre.

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An Angel from Heaven.

Several cases of revolting cruelty to trapped game and small birds having recently come under the notice of the Christchurch and Ringwood magistrates, the chairman of the Avon and Stour Farmer's Club, who is a local J.P., brought the matter under the notice of the club on the 1st inst., and a resolution was passed pledging the members to prosecute to conviction every case of trespass coming under their notice. The cruelty consisted mainly in plucking wings and feathers of the birds while alive, the men in their defence stating that, for certain purposes, the feathers were more valuable when so plucked, on account of their retaining the brightness of their hues. The secretary received the following letter from Lady Burdett Coutts, who is at present a guest of the Earl of Malmesbury, at Heron Court:

"*To the Secretary of the Vales of Avon and Stour Farmers' Club.*

"SIR—Please convey to the members of your excellent society the sense of pleasure it gave me to learn that there was a unanimous desire on their part to put down the cruelty which has been practised in this and other districts in wantonly killing and (as I learn from the Christchurch papers of the 10th inst.) actually torturing small birds. That three men should be charged with plucking the wings and feathers of a number of these most harmless of God's creatures while still alive would almost seem incredible at the present day; but if, as I am told, the destination of these feathers is the adornment of female wearing apparel, it is nearly time the sense of Englishwomen were quickened to the enormity of the crime. I have already communicated with many of the leaders of fashion in this country on the subject, and I learn that an effort will be made to have the present fashions as much as possible discarded. The public ventilation of the subject will, I am sure, do good, and I am glad to see that the leading journals have not been slow to hold up to execration the present practice. Madame Louise has assured me that it had its origin in France, and that, repugnant and absurd as the style is, there is an increasing demand for it here. English ladies will, however, incur a serious stigma for cruelty unless they discard a practice which common sense must tell them is attended with so much torture to its innocent victims. "E. BURDETT COUTTS.

"*Heron Court, December 19th*, 1875."

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TO EPHRAIM BULLOCK, ESQ.

SIR,—I beg to call your attention to the subjoined:—

"The Prince expressed his regret that he could not visit Travancore. The Maharajah seemed much pleased."

I thought that Farmers Point and Square should know what queer manners the Maharajahs have in general. A musicseller in Oxford Street evidently expected a visit from these distinguished agriculturists (so well known at Fuggle's), for, in "Cattle Show Week," that musicseller had the "Ox Minuet" of Haydn in his window, *illustrated*.

PAUL MOIST.

—o—

WAIFS.

Miss Amy Sedgwick purposes re-appearing upon the stage.

Mr Irving will, it is said, shortly play Faust at the Lyceum.

A new one-act piece by M. Vibert, *Le Verglas*, is being rehearsed at the Vaudeville.

Mr Barry Sullivan will play in New York next May, returning, the following month, to England.

An appeal is made for the relief of the widow and children of the last remaining son of Theodore Hook, who died in poor circumstances.

Mr Theodore Thomas, of New York, has accepted the position of musical director at the opening ceremonies of the American Centennial Exhibition.

We regret to announce the death, on the 10th inst., of Mr James Yeowell, for upwards of twenty years the active and intelligent subeditor of *Notes and Queries*.

A brilliant representation has been given at the Salle Ventadour for the benefit of Edouard Plouvier, the dramatic writer. It produced a gross sum of 10,000 francs.

A performance of the *Messiah* is to be given at the Royal Albert Hall on Christmas Day. Mdlle Albani and Mr Sims Reeves are to sing. The orchestra and chorus will number 800.

Mr Henry Fisher, of Blackpool, whose name appears among the Bachelors of Music at the recent examination at Cambridge, is a member of the Council of the Tonic Sol-fa College.

A little girl was asked what was the meaning of the word "happy." She gave a pretty answer saying, "It is to [illegible] as if you wanted to give all your things to your little sister."

The Cluny has revived an old drama by Mallefille, *Les Enfants Blancs*. The attraction of the piece was not sufficient, the first night of the performance, to fill even half of the house.

There is a report that Wells College, at Aurora, Illinois, has been presented with two pieces of sculpture, the work of Canova—one a marble bust of Napoleon I., the other a bust of Marie Louise.

Miss Jessie Morison, the young and clever pianist, pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes, played with great success at the Alexandra Palace concert, last week, Sir Julius Benedict's "Where the bee sucks."

An Ohio woman lately travelled with one ticket, four trunks, two band-boxes, a flower-pot, poodle dog, umbrella, jug of milk, lunch basket, paper sack full of peaches, and a boy of fifteen, whose age she gave as nine.

Mr Charles Morton will re-open the Opéra-Comique on the 13th of January, when he will produce, for the first time in this country, Offenbach's opera bouffe, *Madame L'Archiduc*, in which Miss Emily Soldene will appear as Marietta.

Four concerts are to be given by Mr Henry Leslie's choir after Christmas. Mr Leslie will also conduct a series of performances at St James's Hall, of which "Gems from the Oratorios," sung by Mr Sims Reeves and other artists, will constitute a feature.

The inauguration of day performances at the Renaissance Theatre has proved a success. Among the audience at the first performance were the Princess Mathilde, Prince Galitzin, MM. Legouvé, Camille Doucet, Edouard Thierry, Regnier, Delaunay, and Lafontaine.

An Iowa editor recently eloped with the wife of one of his subscribers, and was frightened half to death by the appearance of the injured man at the hotel of a neighbouring town, to which he had taken his flight. But the husband only wanted his paper stopped—that was all.

Mr. Horton C. Allison has just been unanimously elected successor to the late Mr. C. A. Seymour, as examiner for Manchester to the Royal Academy of Music, by the committee of that college. Mr. Allison was a first prizeman of the Leipsic Conservatoire, and is an Associate of the Royal Academy of Music.

Sig. Merelli has published his programme for the season of the Italian Opera in Vienna. The principal artists engaged are Mdmes Patti, Lucca, MM. Nicolini, Capoul, Padilla, and Zucchini. He will bring out Verdi's *Don Carlos* and Gounod's *Mireille*, both of which are unknown in the Austrian capital.

Several of the Paris journals complain of the dilapidated state of the tombs of Molière and La Fontaine, in the cemetery of Père-La Chaise, and refer to the letter which M. Wallon (Fine Arts) wrote a year ago to his subordinates, calling attention to the condition of the two erections. Since that period nothing has been done.

The Philadelphia *Press* states that a member of the Society of Friends thus complimented one of his sect who had joined a regular church upon the new organ in the latter. "Why, I thought thee objected to such things as music in worship?" "And so I do," was the reply; "but if thee must worship God by machinery I want thee to have the best."

An American paper informs us that Mad. Zaré Thalberg was offered $100,000 to sing "Yankee Doodle," at one of Messrs. Ullman and Palmer's concerts, on the Mississippi. Mr Ullman was anxious to give one million and a half of dollars; but as Dr Hans von Bülow only receives $2,000,000,000 for each performance, Dr Palmer is said to have objected.—DR BLIDGE.

A special meeting of the Stratford-on-Avon Town Council has been held, for the purpose of sanctioning an application from the secretary of the Royal Academy of Arts for the loan, for the Exhibition of Works of Old Masters and Deceased British Artists, 1876, of Gainsborough's picture of David Garrick, of which the Corporation are owners. The picture is a most valuable one, being worth several thousand pounds.

CHANGE OF NAME.—The following announcement appeared in the *Gazette* of Friday:—"*Whitehall, Dec.* 14.—The Queen has been graciously pleased to give and grant unto Edward Levy, of Norfolk Street, Park Lane, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, her royal licence and authority that he and his issue may, in compliance with a certain deed of settlement, dated the 27th day of November last, executed by his uncle, Lionel Lawson, of Brook Street, Hanover Square, in the said county of Middlesex, gentleman, take and henceforth use the surname of Lawson in addition to that of Levy; and to command that the said royal concession and declaration be recorded in Her Majesty's College of Arms, otherwise to be void and of none effect."

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Here is the latest description of a kiss: "'Twas night. A real warm couple stood in the [illegible]e, cold moonbeams. Their lips touched, and there was a sound-[illegible] cow hauling her hoof out of the mud."

The next edition of the Poet Laureate's works will, it is stated, be annotated, with some help from Mr Tennyson and from many of his admirers, by Mr C. Kegan Paul. It is intended that the notes shall explain the obscure passages in Mr Tennyson's writings, and make clear the botanical and other scientific allusions in which they abound, as well as indicate the various sources from which much of his inspiration has been derived.

Madame Liebhart's morning concert at Torquay took place at the Bath Saloon, and was numerously attended by the gentry and visitors to the town and neighbourhood. The artists by whom she was assisted were, Miss Marian Severn, Mr Henry Guy, Mr Seymour Smith, Mrs Richard Blagrove, Miss Hincks, and Mr Richard Blagrove. Mr Croydon deserves much credit for providing the public with such a first-class entertainment.—*Torquay Director.*

In recognition of his past services, a purse containing one hundred pounds has just been presented by the Guild of Literature and art to Mr Richard H. Horne, one of its founders. It may be necessary to remind the present generation that Mr Horne is one of the few survivors of that band of famous amateurs who appeared at Devonshire House in Bulwer Lytton's comedy of *Not so Bad as we seem*, on behalf of the embryo guild. Lord Lytton, Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, John Leech, and Maclise, were among the distinguished authors and artists who took part in the performance.

A rare and valuable book has just been sold at the Hôtel Drouot. It is a missal, on vellum, of Flemish origin, which had been in the family of M. de Gauvain, of Nancy, for more than a hundred years. It is enriched with twenty-three miniatures—five small and eighteen large. The former represent the four Evangelists, and Jesus taken from the tomb by angels. The eighteen others, with their borders, fill the whole page, and some of them have numerous figures, one as many as fourteen. This precious manuscript was put up at 10,000 francs, and in a few minutes was bought for 20,000 francs by M. Labitte, who was said to be acting for the Duc d'Aumale.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—During the ensuing week the successful pantomime, *Harlequin the Yellow Dwarf; or, the King of the Gold Mines*, embracing Mr. George Conquest's marvellous feats, will be performed daily. In addition to the daily performances by Romah, the great athlete, and Miss Anderson, in her light and dark scances, Adonis, the miniature man, from the Cape of Good Hope, will hold his drawing-room receptions, and an exhibition of dolls and dolls' houses, under the patronage of the Duchess and Duke of Teck, will take place. The orchestral and military bands of the company will perform daily, and there will be a variety of equestrian, acrobatic, and other performances in the circus.

The Festival Overture by the conductor, Sir Julius Benedict, was welcome, and delighted equally the musician and the casual hearer. Like everything which he has written, it is very melodious and fresh; brilliant in the scoring, and highly effective throughout. More than once we felt the influence of Weber, but it was in feeling rather than in form; if we may be allowed the simile, it was as though the scent of the rose were near without the petals being in view. The orchestra was most hearty and painstaking in their performance, and seemed bent on giving the most satisfactory interpretation in their power to Sir Julius's work.—*Liverpool Investigator.*

DOLL SHOW AT THE ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The exhibition of dolls and dolls' houses, originated by Messrs Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, in conjunction with the Alexandra Palace Company, and patronised by H.R.H. the Duchess and H.S.H. the Duke of Teck, will commence on Monday, the 27th inst. It is one of the conditions of the show that the dresses of the dolls shall be the work of the children who exhibit them, and that they are to be afterwards distributed among the inmates of hospitals for sick children. Entries for this novel competition have been received from all parts of the United Kingdom, as well as from abroad, and upwards of 1,000 dolls will be displayed, dressed in the various costumes of the aristocracy, the middle classes, and the peasantry. The juvenile exhibitors belong to all ranks of society. Upwards of twenty prizes, ranging in value from £3 to 5s., will be awarded, by a committee of ladies, to the exhibitors of the best dressed dolls, and other prizes will be given to the manufacturers of the best dolls, and to exhibitors of the best fitted and furnished dolls' houses.

ALEXANDRIA.—A new opera, *Malek Adhel*, by Signor Lamberti, has been produced here, but was not very successful.

ST PETERSBURGH.—Verdi's *Aida* has been produced at the Italian Opera, in presence of all the Imperial family. Signor Nicolini was the hero.

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* Sung by Mr SHAKESPEARE at the first Monday Popular Concert of the Season, St James's Hall, on Monday, Nov. 8, 1875.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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"Two charming effusions by Sterndale Bennett, recently published under the titles, 'Dancing lightly, comes the Summer' and 'Maiden Mine.' Both are destined to be favourites."—*Daily Telegraph, 10th November*, 1875.

"Mr Shakespeare introduced two new songs by Sir Sterndale Bennett, as delicious and elegant as anything that ever fell from his pen, the titles of which are 'Dancing lightly, comes the Summer' and 'Maiden Mine.'"—*Standard, 9th November*, 1875.

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